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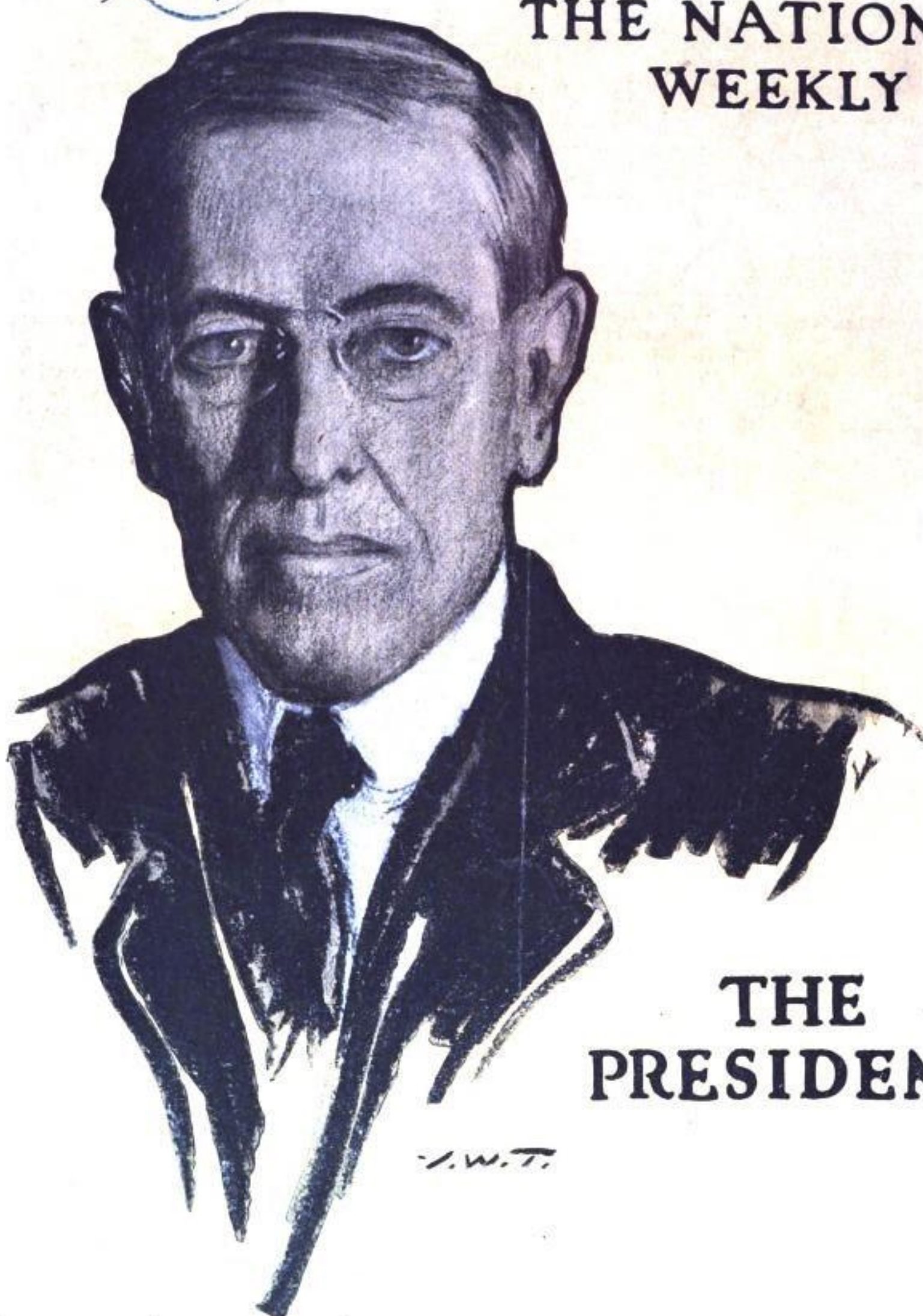
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# Collier's



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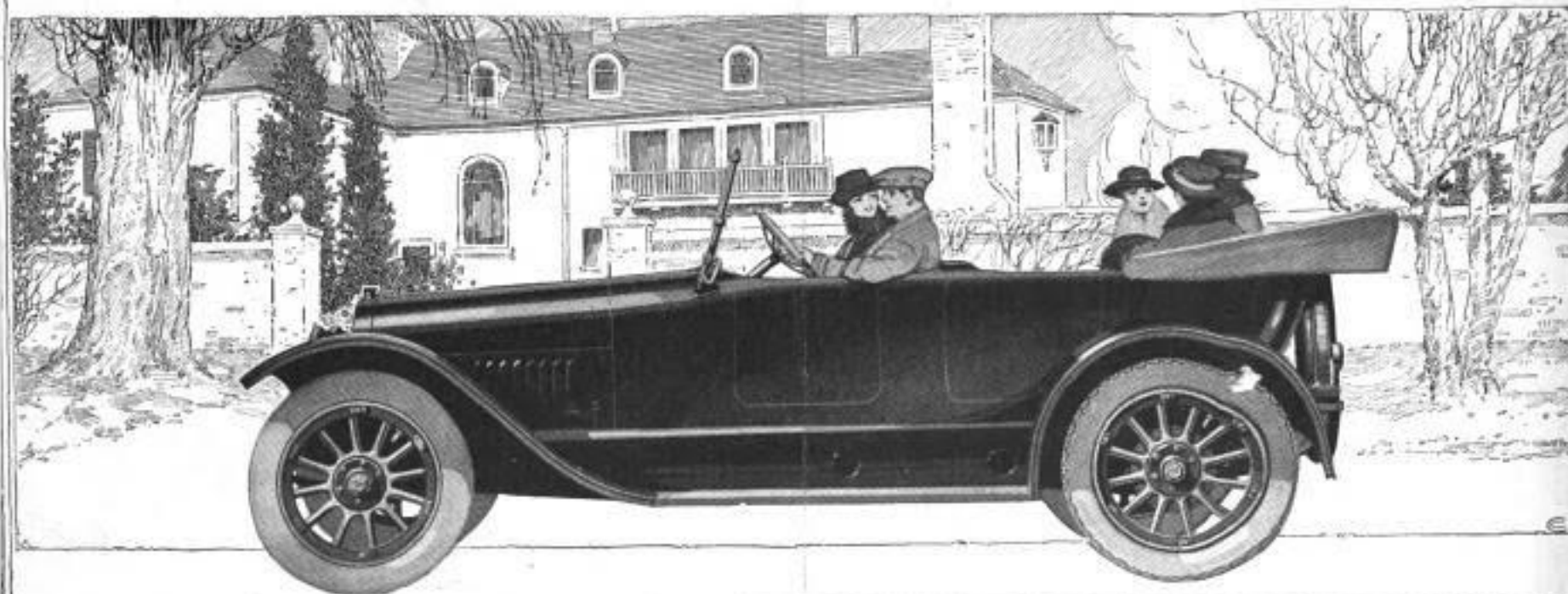
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARCH 16, 1918  
VOLUME 51 NUMBER 1



## OVER HERE

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

YOUNG Jimmy Gerson came in to see me the other day, wearing a khaki uniform. Big and tanned and smiling, he sat on a chair by my desk, and as I looked at him my mind went back to the old days when we lived next door to the Gersons on a certain street in a certain town out there in the Middle West. Jimmy was a yellow-haired baby of four then, and he used to have a mania for running away. With his head down and his little feet flying, he would slip by our back door on his way to high adventure in the open lots. And if I saw him, it was my duty—for I was many years older than he—to call him back. "Where are you going, Jimmy?"

And back he used to come, a bit impatient at being stopped, but good-natured about it, anyway. And always in his eyes I could see a twinkle of mischief, the outward sign of an inward resolve to postpone the adventure for the moment, but not to abandon it. Never that.

Since those far days Jimmy had worked his way through college, he had begun a career most promising, and here he was, passing my door again, on his way to the greatest adventure of all—on his way to the pier, the transport, the shell-torn fields of France. And, although in those fields a greater peril was waiting for him than ever waited in the back lots of home, this much at least was changed—I could not call him back.

"They've got to be smashed," said Jimmy, referring to the Germans. "I made up my mind to that long ago. Of course I want to help. That's all."

Yes—that was all. I wondered what Jimmy's old German grandfather, who could neither read nor speak English, would say if he could see his grandson now. I wondered what the people back home thought of Jimmy. He had given up his career, thrown aside all his hopes of success, to go abroad and offer his life for them. And while he went they could remain close by their warm fires, counting their profits, eating their food, living their lives as it pleased them to.

Perhaps, thought I, I can get from Jimmy some message for these soft people who are left behind. But I knew better than to ask for it outright, for Jimmy would have blushed and never spoken again.

"What do the folks out home think of the war?" I asked.

Jimmy's smile faded, and his blue eyes were very serious.

"They want to know when it will be over," he said. "That's been their one question ever since we got into it—and they make me sick. That's a fine way to go into a fight—shouting over your shoulder every two seconds to ask if anybody knows how soon it will end. It's all right for the poor devils who have been suffering for three years to wonder about the finish, but for us who haven't begun to suffer—"

"I tell you we need this war. If we'd stood aside and not got into it, we'd have become the greatest nation of softies that ever sat down to a hearty meal. We were heading that way. Who read books any more? Nobody—we crowded into the movie theatres and dulled our wits with the childish stuff. Who stayed at home and talked things over? No-

body—we piled into the car and hit the high spots. Who had time to think about life? Not a soul—we were due for a foxtrot at a road house. We were pleasure-mad. We'd forgot how to live.

"The American people heard about our entrance into the war just as they came out of a movie theatre and were about to step into an automobile to dash off somewhere for a foxtrot. And as soon as they decided that the thing was inevitable, they began to cry aloud: 'How soon will it end? Will it end before we have to make any sacrifices—before we lose our profits, before we know hunger and unhappiness and pain?' That was their first reaction, and they're just beginning to get over it.

"I'll tell them when it will

end—it will end when the men who trampled down Belgium and France, who murdered people like cattle, who ruined the fruit trees and burned the homes—it will end when those men feel the grip of the world at their throats. It will end when the crowd who started this war of lust and loot are in full retreat, when Willie down at Verdun is shouting to papa at Berlin: 'Come, for God's sake!' and papa up at Berlin is screaming to Willie at Verdun: 'Run, for God's sake!' It will end with the siege of the Rhine!

"That's when it will end if it's left to us fellows who are going over. We're ready to stand in ice water up to our waists, to live with the rats in a rain of German shells, to go over the top and be finished. Nobody need worry about our boys over there. But how about the bunch left over here—the crowd that want to know how soon it will end? Are they going to queer us? Will they fall for the German tricks? Will the pacifists turn their blood to water? Only one thing can do for us—and that isn't the German army. It's our own people at home. Maybe some guy in Terre Haute will get tired putting three-cent stamps on his letters. Maybe some fellow in Cleveland will get sick of the graham bread. Maybe some fat little soul in Denver will get to worrying about his profits. And they'll come together and decide that it's no use fighting it to a finish—and where will we be? Done for, licked, finished: thousands of dead for nothing—all because the people at home hadn't the guts to stick it out!"

AND so, all unconsciously, Jimmy Gerson gave me a message for the folks back home. The words in which I have set it down are not his words, for I cannot remember them—I wish I could; they were so much more picturesque. But the sentiment is the same.

Thus, as in the old days, he passed my door on his way to high adventure, and I did not call him back. I promised to write to him, and I will write to him—once every week. And I hope those letters will be filled with good news, stirring news—news that we soft fellows over here have grown hard, that we know now how soon it will end, and that we can stand it as well as he and his crowd; that we don't mind the taxes, nor the falling profits, nor the brown bread, nor the solitary lump in the coffee; that with all our hearts, all our money, all our strength we are behind him; all the way to the Rhine—and over!



# THE PRESIDENT

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



TWO reasons of self-interest are against writing from Washington about the President.

The first is that, if facts and analysis are not all in the President's favor there will be foaming at the mouth of those who consider him all that is good and great. They will roar out about loyalty to the President and forget a much higher loyalty—the loyalty any citizen owes to the United States. Some of them will be sincere and others will be Democrats.

The second reason is that if fact and analysis show much which is good and great in the President those who want to see in him nothing much of either good or great will gnash their teeth. These other persons will proclaim that the wonderful spell or charm which the President throws over several heads has been thrown over another. Some of them will be honest in this, and others will be those who are not Democrats.

No one will be pleased. The fact that no one will be pleased is the key to the truth about the President. In this crisis it is well that all that is possible to know about his ways should be known by every loyal man and woman who desires to help.

An old story is that of two knights who approached a shield set up in the roadway. It was gold on one side and some other metal on the other. Falling into a controversy as to the metal from which the shield was fashioned, the knights with their lances transfixed each other. But neither was right.

It is like that in the case of the President; it all depends from which side a person approaches him. Therefore it is astonishing how little of a fair balance is ever struck even by those who at close or long range see and feel the President. It has always been so about him; when Wilson was president at Princeton it was no different.

Perhaps it is one sign of a man's greatness that other men in their inmost hearts are for or against him. Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson: these are pro or con personalities. There was something halfway between pro and con in the attitude of men

dent's closest adviser; and it is the men who are close to the President's ear who are his mirrors. Baker, as a mirror and a sincere mirror, has even adopted the President's word "tragical" into his vocabulary.

The thing which Baker says he sees is the thing which Colonel House saw and which Justice Brandeis saw and which many who have the quality of large and humane vision see. They see a man, for instance, who wanted big business to split into small business because temperamentally he was suspicious of big business and considered big business menacing to social justice. They see a liberal. They see a man who desires to express a system of morals, internal and international, for America. They see a man who wishes less ease for the rich and more for the poor, less strength for the powerful and more for the weak. They see a man who struggled to avert war because war was horrible and was a kind of madness and then accepted war because autoocracy, with its abuse of weaker nations, appeared at last more horrible and more of a madness than war. They see a man who has a long and longing sweep of the horizon.

## A "Long-Distance" Man

THOSE who approach from the other side do not see only these qualities, nor indeed all these qualities. Instead they see a man who is impatient with hard, close facts; fretful against organization questions; without great genius for choosing men capable of administration, because his tendency is to like those he considers emotionally good men more and more and to like unremitting, strong men less and less. They see slowness to act and a befogged vision when actual steps are to be taken or could be taken. They see a reluctance to delegate real power, and a method of hiding this by appearing to delegate power to a multitude of advisory agencies. They see his contempt for senators and his distrust of the American business man. They see one who fails to exercise himself much about

personality, never serious enough to cause a breach, but serious enough to cause the President some loss of that comfortable feeling which men like Baker create with their warmth of similarity. For instance, it was McAdoo who poured

into the President's ear vigorous urging that America take the lead in forming an Allied War Council. The President was not pleased that McAdoo publicly announced his own position in regard to this.

Able organizers, as distinguished from well-meaning men, in the President's Cabinet have not had the experience of growing nearer and nearer to the President. The subjects which they brought to his attention, their mild insistence that attention be fastened on the task at hand, their occasional unwillingness to agree in a facile manner with him, all contributed to a loss of favor. Lindley M. Garrison, Baker's predecessor, was one, and has gone. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is another; it is not much of a secret that he is no longer close to the President's ear. It is the Danielses, the Burlesons, and the Bakers who remain.

A tragical result comes from the unequal weight in the pans of the President's scales which are supposed to balance conceiving on one hand and doing on the other. Few are having the same visions at the same time; the "forward-looking" man is usually independent; the "doing" man is not dealing with the things upon which the President likes to feast his being; few are left who have his ear, and this keeps from him much that men think he should know.

The politicians have not his ear. The President is a little shrewder than the "gang" and more sincere, no doubt, and does not need their advice in strategy. In his heart he detests the average senator and congressman. The latter have gathered this impression, and unburden themselves of it when the cigars have burned short.

Says one: "All kinds of appointments and policies are made, and we're not consulted. He seldom calls us in any more for conference or advice. It is only when he wants to line us up that we are counted in."

"There is nothing in being a Democrat any more," is the word. "The President has been our trump card, and he knows it and still cracks the whip. None of us want to make any trick plays. No one wants to become a martyr. Do we vote with him? Of course we vote with him—we take everything and say nothing. The man is a great man, of course, and a senator is a worm, and that's all there is to say."

The men representing the business and financial administration of the country have not his ear. Selfish and scheming, or patriotic and sincere, apparently they are of a kind to the President. His first instinct is to have the same measure of suspicion for the money maker that he has contempt for the politician. A committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which had resigned its connection with the Council of National Defense because of the hopeless prospect, wished to see him to present advice on reorganization of the war machine. He said, in substance, "Write it," and the written suggestions went into that yawning hopper in which all are received—and so many disappear forever.

When the politicians and the business men are eliminated, and when his refusal to see newspaper men and publishers has eliminated most of them, when his appointees who have leanings toward administrative efficiency and minds of their own are eliminated, there is not much of an approach to the President's ear except by those who agree with him—and those who agree with him even more, and those who worship him. These are men like Newton Baker and George Creel. And there are men who, wishing to retain his ear, wait for him to ask for advice and who seldom press any opposing views. They believe, perhaps wisely, that it is better to be silent than severed. These are men like Justice Brandeis and Colonel House—two truly great advisers.

## His Narrowing Circle

TIME was when it was common enough to hear from men that they would go and tell their story to the President of the United States; the other day I heard a man of standing boast that he could reach the President's ear because he knew an intimate friend of an intimate friend of Creel's!

It used to be true that he was not accessible nor



Close to the President's ear—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and Secretary of War Baker

toward Taft and Hughes, and the moderate, indulgent admissions of their friends that they had faults, and of their enemies that they had virtues, were their undoing. Americans like to have in their leaders something to fight over and to exult over, to idolize and to attack as wolves attack, and about whom in venom they can whisper lies and at whose feet they may grovel in adoration. Change, emotion, drama!

All his life long Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has been preparing to approach the President from the right side. He sees a great and good man and nothing else. This is because Baker is an idealist. I saw him some years ago when he was mayor of Cleveland, and when we talked of some of the evils of corporate greed and of the improvement of human opportunity and of human happiness his eyes glistened and he was live and tense. But when I wanted to have some of Cleveland's municipal experiments justified by a look at accounting figures and analysis of management and an inquiry into questions of organization, Baker's interest lagged and the light went out of his eyes.

Here are two men much alike, and they like each other. The Secretary of War just now is the Presi-

dent's closest adviser; and it is the men who are close to the President's ear who are his mirrors. Baker, as a mirror and a sincere mirror, has even adopted the President's word "tragical" into his vocabulary. The thing which Baker says he sees is the thing which Colonel House saw and which Justice Brandeis saw and which many who have the quality of large and humane vision see. They see a man, for instance, who wanted big business to split into small business because temperamentally he was suspicious of big business and considered big business menacing to social justice. They see a liberal. They see a man who desires to express a system of morals, internal and international, for America. They see a man who wishes less ease for the rich and more for the poor, less strength for the powerful and more for the weak. They see a man who struggled to avert war because war was horrible and was a kind of madness and then accepted war because autoocracy, with its abuse of weaker nations, appeared at last more horrible and more of a madness than war. They see a man who has a long and longing sweep of the horizon.

One of the most prominent organizers in the country said to me the other day: "He pastes labels on the bottles, but, alas, he does not fill the bottles!"

One of the so-called "president senators" who votes consistently with the President said: "He is an unequalled maker of policies—the fact that a policy when drawn needs anything more is of great distress and irritation to him."

Because William G. McAdoo, his son-in-law, has a passionate love of the actual doing of things, sometimes too fast, there come moments of clashes of





The men representing the business and financial administration have not his ear

Democratic senators. The President exercised the magic by which he enthalls some men, and in less than an hour the critic, who has since been given important Government assignments, had been turned round and started off in another direction as if it were a touch of the fingers on a mechanical toy.

A few weeks ago a Democratic newspaper sent a correspondent to Washington to investigate the workings of the war machinery. His errand and attitude created some measure of anxiety among the disciples of Things As They Are. But an interview with the President was arranged; the newspaper correspondent went into the door of the White House, was received in privacy, and came out. Although he had to deal with the same set of facts, he began to write defenses of the Administration!

These examples show that the President still sees men, even small men, whom he desires to win over. But it is said that he did not sit down with Elihu Root upon the latter's return from Russia, although the commissioner came back from the scene of the most vital changes going on anywhere. Later when another American, filled with a record load of first-hand information, official and unofficial, returned from the seething of great forces in Russia—forces which may control the world's destinies—he too hung round Washington waiting for the President's call, but no call came. The President used some of the man's written memoranda, but there was no conference.

When R. B. Stevens was starting abroad to represent the United States on the Inter-Allied Shipping Council and was seeking first-hand instructions, he was unable to see the President. Time went by, plans had to be made, policies laid down, but it was only at the last minute that Stevens, by his own insistence, was able to say a few words to the President about a mission which has become the most vital of the war.

#### He Sees the Goal, but—

AMONG those who remain there is, of course, George Creel, who can yield peculiar qualities of entertainment, and who, through the Bureau of Public Information—an institution which some future and unscrupulous power could turn to dreadful and selfish use—can reach the channels of opinion making. And there is the little group of popinjay courtiers always at the White House door no matter who is within; their chief contribution is: "Absolutely right, Mr. President."

The result is tragical because the President is inaccessible and apparently more and more suspicious and aloof. A man whose scales of personal balance have great weight of vision, of policy making, of belief that he can express American conscience, and make extensive plans for the welfare of mankind, in one pan, and in the other pan, it is thought by many men, has much less weight of decision, of administrative order, of organization, of actual doing just underfoot, is not fortunate if he closes the door to the contact of human activity and counsel. It is safe to affirm that President Wilson is not in doubt about the goals he conceives in his wide sweep of vision, but there is a growing belief that he may be in the dark about the method of travel.

"Even his friends would say that he knows more of what we are trying to do than of how it shall be done," said one of these friends.

So it is that his temperament draws him toward policies expressed with power and beauty. If he has to delegate irritating organization questions, it is to good and submissive men only. He writes the formulas; the clerks who are supposed to put up the prescriptions must not differ with the doctor—nor bother him. He writes the labels, the world applauds with reason, and the applause is joined by some foreign statesmen who know that the President holds the moneybags of the war.

The development of our war machinery is another key to the President. In no one man in any Allied country—democracy, monarchy, autocracy, or revolutionary dictatorship, unless it is Siam—is there as much power centralized and undistributed. Occasionally we forget this extraordinary fact.

#### The Bigger Problem—Correlation

HAS he delegated this power? He has delegated a part of it in separate pieces. Some of it is delegated to McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and railroad administrator; some of it to Hoover for food conservation; some of it to Garfield for fuel; some of it, by virtue of regular Government procedure, to Baker for the army, and to Daniels for the navy. Some of the war job is with Hurley of the Shipping Board. But just about there, except for the multitude of advisory bodies, the delegation of war functions by appointment stops. Each man who has any delegated executive power is dependent upon the others for success. All paths of communication lead through the White House. But even if the road were not blocked by presidential inaccessibility, the President, as one man, could not direct the war machine even if he had expert skill in efficient activity. No one man can. And if he could, he would not be able to assign the work fast enough. No one man can. And if he could he would not be able to adjust all conflicts and duplications. No one man can.



There is, of course, George Creel, who can yield peculiar qualities of entertainment

important work. But as compared with the general management of the war these matters are tiddlywinks, because wars are now made by nations rather than by soldiers. It is the bigger problem—the undone task of correlating one part of the work with another—which is running us toward the rocks. We haven't the ships. We have failed and are failing miserably in their production. It is a disaster.

No ships—no army to Europe.

No ships—no supplies to Europe.

No ships—terrible congestion of goods at Atlantic ports.

No ships—a need for decreased production of supplies.

No ships—industrial disorganization.

No ships—waste of the vast expenditures.

Ships are the key.

General management of the war must start on these cold, hard facts. Has it?

But that is not all. The need of general management does not stop there with a ship shortage which spells disaster. That is only where it begins. What use is made of the ships available? Has there been any adequate machinery for handling ships and their use? None. The censorship may object to telling the average number of days steamships of various capacities have been taking for round trips, but the slowness is appalling. Ships are leaving for Europe without full cargoes. In January 167 ships were tied up in New York at one time because unable to get bunker coal, and 116 more were in the same fix at and near Norfolk. Cargoes rendered useless by bad storage and cargoes sent by error have been sent back to America across the Atlantic. Troops sent across the country have been held around New York for long periods because they could not continue their journey abroad.

Between Baker, who sends the men and supplies, and Hurley of the Shipping Board there has been no apparent understanding. The question has been tested by going to the War Department and asking: "Who determines the available quantity of shipping space to be devoted to army supplies?" The answer is: "The Shipping Board." But at the Shipping Board they say: "Ask Baker. He knows what his needs will be." It is so much like the question of which was created first, the egg or the hen!

After nearly a year of war the management of ships was still split up between three different departments—army, navy, and Shipping Board, without cooperation. If we have not provided the ships, there is bound to be an increasing and fearsome piling up of supplies on the Atlantic seaboard.

#### No Comprehensive Plans

HAS any provision been made to distribute the export flood? No! On January 1, when for six months and more the ship shortage had been known, no comprehensive plans were in effect. The various departments which bought and ordered went on regardless, sending the goods toward New York because there was no plan. A corporation run like that would go into the hands of a receiver. New York was the first place which came to mind! And now, after nearly a year of war, some one is trying to please the South by telling it that a new idea has been conceived—supplies can be diverted from the choked ports of the North Atlantic to Norfolk, Charleston, New Orleans! No plans! Has any adequate storage construction been provided? No. Freight stays in the cars or is dumped. Because of this in January there were countless loaded idle, stalled freight cars around New York Harbor. It was like the conditions at Russia's ports when I was in Russia.

It is doubtful whether any department of the Government knows the number of cars tied up. Perhaps more than 50,000 cars were tied up in New York at a time when the transportation system of the country was unable to meet the demands upon it! Until October 16, 1917, no steps had been taken by the War Department to construct storage depots or port terminals! Everybody's business: nobody's business!

On October 16, after months during which the warehousing section of the Council of National De-



In his heart he detests the average senator and congressman. They have gathered this impression and unburden themselves when the cigars have burned short



fense had recommended and recommended without result, and had given an excellent example of the futility of advisory councils, advisory commissions, and advisory war boards, the War Department created a bureau to begin to think about storage. And even then—after the great United States had been caught in this trap of no ships, no ship management, no port-distributing plans, no proper embarkation machinery, and was facing only the beginning of a flood of production which the vast appropriations and expenditures and contracts had created—was there action? Not at all!

It was planned to build port terminals near New York, near Philadelphia, near Norfolk, and near Charleston. It was planned to build storage depots at five railroad centers which had better not be named. But the military commissions for the civilians who were to direct the work and applications for the right to employ men were being manhandled through the antiquated War Department bureaucracy. For how long? For more than sixty days!

In January, therefore, the work near New York had just been begun, near Philadelphia 5 per cent progress had been made, near Norfolk 3 per cent, near Charleston a percentage of zero. In January storage depots in the interior were still on paper. In January 475 cars of canned tomatoes were waiting ready to be frozen a few miles from Washington near the site of a storage depot still in the hands



Batted back and forth, from bureau to bureau, without an answer!

of draftsmen! And hundreds of cars loaded with destructible food for the army were due there.

Are any of these oversights chargeable to departmental inefficiency? No. They are chargeable to a lack of management at the top.

Fuel orders from Dr. Garfield are intended as a concealed effort to cut down production; they do not remedy the lack of depots, terminals, and ships.

even get in each other's way.

In actual purchasing there is no center. One department corners the supply and leaves another helpless for want of some necessity. When the Cantonment Division of the War Department needed creosoted piles in January, it was another bureau of the War Department which had the avail-

(Continued on page 41)

# A SHIPBUILDER ON THE JOB

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"HE is the most human shipbuilder in America—and one of the ablest."

The shipwright of the North who told me this was himself a builder of no mean ability, but did not hesitate to refer me to Homer L. Ferguson as a man who could and would tell me of the vital problem of the ships—from the practical point of view of one who had spent his lifetime in the profession—and from a point of view of heart and of mind as well.

"He is the most human thing in the business," the builders kept telling me. And I knew that the great yard upon the James which he headed was not alone a huge and successful business enterprise, but that in the long years that the building of ships was not a particularly popular or profitable business, the Newport News yard had kept the flame of an ancient American profession alight—and honorably burning.

"We shall build good ships here, at a profit if we can, at a loss if we must, but always good ships."

These are the words on the founder's monument in the center of the yard, and this spirit seems to have been inherited by his successor.

## Black and White Work Side by Side

NEWPORT NEWS differs from most Virginia towns in the fact that it has no fine streets shaded with old trees, no Christopher Wren architecture, no ancient families, and no old colonels. When the late considerable drought spread across Virginia it found few sideboards in Newport News to empty. For the place is new—comparatively new, at any rate. It is a made-to-order town, and looks it. For even though it long ago reached its thirty-fifth birthday, it still has some of the raw newness of pioneer communities.

It was founded by the late Collis P. Huntington as a tidewater terminal for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, purchased as the Eastern link of the ocean-to-ocean transcontinental system which he planned definitely, but was never quite able to consummate. And because a tidewater terminal means a real seaport and a real seaport in turn means dry-dock and ship-repair facilities—then almost entirely lacking in the neighborhood of Hampton Roads—the California millionaire bethought himself of establishing a shipyard at Newport News. Another factor there at Hampton Roads changed the idea into determination. His friends and advisers argued against the enterprise—but wasted their efforts. Huntington did not then lay stress upon his commercial reasons for building the yard. He merely pointed toward the tall tower of a great school

for negroes a bare half dozen miles distant and said: "I am going to try and give the black man the same industrial opportunity that Hampton has given him educationally."

And to-day fully one-half of the 7,800 men and boys who work under Homer Ferguson in the Newport News shipyard are black-skinned. The promise of Collis P. Huntington has been fully kept—with generous interest. White men and black men work not only in the same yard but in the same buildings. And this is the South—the Old Dominion, if you please. On a huge traveling crane that runs the length of the yard's biggest erecting shop a white man operates the motors overhead; a negro on the floor minds the grips. In the yard outside on a huge ship coming into being white painters work upon the upper side of the deck; black painters upon the under surfaces of the same deck.

Do you get me? Something must be conceded to the traditions of the South. But—Ferguson swings quickly in his chair and levels a long finger at you:

"Don't you dare come down from the North to this yard and tell us that the black man in the South is an industrial failure—you who only use him as an elevator boy or a parlor-car porter or a chauffeur and refuse to give him an equal industrial opportunity with white labor. How long would one of our expert machinists last at Taunton or at Paterson or at Schenectady? What opportunity would the unions give him? Can one of our good riveters go north and join the union? He cannot. And otherwise he cannot drive a single rivet."

When efforts once were made, he tells you, to form a union of his colored riveters, skilled orators from the North ad-

dressed them in a big hall. But the colored workmen were singularly indifferent. And finally one of the largest and lankest of the riveters unfolded himself from his chair and began: "Our fren's remarks remind me of a right fine Virginia gen'man, Culnel C— of Richmond, who died a few years ago and went straight to heaven. An' when he interdoosed himself at the pearly gates, St. Peter, he says to him, he says: 'Oh, go 'long wi' you, white man, you ain't Culnel C— of Richmond. You ain't on a hoss. An' I ain't never seen the old culnel afoot.' So there was the old culnel wid dose pearly gates closed in front of him an' harp music driftin' out to him. Finally he sees a little bit of a way to do it. Down in the line behind him was his ol' cullud servant, Sam. An' he goes to Sam an' lets on to him as how they cud both get into heaven together sure 'nough if Sam'd drop down on his han's an' kneas an' be the culnel's hoss. Ol' Sam, he does it, an' Culnel C— rides up to the pearly gates again. St. Peter sittin' back of the

ticket office only sees the culnel's head an' says: 'That's better, sah. You hitch youh hoss outside here an' walk right in.'"

The audience "got" the riveter. There has never been a negro union, and in the entire history of the Newport News yard only one strike—of but three and a half days, last summer. And the leader, ashamed, quit his job and enlisted. Ferguson would like to get him back.

Ferguson was reared in the service. He was born in North Carolina fully forty-five years ago, and is not only a graduate of Annapolis, but he spent a dozen successful years afterward as a naval constructor. He bears no grudge against the army.



His face is lined with fine lines, his hair is graying a bit, but he is actually the personification of youth



He is an American of the very best sort and he knows well the enormous problem to-day confronting it. But he has seen the army descend upon the little city of Newport News, with its camps and cantonments, and in a little time not only increase its population from 30,000 to 50,000, but add so vastly to its housing and living problems that his best, his most skilled, and most experienced workmen have been literally forced out of their homes and out of town. One of the clerks in his office, proud owner of a \$3,000 house, has rented it to an army officer for \$100 a month. And while the best grade of milk was selling in New York City at 14 cents a quart, the milkmen of Newport News demanded—and received—20 cents. Some of Ferguson's negro riveters make as high as \$90 a week upon occasion, but these are the exception. And it almost takes \$90 a week to bring up a family in decency, to say nothing of comfort, these days at Newport News. But its invasion of the shipbuilding town with its vast raids upon the scant stores of houses and labor reserves is not Ferguson's real complaint against the army. Its invasion of the shipbuilding forces, not only of his own but of every other yard, is his chief cause for protest. He will tell you so in the frank and direct way that is so characteristic of him.

"Every man building a ship for a year means five other men transported to Europe in that year. It is useless for us to talk of winning the war as long as we fail to transport our men or our munitions overseas. It is my honest belief that until the nation really realizes this—until it quits talking about the necessity of providing a bridge across the Atlantic while failing to provide it—we might as well continue the production of the non-essentials. There is no use whatsoever in manufacturing essentials—munitions, I mean—and then having them rot or rust or otherwise spoil, while they spend months awaiting transportation across the ocean. I will venture the prediction that, unless we quit talking about ships and begin producing them (of good size, for I cannot see the 4,500-ton or even the 6,000-ton ship as compared with the 10,000-ton or the 12,000-ton craft, and in good numbers), a year from now, if the war continues, you'll see our munition plants on half time. And all because of the glut at our embarkation ports; a glut from lack of ship tonnage."

"How many tons of ships can the United States produce in 1918?" we ask him.

#### Half of Them in the Draft!

HIS reply is direct: "Based upon Mr. Hurley's estimate of 150,000 men working in all our yards a very few weeks ago, I should say that 3,000,000 tons was a fair estimate for the present year. We shipbuilders figure it out on a basis of about 20 tons per year per man; that is under ordinary conditions. The Union shipyard of San Francisco has produced as high as 23 tons per man. But the climatic conditions out there are better suited for shipbuilding than most of our Eastern yards and the force was made up of thoroughly trained men. It may be that by this time the working forces in all our yards have been brought to nearer 200,000 than 150,000 men. But, on the other hand, the new men we get are not skilled in this work. They may be good machinists in other lines, but still they'll require much training. In fact, with a large proportion of newly recruited shipbuilders we might see the average output go as low as 15 or even 12½ tons. It certainly wouldn't be anything like 20. And the men who might have helped this yard come to that average have gone to the army. . . . Shipbuilding is a young man's business." (It is Ferguson's face is limned with fine lines, his hair is graying a bit, but he is actually the personification of youth, a curious blend of a light heart and a serious mind, of laughing eyes and a determined mouth.) "In this plant more than 3,300 of our 7,800 employees are inside the draft age. These men, the skilled shipbuilders upon whom the army's very existence, to say nothing of its ultimate success, de-

pends, were taken away from us, both by voluntary enlistment and by the draft. As one even pretending to be a good American, I could not raise the slightest barrier against the recruiting officers coming within our yard, but I knew what it meant when I saw our shipbuilders, trained and skilled, go marching out after them.

"The army has now agreed to return the drafted men to the shipyards. It is highly necessary that they should be returned. But as yet it *hasn't* been willing to give us back our young men who went out and *volunteered*. We need them now; never so much as right now. What's more, the army needs to have them here more than to have them in khaki."

#### Houses—There's the Rub

ON the February days that I visited the plant an English recruiting captain was also there, seeking out British subjects under the new international-service convention. The English draft is far more inclusive than ours; it takes in all able-bodied men from twenty to forty. Ferguson's yard has many of these.

"We haven't a very large percentage of foreign labor here," he explained. "Only about 25 per cent as compared with between 65 and 75 per cent in many other yards. The most of our alien-born are English and Scotch—the product of a land no part of which is more than half a day's ride from the sea,

a record for prompt action in these matters, loaned \$100,000 which went into the putting up of the barracks upon land owned by the shipyard company. For about \$2 a week a shipworker gets a clean room, well heated and well lighted, and a service that roughly approximates that of a hotel. The meals are served on the cafeteria plan, are good, and cost from 15 to 35 cents each. These prices, at the present time, particularly in Newport News, spell no profit to the shipyard company which operates the enterprise.

This barracks is for white men, unmarried, only. The black workers of the plant are pretty well absorbed within the colored section of the town as well as in a special cantonment with a hut of the Y. M. C. A. there. The black shipyard workers are not only welcomed in the Darktown section of Newport News; they are aristocrats. A boss riveter means about the same to a negro church as a congressman does to a white one. But as to where Ferguson stands, listen to Aunt Sally, the cook. She got him to forego golf and give a talk one Saturday afternoon: "Boss, you shuah was worth \$17.90 to the North Side Baptist Church yestiddy en'nin'. We ain't never had no such collection as that afore."

To house the married folks who come to work in his great and growing plant, Ferguson has far more elaborate plans. A model community on the high bank of the James should be completed

before midsummer: more than 500 houses, with capacity for at least 1,200 men and their families. Expert landscape engineers are laying out their environment; some other eminent architects are completing their design. The entire effect gained is similar to that of the model workingmen's villages of England. The high-pitched roofs of the little houses, which are not monotonous in effect, are new to a manufacturing community in America.

Close to the plant four large apartment houses are already under construction. These are to be four-story brick buildings—slow-burning construction—and it is estimated that together they will house some 650 more workers.

Ferguson has arranged for the building of a trolley line to serve his community. "You can't keep peo-

ple happy in their work unless you keep them comfortable in it," he says.

Early this year, he saw the menace of a coal famine, and purchased fifty carloads of anthracite, which already were rolling down toward the South. When the 2,500-ton shipment came to the yard it was distributed in one-ton lots to the workers who needed it. Not one of Ferguson's workers lived in a cold house this winter.

His men adore him. He knows more than half of them personally, and when he knows them he calls them by their first names. Sometimes when he notices things he makes little memoranda about them, and perhaps the next morning Junius Jones, boss riveter, gets a letter of praise—a precious document to be framed and kept between the life insurance policy and the photograph of Abraham Lincoln.

#### 13,000,000 Rivets a Year!

IT is in terms of riveters, of rivets, if you please, that Ferguson and Powell and Weaver—all the other great shipbuilders of America—make their predictions for the shipping output of 1918. The unit of production of a ship 1,000 feet long, and with the housing accommodations of the Waldorf Astoria, is a bit of heated metal the size of the index finger of your hand. A riveting gang, consisting of two men and two boys—the riveter, the holder-on, the heater boy and the passer boy—will drive from 300 to 375 rivets in the course of a ten-hour day. If the passer is omitted, production is slowed proportionately.

Now, it takes some 650,000 rivets to make the average 10,000-ton ship. In Ferguson's yard the average is about 250,000 a week. In the Union shipyard of San Francisco—until recently at least the largest in the land—300,000 was a fair average, although in a record week this figure went to 411,000. According to these figures a yard such as the Newport News plant will drive,

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"Don't you dare come and tell us that the black man in the South is an industrial failure!"

where the taste for shipbuilding is almost inborn—and a large part of these are inside the British draft limits. One might think that England would see the necessity of leaving these men undisturbed and hard at their jobs. But if she doesn't, I will go to the Secretary of State, to the President himself, before I'll give them up."

"Are you in the market for labor?" I asked him on the last of those February days. I had heard of Creel's Four-Minute Men, standing upon the stages of movie houses all the way across the land, begging workmen to enlist for the building of ships and then had heard how these men applying to the yards had found them not ready.

"We're not ready to take on men at this time," Ferguson replied, "although we always are glad to get their applications and when the opportunity comes—as it certainly will come—we shall be glad to send for them. We are greatly expanding this plant, both upon the shore front and back inland. We also are getting rapidly ahead upon our housing facilities."

"There is the hub of the proposition—at this moment not only in this yard but in many others—housing. That, you will recall, was my first complaint against the army choosing this as one of the prime centers of its activities. We were just catching up with the problem when it descended upon us. And now we are away back again—our oldest and best men, as I told you, leaving us because of the living costs down in this neck of the woods. But we're not going to sleep on the problem. Within a few weeks we shall hope to be coming up even with it once again."

I remembered seeing when I first came to the main entrance of the plant a huge wooden barracks opposite; just adjoining the town's "community canning center." Not a gaunt and ugly structure, like the typical cantonment barracks, but trim and trig and neatly painted. The Navy Department, which has



# IS THERE A UKRAINE?

BY ARTHUR RUHL

COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

IN Kiev last autumn—a golden Little Russian autumn, with sun and fruit, and the Dnieper sands dotted with bathers soaking up all the summer they could before the winter came—I spent a fortnight finding and losing the Ukraine.

By day I would find it—or nearly so. The Ukrainian Rada, a congress of delegates from the Little Russian provinces roundabout, were sitting then in Kiev's fine new museum building. Nobody knew just what they represented nor what their authority might be. They were tolerated rather than recognized by the almost equally vague and shaky central government in Petrograd, and flatly repudiated by a considerable portion of the educated people in Kiev. Yet here they were, and they chose a Cabinet and discussed and passed legislation as if they really had the right to do so.

I would spend the day here, or tramping up and down the mighty Kiev hills, which are like those of San Francisco, hunting up various sorts of Ukrainians—and charming and intelligent people many of them were—and listening to them burrow back to the days of Bogdan Khleminski and the Treaty of Pereyaslav and prove that they were and always had been a people distinct from the Great Russians, and tell what their "nation" had been, and what they hoped it yet to be. It was all real enough to them—as real as an independent Ireland is to the Sinn Féin.

Fortified by their arguments and enthusiasm, I would trail back home at dusk, wilted and weary, and in the cool of the evening, with the long windows open on the garden, and the samovar steaming cheerfully, we would eat purple plums and bread and honey and drink endless glasses of tea, while my Russian friends, with equal enthusiasm and conviction, would proceed to demonstrate that the Ukraine never had existed and never would.

For they were "Great" Russians—Moscow Russians, as they sometimes say in the south, following the speech of the days when their ancestors were ruled by the Czars of Muscovy—and believed in a strong central government and Russia's territorial unity. To them the Ukrainians were cranks, if they were not traitors, and their point of view was that of the Russian Minister of Instruction, back in the sixties, who declared that "there is not, never was, and never shall be, such a thing as a Ukrainian language and nationality." And they too had their facts and figures.

I did not agree with them, nor, on the other hand, with the more chauvinistic Ukrainians, and in the midst of their arguments the Kornilov "counter-revolution" broke, and I hurried northward. The Ukraine was a "question" then, and I cannot feel that it is much less a question now, even though a treaty of peace be signed between something called the "Ukrainian Republic" and the Austrians and Germans. For in Russia's present state of demoralization, what is such a republic, or what could it be? What has become of all the quite real people in Kiev who were, only a few weeks ago, so vehemently opposed to it? Or of all the Great Russians—even liberal-minded men like Miliukov, who, while frank to admit that there was something in the Ukrainian case, yet were opposed to separation? They are all in Russia still, and sooner or later must be reckoned with. In short, the Ukrainian question, like that of Finland, is something to be settled in the open and by all those interested, and not between German generals and more or less self-appointed delegates at Brest-Litovsk. This settlement must be just to the Ukrainians, and just to Russia, and satisfactory to the common sense of the rest of the world. And

such a settlement must be based on the real and more or less permanent facts, which a few weeks or months, or the eccentric happenings of the moment, are not likely greatly to change.

The Ukraine is a name applied to southwestern Russia, very much as the word Provence is applied to southeastern France. The analogy is closer than

have been written by Great Russians to prove that Ukrainian was merely a dialect and not a separate language, when, as a matter of fact, it is a separate language now, just as Bulgarian is, although the Bulgars used to have their headquarters along the middle Volga, in what is now the center of Great Russia. Without venturing into etymological gymnastics, it may at least be said

that the two languages sound differently, and I know that when, during my visit to a Little Russian country place in Poltava, the young man of the family spoke Ukrainian, as he always did when he spoke at all, he might, so far as I was concerned, have been talking Choctaw or Sanskrit. How generally Ukrainian is spoken in the Little Russian provinces, where every effort was made by the old government to suppress it, and where there are a good many Great Russians, is a more difficult question.

The Ukrainian assertion, on the other hand, that they are a separate "nation" has also seemed far-fetched, inasmuch as the Little Russian provinces have been "Russian" ever since Russia's modern history began, and before the revolution seemed as much a part of Russia as our own South is a part of the United States.

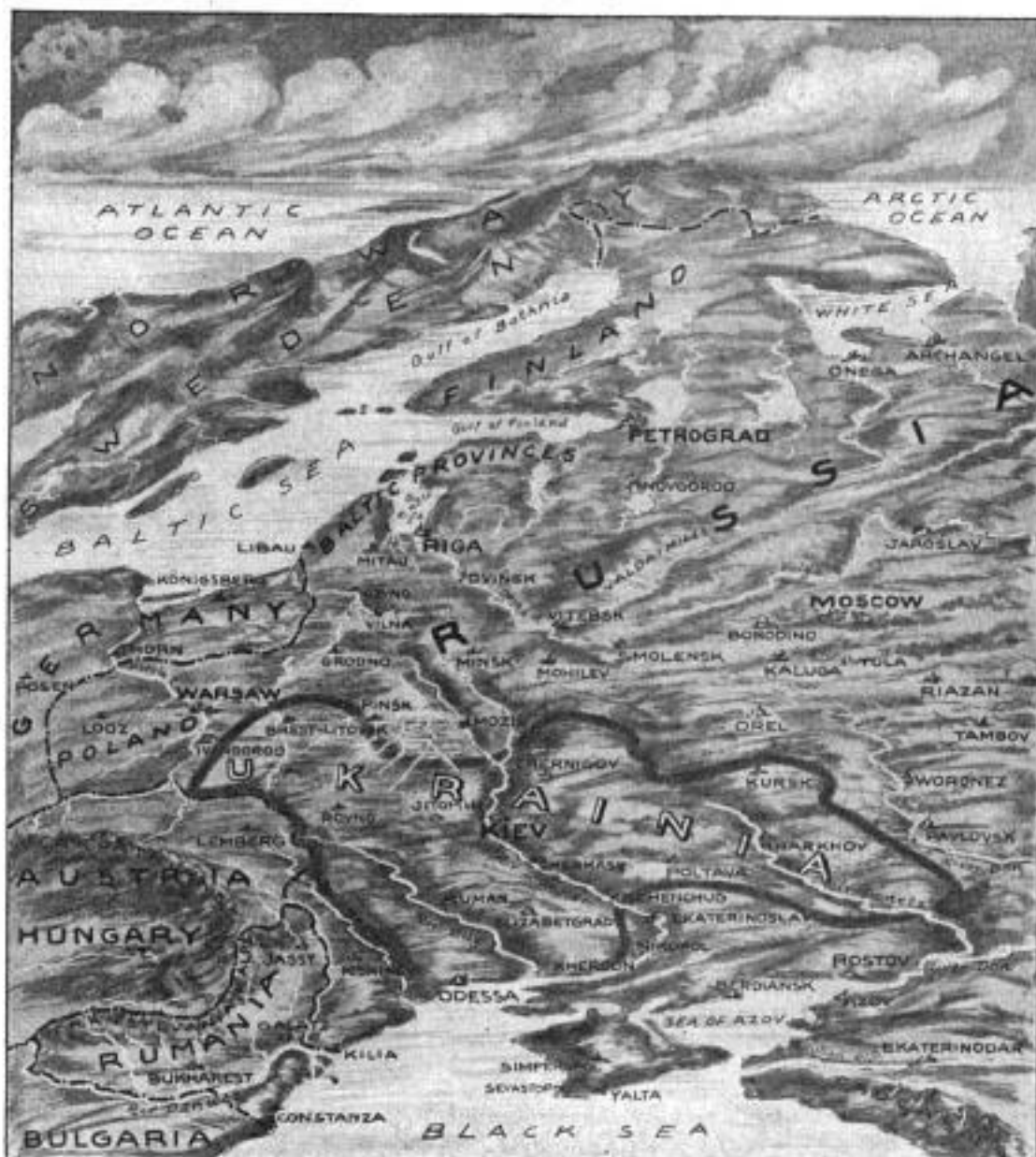
## Russia's Wild West

THREE centuries ago the Ukraine was a sort of Russian "Wild West"—the word means "extremity" or "borderland"—where Cossack tribes lived a more or less freebooting life, varied by serious fighting with the Mohammedan Turks, south of them, and the Catholic Poles to the north. One of their chiefs, or hetmans, Bogdan Khleminski, cut a wide swath in the first half of the seventeenth century. He punished the Poles severely, but they finally pushed him so hard that he was obliged to swear allegiance to Czar Alexis of Moscow, and join forces with the growing

central Russian kingdom. This union is one of the points of dispute between Great Russians and Ukrainians. The latter, who look back to the distinguished barbarian as a national hero—you will find him on picture post cards in Kiev—view the Treaty of Pereyaslav more as an alliance than as a surrender, and they point to the fact that the Ukraine was practically autonomous—for a time even having the right to its own foreign ambassador—until the end of the eighteenth century. The Great Russians, on the other hand, hold that since 1654 the Ukraine has been an integral part of Russia.

The strong arm was in central Russia, at any rate, and from that time on it kept reaching out farther and farther. There was a ukase against the Little Russian dialect in 1690. Peter the Great, in his mission of pounding Russia into an empire, abolished the office of hetman. The prohibition against Russians acquiring land in the Ukraine was done away with—one of the causes of Mazeppa's uprising—and Catherine II, when she came into power, toward the end of the eighteenth century, established serfdom in the Ukraine and addressed a manifesto to the Little Russians, in which she declared her determination "to destroy the idea according to which they think themselves a different nation from Russia." When Poland was divided in 1793, and Galicia went to Austria, the west bank of the Dnieper—hitherto the boundary—also went to Russia.

Whether the absorption of the Ukraine was conquest or what is more politely termed "expansion" had come to seem, as I have said, rather an academic question—almost as much so as to ask whether Texas is American territory or really Mexican. A foreigner coming down to Kiev or Poltava on a Petrograd express is not aware of leaving Russia, as one



*It is all "black earth" country, rich and fertile as our own Middle Western black earth, and a Middle-Westerner feels decidedly at home in these broad rolling prairies*

one might think at first, but I shall speak of that further on.

The region is also called Little Russia—a title some Ukrainians rather resent—to distinguish it from White Russia, farther north along the border, and Great Russia, which centers around Petrograd and Moscow. It is all "black earth" country, rich and fertile as our own Middle Western black earth, and a Middle-Westerner feels decidedly at home in these broad rolling prairies, with their cornfields, and wide, slow-flowing streams. The Dnieper River flows through the heart of the Ukraine, and the word refers especially, generally, to the provinces or "governments" of Kiev, Poltava, Chernigov, and Kharkhov. But the frontier between Russia and Austria-Hungary is a political rather than natural barrier; the Ruthenians of Galicia are, racially, Little Russians, who merely exchanged masters when Galicia fell to Austria at the partition of Poland, and in its widest signification the word "Ukraine" includes them as well. The catchword of the more extreme Ukrainian dreamers has been, indeed, "From the Carpathians to the Caucasus"; and they have planned a new and independent nation which should extend all the way westward to Przemsyl.

## A Separate Language

WHEN people speak of the Ukraine as "a beautiful country which doesn't exist," or deny, as the Great Russians are likely to do, that the Ukraine as a separate nation ever did exist, they mean, of course, that its reality as a nation lies either in a past or a future too remote to be worth discussing now. And, of course, much of the argument on both sides has had an interest rather more academic than practical. Hundreds of thousands of words



as the instant one crosses the frontier into Finland. There are differences of scene, but he does not know, as he does on setting foot in Helsingfors, that he is among a different people who have built up a culture of their own.

But the stupid Petrograd Government succeeded in creating differences, making ordinary people martyrs, and turning what might have been natural local pride into hostile national patriotism. It was forbidden, in 1876, to print any scientific or historical work—innocuous fiction had a certain liberty—or give a sermon or lecture in the Ukrainian language. The importation of Ukrainian books published abroad was prohibited.

Although the Ukrainian peasants spoke their dialect at home, teachers were forbidden to use it, and in the primary schools, when there were any, the peasant children had to learn from textbooks in which three-quarters of the words for common things were different from those they had learned at home. The teachers felt that while the learning of Russian might be made compulsory, the elementary teaching—which was all that most peasant children would get anyway—ought to be in the language they spoke at home, but teachers who tried this were put in jail for it. Petty offenders were tried and sentenced in words they couldn't understand. Plays in Ukrainian—and the Little Russians are immensely fond of plays, and will tramp twenty miles to see a piece in their own tongue—were forbidden.

The treatment of the poet Shevchenko was characteristic. He was a headstrong, untutored youngster, a sort of "natural-born" genius, who, more than anybody else, has put into words the Ukrainian spirit, the beauty and freedom of the steppes and the Dnieper country. Other writers have been born in the Ukraine, but, like Gogol for instance, have generally written in Russian. Shevchenko used his native dialect. Under an enlightened government, or any government with ordinary horse sense, Shevchenko would have become a picturesque local figure, like the Frenchman Mistral, and the other poets of the Provençal movement, who have devoted themselves to expressing in Provençal French the atmosphere of their corner of France. He might have been criticized for his revolutionary sentiments just as the Provençal poets have sometimes been accused of stirring up dissension between north and south France. Shevchenko, however, was sent to Siberia, and on his prison commitment was written the order "he must not be allowed to paint or write."

A few years ago the Petrograd Government forbade the Ukrainians to celebrate the anniversary of Shevchenko's birthday; priests were forbidden to read Masses for him in the Russian church. One of the results of this repression was that hundreds of thousands of copies of Shevchenko's poems were privately printed and distributed throughout the Ukraine, and that Shevchenko himself, who might otherwise have been a real and interesting if somewhat minor poet, is now regarded as a great genius and a national hero.

### The Muddle of Motives

AFTER the revolution in 1905, Ukrainian newspapers were theoretically permitted, but just before the war in three of the Little Russian provinces twenty-one editors were arrested in one year and twenty-six papers confiscated.

As soon as the Russian armies invaded Galicia in 1914 the Russian authorities promptly closed the Ruthenian (Ukrainian) schools, and shut up the Ruthenian bookstores in Lemberg. Meanwhile—and this, of course, is one of the most embarrassing complications of the Ukrainian movement—the Austro-Hungarian Government had done a good deal to encourage the Ukrainians. Ruthenian is still one of the eight languages officially recognized in the Dual Monarchy. In contrast to forbidden Ukrainian schools, Austria established 2,500 primary schools in which the teaching was in Ruthenian. There were several Ruthenian chairs at the University of Lemberg, and the center, indeed, of the whole Ukrainian literary movement shifted, as a result, to Lemberg, where it was carried on, ironically enough, by the Society of Shevchenko.

Austria's encouragement on the one hand and Russia's stupid persecutions on the other have, naturally, given both sides a case. The Ukrainians could always point to the central government's injustice; the Russians, lumping together all sorts of Ukrain-



Vinnechenko, so-called Ukrainian "Secretary of the Interior," who writes books in Russian, and then has them translated back into Ukrainian



The Kiev Museum, now the Rada Building, where Ukrainians were discussing—now that teaching in Ukrainian is possible—their plans for the new school year

ians, from Little Russian *intelligentsia* on country estates in Poltava, cherishing the Ukrainian language and customs as people cherish ancestral silver or furniture, to Austrian propagandists, working in Switzerland or London or New York, for the dismemberment of Russia, could always accuse the other side of disloyalty. Here, as in all similar separatist movements, there are two kinds of values,



From the long windows—a Kiev garden

the sentimental and the political, each real, and the task is to find some just and common-sense way to reconcile them.

The Great Russians have not been all merely stupid reactionaries. There were liberals like Miliukov, for instance, who sympathized with the Ukrainian desire for home rule, yet were convinced that complete separation was undesirable. Miliukov, speaking in the Duma, early in 1914 before anyone thought of war, said:

"The Ukrainian movement was not invented by anyone. It exists, and will exist, and attempts to deny it will be fruitless."

He believed, he said, in the sincerity of the chiefs and the federalist movement, and asked why Russians were so afraid of giving the Ukrainian language a chance and yet welcomed in Russia French, English, and every other sort of culture. Yet Miliukov, speaking to me last autumn, was opposed to Ukrainian independence. He believed, he said, in all the "ethnological autonomy" possible; let the Ukrainians speak and write their own dialect if they wanted to, but the Ukraine must, nevertheless, be politically a part of Russia.

There were plenty in Kiev, in those interesting autumn days, to uphold the Russian point of view, both in the conservative press and out of it, even though the Rada was in session and there had been more or less definite assertions of independence. For while the Little Russian country population is said to be about 80 per cent Ukrainian, Kiev itself is rather cosmopolitan, and almost as much Polish and Great Russian as Ukrainian.

### Little Russians

THE wife of a former Russian diplomat summed up her impressions of the Ukrainian question with the advice to talk with Little Russians who were not Ukrainians—for there were such. "After all," she said, "does it seem just the time to insist on independence—when Russia is so threatened from without and within? And, really, the interest Austria has taken in this agitation ought to make one rather careful."

A Russian officer, mobilized at the moment, but an engineer and architect by profession, and a resident of Kiev, gossiped at length to me in his bachelor quarters one evening. "It's really a sort of cult or fad," he said, "worked up by some of our *intelligentsia*. The peasants, who, after all, make up 90 per cent or more of the Ukrainians, don't think about it one way or the other."

A Polish landowner, a plump, suave, little man, who in peace times divided his time, as so many of these Polish gentry do, between Petrograd and Paris, wasn't interested in the question of independence, though he had some rather quaint observations to make about his Ukrainian peasants. They used to do his work for one-tenth of the crop. This summer they had demanded a third of it. He refused—"it simply couldn't be done!"—and of course it couldn't, and give him the care-free, absentee landlord's life he was used to leading. This notion of dividing up the land was absurd. Suppose it were divided up. In a few years the clever ones would have it all, and they would have to divide it all over again.

"The notion seems to be," he said, "as near as I can make it out, that we are to return to a sort of pastoral state, where each individual will have just enough to exist on, and no more. For instance, I told my peasants that if they didn't work more than they were working this summer, the sugar factory which we supply with beets would be ruined. And what do you suppose they said? They said they could get along just as well without factories—sugar wasn't a necessity!"

A professor of international law in the University of Kiev, a sanguine, emphatic gentleman, talked, or rather poured words on me, for an hour and a half one afternoon, beginning with the Aryan migration and coming down with scarce a pause for breath. Every few minutes he would stop short, lift his eyebrows and a forefinger, and say: "You follow me? Ah!"—and reel on again.

There were some ten magazines in England and America, he said, all urging Ukrainian independence. The assertion of more tactful Ukrainians, that they merely wanted a federation and not complete independence, was disproved by the coat of arms printed on much of their propaganda, and the watchword, "Free and independent from the Carpathians to the Caucasus." Even a federation would be a difficult thing because of the heterogeneous make-up of the different Russian prov-





# Collier's

## SHIPS AND THE SUBMARINE

IT was stated in this paper two weeks ago that during the year 1917 the submarine had destroyed more than two tons of ships to every one ton built. In the light of revised figures to which we have recently had access, we know now that the case would have been more accurately stated if the proportion had been given as *nearly three to one*. In making this statement we include even the new tonnage built by Japan, although, up to the present, Japan's ships have not been in the Atlantic Ocean and have not been subject to the submarine's attrition. To be concrete and specific, the shipping destroyed directly by the submarine and indirectly through mines which the submarines laid, and by other hazards, was nearly three times the total amount of new tonnage built by all the Allies and all the neutrals. To put it broadly and simply, so that the public may as easily as possible grasp its grim meaning, *the shipping of the world, which is as essential to the Allies as the throat to human life, was destroyed nearly three times as fast as it was renewed.*

We have spoken of the year 1917. For that year the figures are in, and the sinister superiority of the submarine is a matter of history. We wish we could say it is a matter of history only, that it is no longer true. But, although the figures are only partly in, the facts which were so true and so sinister in 1917 continue to be true and sinister to the same degree in these early weeks and months of 1918. None of the figures for February and not all of those for January are available at the time this editorial is written and will not be available for some days after this is printed; but we know the conditions well enough to predict that these two months will show about the same balance in favor of the submarine as the year 1917. The official promisers may contradict us, but the facts, when they come out, will not.

For a single week in February the British Admiralty gave out this official statement of submarine sinkings:

LONDON, February 13.—Nineteen British merchantmen were sunk by mine or submarine in the last week, according to the Admiralty statement issued to-night. Of these, thirteen were vessels of 1,600 tons or more, and six were under that tonnage. Three fishing craft were also sunk.

ROME, February 13.—Four Italian steamers of more than 1,600 tons were sunk by mine or submarine during the week ended February 9, according to an official announcement to-day.

The cryptic form of this official statement is such that to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand readers it means nothing at all. But the reader who is familiar with shipping, who is able to piece out the official report with his own technical knowledge, understands that during the week for which this is the official report about 110,000 gross tons of British and Italian shipping were sent to the bottom, to say nothing of French ships, and other Allied ships, and the neutral ships of Norway, Holland, Sweden, and Spain. All told, it is fair to estimate that during this one week in February the submarines accounted for about 150,000 gross tons.

Now compare this record of a single week's sinkings with another figure. The figure of which we are about to speak is not cryptic; it is not a guess or an estimate; it is a figure of exact and official record, although not, so far, given to the public. It is the most ominous fact that has come to our attention in connection with the whole shipping situation. It is this: During an entire month, the latest month for which the returns are in—*during the month of January, this year, the aggregate of all the ships turned out by all the yards in the United States was only 79,500 dead-weight tons, or about 52,000 gross tons.* To the reader who knows nothing of shipping, this figure, standing alone, will mean little. But he will understand if we point out that right now, during these early days of 1918, the United States built in a month only about one-third as many ships as the submarine sunk in a week. And the United States is relied upon by the Allies to furnish the bulk of the shipping for all the Allies during the remainder of the war. Actually our production for January represented, not an increase, but a decrease. We have not remedied the situation, nor improved it.

It is true that an estimate of ultimate production cannot be based upon these figures, for the ways are hardly completed in many yards. Yet the simplest process of arithmetic shows that

March 16, 1918

if the proportion of sinkings in the week ending February 13 is continued, the total for the year will amount to approximately 7,000,000 tons. Mr. HURLEY, the very able chairman of the Shipping Board, has said that "our program for the year 1918 is 6,000,000 tons." But this is a program, not an estimate, a hope rather than an expectation. Mr. HURLEY knows that the production will be much under 6,000,000 tons. At the present prospective rate of production the amount of new tonnage created will be in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 tons.

That is the diagnosis. The case is desperate. Is there a remedy? In attempting to find one we must look into the causes of the breakdown. One of them was unavoidable by human agency. If the Kaiser had willed the winter weather which has gripped the northern part of this continent for four months, clogging transportation, freezing waterways, and slowing down labor, he could not have done better for his own side than the elements have done. The Hun has had all the luck of it. But human agencies were also at work. The extraordinary irruption of Bolshevism in Washington last summer delayed the effective work of this and every other part of the war-making machinery of government by precious months. There has been more than a little lax and amateur management of the shipyards, and possibly some attempts at profiteering. Strikes have been called by "leaders" who ought to be in the hands of the Department of Justice for calling them. There has been a bewildered lack of cooperation between the heads of departments at Washington. We may hope, if not expect, that these conditions will be altered. They cannot go on in the presence of so great a danger. They must not go on.

There is reason to believe that the naval authorities in Great Britain and this country are cheerfully expectant of greatly reducing the number of sinkings by submarines through devices now in preparation. It is pretty safe to say that the U-boat will not have it all its own way from now on. Better weather will bring about a higher production of tonnage. But the great task is still to build enough ships so that no matter how aggressive the U-boat warfare may be, it will still be possible for us to send enough men and material and food to Europe to make a victorious war. And into this great effort the country must put all the might it has. Nothing that Americans are doing, not even the training of soldiers and the fighting in the trenches, is so important as the building of ships. There never has been such a challenge to the American spirit as this. Every employer of labor must make sacrifices of personal profit in this enterprise. Every mechanic or laborer must feel that on his individual effort depends the safety of democracy. It might well be said that a better proof of our will to beat our enemy would be found in the number of rivets driven by a gang of riveters than in the number of rounds fired by a battery of 75's.

### A Minister Does His Bit

A MINISTER of distinction furnishes us with a charming example of army red tape. He writes:

Yesterday morning I received an urgent call from one of the directors of religious work at Camp Blank asking me to preach to the men in one of the huts in the place of Dr. John Doe, who had been obliged to cancel his engagement on account of death in his family. My friend stated that it was a matter of some importance, as several companies had been ordered to attend that service—which had never been done in Camp Blank before—so that he felt that it was imperative to provide an outside speaker for the occasion.

This morning when I presented myself for the service the director in charge informed me that the military authorities preferred that no mention of Dr. Doe's absence and my substitution should be made, if I were willing to act under such an arrangement; because, as he explained, the men were present under orders to listen to an address by Dr. Doe, and any change would require new orders and give no little trouble. I good-naturedly assented to the proposal; was introduced, *without name*, as "the speaker of the hour," and throughout the service there was no intimation that I was not Dr. Doe.

Of course the men could not obey an order to hear Dr. Doe, because Dr. Doe was in New Haven; but so long as the fact of his absence was not recognized the order was regarded as obeyed, and the discipline and dignity of the service were duly maintained!

We might draw some weighty conclusions from this incident—conclusions about the military mind; or, more precisely, the mind of our army. But—well—no lives were lost.



# Editorials



## Woman Power and "The Next War"

TO the familiar and convincing reasons why this war must not end till it is ended right, with the extirpation of the causes that have forced the sword into the hands of democracy; add the following consideration: If there is to be a next war, the women will be in it to a degree that we have not really visualized in spite of all our talk about women in the war. If there is to be a next war, women in war work will mean not only women in the munition factories and the shipyards and on the steam threshers; it will mean women in the trenches.

Is that a horror which the mind rejects as impossible? We have learned in the course of three and a half years to accept horror almost as commonplace, certainly as inevitable. The war has directly laid its hand upon the women. Death has rained on them from the skies over London and Paris. In the superwar, which the next war must inescapably be, the skies will be thick with battle, and armadas of super-Gothas and Aviatiks will slay their tens of thousands of women where their feeble predecessors now kill women by the score. Logic will then ask why women should be the only ones to go into battle unarmed, why they should wait helplessly for death in Whitechapel and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine instead of manning the first lines on the frontier.

Necessity will reenforce logic. Is there any reason to suppose that when the supply of men between the ages of sixteen and sixty has run dry there will be any serious hesitation to call out the women? The tragic beginning has already been made in crucified Serbia. The hint has come from Russia's Battalions of Death. Conscription will not be necessary. The women will demand the agonizing duty and privilege. *Quand même*, the mother seizing the rifle from the hands of her fainting sons will come true.

The step from the munition factory to the dugout will be a shorter one than the step from the home to the munition factory for a world facing the implications of "the next war." That next step is implicit in the jaunty girl postman who brings you the annual bill from the Minnewaska Golf Club and the girl in natty paddock coat and leggings who swings open for you the car doors on the subway. Welcome, by all means, these manifestations of woman's advance, so considerably accelerated for us by WILLIAM II. But consider also what a super-Wilhelm will do some day for the progress of woman. He will point to her the way of the communication trench.

It should be a solemn reflection for the good people who would have this dreadful war end anyhow—until "the next war."

## How Wide Is an Oil Well?

OUR belief is that no one ever drove very far with a piece of a horse. You must have the whole animal or nothing. Modern industry, growing under the inspiration of science, is not so simple a matter, but it is equally important that we find out the scale on which things must be done in order to do a good job. That point seems to have been overlooked in framing the Ferris Bill (H. R. 3232) and the Walsh Bill (S. 2812), which provide among other things for leasing public oil and gas lands. These measures limit leases to 640 acres each, a man or a corporation can have only one such lease and cannot own more than a one-tenth interest in any oil-selling or oil-refining agency. Unfortunately nature did not create petroleum in parcels of such small extent. The effect of the 640-acre limit would be to fill every newly discovered oil field with numerous competitors, each hurriedly sinking wells to drain off the crude before his neighbor could snatch it from under his derrick. The result, only too familiar in the history of the industry, is wild waste, oversupply, and then exhaustion of the field. American practice, as stated by the Bureau of Mines, is to lose from 25 to 85 per cent of the oil in the ground, to lose 2 per cent more by fire while in storage, and to evaporate 25 per cent more of the remaining values before the oil is made use of. It is just about as sensible as savages gorging and destroying whale blubber on the beach. They'll need it all before the winter is over. The Department of the Interior now permits a holder to have leases amounting to 4,800 acres in the Indian lands of Oklahoma. This principle should be widely applied so as to limit the development of a field to responsible operators controlling these units of production. Furthermore, these men must be allowed to

break into the selling and refining end of the business on a scale large enough to compete with the Standard and others now operating. JOHN D. and his friends are not alarmed by any prospect of hordes of small producers competing to sell their crude to the few big refiners! If the public oil and gas lands cannot be opened in such a way as to prevent waste and monopoly, they had better be kept closed. Projected legislation of this kind should be radically amended or voted down.

## Grunting High at Monte Vista!

TWO of our Western friends, L. B. SYLVESTER and H. E. LAGUE, mayor and Red Cross chairman respectively, have wired in claiming a place on the roll of honor for their town of Monte Vista, Colo. It appears that this farming community raised \$11,576.46 for the American Red Cross work at the local agricultural and stock show held last month "under the auspices of the High Order of Grunts." (We like that name and are thinking of organizing a Low Order of Grunts among the subway riders of our metropolis.) Well done, Monte Vista! We wonder if any other such locality in the United States can touch that record of \$3 per capita given this year for the Red Cross? If so, we have yet to hear of it. Secretary of the Treasury, etc., McADOO had better get the H. O. of G. to go out in front and set an example on the next Liberty Loan.

## Where the Movies Are Real

THREE robbers surged into the place late on Saturday night and ordered the proprietor to throw up his hands, but he snatched a trusty revolver from his hip pocket and started the shooting himself. When law and order got to the scene one villain was dead on the floor with a bullet through his brain, another was lying in the street shot through the chest, and the third was hiding, mortally wounded, under a bed in his lodgings near by. This typical old-time Wild West scenario was not enacted in the Lone Star gambling house at Wolfville, Wyo., nor in any Golden Nugget joint on the Klondike trail; the participants had no "chaps," no sombreros, no mustangs. It all took place in the ordinary everyday butcher shop of WILLIAM J. KIEB at 369 Bramhall Avenue, within the peaceful and dingy limits of Jersey City! If passion and sudden death are romantic, three hundred years of civilization have not tamed their violence out of our Atlantic seaboard. Compared with the mystery of these teeming cities, the modern irrigated regions of Montana and Arizona are commonplace to a degree. Just think of KIEB's battle next time you are tempted to sneer at an exciting film which you feel sure was staged in some back lot of the Bronx. Very likely the real thing had happened just around the corner. It may any day.

## Skippers

SHE was a broad-shouldered comely conductor, clothed in knickers, puttees, and an air of authority. He watched her handling the besieging mob at Forty-second Street. She was as fully in command of her Eighth Avenue car as is the officer of his trench or the skipper of his brig. He remembered that MARGARET FULLER, EMERSON'S friend, had said in her courageous way concerning women: "Let them be sea captains if they will!" If MARGARET FULLER, he thought, might only have lived to hear this member of her sex shouting in a firm, unharried voice: "Let 'em off, please! Watch your step! Move up front! Don't lean against that door! Move up front, please!"

In the lull between boarding parties, as the skipper sorted transfers, a woman beside her ventured:

"How do you like your new job?"

"Fine."

"Don't you get tired?"

"Sure. But will you tell me where you'll find a job that ain't tiresome sometimes? This is a good deal better'n washing dishes. Yes," she repeated pleasantly, sweeping with impersonal glance the group of men penned in by her iron rail, "I'll do this any day before I'd do washing for any man alive!"

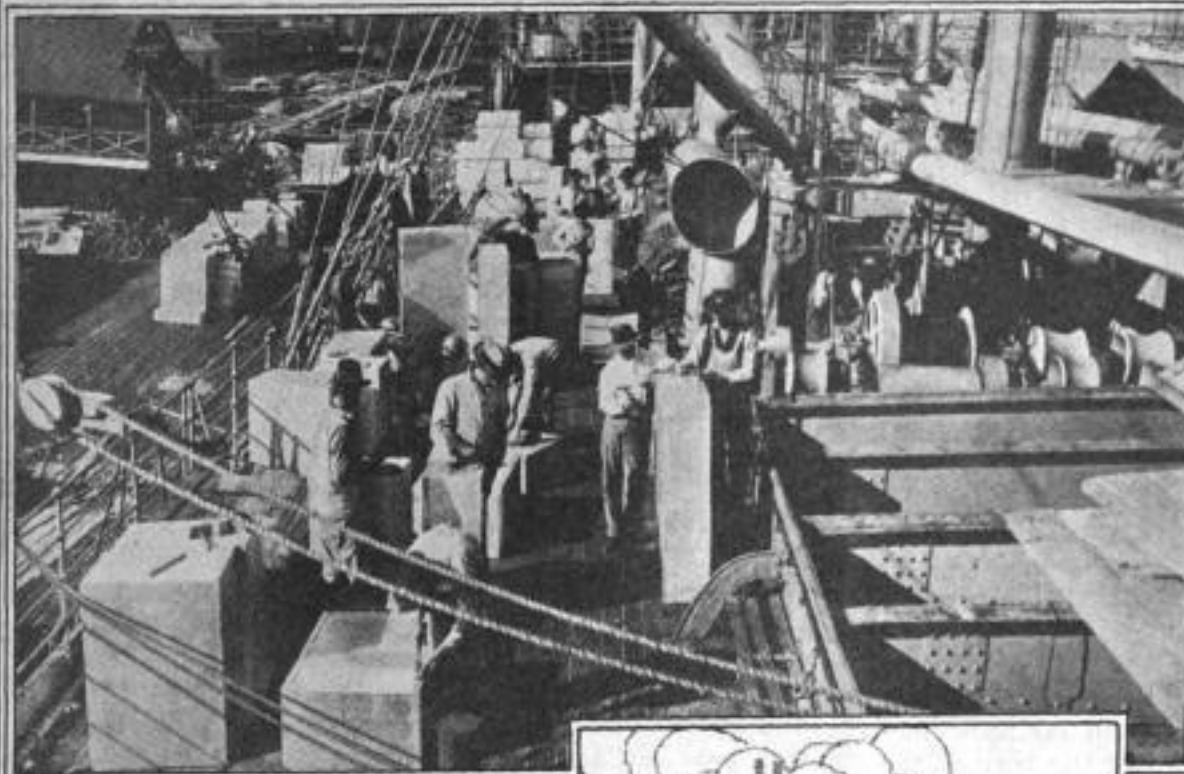
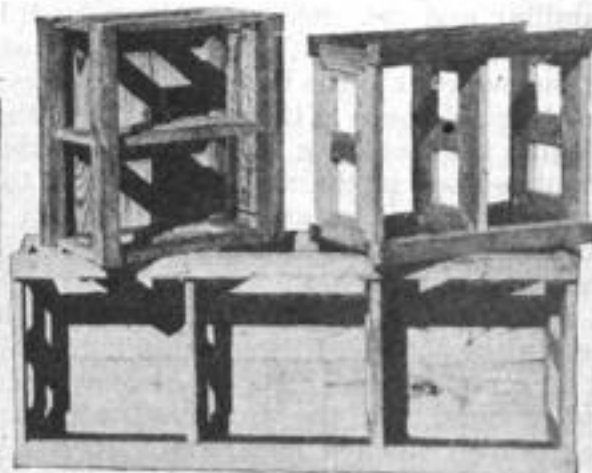
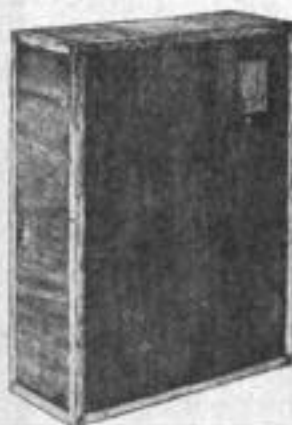
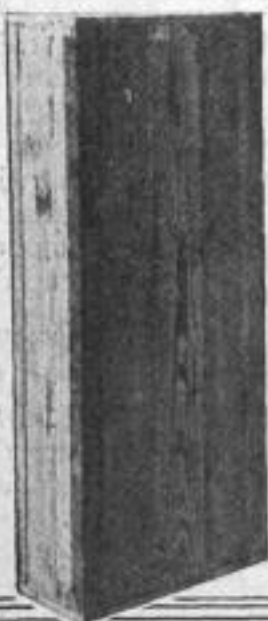
He glanced from the wedding ring upon the conductor's left hand to the row of sheepish grins before her. "Let them be sea captains if they will!" The phrase echoed through his brain to the accompaniment of a strange thrill. Was it admiration or was it primal fear?



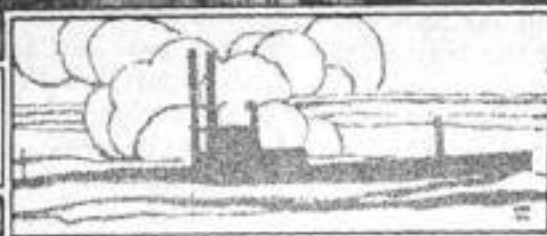
# CAN THESE BOXES BEAT THE U-BOAT?

They are buoyancy boxes. Twelve thousand of them are being installed experimentally aboard the "Lucia," once an Austrian liner, now a transport. They are placed just inside the skin of the ship, below the water line. Each box is of wood covered with galvanized iron, and is absolutely air- and water-tight—a miniature bulkhead. The inventor claims that even if the ship is torpedoed the boxes will have buoyancy enough to keep her afloat.

*Photographs by Bain News Service*



Workmen sheathing the buoyancy boxes with galvanized iron before putting them in place aboard the "Lucia"

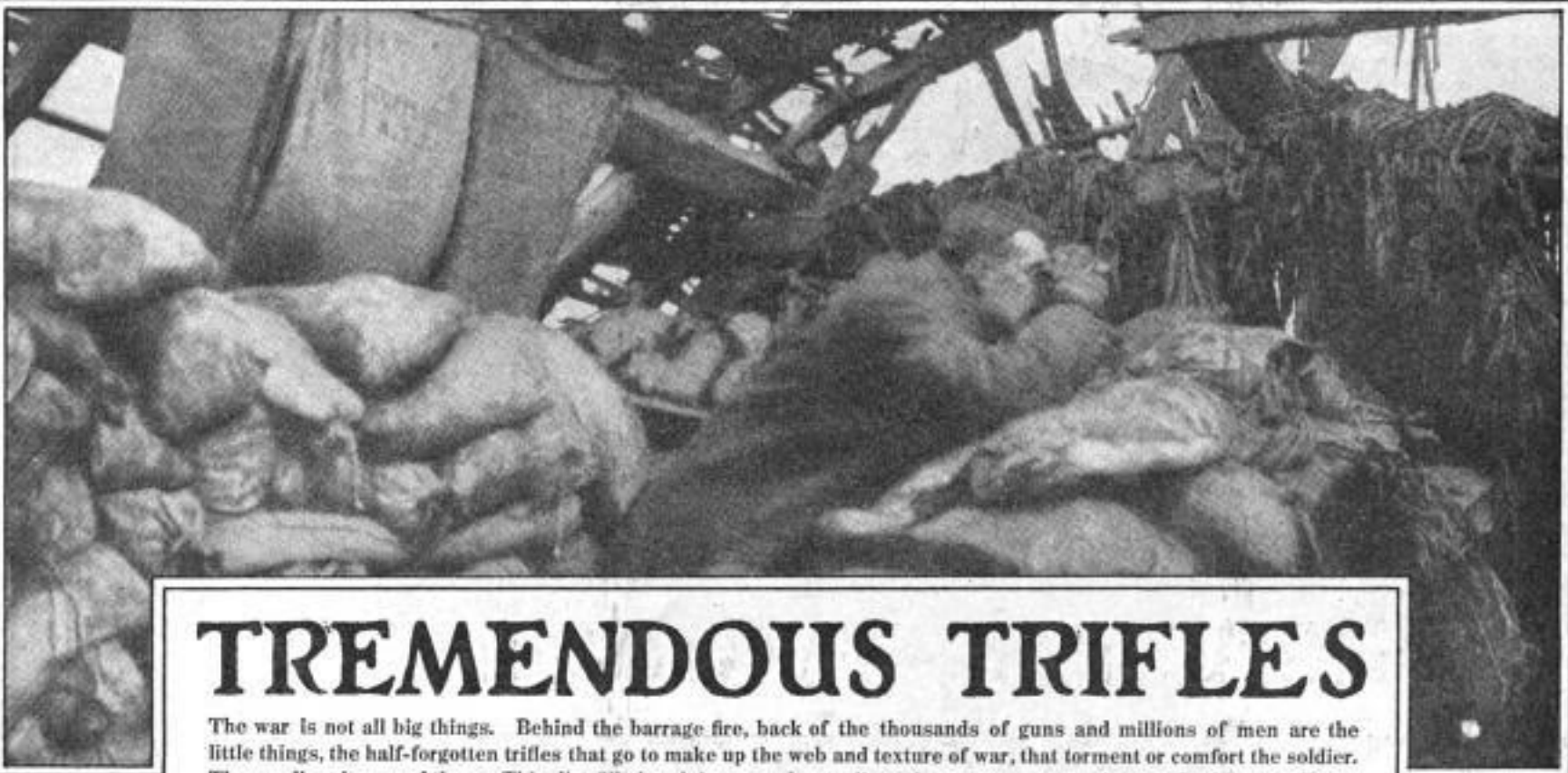


William T. Donnelly, inventor of this latest nonsinkable device, is a well-known marine engineer



The buoyancy boxes in place. A ship thus fitted is unsinkable, the inventor claims, even when filled with water





# TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

The war is not all big things. Behind the barrage fire, back of the thousands of guns and millions of men are the little things, the half-forgotten trifles that go to make up the web and texture of war, that torment or comfort the soldier. The sandbag is one of them. This dirt-filled sack has saved more lives than anyone can estimate. Lacking sandbags, the Germans might not have made their stand after the Marne, the French might have been driven back at Verdun.



A cigarette is a small object, but the humble "makin's" are food and drink to the fighting man.



Then there is the "scrap of paper" that guaranteed Belgium's neutrality. By tearing it up autocracy committed suicide.



Another scrap of paper. A letter from home doesn't bulk large, but—ask a soldier what it means to him.



As a ceremony, an antityphoid inoculation isn't impressive. But think of the lives it saves.



One of the hardest things to get is a good full-length portrait of a potato. Too bad, too; for the worthy tuber does its bit, especially when it's bit.

All © Paul Thompson.



He isn't sewing. He is hunting down one of the most tremendous trifles of this war.





# THE ADVENTURES OF COLIN O'RELL

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## THIRD ADVENTURE—THE INTERRUPTED TEA

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FERNALD looked sleepily about the room. It was a full minute before he recognized his surroundings. Then he remembered everything, from the moment yesterday afternoon when Bigbee, city editor of the "News," had sent him, on a tip from "Snap" Berwind, to the Grand Central Station, until now when, with the police of the city upon his trail, he awakened in a luxurious room at the Biltstone, not as Jimmy Fernald, newspaper man, but as Jacques Cunard, accomplice of the mysterious Marquis, and associate of the adorable Colin O'Rell.

Colin O'Rell! The sleep left his eyes. He reached for the telephone beside the bed.

"Listen, lady," he said after a moment, "ten dinners equal five luncheons; five luncheons equal one breakfast; for purposes of business and love. I mean business, Colin, and I am most gorgeously in love. How soon can you join me at breakfast?"

A very sleepy voice, through which, nevertheless, ran a ripple of mirth, answered him.

"Sudden beginnings make for sudden endings. You must go slow, and I must go warily. The morning is no time for romance; and, besides, you are my brother Jacques, and the ardor of a brother should be negligible. Please, Jimmy"—he thrilled deliciously—"I'm terribly tired, and I want breakfast in bed, and I'll meet you at four o'clock sharp in the tea room."

"Why not say next year?" grumbled Jimmy.

"Would you like me to?" she asked sweetly.

"For you to meet me at four o'clock is to be the most gracious lady in the world," he declared.

"Your apologies are instantly accepted, Brother Jacques," she told him.

Fernald smilingly hung up the telephone. After all, it was eleven now, and he was tired too. He rang for a waiter. Then he rang for a barber and the morning papers. Then he looked again at his luxurious bed. It was exactly a quarter to four when he entered the tea room of the Biltstone.

Tea is a little matter, but when one is ordering tea for the lady of

one's desire for the first time one cannot take too many pains. The head waiter recognized the Fernald symptoms. He was a very old head waiter, and he knew that there are nicer niceties about tea than even about dinner. He almost purred over such momentous decisions as the buttering of the muffins and the exact amount of cinnamon on the toast.

It would be a highly successful affair, Fernald decided. The table was secluded enough and yet commanded a view of the room. Though the Lord knew that the only view that meant anything in Jimmy Fernald's life was the view, shortly to be afforded him, of the face of Colin O'Rell.

At least so he believed at three minutes before four. But ten seconds later he changed his mind. Other faces meant something in his life: an unpleasant something—the face of John Hassager.

For the wastrel son of Richard Hassager, the multimillionaire to whom Colin O'Rell had been private secretary until yesterday, stood in the doorway. His eye picked out Fernald with a certainty that sent a chill through the heart of the young man behind the tea table. John Hassager, alone, was privy to the fact that Colin O'Rell was neither a thief nor a traitor. But that the Marquis and those engaged with him in plotting against the Government should believe in the dishonor of Colin O'Rell, it was necessary that no bungling, clumsy pursuit of the girl should be set in motion. Therefore the police, many high officials of the Secret Service, and even Hassager's own son, believed that Colin O'Rell was a thief.

Richard Hassager was, barring perhaps Lieuten-

ant Davids and "Snap" Berwind and English Fred Jevons, who now languished in jail as Jimmy Fernald himself, the one man Fernald would have preferred not to meet. But there was no chance to avoid the young rake. Though his walk was unsteady, his intentions were quite obvious. He was in that mood between exhilaration and intoxication that demands a recipient of confidences.

"Lo, Fernald," he greeted the newspaper man. Without waiting for invitation, he sat down in the chair that had been made ready for Colin O'Rell.

Nothing less than murder was in the heart of Jimmy Fernald. But he smiled. "Afternoon," he said.

Hassager looked at the table. "Tea," he said disgustedly. "That stuff never gets a midn anywhere with a girl. Lemme join your party, and I'll show her a regular time. They have a champagne down cellar that'd melt the heart of a marble image. Lemme order a quart. No, no, don't refuse. 'S my pleasure."

Beyond Hassager, Fernald looked. Colin O'Rell was entering the room. He stared at her with a blankness that would have been rudeness to a stranger even. Then he looked at the man who sat opposite him. When he raised his eyes again Colin was gone.

What a wonderful wife she would make! She could take a hint. He wished that Hassager could.

"Where is the lady?" demanded Hassager. "I've been up all night, driving down to Montauk Point, and I want some one to cheer me up."

"I think she's delayed," said Fernald. "Wait here just a minute while I phone."

"That's all right," said Hassager magnanimously. "Wait an hour, if you want; wait two hours; wait all night. Got time to burn. Jussa minute, though."

He snatched at Fernald's sleeve.

"You're a nice chap, Fernald. That time I smashed my car you wrote decent story. Never forget it. Give you good yarn now."

THERE was a silver cloud to every lining. Hassager had broken up what had been destined, without a shadow of doubt, to be the most marvelous and satisfactory tea party ever given. But if Hassager had anything of news value to say, it was probably about the activities of Fernald and Colin O'Rell. Fernald paused.

"Father's secretary ran away yesterday," said Hassager. "Police caught her, but some man helped her get away. Somebody sent me chasing down to Montauk Point; just got back. Learned that police have arrested one man, but he isn't the right one. At least, he isn't the right right man. But they're holding him, and I'm going down to Headquarters



His eye picked out Fernald



to see if I know him, soon's I get a little nourishment. Keeping it out of the papers; but you're a good fellow, Fernald, and I want to see you get along. I'll take you with me."

So Berwind's mistake in thinking English Fred Jevons to be Fernald had been discovered! Well, that was to have been expected. But that Jevons should be still held prisoner was important news. For while Jevons was a prisoner, he could not very well get in touch with the Marquis and expose Fernald's pretensions at being the international crook that he professed to be. The ice was very thin, but if it would bear his weight a little longer, Fernald might be of some value to the Government that had rejected his services because of a weak heart. That same heart was beating rather rapidly now.

But he maintained his calm. "Much obliged, Mr. Hassager," he said, "I'll just telephone and be right back."

"Right," said Hassager.

Fernald did not hesitate. He knew that Colin would have too much sense to wait around any of the parlors. She would have gone directly to her room to await word from him. From a booth he called up the apartment of Mlle. Amélie Cunard.

"He's a persistent beggar," he said. "He's come to visit."

The best thing—among a few hundred best things—about Colin O'Rell was her undaunted humor.

"Poor lonesome little man!" she said. "It's a shame to neglect him. But there are other tea rooms. Suppose you meet me at the side entrance in two minutes."

Fernald walked to the coat room and got his hat. Running away from a dining-room check was not the nicest thing to do, but that was a minor matter compared with rescuing prisoners from the clutches of the police. Having swallowed the camel, he could not very well strain at the gnat.

But John Hassager, wastrel though he was, was the son of one of the keenest business men in America. Dissipation had not entirely dulled the brain that was his by right inheritance. Back in the tea room he looked up at the head waiter.

"Monsieur Cunard?" he echoed the head waiter's words.

"Oui, monsieur. The gentleman who just left you—he was so particular—he will be back immediately."

"You say his name is Cunard?"

Hassager was exhausted from an all-night wild-goose chase to Montauk Point. Further, he had drunk rather heavily. But the voice of the man who yesterday afternoon had sent him to Long Island had been elusively familiar. He had not been able to place it; even talking with Fernald had not jogged his memory. But memory is a peculiar thing, and suspicion is even more odd. Both slumber very uneasily. The hint that Fernald might be some one other than merely a newspaper reporter was enough to jog the mental elbow of Hassager.

Fernald, turning away from the check room, saw Hassager coming. Brief as was his newspaper experience, Fernald knew the outward characteristics of a plain-clothes man when he saw him. The man with Hassager was a house detective. There was no opportunity to escape. The coat room was in a corner. His way was blocked.

But twenty-four hours of association with Colin O'Rell had tended to quicken wits naturally alert. He smiled as he met the two men.

"Sorry, Mr. Hassager, but the lady—"

"Forget it!" snapped Hassager. "I didn't get you at first, but now—"

Fernald's face hardened. "You've been drinking, Hassager," he said, "but at the same time—" The fingers that gripped Hassager's wrist forced a release of the grip on Fernald's sleeve.

Hassager rubbed the bruised flesh. "That's all right, my man. They'll take care of you downtown."

Fernald looked at the house detective. "Because

a man happens to be rich, does the Biltstone permit its guests to be annoyed?" he asked icily.

The plain-clothes man shifted nervously. Hassager spent a small fortune every month in the Biltstone grill or dining room, but the young man eying him was unmistakably a gentleman.

"Probably a little mistake, sir," he said. "But Mr. Hassager says that your name is Fernald, while the head waiter says you gave him the name of Cunard."

"Well?" Fernald's eyes were as cold as his voice.

"If you'd just step over to the desk, sir," suggested the detective, "we could straighten the matter out."

"But I'm in a hurry," said Fernald.

The detective looked significantly at the hat on Fernald's head. His tone lost its courtesy.

"In so much of a hurry, you were forgetting the check for the lunch you ordered, eh?"

Fernald glanced beyond the detective. But the lobby was crowded, and uniformed employees of the hotel were watching the scene. He could not break away. Further, important as his own freedom was to him, the freedom of Colin O'Rell was much more



*She stood in the center of the dainty room, her hand at her heart*

important. Every moment that he could delay the crystallizing of suspicion into certainty meant another moment for the quick-witted Colin to further her own escape. For, if he did not arrive at the side door, she would know what had happened and would make good her own safety.

"When a lady telephones, one forgets such things as checks," he stated. "Being a guest here, I did not give the matter a thought. Certainly, if the gentleman has made an honest mistake, it is only right that I show him his error. If the fact that I am registered here—"

"We'll go to Police Headquarters," asserted Hassager.

"The Biltstone, if it listens to drunken men, must be prepared to stand a suit for damages. Please do not forget that," Fernald told the detective. He walked, outwardly calm, but within him a turmoil of rage and alarm, to the office of the manager of the hotel. A moment later the manager bustled in. The detective explained.

"My name is Jacques Cunard," said Fernald. "With my sister—"

"Who does not answer her telephone, and who left the hotel almost at the moment you were leaving yourself," said the manager coldly.

"Nevertheless, I protest against detention," said Fernald. But his heart felt free. There was little chance of escape for himself, but the manager's statement that Colin had got away was enough. He listened quietly as Hassager talked. The head waiter was called. The manager twisted his watch chain. It was true that this Frenchman and his sister had arrived late last night and engaged rooms, and that his employees had reported that they brought with them little baggage. It was also true that this prisoner had apparently attempted to evade the payment of a luncheon check. It was further true that the head waiter had seen the prisoner greet Hassa-

ger as though they were acquaintances. But then, too, Hassager had been drinking. On the whole, the manager decided to telephone Police Headquarters.

"I am sorry," he said, "but Mr. Hassager would hardly make charges without substantiation."

Fernald shrugged his shoulders. When there was nothing for one to do but be resigned, one might as well practice resignation.

"SNAP" BERWIND'S face was devoid of all recognition as he entered the office. Fernald was dazed. He listened calmly while Berwind questioned Hassager.

"His name is Fernald; he's a reporter on the 'News.' He's the man who sent me out of town last night for some reason or other that had to do with helping my father's private secretary escape from the police," Hassager finished.

Berwind turned to the manager. "This man's sister," he said questioningly, "what does she look like?"

"Tall, slim, black hair, blue eyes," said the manager.

Fernald mentally commended the night clerk for his good taste. Evidently it was he who had given the description to the other employees. A man never is offended at learning that the only girl in the world can fill other masculine eyes. Colin had evidently impressed the night clerk, for many women must have registered at the Biltstone last night, and only a beauty's features impress themselves upon the sophisticated eyes of the men behind the desks.

"She's gone?" asked Berwind. His eyes gleamed as he spoke. It was the first hint, even, that he had given of interest.

"Of course she's gone," cried Hassager. "When he left me he probably telephoned her to get away."

Berwind yawned. "You hotel people never seem to use no caution," he told the manager severely. "I don't see no reason for annoying Mr. Cunard."

"Are you crazy?" almost shouted Hassager. "Hasn't he described Miss O'Rell?"

Berwind shook his head at the young millionaire. "You want to be kinda careful, Mr. Hassager. This tryin' to have people arrested because you think something won't do anything but get your father's bank roll tapped."

The manager looked his relief. Hotels do not care for the sort of publicity that arrests bring. His tone showed as much rebuke toward Hassager as it dared. "I regret exceedingly this annoyance, Mr. Cunard," he said. "I trust that your patronage—"

Fernald waved aside apologies. Finding that he was free, his one desire was to get out of the hotel. He replied to the apologies offered him, and left in the middle of a speech wherein Berwind was insisting to Hassager that the young millionaire was not the only person on earth who had seen Colin O'Rell, and that he, Berwind, knew the man who had rescued Colin O'Rell, and that Mr. Cunard was not that man.

Outside the hotel the daze that had enveloped Fernald's brain from the moment that Berwind failed to show recognition of him began to evaporate. Had the detective summoned from Headquarters been anyone other than the gorilla-armed "Snap" Berwind, Fernald would have put his escape down to sheer detective stupidity. It would have been an incomprehensible stupidity, considering the fact, which Berwind had apparently not considered worth arguing, that Amélie Cunard's description answered that of Colin O'Rell. But still stupidity might have been the explanation.

But Berwind! He knew Fernald! Only last night, thinking that he had captured Fernald, Berwind had arrested English Fred Jevons, the crook who looked, at first glance, so much like Fernald, and whom Fernald was now impersonating in his relations with the Marquis, chief spy and plotter in the United States of the Imperial Government of Germany.

Why? Berwind was a crook; that was the answer. Berwind

(Continued on page 31)



# GOD GAVE THEM YOUTH

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

ONCE when the flying moth of life caught, for a second, in the web of spring, it enmeshed there with it two eager young hearts. They, like the wind from the south, sought some golden thing as yet unnamed, and laughed to be happy an hour; and a poet, observing them, sang:

*I saw them kissing in the shade,  
And knew the sum of all my lore:  
God gave them youth, God gave  
them love—  
And even God can give no more!*

TO little Phoebe Lanter big Jim Sponable—Judge Sponable—was above all people a man to be admired. Judge Sponable was not only one of the most important men in Cherryvale, and one of the richest as well, but, besides, he had a heart of gold. Little Phoebe Lanter had good cause to know that. Five years before, when it was time for Phoebe to go away to college as other girls did, and her father's law practice was ailing in sympathetic correlation with his ailing health, it was his good old friend, Jim Sponable, who had made it easy for him to accept a worry-easing loan.

And then when Phoebe, almost ready for graduation, was called home to her father's deathbed, and when the alarming deposit of knowledge in her pretty head failed to show her which way to turn, it was Judge Sponable who took all her worries upon his own capable shoulders. He looked after the funeral details, insisted that delicate Mrs. Lanter should have the Colorado trip which the doctor advised; and, after the mother and daughter returned, made a place for Phoebe in his own office.

Judge Sponable's law office was one of the most important in that part of the State; it controlled the affairs of the bulk of the prosperous agricultural community, and guided the legal destinies of its best citizens; it became a sort of royal palace of local jurisprudence during the years Jim served as county attorney and then as district judge. It already had a staff of very efficient stenographers—one young man and two not-so-young women. When Phoebe appeared the young man smirked, the not-so-young women sniffed, and the rest of Cherryvale lifted their eyebrows and gossiped. But the gossip was kindly, for everybody loved Phoebe—even the competent not-so-young women after a time.

No one could claim Phoebe was competent, however. Despite her struggles with Isaac Pitman's admirable handbook, her dictated pothooks continued to defy her own interpretation. But she continued to struggle, for Phoebe was as brave as she was lovable, and into the late night she chastised with pothooks those deep-blue eyes behind which the fairies lived.

Phoebe's face was not one of purely perfect beauty according to ancient Greek standards—but a sign for perfection if there's a halo of tawny gold, a soft curve of cheek, an odd, wide smile, and a sudden splendid mournfulness in eyes and mouth!

Apparently that was the way Judge Sponable felt about it, as all Cherryvale soon surmised. And the romance of it delighted Cherryvale.

Once before, years and years ago—more years than young Phoebe had lived—when Jim Sponable's hair still was black and thick and his deep-set gray eyes still could flash an eager light, he had loved a girl. What was her name or what her looks does not concern us here, for she passed out of Jim Sponable's life. He hadn't made the effort to clutch her for his own—he couldn't, he thought. He was a struggling youngster reading law then, and already had his mother and a brood of young sisters to provide for. So he said not one word to his love; only looked his heart out of his eyes. But looking alone never won a woman. The girl married some one else and moved away; and, after a while, Jim Sponable forgot his bitterness in the battles and victories of life. For victories came. Long before he became



She was late at the office and was walking rapidly

judge Jim was able to build the big "Sponable house," on the eastern outskirts, which is still one of the show places of Cherryvale. It was there his mother died in tranquil pride and dignity; it was there that, one by one, his sisters were married under the celebrated colonial staircase, so "embowered" as to win a full column in the Cherryvale "Beacon." And it was there that Judge Sponable, hair now turned gray and eyes eternally calm, lived in affluent solitude. No one ever thought of pitying him—pity "the judge"?—absurd!

Probably he never thought of pitying himself; of lamenting the trick life played on him at the spring to bring him to a barren autumn. He thought he had forgotten the way of love—and then, suddenly, the sober curtains of October pulled apart to disclose, ashine, a tingling bit of May! And it was a slip of a girl who taught him, who thought himself so old and wise, how very young forty-eight can be. Oh, little Phoebe, with your eyes and lips and hair, what a teacher of wisdom are you!

It seemed to him unbelievable, quite unbelievable, that she should love him too. All his after life Jim Sponable, by just closing his eyes, could revision that magical February afternoon when Phoebe put her arms round his neck to receive his first lover's kiss.

IT had all happened unexpectedly. The rest of the staff had left the office, but Phoebe loitered late over her correspondence, and so long as Phoebe loitered the judge now could not forbear loitering also.

The big front office was in shadows, graying dusk painted on the windows—everything gray save over there where, bent over her typewriter table, Phoebe's head drew dazzling glints from the shaded light.

The shining head was a magnet; he simply wondered at himself, when he finally crossed over to her, that he could keep his hands off it. But he spoke casually: "Isn't it time to shut up shop, Phoebe?"

She glanced up and smiled her odd, wide smile. "These letters must be mailed to-night, judge—everything seems to have gone wrong!"

As her smile faded he thought he could detect a

tired, pathetic droop to her mouth.

"What's gone wrong, Phoebe?"

The blue eyes looked up at him again, now slow and mournful under the long lashes curling up; eyes to draw anything—anyone—to them.

"I shouldn't bother you again, judge—I'm always bothering—"

"Phoebe!" His tone was the gentlest of rebukes. He laid his hot hand against Phoebe's cool one.

She impulsively caught his hand and bent her cheek against it—a childish caress. Suddenly she gave a little suppressed sob.

THROUGH his brain went a jumble of phrases with which we soothe children who are hurt, but he couldn't voice them; he felt strangely shaken, uncertain of himself. At last he asked: "What is it, dear?—surely you can tell me."

"It's mother—her cough again. The doctor says she *mustn't* stay in this climate through March."

"Well, then, we must send her away—and you too if you'd rather be with her." The judge spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact way as if this solution were a very simple affair.

Her eyes were swiftly swimming with a thousand emotions, but she shook her head. "No—you've done so much for us already. We can never repay you."

"You pay me by letting me do it, Phoebe. If only I could keep you from ever having a worry in the world! If only—"

Those swimming, mesmeric eyes were still fixed upward on his, drawing him, drawing him. Suddenly he turned away and walked to the window. He stood there, staring out at the street lamps which glowed like brilliant beads against the velvet dusk.

He heard her rise and move toward him. She paused a moment, timidly; then in a small voice: "You mean—you're fond of me?"

Still keeping his eyes away from her, he answered: "Yes, Phoebe, I'm fond of you."

Another pause; then in a smaller voice: "Very fond?"

"Yes, very fond." What an idiot he was to be trembling like this! He mustn't take advantage of her gratitude, of whatever deceptions her inexperienced youth might be playing her—God knows what are the dreams of romantic youth! Even as he told himself this he heard her draw a little breath of satisfaction.

"I thought so—I've thought so a long time. And I—I'm fond of you too."

With a sensation of limpid weakness pouring through his veins he saw her swaying toward him. He gave way then; before he realized it he had kissed her. From that too fervid kiss she shrank back; but at once, as if to atone, crept close again.

But that instinctive recoil brought the judge to his senses. He took his arms gently away.

"Forgive me, my child." (He must cling to that thought—she was just a child.) "We're neither of us quite ourselves to-day."

She drew back, aggrieved. "Then you're not really fond of me?"

That was his chance to save her from himself, who was too old. But with her eyes so close to his, those hurt and doubly alluring eyes, he could only say: "Yes, I'm fond of you, God knows! Fonder than of all the rest of the world!"

She was silent a moment, intensely still. Then she spoke in a very clear, distinct voice: "Well, if you feel like that, and I feel as I do, why do you act so—so unhappy?"

He tried desperately to pull himself together. "I'm too old for you, Phoebe, dear."

She caught his hand—Heavens, how electric hers!—and cried quite fiercely: "No! You're not too old! You don't seem very old!"

"I'm forty-eight, Phoebe."

She was silenced a second at that; but then she



said defiantly: "Well, forty-eight may be old sometimes; but *you're* not!"

He couldn't help a smile, though his heart contracted at the little proof that forty-eight *was* "old" to her. But he was speedily losing the power, the desire, to argue with himself. Suppose—perhaps—such a thing *could* be; had been. He could not hold his heart from hard beats of exultation.

"Are you quite sure—you really love me?" he asked hesitantly.

She nodded. Then, as he still stood apart from her, gazing with he suspected not how much of his heart in his eyes, she quickly ran to him, put her arms round his neck, and nestled her face against his rough sleeve. "How could I help it?" she whispered. "You're so good and kind and strong—the most splendid man in the world!"

"And you'd be willing to marry me?" he murmured against her hair—how had he, for so long, kept from pressing his lips to her hair?

She nodded to his sleeve.

And thus little Phoebe Lanter became engaged to big Jim Sponable—Judge Sponable.

WHEN the judge reached home that night—the imposing, lonesome Sponable mansion—he regarded himself in the mirror with unwonted attention. Yes, the gray was coming fast, and no one could longer call that baldness a "tendency." There were undeniable wrinkles about the eyes too—though those eyes now had lost the dead calm of middle age; the eyes reassured him most of all. The close-clipped mustache concealed whatever story the mouth might tell, but there was a sagging of skin about the bones of cheek and jaw. It was, he supposed, an honest face, a dependable face; but what in it to gain the love of radiant one-and-twenty?

Yet this marvel had happened; all things were indeed possible in this wonderful world. The judge began to whistle as he dressed—for his first lover's call on Phoebe. He couldn't remember the last time he had whistled. But his unaccustomed lips produced cracked caricatures of the sounds he heard in his mind, and, half ashamed, he desisted.

Phoebe's mother was delighted at the news. With a lightened heart she packed for a trip to California; she went alone, for at the last minute Phoebe decided to remain in Cherryvale. She wanted to stay on in the office a while, despite the judge's protests; and then, later, there was the trousseau to be got ready. She was to be married in June, her own birth month.

Phoebe thought that never was there a girl so happy as herself during those days. The judge now showed even a tenderer solicitude than before. He took her to the big house, to discuss renovations and new decorations; to plan a garden of flowers and gravel paths and a fountain—to be the loveliest garden ever seen in Cherryvale. All for her! Those days there was ever a laugh just behind her silences, and melancholy shadows forgot the way to her eyes.

And was the judge happy too? He felt himself growing younger by the hour. He tried to work as zealously as usual, but did not begrudge his failure. What must one expect when Life, suddenly, comes knocking at the door?

All this Cherryvale observed, of course. Cherryvale, as said before, dearly loved a romance—and loved Phoebe and the judge besides. So it smiled sympathetic smiles when, every day, the judge tucked Phoebe into his new automobile, and her blue veil streamed out as a bright emblem of their happiness.

March with its fierce gusts and chilly rain sped quickly past. Then came the season of bud-spangled trees and moon-haunted nights, of song and hearts that won't sit still—Apriltide, the gossamer time of year. And, like all the birds in all the trees Phoebe's heart was calling—calling—and thought it heard the answer.

AND then it was, as if hot on the trail of spring, that young Valentine Brooking came to Cherryvale. Young Val had lived there years before, when he was of the mischievous age to pull little Phoebe's curls. Nor had the years yet burned out the mischief, as Phoebe discovered that first brilliant morning she encountered him in the little park that sits surrounded by the Public Square.

She was late at the office, and was walking rapidly when she noticed some one was whistling—whistling softly but in time to her own hurried steps.

Instinctively she slowed her pace, but the whistling then slowed too. With a frown she glanced in the direction of the sound; there on a bench by the fountain sat a young man; she could see he was young, and in an olive-drab uniform, before she quickly glanced away. The soft, teasing whistlings continued. She knew they were for her—"Won't you look?" they said. She resolutely kept her head turned, but as she passed the bench she couldn't resist saying, as if to herself: "What an impertinence!"

Immediately the culprit jumped up and dashed after her. "You were speaking to me?" he asked.

"I was speaking to myself," said Phoebe. "But you didn't speak till I whistled—I thought it must be for me."

Phoebe made no reply as she hastened on. But he kept beside her. "Now I see you're angry with me," he said sadly. "Is it because I whistled? Do forgive me for that dreadful deed!" Phoebe's expression figuratively put her fingers to her ears. "Please!" he begged. "Please, Phoebe."

At that she gave him a startled glance. Despite his tone, he was looking anything but contrite; he was smiling mischievously, boldly, with his bright, dark eyes as well as his lips.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I recognized you at once—I'm Val Brooking."

"Val Brooking!" Phoebe gave a little cry of welcome and extended her hand.

"I recognized *you* at once," he said again with half-reproachful emphasis. "Even though you have grown prettier."

"Do you really think I'm prettier, Val?"

"I wish I could say what I think of you!" But, despite any verbal reticence, young Val's eyes, those bold, dark eyes, succeeded only too well in telling her what he thought.

PHOEBE blushed, but laughingly met his eyes; even looked him up and down with gentle daring. "I can return the compliment, Val—you're awfully handsome in that uniform."

And, indeed, young Val was handsome: tall and



"And you'd be willing to marry me?" he murmured

with the slender lissomeness of youth, and something startlingly alive in that swift, eager smile and in the eyes which shone out so boldly under their black lashes.

"The uniform's why I'm here," he explained to her. "I've been down in Louisiana—Camp Beauregard—engineers; and we got orders to report at New York in ten days. That means France at last."

"Oh, Val!" Her voice held quick concern.

"So I beat it up here. Aunt Sallie's my only close kin left—father and mother are both dead, you know."

"Oh, Val! I didn't know." And her voice now took on an inflection of infinite sympathy. Then she went on: "We must try to make your little visit here pleasant—how long can you stay?"

"Not quite a week—worse luck!" And his eyes once more amplified the meaning of his words.

Phoebe felt herself blushing again; and, in a little silence that fell between them, remembered she must be getting on to the office.

"I'm working for Judge Sponable," she explained.

"I'll just walk along with you, if I may," said young Val. "Old" (Continued on page 32)



He dared not touch her, but he grasped the boat edge either side of her, his vivid, dark face close to her own



# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—FOURTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, we are finally lookin' at the war from the orchestra. Our outfit went up last night to relieve them French birds in the front-row trenches, and they all went out like guys at intermission to get a smoke, or a glass of cracked ice, or somethin'. The only difference is, they don't figure on comin' back right away to see the rest of the show, havin' give their door checks to us.

No doubt you got the idea that we shook hands and cheered each other and prob'ly drank toasts and the like, but such was not the case. I don't see how nobody can drink toast anyways, unless maybe milk toast; heh, Joe? However, that ain't here or there—the idea is, we went in and they went out without so much as a grin bein' exchanged between us. The relief come off at night, and it was as dark as a club flush and rainin' as usual. They's one thing you can always figure on in France, and that's rain. They may be short of everything else, Joe, but they's always plenty of that. Sometimes in the restaurants over here they try to pass it off as soup, or coffee *au lait*, or *vin ordinaire* (a burlesque on wine); but, Joe, it's rain all right, no matter what they call it! I have drunk it and had it pour on me in the streets, and I know what I'm talkin' about, Joe!

Well, we relieved these guys one by one and I says to the bird I relieved: "How far away is the Germans, kid?"

"I no speak not the Américain," he whispers. "How many soldiers from the *Etat Unis* are there now in France?"

"Eleven million!" I hisses back, seein' he wouldn't tell me nothin'—"not countin' me."

"*Sacrebleu!*" he remarks, and went on his way.

Well, Joe, as a matter of fact, they ain't over thirty cents in a taxicab distance between us and the Germans. The space that keeps us apart is called No Man's Land, and from where I sit it looks more like one of them Long Island real-estate swindles than anything else. You know, them places where the agent meets you at the train in a rowboat and takes you out to see the plot they have awarded you for your subscription. "Buy a plot of ground here and own your own home—somewheres else." One of them kind of things; get me? They is young mountains of mud, barbed wire, used bullets and shells, lakes, helmets, horses which died game and is still the same way, and holes known to the trade as shell craters, which is deep enough to bury the German army in and sooner or later will do the same.

We eased into them trenches as quiet as possible, so's the Germans wouldn't get wise to the fact that they'd go to bat against American doughboys the next time they got to mixin' it. We was to be in the nature of an unpleasant surprise. We hadn't been in there five minutes, Joe, before Hades bust loose! They must of doped it out in some way, because shells come over by the barrelful for about an hour. They give us everything they had from soup to nuts, and the noise would of made a boiler factory sound like a deaf-and-dumb prayer meetin'. As far as I could find out, none of our outfit got beaned, but whilst none of us was scared, Joe, I must say we realized we had come to the war at last. Yes, sir!

We come back at 'em for a while, playin' trump every time they led it, and pretty soon they called it a day and laid off. Us doughboys naturally thought the next thing on the bill of fare would be one of them grand, smashin' dashes over the well-known top, but such was not the case. We was all set for

the charge of the light brigade and so forth, but instead we was each presented with a pick and shovel and put to work on the thrillin' job of repairin' trenches, where they had been knocked out of true by shells.

Joe, we been doin' that ever since we been up here, and they is certainly a lot of sore guys in our outfit which is champion on the bit to be heroes and they is nothin' stirrin'.

We was give a supply of gas masks and steel trench helmets before we come up here and also a

looks on without lendin' a hand to either of us. Instead of screamin' and faintin' like the ordinary dame would do, they is some more roses come into her cheeks, and her eyes sparkles till you could of set either one of them in a ring and hocked it for a million francs. This guy was willin', but what he knowed about box fightin' could of been wrote on a gnat's ear, and in about three minutes, French time, I knocked him kickin'.

"I ain't no pig!" he exclaims from the floor. "I know when I got enough. I'm through!"

I help him get up, and Jeanne went so far as to wipe off his face with the smallest handkerchief in the world. We shook hands all around, and he bought a deck of lemon drops and beat it.

"Ah, but you are of the very brave!" says Jeanne to me. "You are of the hero, *mon chéri*, you—"

"I admit it," I says, cuttin' in. "Listen—I don't know if I'm of the hero or not, but I'm gonna get a chance to find out right away. We go up to the front tonight!"

Joe, she gets as white as a pint of milk for a second, and I seen one little hand grip the counter till you could see the white bones through. Like ivory under satin, it looked to me, Joe. Then—zip!—back comes that complexion which would make her a million a week if she'd sign cans of it—and she's grin-nin' at me.

"Ah!" she says, "for three years we wait for this! the *bon Dieu* has hear France—" She grabs up a little American flag I had give her and waves it. "*Vive la*

*Etat Unis!*" she hollers. "*Vive la France!*"

I'm tellin' you right now, Joe, and I ain't ashamed to admit it, that the way she said that made me tingle all over, like when the leadin' man throws the villain over the cliff in the movies; get me? I felt like I could lick the German army all by myself if but give a chance, and when Jeanne leans over that counter and kisses me, I knowed I could lick 'em!

"Jeanne," I says, "I ain't got much time. I come up here to ask you a favor before I go away to make the Kaiser sick and tired of the war. It ain't very much I'm askin', but it means a whole lot to me. Will you do it?"

Joe, somebody must of tipped her off. She gets as red as a four-alarm fire and examines a box of matches like it's the first one she ever seen in her life. She says nothin'.

It's gettin' late.

"Well," I says, usin' nerve I never knowed I had in me and puttin' my arm around her—"what d'y'e say, Jeanne? Will you do me the favor?"

"For you, *mon chéri*," she says, turnin' that million-franc smile on me—"for you I give—what shall I say to you?—I give my right arm!"

I took a long wind-up and put everything I had on the ball.

"It ain't enough!" I says. "Jeanne, what d'y'e say if we get— Say, listen! I ain't no J. P. Morgan or nothin' like that, but I got a roll stuck away, back in the dear old *Etat Unis*, that would make the national debt of Portugal sound like the score in a no-hit game! When the war's over and I go back to baseball, I can drag down six thousand berries a year for pitchin'. If you don't like that, we can open a delicatessen or somethin'. I—you—well, this ain't gettin' me nowheres. To get right down to it, what I want you to do is— Say, Jeanne—let's get married, heh?"

Oh, boy! Now that I have got it off my chest, I feel like I have been bearded by Johnson or somebody.



"I ain't no pig!" he exclaims. "I know when I got enough. I'm through!"

complete outfit of winter scenery to keep us good and warm. Joe, it gets as cold as a half a dollar's worth of ice in these here trenches after a day's rain, but we are fixed up now so's that even if a blizzard come along we could laugh at it. To show that our heart's in the right place, we make it good and hot for the Germans too, this chilly weather, by throwin' shells over at 'em, day in and day out.

Nobody knew we was comin' up to the front, with the exception of everybody in the camp, until almost the last minute. The first real tip off was when they served out the identification tags. These is little lead medals which you wear around your neck, and on 'em it's got your name, outfit, nearest relative, and why—and a lot of other interestin' facts and figures about a guy, so's that in case you accidentally bump into a bullet you get due credit for same. Then they was a lot of orders give out which it's no use repeatin' here because none of the censors is blind.

Well, Joe, of course the first thing I did was to sneak over and tell Jeanne fare-thee-well, for the time bein'. I must of wrote about this dame before, Joe, because she's better-lookin' than Alexander's in-shoot in August, and ever since I got my first flash at her I wanted to give her the honor of openin' my mail and stallin' the landlord for me. I hustled over to the little grocery store she runs in this French burg where we was stoppin', and there's one of our doughboys standin' there kiddin' with her. "I wanna speak to you in private, Jeanne," I says to her. "Give this hick the gate!"

"It has come the time for you to leave, *mon ami*," she tells him, presentin' me with a smile that would make anything in the Follies quit.

This big stiff turns around and gimme a sneer. "First come, first served!" he says. "I'll leave when I'm good and ready!"

"I don't know how good you are," I says, "but you're ready right now!"

Well, Joe, we went to it, whilst the fair Jeanne



and my heart's tryin' to climb right out through my ribs. All Jeanne did was to drop the box of matches on the floor and put both her hands on my shoulders. She's gotta stand on tiptoe to do it, Joe, and she looks at me like I'm New York and she's gettin' her first peep.

"But yes!" she whispers—so low that I gotta bend down to hear it.

Well, Joe, there we stand! My head's goin' around and around, and I'm shakin' like a steam drill. I feel like I have fanned Cobb with three on in the world series, and they ain't no eighty-six Germans livin' that I couldn't of cleaned up right then and there! I seen it was up to me to break the embarrassin' silence. "Thanks!" I says. Joe, it was the only thing I could think of.

Jeanne drops her hands and turns away, and I seen in some way I had made a wild pitch, Joe, without knowin' just how I did it. "You—you love me?" she says.

"Oh, fluently," I tells her; "I'll tell the world fair that—"

"But—but you do not tell me that!" she whispers. "You—"

Joe, I went over the top for the first time! I'm back of that counter in one jump and—well, Joe, what we did and said ain't no man's business, but speakin' of me lovin' Jeanne, we got that all settled, anyways!

Joe, you can mail me your congratulations and tell the world I'm a married man. Father McCarty, our chaplain, did the trick five minutes before we marched away to the trenches, and the whole outfit seen us get wed. They certainly was a lotta soreheads in our midst when them guys seen what I had grabbed off for myself, when they might of done the same thing, but they cheered up and made the best of it. Windy Haskins wanted to kiss the bride, and in fact they was a general epidemic of wishes along them lines, but Jeanne seen that it wasn't goin' big with me, and she ducks into the house, blowin' kisses at 'em with her hand instead.

Our captain is an ace, Joe, and he sends for me about ten minutes afterward.

"Harmon," he says, "I have good reports about you from Sergeant Wayne, and I'll keep an eye on you from now on. You have something to make good for now, and I hope you'll take advantage of the incentive. When we take over the trenches at — there will be a vacancy for a corporal in your company. The promotion will come strictly on merits, and it's up to you!" He looks at his watch. "You have fifteen minutes before it will be time to fall in," he remarks.

"Yes, sir," I says. "Is they somethin' you want me to do?"

He gave a snort, Joe.

"Don't you think you can say good-by to your wife in fifteen minutes?" he yells.

"Oh!" I hollers, "I got you—I mean, excuse me, sir—I'll be right back!"

Joe, wasn't he a regular guy to gimme a chance to have a fond fare-you-well with my newly made bride?

I never would of thought of it!

Yours truly,

ED HARMON.

(Don't forget to tell the gang I'm wed—we could use some silver when I get back.)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, who do you think I met up with here yesterday? No less than Slim White, which only a couple of years ago the Cubs give five thousand berries and three outfielders for. Remember how he used to slam the old pill all over the lot and how he could beat a telegram goin' around the bags? Well, he's in the aviation now, and we had a great little fannin' bee. I reminded him of me bein' the first pitcher he went up against in the big league and how I made him fan on three pitched balls, and he remembered how he nicked me for a triple in Chicago when they was a runner on each bag. Neither of which things ever happened, as you know, Joe. He says bein' in the Aviation Corps is great because it keeps a guy out in the open air. He also claims he knows every bolt and nut on his machine personally. He says the wings is made in one place, the motor in another, the wires somewheres else, and so on. He ain't sure, he says, but he thinks the propeller is made in Russia, because it certainly reminds him of it, anyways.

I fell. "What d'ye mean the propeller reminds you of Russia?" I asks him.

"Two thousand revolutions a minute!" he says.

Joe, can you imagine that guy tryin' to kid me?

I asked him how he come to get in the army, and the big hick says it was on account of the raffle they had in Washington last summer.

"Raffle?" I says. "You mean the draft, don't you?"

"I thought it was a raffle," he says. "Anyways, Ed, my number was 258, and I won it! I drew a free trip to Europe for the first prize, and that's the only raffle I ever won in my life!"

I got to tell you about Father McCarty, Joe, which same is our chaplain and the guy which married me and Jeanne. He is one regular guy, and the whole outfit would go through Hades to get him a light if he asked it. It don't make no difference what religion you use, if any; you can't help likin' this guy. We got all kinds of nationalities in our company too, and the roll call sounds like takin' inventory at Ellis Island. Father McCarty pulls one at mess this a. m. that the gang is laughin' about yet. You know, Joe, it is Friday, and that is meatless day for the Catholics. Well, we ain't got a thing for breakfast but bacon, and they's a young Jewish guy named Marcowitz—which is an ace himself—watchin' the cooks throwin' this bacon up and down in the pan. He's standin' there all gloomed up, when along comes Father McCarty and gets a flash at him. They both look at that bacon in the pan, and then they look at each other.

"Is that bacon all we have for breakfast to-day?" says Father McCarty to Marcowitz.

"Yes, sir," says Marcowitz, turnin' away from the pan in disgust.

"Hmph!" grins Father McCarty, slappin' him on the back. "Well, son, it's a tough mornin' for both of us, eh?"

Well, Joe, we are still performin' with the pick and shovel, repairin' trenches and the like. The whole outfit is crazy to go to the mat with these here boches, as they call 'em here, and every time an orderly comes along with an order from the post commander, we all jump up, hopin' that he's bringin' the word for us to go over and chase them guys all the way to Berlin. Even the officers is sore, though of course they don't show it out loud like us doughboys does.

It's a funny thing, Joe, but you hardly ever hear the word Germans over here. The English call 'em 'Uns, the French call 'em boches, we call 'em square-heads, and what the Belgians call 'em would never get past no censor, but I will say that it's nothin' that would make them Germans stuck on themselves.

We got a little excitement last night when a squad of us went out in No Man's Land to repair some barbed-wire entanglements. The Germans is always entertainin' us by sendin' up rockets and star shells, which make it like broad daylight when they bust in the air. Well, we ain't been out there a minute when them birds spots us and cuts loose. Joe, it rained bullets for about five minutes, and we all laid flat on the ground and hoped for the best. Windy Haskins sticks his head up for a look, and away goes his hat full of lead. We couldn't even come back at them, because they was only a dozen of us against half the German army for all we knowed, and if we had fired a shot, it would of showed them exactly where we was and then we'd all of been prob'ly sayin': "So this is the Red Cross?" in the mornin'. After a while we crawled back like snakes to our own trenches, and they wasn't nobody got hit. They was four holes in Windy Haskins's hat, and he claims he wouldn't take five hundred bucks for it.

"With evidence like this here," he says, holdin' up the hat, "I can make the boss liar of the village quit like a dog when I go home!"

Yours truly,

ED HARMON.

(Have you got a uneyform on you yet?)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I suppose by this time the papers over there has been full of it and the good old *Etat*

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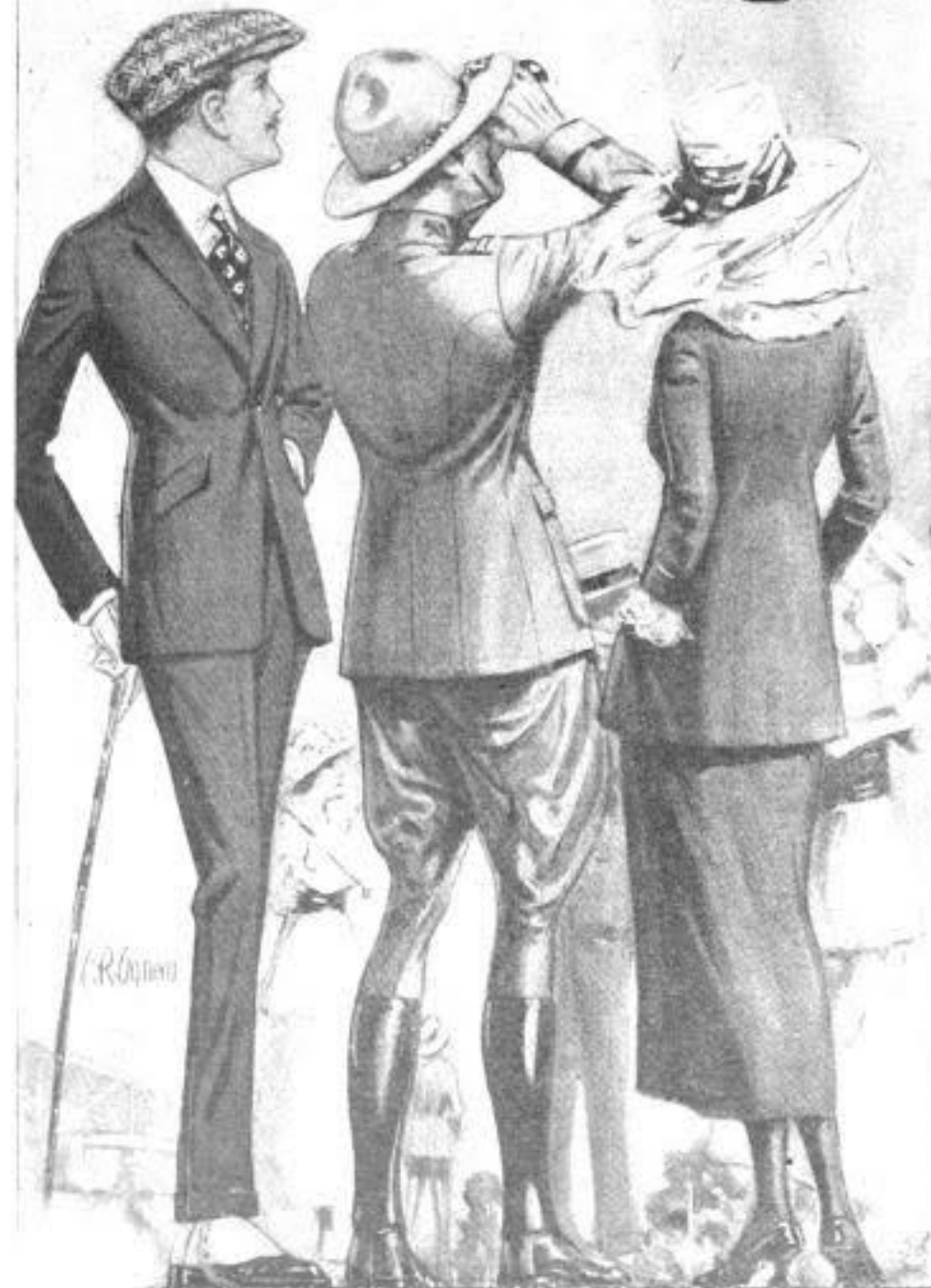


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Unit knows we are in the war, sure enough. You know what I mean; I mean that raid which them Germans pulled off on us, takin' twelve doughboys prisoners and removin' three others from the pay roll. Joe, one of the guys they captured was Windy Haskins, and I'll betcha before they got him licked he put a good dozen of them squareheads under the lilies. That bird never give up while he could stand on one foot, and when he comes to life again, wherever they took him, he'll make 'em wish to Heaven they had let him go his way in peace!

They ain't no use moanin' over spilt milk, Joe, but them guys simply caught us nappin' and worked the double steal on us—that's all! As long as it must of been in the papers, I'll tell you how it come off, or as much of it as the law allows, anyway.

The night this thing is pulled, it's pourin' rain as usual, and on top of that there is a fog so thick that you couldn't see your hand in front of you if you had an electric light on each finger. We get orders to move up into a new trench which is much further towards the Germans than we been yet and relieve the French guys there. The thing is pulled off as quiet as a church funeral, and we are just gettin' acquainted with our new home when, Joe, Hades busts loose!

Them Germans put everything they had on the ball, and I'll betcha for an hour they threwed each and every kind of shell they had in stock right into us. They banged away in front of us so's we couldn't come over the top and run 'em ragged, and they throwed shells in back of us so's the rest of our guys and the French couldn't come to the rescue. They was a curtain of fire all around us, Joe, that no livin' thing could get past, and from then on we are on our own, with nothin' but a chance to show the world how an American doughboy can scrap!

WELL, Joe, there we are like a guy on an iceberg floatin' around in the middle of the ocean and night comin' on. Our officers, which has never been under fire before any more than we have, is as cool as the middle of February, and we are ordered to take cover in the dugouts while they try to get word through to the French to open up with them 75-centimeter babies. A shell hits under the observation post, and good-by telephone. The next thing we knowed the Germans is jumpin' down into the trench, yellin' like maniacs to keep up their nerve.

Joe, this was our dish, and we went to it—every man for himself and the guy that goes down loses. You wanna remember that it was pitch dark and you couldn't tell one guy from another. Them yellah squareheads cashed in on this by yellin' out every now and then in first-class English that they was Americans, and when a doughboy would lower his baynet, thinkin' he was up against one of his own bunch, them German tramps would let him have it.

Well, I don't think the whole brawl lasted over ten minutes, but take it from me, Joe, while it was goin' on we was the busiest guys in Europe. It was our first time up against the real thing, and every doughboy was in there tryin', now, believe me! Right from the go in, Joe, we all knowed we didn't have a Chinaman's chance, because we was cut off from all outside interference, and the best we could do was to die game, and take as many of them Germans along with us as possible.

One of them hand grenades makes good in back of Windy Haskins and me and he both went down cold. I got a splinter in the back, and when I come to life I found I couldn't get no further than my knees for quite some time. A guy takes a dive beside me, and I grabbed his automatic which made a pair with my own, and, Joe, I just cut loose with both of 'em until I run outa ammunition.

Windy is only shook up a little from that bomb, and he gets to his feet yellin' like a bat from below. They was three Germans come at us, and Windy drops the first with the prettiest left hook to the jaw I ever seen. He didn't even have a gun, it havin' been blowed outa his hands by the bomb, but a little thing like that don't slow Windy up a foot. He dives into the other one, grabbin' him by the throat. I dropped the third with a lucky shot, but the guy Windy bounced comes to and hands a gun over his head. Then some more squareheads comes

rushin' up and drags Windy away. That's the last I ever seen of him, Joe, because from then on I was busy lookin' after the health of George W. Me.

Me and a couple of other guys beat our way back to a dugout. We ain't no more than crawled in it when a shell hit it and blowed it all the way to South Bend, for all I know. We was all knocked flat, and one of these guys got his in the arm. He throwed his gun away, not bein' able to use it, and, grabbin' off the baynet, he used it like a sword. Makin' our way along the trench, we run across some more doughboys; and, seein' me leadin' the way, they took me for an officer, and, Joe, I didn't correct 'em, but took charge instead.

One of these birds is a kid about nineteen. I never seen a guy so mad in all my life. He says they have took his pal prisoner, and he suggests that half a dozen of us charge the German trenches on our own hook and after killin' a few hundred of 'em bring back some generals as pets for Pershing. I had my hands full keepin' that kid from goin' through with his scheme, too, Joe!

WELL, we hear a lot of guys climbin' down over the top of the trench, and we don't know whether they're Americans or not. I challenge them, and their answer is a shower of them hand grenades which same reduced our party by four. The rest of us dropped to our knees and opened fire with rifles, and, Joe, they is at least two of them squareheads which will never go around braggin' about that raid, in the streets of Berlin. We kept pourin' good old American lead into 'em for a couple of minutes, and pretty soon they got enough and went away from there, draggin' their wounded with 'em.

We went on further up the trench, firin' as we went, and finally an officer comes along and orders us back in the dugouts.

This guy was a first lieutenant and he wasn't a minute over twenty-one years old at the outside. He's been banged on the head, and one arm is hangin' very stiff; but, Joe, he's as steady as if we're on dress parade. He sees that we all get in the dugout first, and he's just startin' after us when a shell hit about ten feet away.

Joe, that was the last I knowed until the next mornin' when I found I had been hit in the back and shoulder, and also I was a corporal!

I guess that's poor, or somethin' like that, eh? Can you imagine me with stripes on my arm and guys under me, Joe? Why, say—them Germans can come every night and welcome if I'm gonna get promoted on each visit; eh, Joe?

The medico says I'll be all right in a couple of weeks and ready to take another crack at them Germans; and, Joe, believe me, I certainly will do the same!

All us guys which come out of the raid is simply nutty to get back at 'em. We ain't moanin', Joe, over havin' lost the first pot—we're as good losers as anybody on earth. They stuck one over on us, and we hand it to 'em for doin' it; but, Joe, believe me, they'll be a different box score when we go up against them guys again! They had the edge on us forty ways, and you know it, because they been in this quarrel for four years and we just sat in the game. They had this thing doped out for months, and they was four Germans to every one of us when they come jumpin' in that trench, but at that we put up an argument that I'll betcha they won't forget over Sunday! I'm glad I was in it, because I'm a better soldier than I was before.

And I'm out for blood now, Joe, and so is all of the gang that was in the thing. It was better for us than ten years of this trainin' thing where the battles is all faked, and I guess it was pretty near worth what it cost us. It was hot stuff while it lasted, but when you figure what it did for us in experience—why, we took out a lot more than we put in, Joe.

FOR every doughboy that them guys took we'll take twenty Germans, Joe, and we won't stop tryin' till we lead the mob into Berlin!

Yours truly,

ED HARMON.

(Married, wounded, and a corporal so far.)

(To be concluded in an early issue)



# The World's Time is Waltham Time



## Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

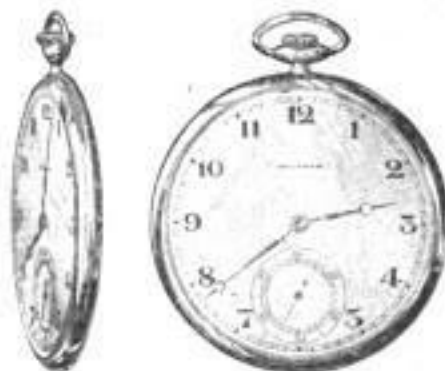
**S**TEADILY, persistently, patiently—round and round go the hands of the world's watch. Whistles blow and industries leap into action. Trains rush through space, ships sail the seas, people eat, work and play, and the tick of a timepiece guides them all.

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### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 cups boiling water  
½ cup lukewarm water

½ cup sugar

1 cake yeast

5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in a greased pan.

Let rise again and bake about 45 minutes. If dry crust is used, a sponge cake is best. Let cool in the pan, then turn out.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbites

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tin with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 60 cookies.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add rest well beaten. Bake in buttered greased pans.

# THAT MAN HURD

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

"DOES anybody here speak English?" The tall man who asked this question stood hat in hand in the staff quarters in one of the great Russian forts in the fall of 1914. He received no answer.

A number of Russian officers were standing stiffly at attention, eyes fixed on an open door. The newcomer noticed the focus of eyes on the open door and decided rightly that the general was probably in the room beyond.

He was a man who believed in dealing always with the "main squeeze," so he made for the room. A skivvichy chorus of Russian protest followed him over the threshold, but failed to halt him. He found himself in the room with a Russian general so done up in dewdabs that he looked like what we think a Russian general did look like.

"Morning, general," said the intruder in a cordial manner. "Speak English?"

The general evidently did not. But he spoke Russian—a lot of it in a hurry. The intruder listened. Not being able to understand, he could take no offense.

"Send for an interpreter," he suggested when the general ran out of breath. "Somebody to speak English. I'll wait. Smoke?"

The general did not take one of the proffered cigarettes. The newcomer lit one and sat down. The general had a funny bone, and at about that point in the proceedings it began to itch. He laughed and spoke to an orderly. A few minutes later an interpreter who spoke English entered.

"I'm Dr. Hurd of Seattle," the big man in the room with the general introduced himself. "I came over to help out."

"To help out?" "With the war," the doctor explained. "Lots of the fellows I knew were going to France or England or Serbia, but nobody was going to Russia. 'Shucks!' I says to myself, 'I reckon Russia needs help as much as any of the rest,' so I just got on a boat and came on over."

"You mean you want to fight?" "Sure. Anything to help out. I stopped in Petrograd and saw some of your people there. They fixed me up and were going to send some one down here with me after two or three weeks, but I got tired hanging around town after a few days, so I just got on a train and came along. I didn't know just where this place was, and I don't talk any of your lingo, but I figured I'd get here somehow—and here I am."

There he was—Dr. Eugene T. Hurd of Seattle. Fiction would ban the story of his service and rise in the Russian army as too improbable for use. For three years he was the only American doctor at the Russian front.

### Helping Out

HE was battle surgeon with the Second, Third, Fourth, and Tenth armies on the central Russian front, operating immediately behind the front-line trenches. He became colonel of the Twenty-ninth Flying Surgical Corps and won a favorable mention from his chief, General Sokalev, for his surgical skill. He was in ninety-two large battles, was decorated both by the Czar and Kerensky, and mentioned time after time for bravery under fire and twice recommended for promotion to

general. He attended personally to over 31,000 wounded and performed 6,700 operations under fire. He was with General Brusiloff in the final offensive last summer, then having the direction of thirty-two field hospitals. Twice he was cut off by the Germans and escaped capture only by good luck and hard riding. He was once a cowboy, and he won the Cossacks he commanded because he could outride them. Hurd is over six feet four, weighs 230-odd, and looks like Jess Willard's only logical opponent. He resigned his command while Elihu Root was in Russia and returned with the American Commission to help out at home as he had helped abroad. He now holds a captain's commission in our army. Hurd knows more at first hand of the Russian soldier than any living American.

### Russia Will "Come Back"

"THE Russian muzhik is the bravest fighter in the world, and the most ignorant," he told me. "He's a wonderful bayonet fighter, and a man who fights well with a bayonet is no coward."

In three years at the front I treated hundreds of Germans who had been cut up in bayonet fights, and only one Russian. The Russian's through for this war, but his quitting is due to ignorance, not cowardice. He fought for the Little Father and Holy Russia. The Little Father's gone, and Holy Russia's gone with him. After the revolution the priests told the soldiers they needn't include the Little Father in their prayers any longer. The soldiers prayed minus the Little Father for a few days, and nothing happened, so they decided they wouldn't

pray at all. As long as they weren't going to pray, they figured the priests were a drug on the market, so they canned them. In place of the Little Father and Holy Russia they've got Liberty. They've got it, but they don't know what it is. After the revolution a wounded peasant under my care said to me: 'I want to go back to the trenches to-day; I can walk.'

"But you're not fit to go into the trenches," I told him. "Why are you so anxious to go back?"

"My comrades in the trenches are getting liberty," he told me, breaking into tears. "I'm not getting any. I want to go to them and get my share."

"They're a brave, fine people, and no man who knows them can doubt that they'll right themselves in time. But they're out of it for now. The Germans couldn't lick 'em with bullets, but they did lick 'em with literature. They couldn't make 'em quit by fighting, but they finished 'em with propaganda. The German's a good fighter. I've been against him for three years and I know. Good as he is, I'm not afraid of him as a fighter. But I'm scared of him as a propagandist. He'll never win this war with bullets, but watch out for the other thing. I saw it work."

"Do you think the Germans will dominate Russia?" I asked.

"They may for a time," Captain Hurd said regretfully. "But not for long. The Russian peasant is no coward, and when he understands the right thing to do he'll die cheerfully trying to do it. The Russian's gone to-day, but he'll come back. I put in three hard years of fighting with him, and I think I know."



He attended personally to over 31,000 wounded and performed 6,700 operations under fire. In General Brusiloff's final offensive he had charge of 32 field hospitals





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## A Shipbuilder on the Job

*Continued from page 9*

even at its present size, 13,000,000 rivets a year, which reduces to twenty cargo ships of 10,000 tons each—a total of 200,000 tons. As a matter of fact, it did turn out 130,000 tons of new ships in 1917, in addition to making repairs upon some 650 vessels. This last is an important shipyard feature. The British figures of ship sinkings not only fail to give the total tonnage of the vessels that are gone, they ignore the vessels that are torpedoed and by good fortune or by extra good construction manage to limp into the nearest friendly port. Repairs to these engage the services of many skilled shipbuilders. Repairs and renewals to our present American merchant marine of 11,500,000 tons—without taking mines or submarines into account—is a real problem too. But it is not beyond solution. Do not forget that. At first Ferguson and his fellows worried for fear that they would not get the raw materials rapidly enough. That problem solved itself. Steel mills, rolling mills, etc., were able to work three eight-hour shifts if necessary. But a shipyard, because of the vast proportion of its intricate and accurate work that necessarily must be done in the open, cannot often work after dark, or to any large degree. To-day it is the labor problem—primarily the housing problem—that is troubling them. We have seen how they are solving it. When they have decent housing facilities they will be in a position to seek their workmen and to train them. Only it takes time. Safely to speed the entire mechanism, in its full routine, is the thing Homer J. Ferguson is trying to do and, in my opinion, actually is accomplishing.

Ferguson refused the position vacated by Goethals. When he accepted full responsibility he was used to having full authority. A little later he was offered a bigger Government post. Again he declined, and to the man who had offered it to him he wrote:

"My country spent seventeen years educating me to build her ships. Now when she stands in need of them it seems best that I should continue—building ships."

When he had finished the letter he turned to one of his assistants and said: "Sid, I guess we're ready to take up that problem of the new launch ways." The builder of ships was still on his job.

## Is There a Ukraine?

*Continued from page 11*

inces and the different basis on which they would have to come in. There was Finland, and Poland, and the Tatars, and the Asiatic tribes.

"In America," he said, "you proceeded from federation to union. You said: 'We, the people of the United States, etc.,' but it now proposed that we proceed the other way, without the consent of 'us, the people.' There is no precedent for a successful going backward from union to federation."

The most interesting among the anti-Ukrainians of Kiev was Mr. Shulgin, a conservative member of the national Duma, proprietor of the conservative newspaper, "Kiev-Lanin," and generally spoken of by the Ukrainians and Kiev radicals as a sort of political Bluebeard. I found Mr. Shulgin a most engaging gentleman, one of those who give autocracy its excuse. Slender, aristocratic-looking, smooth, witty, and acute, his mind was as keen and logical as his manners were perfect. If he were cruel, one felt that he would have the courage of his cruelty, and, all in all, he gave one that pleasant waked-up feeling which comes from having met a real person. My Ukrainian friends hated him cordially, but spoke of him with respect, and they told with some amusement how, the Provisional Government having stopped his paper for a time, the instant the ban was lifted he went after the Government, hammer and tongs, again. A young Ukrainian socialist described him as a sort of monarchistic Don Quixote born out of his time.

Once in our conversation, after Mr. Shulgin had spoken bitterly of Ukrainian disloyalty, I mentioned having met a young man of the same name, Mr. Alexander Shulgin, Ukrainian "Secretary for International Affairs" in the Rada's Cabinet—a title given him because Petrograd objected to "Foreign Minister." He did not move an eyelid. In the same cool tones he said: "I do not think that my nephew is a traitor. He is young and ill-advised."

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If, said Mr. Shulgin, you went into a Little Russian village and asked the peasants what their nationality was, they would reply "Orthodox!" If you asked them what language they spoke, they would say: "The language of the simple people," for, throughout the Ukraine, Ukrainian was the speech of peasants, while Russian, in the Russian Ukraine, and Polish in the Galician provinces were known as "the gentleman's language." The peasants actually objected to being taught Ukrainian—they feared that there was some trick about it, that the landlords were trying to keep them down by not permitting their children to learn the talk of gentlemen. I asked him what he thought about teaching the peasant children in Ukrainian—wouldn't that save a good deal of time? There might be something in that, Mr. Shulgin said; it could be left to the separate villages.

But why, he asked, must this question be settled at once, and at so difficult a time? There were Great Russians and White Russians. Why must the Ukrainians object to the phrase "Little Russian" and insist on the word Ukrainian? They were always talking about what the people wanted, yet if you suggested to these *intelligentsia* who were doing the agitating that the question of independence be left to a vote of the people, they would draw back and say: "Oh, the peasants are too ignorant for that—they wouldn't understand the significance of what they were doing!"

### Home Rule

**M**R. SHULGIN seemed to see no reason now why Little Russian shouldn't be allowed to flourish as a local dialect, but political separation was another matter. The Ukraine was too big for one province—it was as big as France, or perhaps France and England together. The ideal solution might be to divide the whole district into four provinces, putting the more homogeneous districts, like Kiev and Poltava, together. Let them have all the home rule practicable and cultivate their language if they wanted to, but be controlled in international and the broader matters from the central government.

We had all these arguments, in more intimate and personal shape, round the samovar each evening. Marya, the maid, a shy, slim slip of a girl, who had tried to go away and be a woman soldier, but was refused because she wasn't yet seventeen, would patter in and out, in her bare feet, with her tea things, just as the mestizo servants do in Mexico and Central America.

"There!" they would say, "she can understand Ukrainian—they talk it in the kitchen sometimes"—but were they to give up the language of Tolstoy and Turgenev for that? It wasn't a language. It was either a peasants' patois, where it was real, or, where it was a language, an artificial one invented in Lemberg to make dissension between north and south Russia. "Why!" they said, "they have had to construct a grammar half full of German and Polish words so that people can learn this so-called language, as they would learn Esperanto!" Where was its literature? Even Shevchenko had had to use Russian words to express himself. As for this fellow, Vinnechenko, their so-called "Secretary of Interior," he had actually written his stories—which nobody ever heard of—in Russian, and had them translated back into Ukrainian.

Who were the Rada statesmen? There was old Professor Grushevsky, the president, who had been conducting literary propaganda from Lemberg for the last ten years—an erudite old bookworm, no doubt, they said, in Austrian pay, and all right in a library, but what sort of a man to lead a new nation? Young Shulgin, their "Foreign Minister," was a boy—a mere *hors d'œuvre*! They were very sly, these Ukrainians, very *rusé*, like all Little Russians. They said to the rich: "Come with us, for we are not socialists," and they said to the peasants: "Come with us, and you'll get the land. How can we have two mother tongues growing up side by side in this same country?"

### A Democratic Movement

**T**HERE was a good deal in what they said, of course. They had the case which standpatters always have in such disputes. It was, indeed, difficult to reconcile Ukrainian aspirations with Russian policy, but when they went on to say that the Ukrainian case was all treason or bunk, and the Ukrainians disloyal conspirators, they were wrong. There was reality on the Ukrainian side, and it was not entirely made up

of the desire for separation. The movement for independence was a democratic movement as well, and it brought about, in a sense, a sort of line-up between humanitarianism and the "best people."

I found this in almost the first Ukrainian I met—a professor of chemistry in Kiev University—and continued to find it. He was a near-sighted, very modest, very earnest man, with that naive sincerity often found in men of science. He and his French wife lived in a little apartment on one of the *peroulouks*, or side streets, and as soon as they learned what I wanted, they sat down on either side of me and began to explain. Both spoke English. After giving their side of the story from the Treaty of 1654, and telling how the Russians used to apply the word "*khokli*" to Little Russians because of the tuft of hair the Cossacks left on top of their shaved heads, and how the Ukrainians called the Russians "*katzop*" (goat) because of their beards, and how even to-day the Ukrainian peasants spoke of the Russians as "*Moscovski*," he told how they had collected their funds—ten kopecks for every *desiatin* of land and twenty kopecks on every ruble's profit—and how the peasants gave open-air plays and turned in the proceeds, half to the Rada and half to the Ukrainian schools.

"They complain in the north," he said, "that we are wild radicals, but while the Petrograd Government has been doing nothing but talk, we have been establishing schools here in the Ukraine"—and he promptly put on his hat and took me over to the Rada Building and a convention of Ukrainian school-teachers, who were discussing—now that teaching in Ukrainian was possible—their plans for the new school year. We sat on the stage with the chairman and listened to several speeches, and looked down on an unusually interesting lot of faces—dark-skinned, black-eyed southerners, with a great air of alertness and "temperament." More than half were women, and many, although plainly of the *intelligentsia*, wore the Ukrainian peasant costume—loose, white sleeves of homespun linen, with dark red embroidery, and loops of colored beads hanging round their necks, a gypsylike dress which seemed to fit their sunny country, so close to Rumania and the Turks.

### The Rada

**T**HE Rada suggested the Workmen's and Soldiers' Congress in Petrograd—that is to say, it had the same air of something unofficial and amateur—but there were fewer soldiers and many more women and educated men; it was more like a teachers' or a Christian Endeavor Convention, more "*bourzhooy*," as they would say in Petrograd. Typewriters were going it in the corridors; there were many bright-looking young women, busy about something, one couldn't tell just what, and before one table a line of peasants, just in from the country evidently, giving their names and getting some sort of receipt or slip. The democratic nature of the whole enthusiasm was plain, and I did not cease to feel its sincerity even when, at one of the evening meetings, some one pointed out as an object of special interest two or three Austro-Hungarians sitting as spectators. They had been gathered up as civilian prisoners in the first offensive in 1914, shipped to Siberia, and released with the political prisoners when the revolution came.

The Rada president, Professor Grushevsky—an erudite-looking old gentleman, with a long white beard, who reminded one of the more impressionable lady delegates of Moses—flitted in and out, and was all but impossible to talk to. They had had, indeed, an embarrassing experience with a French correspondent, who had, they said, misquoted Mr. Vinnechenko, and were, at the moment, correspondent-shy. Mr. Vinnechenko I found one day in his top-floor apartment near the British Consulate, just after he had temporarily resigned his job. He said that he had left because he didn't want to go so far as some of his associates, but there was a notion about that his interview with the French correspondent might have had something to do with it. He was a swarthy, youngish man, with a short black beard, and made one think of a Bulgarian. I asked him what he was going to do now, and he said, with a friendly grin, that he thought he'd go down into the country and write stories again. I felt, as he said it, that he would be a good deal

(Continued on page 26)





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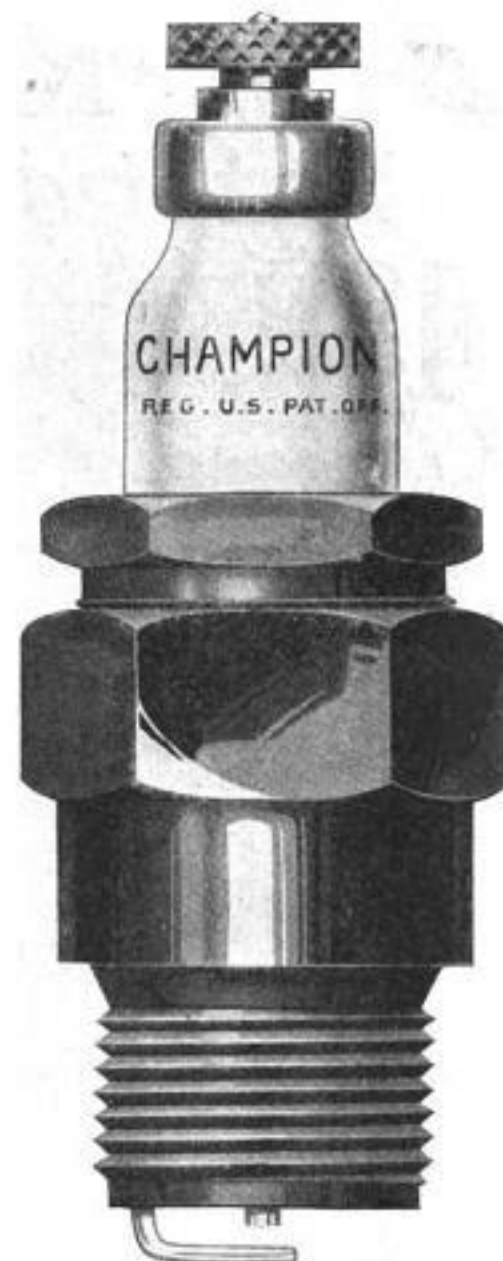
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more in his element on some Poltava estate than up here playing the statesman in Kiev, and when a week or so later I saw some snapshots of him in Ukrainian costume, taken in just such a place, I was sure of it.

The Ukrainian "Secretary for International Affairs," young Mr. Shulgin, proved to be a tall, very courteous, and very serious young man, with a black coat and a solemn black beard which had the air of having been grown to increase his dignity. He reminded me of those occasional radicals at home who break away from their conservative relatives to become what are sometimes called "parlor socialists." He talked very modestly and sensibly, and denied that they wanted complete independence—he believed in a Russian federation with the Ukraine as a self-governing state. I saw snapshots of Mr. Shulgin later, also in national costume, and was struck with the interesting political adventures offered by the demoralization of the revolution to young intellectuals, who in ordinary times might have made merely a sort of personal hobby of their Ukrainian enthusiasm.

### The Spirit of the Revolution

AMONG the most active supporters of the Ukrainian cause were a Little Russian family of the "noble" class, who devoted themselves not only to Ukrainian home rule, but to improving the condition of the Ukrainian peasants generally. The present head of the family, the editor of a Ukrainian paper in Kiev, was absent on an estate of his near Odessa, and it was while looking for one of his sons that by chance I met one afternoon the latter's wife. Although expecting no one, and much occupied with an addition to the family who had been facing Ukrainian problems for only a few months, she received me with that charming hospitality which the stranger so often finds in Russia and tried to answer the stranger's usual questions about the Ukraine. Her face had the delicate contour and wistful, almost plaintive beauty of a Rafael Madonna, and beneath it, as one felt at once, was humor, courage, and a keen and well-poised mind.

She drifted from Little Russia to the revolution in general, and it turned out presently that she herself was not Ukrainian at all, but a Great Russian of Petrograd. Her aunt was the famous revolutionist Vera Figner, and both her father and mother had been revolutionists of the days in which Kropotkin lived and George Kennan has written about. They had joined in the "return to the people," had been arrested and sent to Siberia and had met there, as prisoners, for the first time. Her whole life had been lived against a revolutionary background, and Fate had now rather quaintly linked it with the fortunes of those whom many of her Great Russian friends would consider rebels against Russia itself. But the striking part of this chance acquaintance came later in Petrograd, when I met Vera Figner herself and saw in the face of this one-time prisoner in the old fortress of Schlüsselburg (the island prison on the Neva, not far from Petrograd) a tragic reminder of the face of the young mother in Kiev. It was one of the saddest faces I have ever seen—none of that unquenchable, almost masculine optimism of Breshkovskaya, the "Grandmother of the Revolution"—but a face in which something seemed to have been crushed out and killed—turned to stone. There were instants when she would smile, and suddenly, as something coming from afar off, one caught a family likeness, that lady's look of something wistful, plaintive, and amused—but the next instant it was gone and her face was stone again. It needed things like this, perhaps, to remind one of what that Old Russia had done in its day, and what the revolution really meant in spite of its surface dirt and disorder, and aimless talking. . . .

### Women of Ukraine

THERE was one of these militant women among the Ukrainian workers, an elderly lady, whose years of service to an idea might be compared with those of Vera Figner, although her experience had been infinitely less tragic. She was Mme. Sofia Roussova, a school-teacher by profession, and chock-full of courage, humor, and optimism, which years of government opposition and persecution seemed only to have made more tireless. She was at the Rada, at the teachers' conven-

tion, at committee meetings, here, there, and everywhere, and as hard to catch as a prime minister.

I pursued her up and down Kiev's mountainous hills for several days as she flitted from one appointment to another, and finally overtook her at home one rainy morning when she had scarce finished coffee. She lived in a room or two, in a queer old house which seemed to shelter not only several families—a new face came to the door each time I rang—but to act as a temporary lodging for any friend or relative who happened along. Material comforts—or, at any rate, niceties—were sacrificed to work, as they should be in a revolutionist's quarters, and the papers, pamphlets, and even dishes lying about suggested a band of intellectual gypsies.

Rocking back and forth on a ramshackle old sofa, above which was a portrait of her husband, surrounded by a funeral wreath, Mme. Roussova talked in English for half an hour or so, and then, as there was much yet to tell, brought in from some other nook in that elastic caravansary a younger woman, a teacher of literature, just up, as I understood it, from the picturesque old town of Kamenets Podolsk, where I myself had been a fortnight before on the way from the front.

The younger woman spoke French, but no English, and with such a lively warmth and charm, such common sense and wholesomeness, that one seemed to have known her for years. To both of them the Ukraine was something close and personal, and it was plain that they thought of independence not so much in terms of politics as an opportunity vaguely to enlarge and brighten something they had long dreamed of and cherished.

The windows were open, and through them from the garden and the fine mist falling outside came a smell of wet leaves and grass—the warm moist breath of the late Ukrainian summer. It was the air of the south, of the Russian "Midi"—indeed, Mme. Roussova used that very word in telling how she had been arrested for having in her possession "Robinson Crusoe" and children's fables about the fox, in Ukrainian, and how, as she said gayly, "she knew the inside of every jail in the Midi." When the Russian police discovered that a teacher had spoken to her pupils in Ukrainian, she became at once a "nichlagorazoomi," an "indiscreet" or "imprudent" person, and once the police had you down as that, jail followed very easily. I asked if she had been sent to Siberia. "Not yet," she laughed, "but very likely they'll send me there now!"

### The Day of Little Nations

THEY smiled a little at Rodzianko—also a Little Russian, as his name in "nko" would imply—who "thought he was of superior clay and that the people should be kept in their place," and at Tereschenko, the young Petrograd Foreign Minister who didn't care a rap for the Ukraine, although he came from Kiev. And they spoke bitterly of Kerensky, who had been friendly to the Ukraine at first, but cooled as he got more power, and now talked of treason and thirty pieces of silver. They talked of Shevchenko's poetry, and his exile, and told of a composer—Lessenko, I think it was—whom the Russians wouldn't admit to the conservatory because he was Ukrainian; and, gifted as he was, he had to give ordinary piano lessons to make a living. Then there were various gossip little anecdotes, which may or may not have been true, of how the Russian teachers had gradually been brought back from the front while the Ukrainian teachers were kept fighting, and how telegrams sent to the Rada took several days longer than ordinary messages, and so on.

Mme. Roussova produced a scrapbook and told of a wonderful pilgrimage of hers to the south of France, nearly twenty years ago, by way of Odessa and Marseilles, and a convention she had attended in Provence. The Ukrainians, who felt that their position was something like that of the Provençal French, had sent a greeting "from the Steppes of the Dnieper, and from Poltava," to the delegates, in which they told how the Russians "make fun of our language and treat it as a vulgar idiom, good only for ignorant peasants and incapable of expressing high thoughts and noble sentiments. They prohibit us from speaking it and condemn our poets to silence. . . ."

Mme. Roussova showed this and the newspaper reports of the speeches and (Continued on page 30)





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the group photographs, and showed the bill of fare of their banquet luncheon with "filet de bœuf de Lyons aux primeurs" and plenty of good Burgundy.

She had to excuse herself presently, but the young lady from Kamenets talked on. She felt that the day of big nations was past—all these patches of pink and green on the maps that looked so solid and final, how false and meaningless they often were!—and that in the future the world would be made up of many little nations.

"All these little movements," she said, "they are repressed, and you think they are dead. But they belong to the class of things that cannot be killed. They come creeping—creeping back, and suddenly spring up—like champignons!"

### The Real Ukraine

SHE talked of the Little Russian love of music, and how the peasants were always singing at their work—as, indeed, they are—and how the Ukrainian farmer, plowing the wide steppe, tramps slowly along behind his oxen, singing as he walks. There was a great deal of melody in their make-up, she said, a great sense of beauty. Their clothes and houses showed this—they were not so somber and heavy as those of north Russia. And, indeed, one felt this even in the city streets at the time. They were full of girls in the national costume—not all of them peasants—the wide, white sleeves with their red embroidery, the strings of beads. Their favorite colors seemed to be dark red and blue, purple and gold—colors that made one think of sunshine and crushed grapes. The Ukraine might be, though it isn't, a great wine country. And as she talked on, with such enthusiasm and evident feeling, about what they had been and hoped to be, with the mist sifting down outside, and the warm, wet smell of leaves and grass coming through the window, it all seemed real and rather reasonable—this was one of the times when I found the Ukraine.

It is of stuff such as this, it seems to me, that the real Ukraine is made, and less of things which create or compel a separate nationality. It was absurd to say that all the Ukrainians were disloyal or that there is nothing in their case. Most of these Little Russians I talked with were no more disloyal than the young Provençal poet who, when he found that his old mother couldn't understand some of his fine French verses, forthwith dedicated himself to cultivating his native provincial dialect and expressing the local feelings and atmosphere of his corner of France.

At the same time their case was very different from that of Finland. Finland is, plainly, a conquered and unassimilated province—one feels that the instant one crosses the frontier. The differences between Great Russia and Little Russia are, on the other hand, more the differences between north and south everywhere, between Paris and Provence, between New England and Louisiana. There is no such irreconcilable dispute as there was once between our own North and South—it is a little as if the South should demand separation to-day on a basis of "I reckon" and corn pone and johnny-cake. It did not seem to me, in short, that a liberal and sensible government would find it impossible to satisfy the Ukraine's perfectly natural desire for freedom and yet retain the Little Russian provinces as part of Russia.

### Russia's Future?

I SPEAK, of course, as if Russia were going to rise from her present disorder, and of natural and more or less permanent conditions and not of momentary military successes. There are certain national facts which cannot be denied without sooner or later making trouble. One of these facts, for instance, is Russia's need of an easy outlet by way of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. It needs only a glance at the map to show that. The map answers in a similar way the question of the Ukraine. If the dream of "the Carpathians to the Caucasus" were literally carried out, European Russia would be walled in almost completely, and reduced to a neighborhood radiating for a few hundred miles out from Moscow. Such a notion does not appeal to common sense—unless we assume, as, I take it, we are not yet prepared to do, that Russia, in its old territorial shape, has ceased to exist.

This is the fifth of Mr. Ruhl's new series of articles on Russia and the Great War. The sixth will appear soon.



# The Adventures of Colin O'Rell

Continued from page 17

some way still hoped to profit, as he had hoped to profit yesterday afternoon, from Fernald's relation with Colin O'Rell. And yet, even as this understanding came to him, he knew that it was false understanding. Berwind must realize that once Hassager had talked with men higher up in the police force than the plain-clothes man, would be known most positively that Fernald was the man for whom the police were in search, the accomplice of Colin O'Rell. Berwind, for the sake of graft, would take no such risks as this. He must give credit to the plain-clothes man for being sane.

But the fact remained that Berwind had let the captive Fernald go. And Berwind was not the sort to do things without a reason. The reason came to Fernald before he had walked a block. Colin O'Rell! He remembered the team that had been in Berwind's eyes when he discovered that the alleged sister of "Monsieur Jacques Cunard" was not in the hotel. Colin O'Rell! He was the one that Berwind wanted! He himself had been let go because he might lead Berwind or his fellows to Colin. It was clear enough; he understood now the queer feeling that had obsessed him as he walked away from the hotel, the feeling that eyes were upon him.

THAT feeling, in view of the predicament from which he had just escaped, was so natural that he would have dismissed it from his mind but for his sudden clear understanding of the Berwind purpose. Now he knew that it was not imagination and excitement; he knew that it was because he was followed, and followed because it was believed that he could lead the police to Colin.

If only it were possible to stop, turn, and explain to his followers that the girl whom they desired to capture was not really a criminal. But already he understood the various deadly ramifications of the net of treachery which the Marquis had spread over the city, and, for that matter, so far as he knew, over the whole country.

If anyone in the wide world could penetrate to the center of the web woven by the master spy, that one was Colin O'Rell. And the safest way, absurd though it might sound, was for her to be sought by the police; and not sought negligently, but by the best brains of the police, in order that suspicion, always merely dormant in the heart of a man like the Marquis, should not be aroused. For one does not suspect an ally when one's own enemies hate that ally.

No, he could not throw off the pursuit by a word of explanation. And he realized that his own freedom must depend upon his own quick wit. Berwind had been able, unsuspected, to shadow him yesterday. No one must be permitted to shadow him for long to-day. For he realized that those who trailed him would not withhold their hands from him very long. Something is better than nothing. Berwind had disdained to arrest him just now; but when Berwind should discover that Fernald had no intention of leading his pursuers into the presence of the girl, they would arrest him.

He could almost have smiled. They were so certain that he knew the whereabouts of Colin! He only wished that he did. But they had made no rendezvous beyond the side door of the Biltmore. He had not kept the rendezvous. Colin would not have waited for him.

But it would be time enough to think of rejoining her when he had thrown off those who hung at his heels. Yesterday had taught him something. He descended into the subway. Somewhere in the crowd about him on the platform were associates of Berwind. A train drew up to the platform. It was crowded. Fernald entered. Quietly, as though unsuspecting the presence of followers aboard, he rode downtown. At Brooklyn Bridge he left the subway. He knew of but one place where he might be certain of eluding his followers. That he might, by going to this place, invite recognition and consequent trouble, was a risk that must be run.

He entered the News Building. Of course it must be known to his city editor and to others that he had helped a girl to escape from the police yesterday. Hassager's statement that the right man had not been captured was evidence that Jevons had soon been

discovered not to be Fernald. Fernald's newspaper connection could not have remained hidden. Men on the "News" must know that a man had been arrested because he was thought to be James Fernald. But—who risks nothing gains nothing. To escape from Berwind's men was worth a great deal of risk.

Luck was with him. None of the editorial staff was in the elevator that he entered. He got off at the "city" room. Unchallenged, he passed the door tender. But once through the swinging doors that would retard, for a moment at any rate, whoever followed him, he turned away from the city room and mounted some circular iron stairs that led to the composing room. And here fortune smiled on him again. A freight elevator had just discharged huge rolls of paper.

He descended in it, unquestioned by the operator, to the basement floor. He emerged upon a side street. A minute later and he was again in the subway, and had not been seen by any members of the "News" city staff. It was possible that Berwind's men still traced him. But he had done his best.

At Twenty-third Street he left the subway. He must find Colin. What had been the address where the Marquis had got in touch with her he did not know. But Colin would not desert him. She would know that the Biltmore, no matter how he might have emerged from his predicament there, would be unsafe for him. She would make no effort to reach him there. And the only address of his that she knew was his apartment near Gramercy Park.

IT was dangerous, would perhaps be fatal, for him to approach that apartment. If the police used even ordinary caution, his rooms would be watched. But his rooms offered the only chance of communication with Colin. He might be arrested the moment he crossed the threshold, but—of what use was he to Colin wandering around the city? Happy accident might bring them together, but there was about one chance in several million that the time, the place, himself, and the girl would coincide during such wandering.

Granted that Colin would endeavor to find him, whither he was heading now was the one place where that endeavor would be made. But it was a pretty hopeless Jimmy Fernald that approached by many turnings the neighborhood of Gramercy Park. Not only might policemen be waiting outside or in his rooms, but there was the ever-present possibility that the men who had undoubtedly traced him as far as the News Building were still close behind him.

He reached the corner of his street. Well, he had taken a great many chances thus far; what mattered one more or less? He started toward his apartment.

A taxi turned the corner behind him. He heard his name called by a voice that he would always know. He stopped; the taxi swerved in to the curb; he dived headlong through its open door. They were around the corner and racing up Third Avenue before he had regained his breath.

"There is no question about it, Colin O'Rell," were his first words. "As a lover of the truth, you must admit it. We belong together. When two people can read each other's minds, they are affinities, Colin O'Rell."

"If a man in love could only be a wee bit original!" sighed Colin.

"Then he wouldn't be in love," said Fernald.

He brushed his knees and straightened his collar. The girl stared through the rear window of the taxi. She turned back to Fernald, relief on her face.

"We've lost them," she announced. "But if I'd circled that block one more time, I think they would have been suspicious. How did you get away from the Biltmore?" she asked.

He told her. She listened, nodding gravely. "That means that we can never go back there."

"And the Marquis? How can he get in touch with us?" asked Fernald.

"He has already done that," she told him. "Just before I was to have joined you this afternoon a note came from him. There was an inclosure of money and certain specifications. I am to deliver them to Blackmar & Reardon."

He whistled. "The military tailors!" he exclaimed.

"You see it?" she said.



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"Rather! Spies in United States uniforms. Aqueducts, bridges, tunnels—protected by the uniform—it's ghastly, Colin! But you won't deliver the order."

"Jimmy," she said earnestly, "don't you realize yet the terrible nature of the forces we fight? Only last night we were at the headquarters of the Marquis. And yet, because he does not trust us fully, we rode in a closed and curtained car. We don't know where we were. Don't you suppose that he will know whether or not Blackmar & Reardon start work upon this order?"

"I see," he said thoughtfully. His face brightened. "But the uniforms will never be turned over to him, will never be worn. Why, will military tailors make United States uniforms on the order of a stranger?"

"They will this time," she said. "You see, Jimmy, if they should refuse, some crooked firm might take the job. Somehow or other, if the Marquis wants uniforms, he'll get them. I myself may be the one to deliver them. Sometimes, to avoid great danger, one risks great danger. It will be some weeks before the uniforms are finished. In those weeks we must catch him."

HE reached out and touched her hand. She drew it gently away. "Not now, Jimmy. I haven't the heart—" For a moment her hands hid her face. But when she looked at him again, her eyes were free from tears. Her features were not hard; they could never be that, but they were firm with purpose.

"I won't again," he promised, "not until— But I have to talk to you, Colin; to tell you that you're the bravest, most wonderful— You don't mind that, do you?" he asked anxiously.

She swept him with a smile that made him ache for her. She leaned mischievously forward. "Do you know, Jimmy Fernald, I rather like it."

And then the machine in which they rode stopped before the tailoring establishment of Blackmar & Reardon.

"Wait here," she told him.

"The driver?" Jimmy motioned toward their chauffeur.

She nodded reassuringly. "If anyone searched him, a silver badge would be found on him. I haven't worried about being followed since just after I picked you up. He's a genius that way."

She entered the building. Jimmy lighted a cigarette. He looked curiously at their chauffeur. It was good to know that he, Jimmy Fernald, was not the only reliance Colin O'Rell had in her battle with the Marquis. For he was afraid that he was not a very efficient aid. And as he looked at the immobile face of the Secret Service operator, the faintest tinge of jealousy colored his thoughts. It was unworthy, but—he wished that he alone might be Colin's reliance. And then the unworthy thought left him. For he wasn't simply the reliance of Colin O'Rell; he was the reliance of the Government, and there must be no jealousy among those who served their country.

Colin was gone less than ten minutes. She gave a word of direction to the driver and entered the machine.

"We can't go to the Biltmore," she said. "But if the Marquis fails to get in touch with us there, he will try my apartment."

"And the police? Do they know of it?" asked Fernald anxiously.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Hunting with the hounds and running with the hares— What else can we do? It is one more of the chances that we must take."

Fernald spoke thoughtfully. "And the Marquis—he does nothing apparently without reason. If he intended to build up identities for us as the

brother and sister Cunard— How can we explain our failure to maintain those identities? I can't very well say that Hassager recognized me."

"But I can say it, that he recognized me," said Colin. "As for his reasons: I was tired this morning because I lay awake wondering why he should want us to go to such a conspicuous place, and I think I know. The wider the net the more cumbersome it becomes. Suppose the Marquis wishes at any time to get rid of some of the no-longer-useful, worn-out strands? Suppose we suddenly become of no further value to him? Suppose the police are informed that Monsieur and Mademoiselle Cunard are two elusive criminals? So many people around a great hotel would see us, would know us, it would be even more difficult for us than it is now to avoid arrest."

Fernald whistled softly. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, and all the rest of it," he said. "But the police wouldn't hold us very long."

"And our usefulness would immediately be ended either way," said Colin— "ended to the Government the moment we seemed valueless to the Marquis."

"Then my encounter with Hassager was really fortunate," laughed the young man.

"Unless the Marquis knows of it," said Colin.

She could not wholly hide her alarm when, the automobile dismissed, they entered the tiny apartment near Riverside Drive. Fernald found himself treading softly. It was her sanctuary, the place that was her home. And immediately he felt that it reflected the personality of the girl. For, efficient, brilliant, daring though she was, he had known that there was in her not the least trace of masculinity, and the living room into which he followed her proved that he had not read her wrongly. It was a girl's room.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

For she stood in the center of the dainty room, her hand at her heart, her nostrils the least bit distended, her lips slightly parted.

"I—don't—know," she said in a whisper. "But I had the things on that desk arranged differently, I think."

"Your maid?"

"No one comes in here while I am away," she said. The telephone rang. She started, breathed heavily, then walked to the instrument.

"Yes," she said. Then again: "Yes." She hung up the receiver and turned to Fernald. Her face was white and her lips quivered.

"The Marquis," she breathed. "He warned me against you. He does not believe that you are English Fred. He wants me to tell you to go to Burnham's Restaurant on Fourteenth Street to receive a message from him. But you mustn't."

"And if I don't, he will know that you have warned me. Won't he?"

She avoided his glance. The color swept into her cheeks.

"I must go, Colin," he said gently. "Otherwise all your work will have been in vain."

"But it isn't fair," she cried. "You mustn't risk—I drew you into this."

"But I wanted to," he told her.

HE rose and looked at her. Her face was pale now, but her lips were sweet and her eyes were brave.

"I said," she whispered, "in the automobile—not until— But now—oh, my beloved—"

He felt her frightened tears upon his own cheeks.

The fourth adventure of Colin O'Rell will appear next week.

## God Gave Them Youth

Continued from page 19

Jim Sponable—I remember him; just like old Jim to become a judge."

"I'm engaged to him," said Phoebe rather quickly.

"What?" Val stopped and stared at her. "Why, he's an old man by now, isn't he?"

"Oh, no! He's only forty-eight."

"Forty-eight!" From Val's tone that might have been the age of Methuselah. "He's perfectly splendid, Val. I'm a luckier girl than I deserve."

Val didn't answer at once, and when he spoke it was on another subject.

Phoebe insisted on leading him into the office.

"Here's Val Brooking, judge—he's on his way to France! You remember him, don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes—surely," said the judge

in a kindly tone, meant to cover the fact that he didn't recall this dashing youth at all.

"I remember you all right, judge," said Val with a rueful smile. "You had me on the carpet once, when you were president of the School Board, for decorating the school tower with war paint. I got canned for a month—you were pretty stiff, judge."

The judge wished this attractive-looking young man had chanced to remember him in a less tyrannical guise, but he said: "Well, you've put me where I can't be 'stiff,' as you say, any longer. Got your commission, I see."

"Yes, he's going to France!" chimed in Phoebe. "Isn't that perfectly splendid of him?"

(Continued on page 34)





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"Splendid!" acquiesced the judge. "He's with the Engineers," proffered Phoebe further. "Oh, you're an engineer, then?" queried the judge politely. "Yes, sir—civil. Got my degree four years ago."

"Ah, four years ago. Been putting your knowledge to practical use since, I suppose."

"I don't know whether you'd call it practical, sir." Young Val gave a little laugh. "I never stuck to one job very long."

The judge shook his head. "Stick-to-it-iveness is a good thing to learn, my boy. It's the corner stone of success."

"Well, I'm not sure I want to be a 'success,' according to the usual standard," returned young Val.

"Why, aren't you ambitious, then? Don't you want to get on in the world?"

"I'd rather get something out of the world," said Val. "Now you've 'got on,' but what have you got out of it yourself?"

"What have I got out of it?" repeated the judge, somewhat taken aback by this youthful frankness.

"Yes. You've made money, live comfortably, and are respected. But you've probably lived your life in a rut without knowing it. Did you ever walk into a strange camp, penniless, knowing it was absolutely up to yourself whether you lived or starved?"

"No," admitted the judge; "I can't say I have."

"Did you ever boss a gang of Dagos," went on Val, warming to his theme, "and get the thrill of being a captain of men? Or did you ever stand up to a Mex's knife with your bare hands and find out what the zest for living really is? Or ever see the beauty of a sunrise over a mountain peak—and experience the independent feeling that comes when you cook your own bacon over the fire you've built yourself from wood you've chopped yourself? Did you ever stand off and look at a bridge that you helped build? Did you ever swim in the Amazon? Or skate on the Yellowstone? Or get lost in a desert? Or ride the bumpers?"

"No," repeated the judge; "I can't say I have."

"Well then, sir, excuse me for saying you don't know what real living is. Give me life to live with, I say, not to rust away making dollars and cents. Life's too short and the world too big!"

"But there are responsibilities," argued the judge rather weakly. He felt somewhat at sea in the face of all this eloquence—the inspired, unthinking eloquence of youth.

"Well, I'll try not to shirk them when they come, sir," said young Val more soberly. "They're in a fair way to come right about now. But I refuse to worry over 'em—most folks worry too much, anyway. That spoils life."

PHOEBE was watching Val with shining eyes. The judge could understand what appeal this sublime assurance, this dash and ardor, must make to her. He realized that he himself, in contrast, must present a rather stodgy spectacle. He felt the contrast himself. Yet he couldn't help being attracted to this bold-eyed, bold-speaking youth, and despite the quite evident unsoundness of his doctrine. But, oddly, he had no desire to confute that doctrine. Instead he said hospitably:

"Well, we must see something of you during your stay, Brookings. I wonder if you couldn't dine with Phoebe and me to-night?"

"To-night? I'm sorry, sir" (if only the youngster wouldn't "sir" him so constantly!), "but some of the fellows spoke of an impromptu dance for me in the Masonic Hall. I'll have to go. I'd been hoping Phoebe— But, of course—"

It was quite clear, that little hesitation. The boy had intended asking Phoebe to his dance before he learned of her engagement. The judge didn't know exactly what it was that prompted him to say, with a forced smile: "Why, of course, Phoebe can go with you. I can do that much for my country. That is, if she wants to go."

A glance at Phoebe told whether or not she wanted to go. Phoebe wasn't yet old enough to know how to curtain her eyes.

"Oh, that's bully of you, judge!" Young Val took a swift step toward Phoebe. But she now remembered to send a questioning look toward her fiancé. "Wouldn't you enjoy going too?"

"Yes, you must come too, judge," invited Val in a generous afterthought.

But the judge shook his head. "I'm afraid my dancing days are over."

"Oh, no!" protested Phoebe. "You'll find you'll like it—I'll teach you all the new steps!"

"No; dancing's for the young," insisted the judge.

"Then, I don't know if—" Phoebe hesitated; but the judge noted that some of the shine had deserted her eyes.

"Why, of course you can go, my dear," he reassured her. "I want you to go; to be nice to our soldier—he deserves it."

The judge smiled. But his heart felt strange, very strange indeed, when, without further urging, and those tell-tale orbs entirely recovering their shine, Phoebe agreed to go without him.

PHOEBE was very gay over her toilet that evening. She called in Miss Nettie Litchfield, the amiable spinster who was staying with her during her mother's absence, to help decide between the blue crêpe and the white mull. The decision finally rested with the white dress—never a wrong one.

She had scarcely finished dressing when Val called for her. How handsome he looked—so alert and tall and slender in his uniform! With a childish desire to "show off," she almost regretted it was too dark for Cherryvale to see her walking along beside him—for they elected to walk, through the warm late-April dusk, the few blocks to the Masonic Hall. But Cherryvale was showing only the myriad lighted windows with which men try to put away the dark. The lamps of heaven were lighted too—there seemed to be little glows of light everywhere that evening.

They came to the tiny city park, where the gas lamps circled in a sparkling chain.

"See!" said Phoebe. "The park looks like it's wearing a diamond necklace!" "I wish I were a magician," said Val. "I'd take it and clasp it around your throat."

He laughed audaciously. Phoebe drew a deep breath and laughed a little, excited laugh.

And then, when they cut through the park, taking the same path on which they'd first met that morning, Val suddenly pulled her to a stop beside the fountain. "Look, Phoebe! There's a star fallen in the water! Shall I fish it out and put it in your hair?"

Again he gave his low, audacious laugh; and again Phoebe drew a deep breath and laughed a little, excited laugh. It was delicious to have such beautiful things said to you.

"You'd have me all dressed up in diamonds?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "But you don't really need them—you have your eyes."

When they entered the Masonic Hall the orchestra was already playing—a waltz, with a bizarre melody underrunning its pronounced triple beat. The waltz—a rhythm expressly made for young hearts that ask only to be happy an hour!

Val and Phoebe swung into the measure. Their steps fitted admirably.

"You're sure some dancer!" he breathed down to her.

"You too!" she breathed back.

The orchestra stopped; there was a breaking-up of couples, a shifting of the crowd, a movement of youths toward the corner where the music had left Val and Phoebe.

"See here," said Val swiftly, "let's understand about this—every other dance is mine!"

"Oh, no! That's too many."

"It's not enough!" He held her with that clear, dark daring of his eyes, with something electric, vibrant. She herself felt vibrant; her feet still tapped time to the measure just danced, and her soul within her seemed to be keeping time too.

SHE had promised him his desire by the time the approaching phalanx closed in. Val had to fight a good-natured opposition, for Phoebe was too good a dancer not to be sought after, and, besides, she was popular for her own sake—more than one young Cherryvale heart had burned when the judge's good fortune was made public. But Val held his ground against the importunants. And Phoebe couldn't help feeling a proud little thrill each time he came, so handsome and soldierly, to claim her; nor help noting the glances of admiration, even of longing, cast after him by the other girls. Yet he preferred to dance with her! And, even when he was dancing with another, his eyes kept openly searching her out.



# How I Found Edgeworth

Like many other pipe cranks, I used to think no one tobacco would do. Tried them all from the 5-cent "plank road" mixture to the imported fancy tins costing as much as 70 cents for a few pipefuls. None had the exact taste, aroma or whatever you call it—not one of them had what I desired which I couldn't for the life of me describe, yet which I knew I would recognize when I had found it. Then I tried my own blending—every pipe crank does that sooner or later in his searching for "the thing"—but no use. An ounce of this, a pinch of that—blending and mixing tobaccos of high and low degrees in various proportions and blendings—but again—nothing doing. Could it be the pipe's fault? I fell for that idea, too, and tried out others—corn-cobs, meerschauums and those rich, dark-colored briars—severely plain, don't you know—but as pretty as ever was polished in a man's palm—it wasn't the pipe's fault.

Then one day a distant relative from distant Virginia blew in—one of those chaps who doesn't let you know when he's coming, who finds you on a busy day and insists on taking two hours for lunch, after which he takes the most comfortable chair in the office, lights his pipe, picks up the morning paper, and in a comfortable, all-afternoon-attitude tells you to go on with your work and not let him interfere; he'll wait until you are through for the day. Now and again he wonders how in heaven a sane man can stand the noise, wear and tear of New York.

But the smokes!—I didn't see what he filled his old briar with, yet I caught presently a delicious whiff. I looked up to see my friend buried behind page 2 of the *Times*—reading how there was "nothing of interest to report from the West Front." Finally, when the office had enough smoke in it to advertise unmistakably there was something real good burning behind that newspaper, I demanded, "What's that you're smoking?" Without any undue haste he reached in his hip pocket (Southerners and Westerners can always produce something interesting from the hip pocket) and in a drawling voice said: "There it is. Try it." I took the neat blue tin and filled my favorite pipe with his good feeling, correctly moist tobacco and lighted up. I didn't even read what was printed on that tin. But after a few delightful draws, followed by more delightful inhales, I knew at last the end of my pipe-smoking rainbow had come.

Without losing any time, I pushed the nearest button for a boy, handed him that tin and told him to see how fast he could go to the nearest tobacco store and return with half a dozen just like it. Didn't even ask the price—just gave him a bill and told him to beat it.

That was how I got introduced to good old Edgeworth. It suits me to a T and I never have the desire to switch to anything else. Incidentally, I've told a lot of my friends about it and they have thanked me in a way that really spells *thanks*.

This is, as near as we can remember it, the story told us by a fastidious New York man as to how he became acquainted with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. To make it easy for other pipe smokers all over the land whom we can't very well meet personally, and who are not fortunate enough to have a distant relative from distant Virginia, we will send generous free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice—enough for several pipes. Write for the samples. Edgeworth may not suit you, but the chances are it will.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 13c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16-ounce tin humidifier is \$1.15; 16-ounce glass jar \$1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c, and \$1.15. If you like Edgeworth, or if you would like to know if you would like it, write to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st St., Richmond, Va., for the free trial smokes.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants**—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

She was Val's partner when, chancing to glance toward the doorway, she saw Judge Sponable standing there, watching herself. She felt a swift stab of remorse that she could have got so carried away by gaiety as to so completely forget the judge.

She pressed Val's arm. "See, Val! there's the judge! Let's dance over and speak to him."

"Oh, yes—sure," answered Val, following her eyes; but, as no one likes an enjoyable dance to be interrupted, you couldn't expect him to sound too enthusiastic. However, as the two stopped before him, the judge waved them away. "Go on and finish your dance. I can talk to you later."

They nodded; and he stood watching them as they swept away, in sympathetic rhythm, across the polished floor.

Some youth standing by, unpartnered for this dance, remarked: "Phoebe and Val dance awfully well together, don't they, judge?"

Rather abruptly the judge answered: "Ah! I suppose they do."

Directly the dance was finished, Phoebe came rushing back to him, dragged him to a seat, urged him to try just one one-step with her. But the judge demurred; in his heart he had no wish to match his unpracticed steps against the agile grace of her last partner.

THE music for the next number began; an impetuous young man dashed up to claim Phoebe. She offered to "sit out" with the judge, but again he insisted she should go on with her fun. So once more she glided away from him, but turned her head to heed young Val's adjuration: "Next is mine—remember!"

So the next was Val's. But before that time should come, before he must again view her in the arms of the youngster with whom she danced so "awfully well," the judge unobtrusively departed. Phoebe was terribly upset when she discovered his absence. For, to make up for something, she didn't know just what, she'd resolved to make him "sit out" the next with herself and Val.

It was long past midnight when the dancers clapped the last encore out of the musicians. As Val and Phoebe walked back to her home, again deciding against a cab on so fine a night, Cherryvale had put out all its window lights. But the stars, those faithful lamps of heaven, were still on duty. There was a moon now, besides—a lazy, effulgent, full-bodied moon, striving, as it were, to hide her rounded contours with misty folds of cloud.

Through the moon's pale radiance they walked, rather silent at first—which was in contrast to their earlier chatter. And when Phoebe at last felt the need to make talk, her speech, for some reason, centered about the judge.

She wondered why he had gone so quickly. She was terribly disappointed. She'd wanted Val to talk to him—to know him better. He was so splendid.

"Yes, he seems nice," acquiesced Val. "Oh, he's perfectly splendid! I couldn't begin to tell you how good and kind and fine he is!"

"I suppose you're tremendously in love with him," said Val.

"Of course," said Phoebe.

There was another little silence after that. It was Val who broke it, an unwonted tentativeness in his voice: "Of course—then—I couldn't expect to see you to-morrow?"

Phoebe didn't hesitate a second over her reply: "No, I'll probably sleep late; and then I'll have to stay in the office in the afternoon to get the week's work finished. And in the evening there's choir practice. I always go to choir practice Saturday nights."

"Oh," said Val.

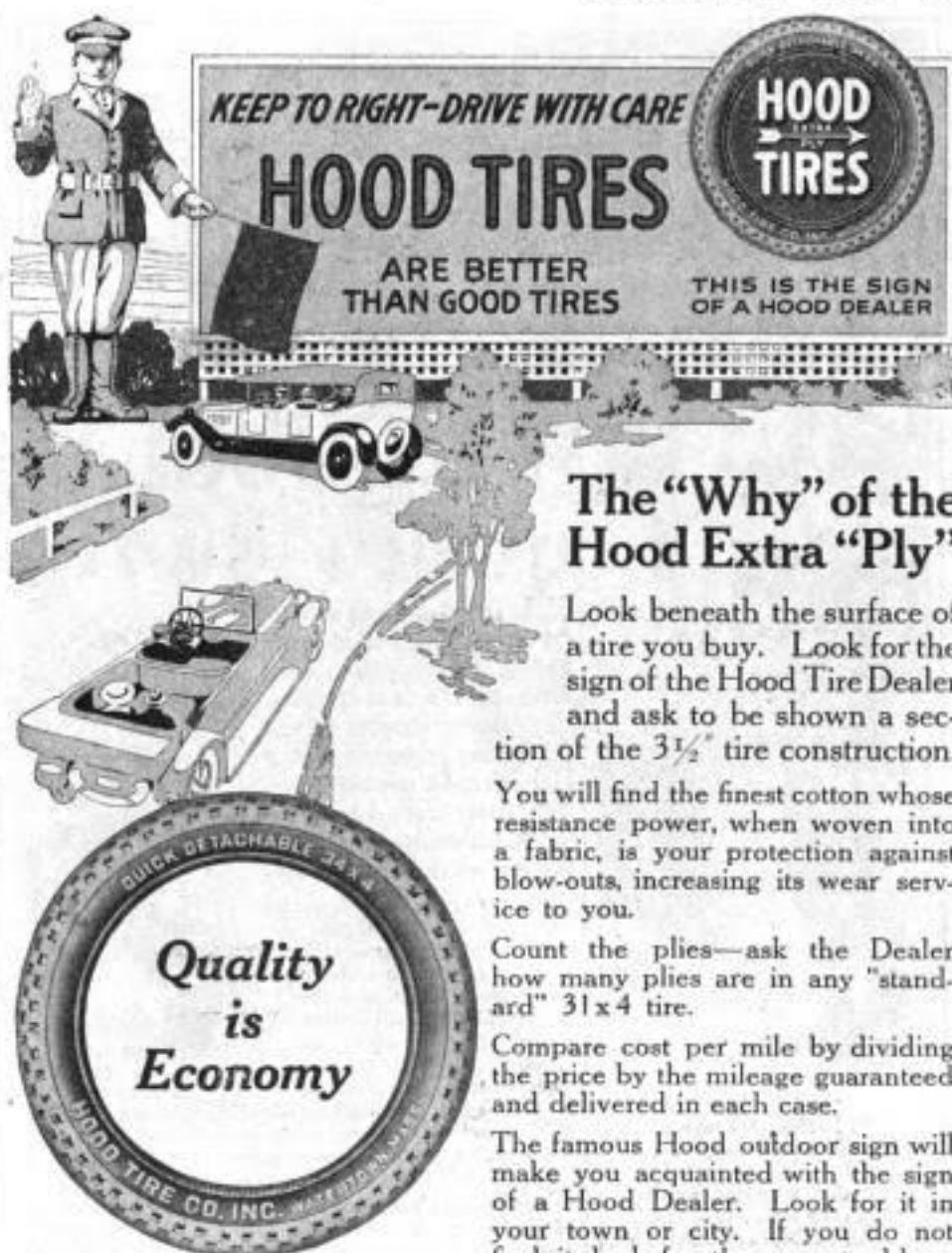
THERE was another silence, and he began to whistle softly. How Val could whistle! But this was not the impish, gay refrain with which he'd teased her that morning. (That morning—it seemed ages ago!) This was a plaintive, almost tuneless, little melody, caught now and then under his breath; little silvery ghosts of sound attuned to the high, quivering stars, to the wistful gossamer clouds which caressed the moon, to the drowsy stirring of the leaflets asleep.

When they reached her door, he loitered. "Sure about to-morrow?" he asked.

"Sure, Val."

"Well, anyway, you won't mind if I come to church Sunday to hear you sing?"

"Of course not!" she replied, laugh-



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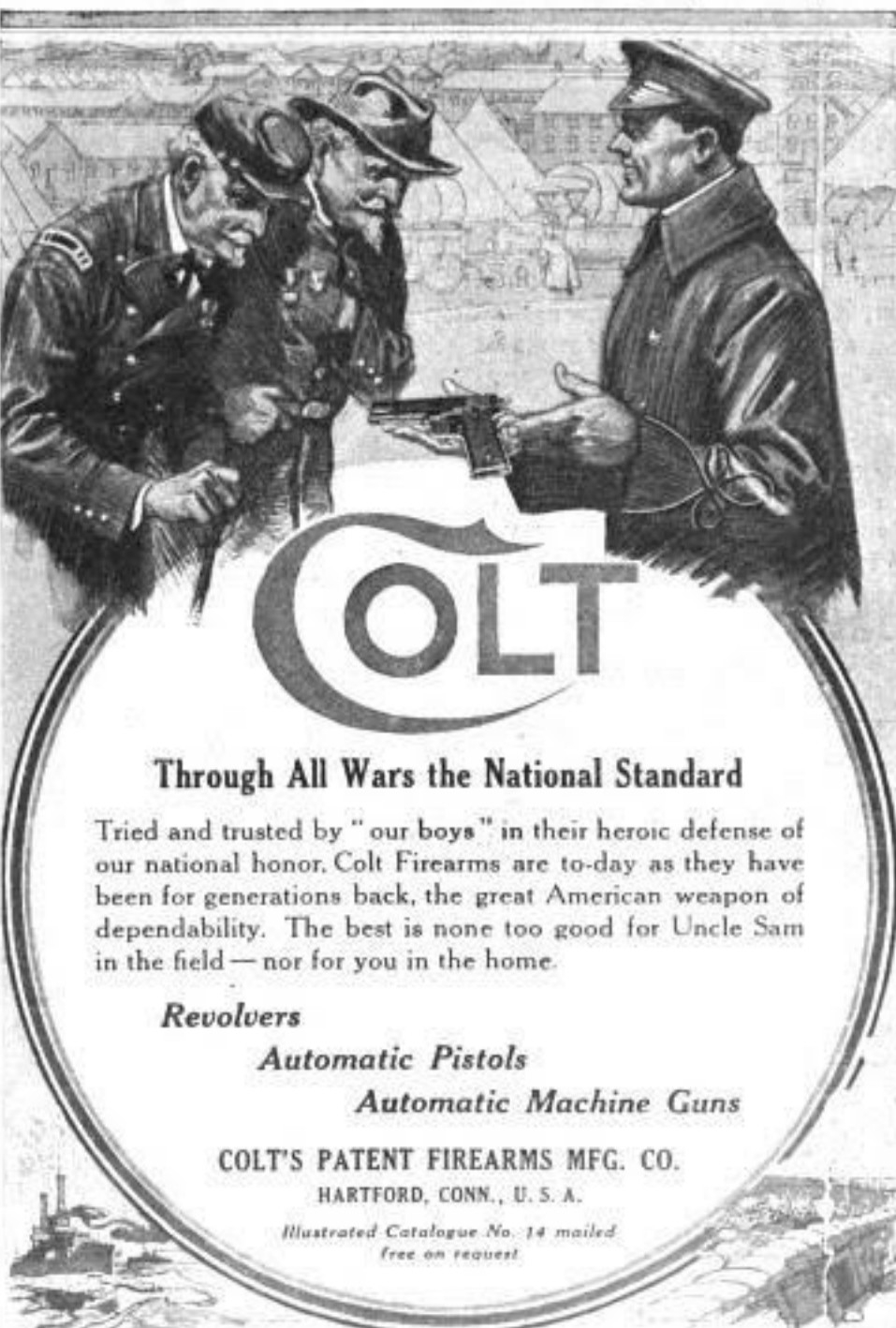
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upon—Don't Delay.

ing; she herself didn't know what made it hard to keep that laugh from quavering.

Val turned to go; yet, going, turned to stay—till, suddenly, without another word, he walked swiftly to the gate.

Phoebe was so tired that, as soon as her head touched the pillow, she fell asleep, but throughout the night she lay enmeshed in dreams as fragilily iridescent as the clouds beglittering the moon. Throughout the night she danced to delicate, fairy-sweet music, and when she awoke to brilliant sunlight those glamorous strains still seemed to sound in her inner ears.

But she shook off the spell, brought herself back to the realities of every day. At the office the judge scolded her for coming at all, tried to send her home again, but she willfully insisted on staying till the last letter was sealed.

THAT night the judge, as was his custom these days, called at the church for her after choir practice. He had a surprise waiting for her in his car—an enormous box of her favorite chocolates and an enormous box of her favorite long-stemmed roses. He had wired to Macon City for them that morning. Phoebe kissed him in tender gratitude—there was no end to his goodness to her.

But, though it was still early, she didn't ask him in that evening. She said she was tired from last night, and wanted to get to bed early. However, when she went up to her room, she didn't go to bed. She drew a chair up to the open window, and gazed out at the lazy ivory moon, at the drift of white radiance it spread over street and lawn and trees and shrubs to make them things of beauty.

She wondered what Val was doing to-night. Then she reminded herself it was foolish to keep thinking of him this way. Yet why shouldn't she think of him? He was just a big, brave, beautiful boy on his way to war. It was quite right that he should make an appeal to her sympathy, to her liking.

And then, as she communed thus, from somewhere down below, she heard an elfin flood of sound. That was Val whistling! It sounded as if he might be down on the lawn seat, in the shade of the lilacs. She leaned forward to look, then quickly drew back out of the revealing moonlight. The whistling continued—high, piercing-sweet notes, subtle little swirls into minor; gay, wistful, haunting; resolving into sound those April nights when gladness and sadness get so strangely intermingled.

The gladness and sadness penetrated into Phoebe's being. She wanted to laugh and to cry. She shut her eyes, and saw the bold, bright pleading in the dark pools of his own; opened them, and saw the stars beseeching in the pools of heaven. Oh, if only he would not whistle that way to her—if only he would not whistle!

Phoebe's dreams that night were mazed ones and disturbed.

Next morning she almost hoped Val wouldn't hold to his plan of coming to church. But he came. Throughout the service she felt his gaze fixed upon her, in the choir gallery, more than upon the minister in the pulpit, and self-consciously kept her own averted. She divined he would wait to walk home with her, and didn't know whether she was more glad or sorry. But she did know she wished the judge were there; but Judge Sponable attended church very seldom.

Val did wait and ask to walk home with her, and she could think of no good reason for refusing. But for the first block or two she was rather distraught. "What's the matter, Phoebe?" he asked at last.

"Matter? Why, nothing."

"Yes, there is too. Are you angry with me for serenading you last night?"

"Oh, was that you whistling?"

He gave her a reproachful look. "Oh, so there are other fellows who whistle to you, are there?"

Phoebe did not reply.

"Well," he said after a pause, "if you're feeling this way, I guess there's no use mentioning what I was going to ask."

She glanced up at him then; his profile showed a moody expression.

"What were you going to ask, Val?"

"It's such a bully day I thought maybe I could get you to go out to the Waterworks for a sort of little picnic. I thought I could get a little lunch put up, and maybe go out in a boat. It's such a bully day."

"Yes, it is—glorious!" She glanced upward at the brilliant sky; tilted her

nose as if to sniff in the fragrant air. "Maybe—"

"Maybe what?" he demanded quickly. "Maybe I could phone the judge and ask what he thinks."

"Do you have to ask him already every time you come and go?" There was a note of impatience in Val's voice.

"Of course not. He always wants me to have a good time."

"Then why— See here, Phoebe!" He turned to her with an eager flow of words. "This is my last real Sunday. I have to leave Thursday or Friday. Is it wrong for me to want just one sweet, comradely day—a beautiful memory to carry with me during all those heaven-knows-what kind of days over there?"

She didn't reply at once.

"Just one beautiful, comradely day," he repeated. "Surely there's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

And Phoebe, moved by the boyish pleading in his voice, by the menacing aspect of those "days over there," answered slowly: "I don't see how there could be, Val."

So Val had a lunch put up at the Commercial House, and hired a roadster from the livery garage; and they drove out to the Waterworks over the road which, in spring, is an avenue of beauty between hedges of new-spangled trees. That year spring had come with a riotous rush of life: life quickening everywhere—in sun and air and growing things and the ceaseless calls of birds. So how could two in a roadster hope to ignore the tremors of a universe?

But for a time, somehow, things did not go smoothly between them.

"I wonder," pondered Phoebe, "if it'll be really warm enough in a boat?"

"Of course it will! Anyway, who cares?"

"I don't want to take cold, even if you do," she retorted.

"I believe you're already sorry you came!" he accused.

Phoebe meditated. "I don't know, exactly, whether I am or not."

"Well"—a trifle testily—"it's not too late to change your mind! Shall I turn around?"

"Just as you prefer."

"It's evident enough what you prefer," mumbled Val. "And when it comes to such open hints, I guess my manners—"

"Oh, if you're going to lecture on good manners," begged Phoebe, unexpectedly mischievous, "don't do it, please. Don't, and I'll give you a present!"

She withdrew a rose from the cluster at her belt—the judge's roses!—and, like one who had found a cure for lecturers, smilingly proffered it to him. And Val, instead of swinging the car about, reached out his hand.

"But no," she decided, even as his finger touched the flower, "I must not allow you to take bribes." And she carefully tucked the rose back among its companions.

"Why are you so perverse to-day, Phoebe?"

"Why are you so cross?" she countered.

"I'm not cross."

"Well, then, I'm not perverse!"

But she knew she was perverse; just as Val was really cross. But she didn't know the reasons—didn't comprehend those unseen forces which, leashed and straining, can so mysteriously ruffle a surface calm.

THAT mysterious sense of strain endured between them while they ate their sandwiches on the pump-house lawn; and after they'd selected a boat at the pier and rowed far up the winding curves of Bull Creek. Val had taken off his cap, and the breeze played games with his crisp black hair. Phoebe felt a strange impulse to reach her fingers on those rumpled locks, all the more because he still was moody. Odd how his moodiness seemed to make an even stronger appeal than did his merriment!

He fell to talking about those imminent "days over there."

"I'll send you some souvenir of my first bout," he said. "By that time you'll be Mrs. Sponable. How funny that'll seem"—musingly—"you, Mrs. Judge Sponable."

"Yes, and you must bring me a German helmet," she said, swiftly reverting to the original subject, "when you come back."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised—"if I come back."

That was a terrible thought—that



perhaps, he might not come back! Yet it was quite possible. Such a nice, handsome, likable boy—just a boy! She bent her head.

Val peered at her. "Why, Phoebe! What is it? Surely you're not crying?"

HE shipped the oars, rapidly moved up to her. He dared not touch her, but he grasped the boat edge either side of her, his vivid dark face close to her own. "Oh, Phoebe—oh, Phoebe!" he stammered. "Why are you crying?"

She could not answer. Her breath was coming and going uncertainly. It was hard to breathe, hemmed in by those arms which did not touch her but whose quivering she felt as acutely as if they did. The very restraint of his emotion seemed to disturb her the more.

"Look at me, Phoebe—little Phoebe," he urged.

She tried to do that, but couldn't. The light in his dark eyes, so timid and so bold at once, blinded her.

Suddenly he loosened that grip of his hands; they came nearer—his face came nearer.

"Don't!" she desperately murmured. "You mustn't." She turned her head away. "You mustn't!" she repeated.

He drew back his face then and dropped to his knees in the boat, burying his face against her dress. "I know—" he muttered thickly against her folds—"I mustn't."

So, without a kiss and scarcely a word, were their first vows interchanged. But young Val, kneeling here before her, couldn't for long let rest at that. He lifted his face—how white, how terribly white it was!

"Phoebe, you do care for me—just a little, don't you?"

"Oh, Val—you know!"

"Then say you do, Phoebe."

"What's the good of saying it?"

"All the good in the world!"

She shook her head sadly.

"If you care for me," he persisted, "you can't care for—for him?"

She averted her eyes without replying.

"Do you care for him, Phoebe?"

Still she wouldn't look at him as she replied: "I thought I did, Val. He's so good and fine—everything splendid. I thought I did, but I didn't dream—Oh, Val!"

At that final quaver in her voice he caught her hands tempestuously.

"Then it's wrong for you to marry him! You mustn't! It'd be—"

But she interrupted him.

"Don't, Val. It only makes things harder. I wouldn't hurt him for the world—I couldn't hurt him. He loves me, Val."

"Well, I love you too! And I'm not ashamed of it! I didn't make myself love you—it came just as naturally as the sun shines or the wind blows or the flowers bloom. And, even if you do hrow me out, you can't keep me from loving you! I'll fling my love so wide that after I'm over there it'll still end old you here! Remember that!"

His words came in a feverish flood. She felt she must escape from the sound of his voice, from the dark shine of his eyes, else she would be lost.

"I think we'd better—be going home, Val," she said brokenly. As she spoke he shivered; for the first time she noticed a chill in the breeze.

"No! no!" he cried vehemently. "Don't make me go home yet, Phoebe!"

"I think we'd better, Val."

"No! I'll be good if you'll only stay a little longer. I promise, Phoebe. But if it's our last day—if it's got to be our last day—it won't be wrong to stay just a little longer. Let's do that. Let's forget we have to part—everything."

Just row here along the river, and talk and hear the birds and feel the wind and hear the spring."

Phoebe yielded. And so they rowed up the river, trying to live a while as children live, without thought of yesterday or to-morrow.

THE sun, descending, stretched over the water broad shadows from the woods. The woods on either side lay in tranquil quietude. The perfume of their depths wafted out upon the breeze. From some inlying pasture the tonk of cowbells sounded. The mournful croon of frogs began to mingle with the birds' soft evening song.

Phoebe, though she didn't look unhappy, was unnaturally silent. For others she had always talked and laughed, but for Val she was still. But to young Val love had come as a tempestuous wind, and his feelings and his words were as tossed-about leaves which he could not control.

And, when the frogs began their pleading croon, he could no longer hold back the subject that was storming in his heart. "When did you first begin to love me, Phoebe?"

"Oh, Val! do you call this being 'good'?"

"I call it being what I can't help being! When did you first begin?"

Even while she chided she couldn't but love that insistent imperiousness. She gazed pensively into the shrouded woods and shook her head.

"I don't know. Maybe, Val, it isn't love after all. It came so quickly. Just think—we've really known each other only three days."

"Don't remind me of that!" he pleaded. "I can't bear to think of all those years and years and years you were here in the world, and me not knowing you!"

Then, as she said nothing, he quickly went on: "I do love you—and you love me! We know it! Why do you love me, Phoebe?"

But again she shook her head.

"Who can tell 'why'? Anyway, if I am loved, I don't want to be told it's for my eyes, or my smile, or a trick of the voice. I just want to be loved—for love's sake alone."

"Oh, Phoebe! You're such a sweet little thing. Who in the world could help adoring you?"

He made a movement as if to come to her. But she quickly gave a gesture of warning.

"You promised to be good, Val!"

"Oh, what's the use of trying to be 'good'?" he burst out stormily. "I love you, Phoebe—and you love me! That's all that really matters. And it drives me crazy, for you just to sit there and calmly say you must marry that old man, anyway!"

"Val!"

"I don't care! It's driving me crazy, I say! And you're all wrong, Phoebe. You think you're doing the right, high-minded thing, but it's all wrong—monstrous! To marry him, when you love me! You don't know what marriage means! You don't—"

"Val! You're hurting me—offending me."

"I don't care! I want to hurt and offend you! You're hurting and offending me! And I want you to know what I really think—I almost believe that you're marrying him for his money! And of course I have nothing to show against that!"

He laughed a harsh, despairing kind of laugh.

Phoebe drew back to the utmost limit of her seat. "Val, I want you to take me home right now. I don't want to listen to you another minute."

He stared at her a minute. "Very well, then," he said stiffly.

The stiffness held between them throughout that long, almost unendurable ride home. Their farewell was stiff too—trite, unmeaning words, but surcharged with all the emotions in the world.

And he was going away Friday! Perhaps she would never see him again.

AFTER a sleepless night Phoebe arose with a splitting headache which made her conscientiously able to phone the office she couldn't come down that morning. The judge's solicitude over the wire only added to her misery. He said he would come in to see her that evening. That was a ghastly day never to be forgotten. Even the weather, as if sympathetic to her woe, had turned cold and somber, and a chill rain began to drizzle down.

As the hours wore on Val did not telephone. She was glad for that; yet, every time the phone rang, she listened with strained ears to hear who might be calling; and, each time it proved to be some one else, the heavy weight within her seemed to drop again. Val was unreasonable, cruel. Oh, how cruel he was! He'd said he wanted to hurt her; he was deliberately trying to hurt her. Well, he should never know whether he succeeded. An odd little feeling of resentment grew up within her. He didn't truly love her, as he claimed, or he couldn't wish to wound her, to make her suffer. The judge would never have acted so. It was the judge who truly loved her. And she was unworthy of his love, thinking of Val.

And that evening, when the judge came, all her remorse and stifled pain and desperation sought forgetfulness in his never-failing tenderness. She nestled close to his shoulder, silent and wan-eyed, but yet so clearly glad to nestle there that the vague, black fears which had kept the judge awake for two nights gradually faded away. He



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told himself that his suspicions had been groundless, foolish. Was this the price a middle-aged lover must pay every time he sees younger eyes admiring his beloved? He could afford to laugh at himself now, in the return of reassurance and content. And Phoebe too, enfolded by the arms that could never be aught but kind, was telling herself she'd found again the haven of true content.

THE next day it still rained. Phoebe's listlessness still hung on too. She couldn't shake it off. The judge had forbidden her coming to the office, but as the day dragged by she was sorry she hadn't gone anyway. That, at any rate, would have given her something definite to occupy her thoughts. She needed work to distract her thoughts. She mustn't allow herself to think about him. If only the next three days were lived through! This was Tuesday, and Friday he'd be gone. Plenty of time for him to try to see her again. But why should she fear he'd attempt that? He was too angry with her. He hadn't hesitated to show his feelings. He wouldn't bother himself to seek her out again.

Thus she communed with herself. But that evening, as she sat by her window as if half-consciously awaiting what was going to happen, a high, piercing-sweet whistle call floated up to her from the lilac bushes.

She must not yield! But if only he would not whistle to her! She must not yield! . . .

But presently she threw a scarf round her shoulders and stole down to the porch; and there, at last, Val gained his kiss—Love's eternal reward for the quarrels she evokes; his first kiss—his kiss of farewell! . . .

As Val was leaving, stumbling blindly out the gate, he all but bumped into a man about to enter. The man was Judge Sponable. He greeted young Val, and walked on up to the house.

Phoebe was still standing in the shadows of the porch. Her shoulders were heaving. The judge took her hand.

"What is it, Phoebe?" But she couldn't control her voice to answer.

"Phoebe, darling! Surely you can tell me."

A hard sob tore its way out of the depths of her being. She drew her hand from his.

"I just met young Brooking leaving here," he went on. "He seemed upset too. Phoebe, has it anything to do with him?"

For answer she only bent and hid her face in her hands—an abject attitude.

"Phoebe! Do you love him? You must tell me!"

She spoke then, at last, brokenly:

"No—no—I can't!"

"You must! Don't be afraid to tell me, dear." He took her hands from her face, pressed them in his. "Don't be afraid, dear—is it true?"

And then, at his gentleness, her whole flood of misery came gushing forth.

"Oh, judge, I didn't mean to love him! I don't know how it happened. It just seemed to burst all at once—like a thunderstorm. But he's going away, judge—he's going away Friday. And I'll try to be just the same as before—as if nothing had happened. I didn't want you ever to know anything had happened. And I'll always do just as you want me to do, judge—I'll be glad to. For I'm so fond of you, judge—you're so good to me. I'm truly fond of you, judge. I never dreamed that I'd ever—oh! oh!"

THE judge caressed the quivering hands he held. Poor little Phoebe! When she dreamed and couldn't take her dream, she was willing to take the next best thing, and never suspected that she was strong.

Her cold fingers, still quivering, twined about his, like a child's. And when he spoke to her it was in the reassuring tone one uses with a grieving child.

"There, there! Don't cry—it will all come out all right. But we must try to be brave, and face it straight, and talk it over calmly. Don't be afraid to talk out everything that's in your heart. You're sure you love him more than you do me?"

"Oh, judge! don't put it that way! It's so—so different. I can't explain!"

He pressed her fingers.

"I think I understand. But we must look at it from all sides, dear. I'm not sure that he's been too—too stable, let us say. His is a heedless, adventurous spirit—he's always chosen to build his

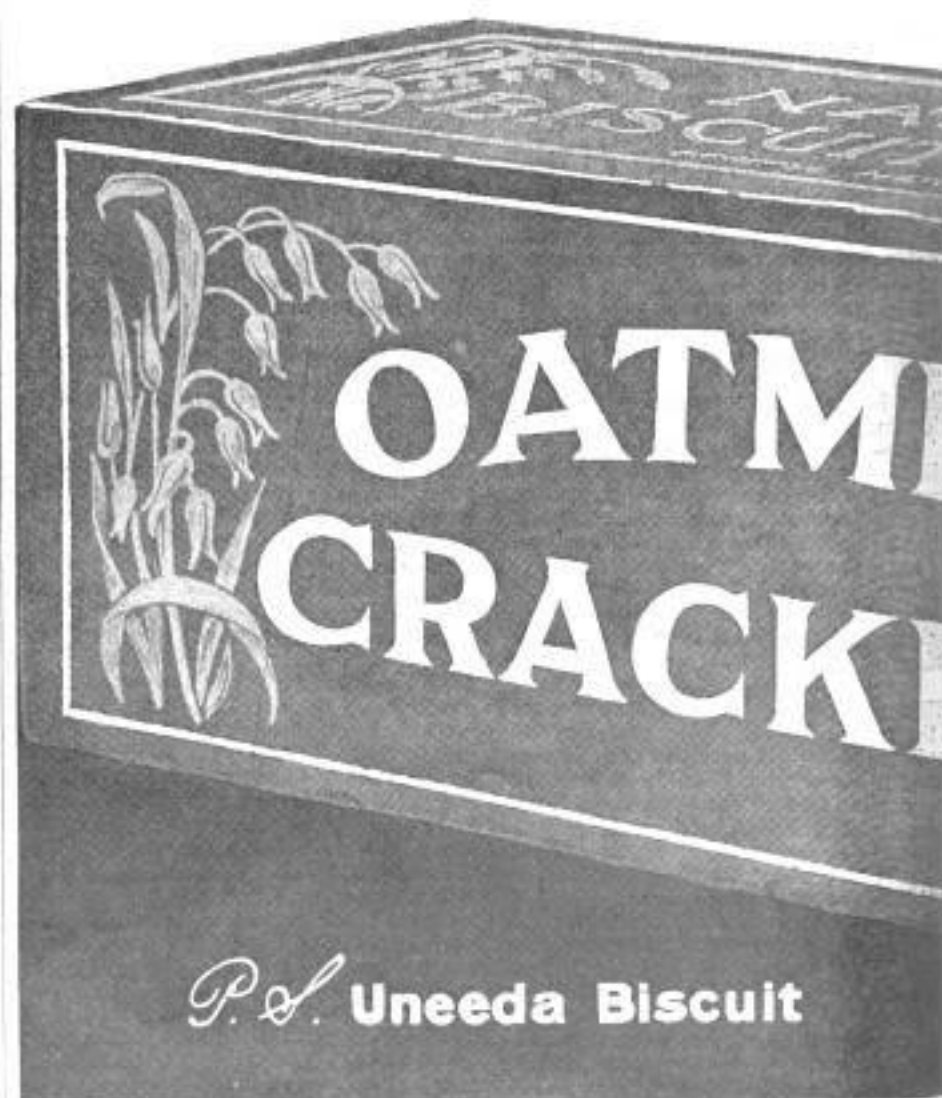


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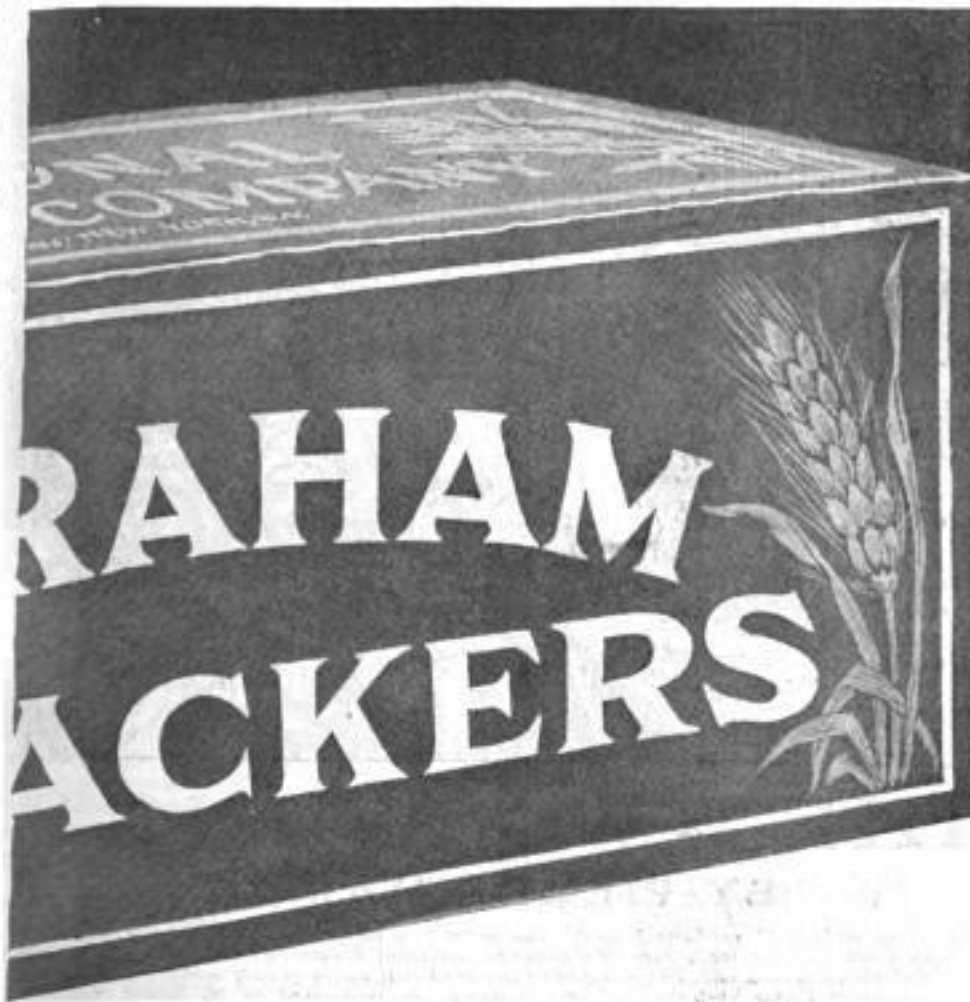
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life along those lines; you realize that, don't you, dear?"

She lifted, then, her tear-washed face to his.

"Oh, judge, I know what you mean, but that makes no difference. I know that—that other men are wiser, more dependable. That—that other men may be kinder. But—I can't explain it, judge! It just seems to make no difference. Oh, judge, can't it be that a person's faults just make you love him the more?"

"I see." In the judge's voice was a note more grim than perhaps he realized. He was silent a second before he went on.

"Then too, my dear, even if you'd been free to marry him, you'd have to consider that he's going far away, on a hazardous venture."

At that she gave a little inarticulate sound; then said in a half-choked voice: "Oh, wouldn't it have been enough just to be on the same earth with the person you love?"

"I see," said the judge again slowly.

He gazed over her head, upward at the heavens. Just then, as if catching the tricky ways of prankish April, the moon pushed her smiling face through a rift of darkling cloud. It was as if she were making halcyon promises to all lovers. The judge stifled a sigh; love comes in April—but to the young.

How young, how terribly young those two had looked that night at the Masonic Hall—dancing, living, to the music's rhythm! He could never recapture the light their shining eyes had worn. Until then he had thought she came into his heart to reteach him the world was young. Well, she'd reminded him the world still was young—but that he was very old! Well, thank God, he had learned to look life squarely in the eyes: Life which had given him Truth—but taken Youth.

HE brought back his gaze from the now triumphant moon, from the emerging stars more shy: the world-old flowers of night—the world-old allies of love! And he gave those fingers still lacing restlessly among his own a gentle squeeze. "I release you, dear," he said. "He'll be here till Friday, you say. I see you're meant for him—I give you up to him—and may God bless you."

Then Phoebe, as she had done on the day of their betrothal, impetuously flung both arms about his neck. "Oh, judge! There never was anybody like you! I can't bear to hurt you!"

"Then do as I tell you to do, dear." For a long moment, as he had done on the day of their betrothal, he rested his face against her hair.

"Oh, child, child!" he said at last, "love while you can. Never fear it or deny it, though it breaks your heart. Love while you can—for it's the only thing in the world that makes life real."

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BY PIERRE HAMP

Here is an etching of war-time France. The artist is a former railway employee, a man of modern ideas who has made himself a power in industrial France by intelligence and action and also, one may add, by command of the word that serves as only soldiers and workers to-day in France and America. Pierre Hamp was prominent in M. Albert Thomas' Ministry of Munitions, and is to-day a chief inspector of the French Ministry of Labor. His duties take him all over France, and here he registers a vision at once actual and symbolic. Look forward to publishing more of M. Hamp's writings in the near future.—THE EDITOR

BRUAY, a mining town, is the refuge of 15,000 souls, evacuated from that part of the country which is under shell fire. Everything possible in the way of lodgings is utilized; they sleep in barns, in stables, any place where a bundle of straw can be laid sheltered from the rain. Here is the first long halt of those who have had to yield their place to the men who kill. They have come from the whole line of bombarded villages; those whose fears lessened as they ran, those who walked with the aid of a stick, robust women with a bundle or an infant in their arms, a crowd in which graced the wheels of children's perambulators. Old women groaned in wheelbarrows, their heads trembling. Wagons drawn by cart horses carried, sleeping among their bundles, the fortunate women who had been able to save all their linen and much of their goods. Others, in kitchen aprons, duster in hand, had fled by the back door, as the Germans entered by the front, crying: "Fly at once, madame. A bombardment!"

The town of brick houses, dominated by the black cinder heaps of the mines, is invaded by the fugitives. Work is in full swing. Gangs of workmen in blue caps or leather hats pass at regular hours the grated windows guarded by men in escutcheoned caps and patient sentinels leaning on their rifles with crossed hands. A few kilometers from the mine the English batteries are replying to the German gunners. In all this region, where the realm of Labor joins up with that of Battle, in its fixed position behind earthen embankments, the soldier coming out of the trench and the workman coming up from the mine meet. There is a line where men, face to face, kill each other; but beneath the noise of the cannon is heard the noise of the tools. The short strip of abandoned ground between the combatant army and the working industries can be covered by a man in an hour. Humanity is becoming accustomed to live and work so near to massacre. The German gunner lengthens his range and reaches Labor, which does not recede; he fires on the trench, on the mine, on the factory. The Army, posted in front of Labor, shelters it by its sufferings. The miner is at the first stage of the work. He extracts the coal to melt the steel, which the soldier requires for his weapon. From the pickaxe to the rifle the effort has the same object: to kill.

At the hour when the men come up from the mine, trumpets are being sounded at the top of the long street which traverses the town in a straight line. A battalion of chasseurs is on its way to the rest cantonment. The orderly troop, marching in regular lines, keeps well to the middle of the road. In the front line the shining trumpets swing in the air with a single movement. The band follows, playing a march.

officer tosses its proud black head at the somber mass of the men. Out of the overcrowded houses comes a crowd of galloping children in sabots, who run toward the soldiers. There are people at all the doors and leaning against the houses. Behind the proudly sounding trumpets, which play in by fours, advance the men who enter the stiff commanding officer, mounted high above them on horseback, his long white beard. The crosses of the Legion of Honor give a touch of color to the rows of chests.

Above the mine pits the wheels of the windlass are turning. The mud is coming up. The first miners are at the pit head as the soldiers are. Chasseurs-à-pied bespattered with workmen covered with dust—Army and Labor meet. They are two gangs who have finished their day. Like the men, the soldiers wear what they please. There is no uniformity of headgear; they wear either cap or helmet, just as the miners have the leather hat or blue cap. But the traces of war are the mud and the coal—are equally visible on both gangs. The soldiers just left the trenches, the miners the mine gallery. All these men have come forth from the earth. The fights hidden in the ground, beneath the battle is the mine.

The gang of war workmen passes in front of the gang of mine workers both unearthed. The soldier endures every day blood and death, and endures the hardest life known to man; lives exposed to all weathers, not well nourished, hidden in a hole like a tracked animal; he is exposed to explosions, fire, asphyxiation, and knife. The mine sends up corpses on days of accident, when subterranean fires suddenly call upon Labor to the same suffering as the Army. The soil now trodden by the soldiers borne the steps of men carrying the dead, burned by fire damp, shriveled up that a robust miner weighed no more in a sackcloth than a child of twelve years.

For the burned miner and the gashed soldier the martyrdom of the flesh is the same. The war has invented greater sufferings than already known to Labor: laceration of the body, burns, carbonization, suffocation underground. But the war has made the martyrdom of man broader. On the soldier is even the breath of Death.

The troop passes amid glory and enthusiasm. An old woman mutters and again: "Poor lads! Poor lads!" Hard Labor removes its cap. The crowd of refugees from the underground form up in silence. The regular march of the soldiers. The miners make their way, keeping step with the troop.

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Continued from page 8

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light on his characteristic of yielding or resistance do not bear out any theory of obstinacy. The theory is unfair.

The President was supposed to be obstinate in his opposition to interference with Mexico. It is true that he spoke bitterly of those who pressed on him for intervention. But he intervened.

He was supposed to be determined to keep the country out of war, and he assailed those who pressed on him for a breach with Germany. But he made the breach.

He was supposed to be against preparation for war, or at least not willing to make war preparations. But after berating preparedness he changed his course.

He was bitterly opposed to the demand for a declaration of war on Austria. The declaration at last was made—and at his urging, in a message to Congress.

He took a stand, apparently like a rock, against taking the determination of the woman-suffrage question away from the States, and was against the Federal Amendment. But he came over.

There are a long list of cases in which the President, after the appearance of being filled with wrath that measures should be urged of which he did not approve, has yielded in a manner so inconspicuous that he has appeared to have originated them—in some cases after denouncing their sponsors. It may be that he considers it a part of the President's functions to resist the tide of public opinion, or even denounce it, until it has become ready to burst and then to release it. But in any case the facts do not bear out the charge that the President has any distinction in stubbornness.

The proposal for a war cabinet has brought out many other of the President's methods of thought and strategy. He assailed its supporters. He indicated that he had other plans to accomplish the same ends, but he did not state them. He affirmed at once the announcement of changes in organization which gave the impression of activity. He called in a dozen Democratic senators for a conference at the White House to enlist them in a fight upon the proposal. His friends were primed to point out that this was a partisan measure, though it was introduced through a Democrat, Senator Chamberlain, and supported from the floor of the Senate by a Democrat, Senator Hitchcock. They were primed to turn the proposal—which really was that executive power should become extended in order to be made effective—into the appearance of a conspiracy to limit the executive power.

### When the Time Comes—

THE President accused Senator Chamberlain of a distortion of the truth. He attached to this accusation a statement leading to the impression that the British War Board and Director of Munitions had been failures. This angered both British and French representatives who in this country had sincerely given the contrary impression. I have been told over and over again that both in Great Britain and France the war boards have been the Allies' salvation. They have stopped the disorganized scattering of effort and prevented the very disasters which are threatening us to-day. To the President's side leaped Senator Stone and the Hearst papers. Both were lined up against our going to war with Germany. Their support must be a trial to the President.

In spite of all, if the record of other important steps taken by the Administration can be accepted as a guide, the President will sooner or later create, as he can create, perhaps without authority of Congress, a true war cabinet with ample powers, and he will do it in the manner of one who has just conceived the plan. "It is time for a war machine, a workable organization," he may say in effect. "I will call upon all loyal citizens to support the proposal for one of the most important steps we can take." He will be driven toward a war cabinet because men have discovered no other way to make a war machine which will not fall apart.

When, and if, the President comes to it, only a few men in the country will remember his former opposition. Few will remember that a statement telling the people how well we were doing was issued as a New Year's greeting to the nation, was sent out broadcast to the press with the assistance of the Bureau of Public Information, was withdrawn at the last moment before publication, and that a large sum was spent to get every copy back. A time

had come suddenly just then when those who believed in a war cabinet were about to point out defects in the war machine.

These are recorded events which do not indicate necessarily that the President is resisting suggestion; they may indicate only that he is not in touch with the facts and therefore not war toward suggestion. They may indicate an inaccessible man. No one but the President and Joseph P. Tumulty, his secretary, can speak with accuracy to the exact number of persons the President sees. That number, however, is increasingly small.

Creel dashes over the way to the White House. The President calls up Baker. Brandeis has a hearing tomorrow. Barney Baruch has dropped out of the circle. Filene of Boston comes on Tuesday. Colonel House comes down from New York on Wednesday. And round again.

### Unloose the Gag!

TO-DAY the President steps out the door at the White House and goes into a motor car with Mrs. Wilson. They are going for a ride. The iron gates at the White House fence open the solemn White House guards stand back, the soldier sentry rattles his rifle. The President returns. With a group of relatives who, with the President's family, are known as "the Unchanging Five" he sits down to a meal. He walks about; he sits down. He is with the book and the pen.

The evening comes. He goes to Keith's Vaudeville Theatre with "the Unchanging Five." The comedian singing "I'm a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town" rolls his eyes toward the presidential box. Keith is over for the night. There will be no President at Keith's until the changes next week. The President goes home to the White House. The lights go out. The sentry stamps his feet in the cold.

All will agree that the President must have not only hours for meditation but hours to recognize the swift movement of war facts which change faster with the days and the hours than the President's plans can change. These can be read only through variety and change of significant human contacts. For these contacts he is not accessible. Scales which balance a personality, vision on one side and processes of accomplishment on the other are weighing down more and more on the side of vision and desire and less on the side of naked truth as to the nature of the ground underfoot and the cold, hard facts of things as done. It is too bad.

The failure of our war machine would break our influence over the destiny of mankind.

It is too bad also that men go to view the President from one side or the other and never all round—a great man needing the counsel of all and not only the counsel of a little group of men, most of whom are mirrors. It is too bad that truth should not be free of expression. It is too bad that one set of persons should say: "What's the use of calling the captain's attention to the rocks? He won't hear. We may face not only a deficiency in punching Germany, but even a frightful industrial disaster at home, and he won't listen!" It is too bad that the other set should forget that we are trying to make the United States, as well as the whole world, safe for democracy and should cry out: "Silence! The gag! The gag!"

It is unfair to the President.

### It's Everybody's War

I PASSED the White House gates at the dusk and, looking through the iron picket fence and across the snow-covered lawns to a lighted window, saw a figure pacing up and down—alone. I thought the figure was that of the man with more executive power than any other in the world. I thought of the handful of men who see him most—who, taken together, may be a little cautious, a little subservient, a little facile, characterized a little by greed and good and sometimes feminine characteristics and reluctant to be the bearers of evil tidings.

Then I thought of 200,000 army of dumped out in the snow in Pennsylvania on the side of the storage depot which was not planned in October as is not built yet! But the President does not know of them. And I thought of Ollie James in the Senate waving his arms and crying out in effect: "Don't tell him! It's disloyal! Keep away from this war!"



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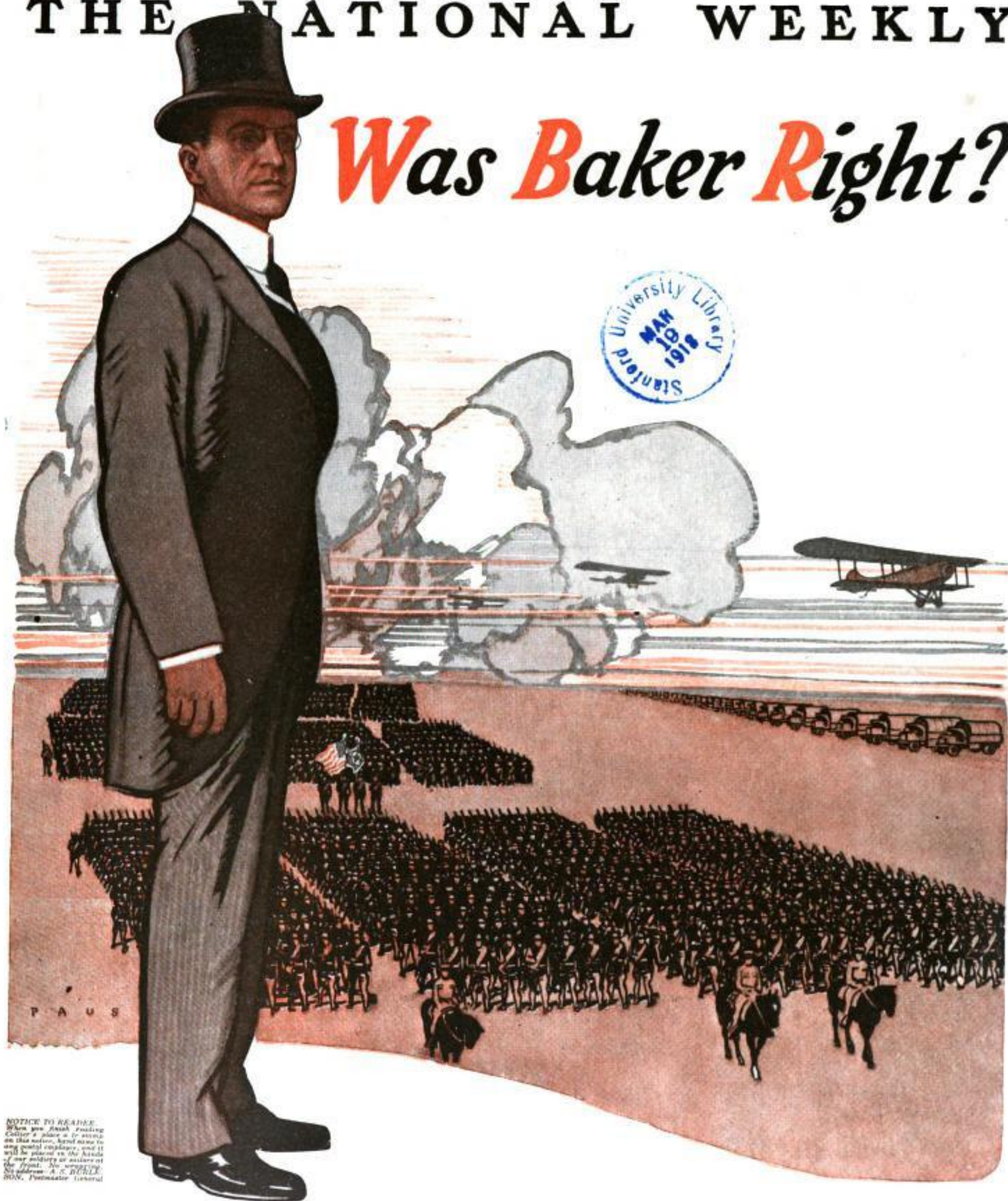


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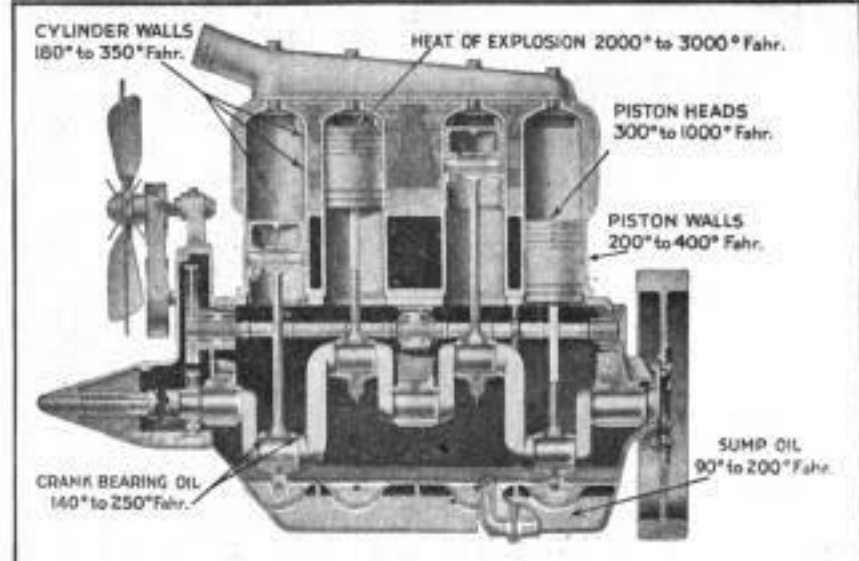
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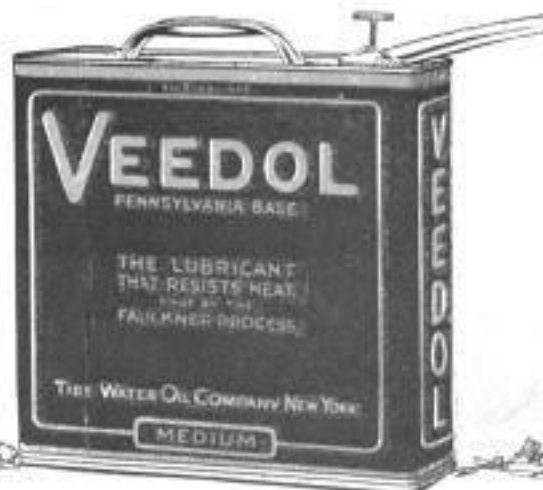
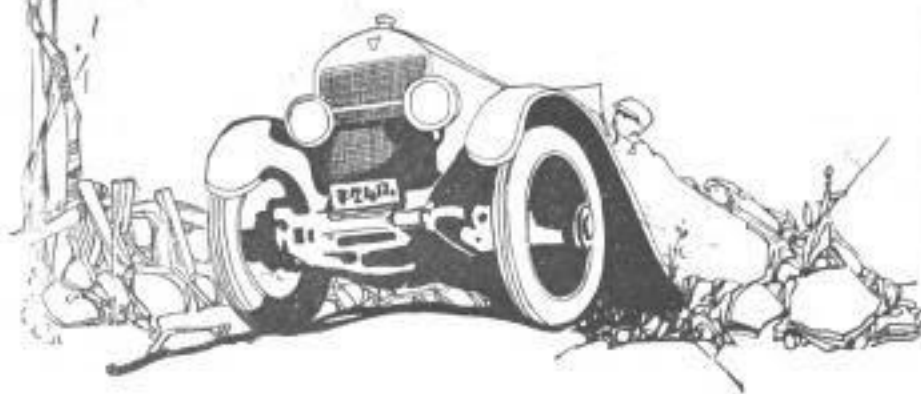
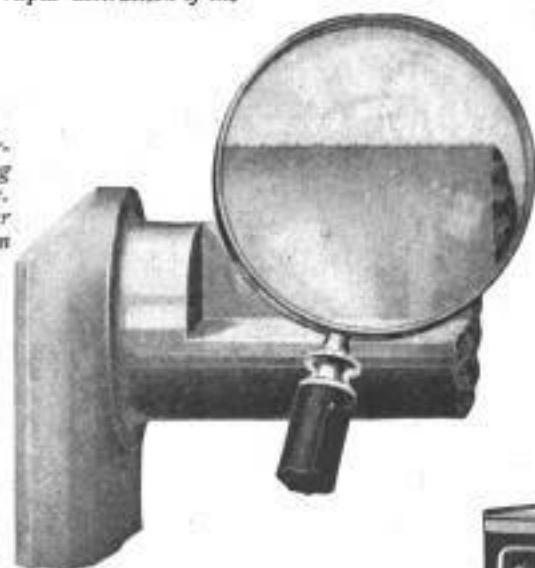
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THE TWO GANGS  
BY PIERRE HAMP

Here is an etching of war-time France. The artist is a former railway employee, a man of modern ideas who has made himself a power in industrial France by intelligence and conviction and also, one may add, by command of the word that serves as only soldiers and workers serve to-day in France and America. Pierre Hamp was prominent in M. Albert Thomas's Ministry of Munitions, and is to-day a chief inspector of the French Ministry of Labor. His duties take him all over France, and here he registers a vision at once actual and symbolic. We look forward to publishing more of M. Hamp's writings in the near future.—THE EDITOR

BRUAY, a mining town, is the refuge of 15,000 souls, evacuated from that part of the country which is under shell fire. Everything possible in the way of lodgings is utilized; they sleep in barns, in stables, any place where a bundle of straw can be laid sheltered from the rain. Here is the first long halt of those who have had to yield their place to the men who kill. They have come from the whole line of bombarded villages: those whose fears lessened as they ran, those who walked with the aid of a stick, robust women with a bundle or an infant in their arms, a crowd in which grated the wheels of children's perambulators. Old women groaned in wheelbarrows, their heads trembling. Wagons drawn by cart horses carried, sleeping among their bundles, the fortunate women who had been able to save all their linen and much of their goods. Others, in kitchen aprons, duster in hand, had fled by the back door, as the Germans entered by the front, crying: "Fly at once, madame. A bombardment!"

The town of brick houses, dominated by the black cinder heaps of the mines, is invaded by the fugitives. Work is in full swing. Gangs of workmen in blue caps or leather hats pass at regular hours the grated windows guarded by men in escutcheon caps and patient sentinels leaning on their rifles from the mine the English batteries are replying to the German gunners. In all this region, where the realm of Labor joins up with that of Battle, in its fixed position behind earthen embankments, the soldier coming out of the trench and the workman coming up from the mine meet. There is a line where men, face to face, kill each other; but beneath the noise of the cannon is heard the noise of the tools. The short strip of abandoned ground between the combatant army and the working industries can be covered by a man in an hour. Humanity is becoming accustomed to live and work so near to massacre. The German gunner lengthens his range and reaches Labor, which does not recede; he fires on the trench, on the mine, on the factory. The Army, posted in front of Labor, shelters it by its sufferings. The miner is at the first stage of the work. He extracts the coal to melt the steel, which the soldier requires for his weapon. From the pickaxe to the rifle the effort has the same object: to kill.

At the hour when the men come up from the mine, trumpets are being sounded at the top of the long street which traverses the town in a straight line. A battalion of chasseurs is on its way to the rest cantonment. The orderly troop, marching in regular lines, keeps well to the middle of the road. In the front line the shining trumpets swing in the air with a single movement. The horse bearing the first

officer tosses its proud black head above the somber mass of the men. Out of the overcrowded houses comes a crowd of galloping children in sabots, who rush toward the soldiers. There are people at all the doors and leaning against the houses. Behind the proudly resounding trumpets, which play in turn by fours, advance the men who endure. The stiff commanding officer, mounted high above them on horseback, has a long white beard. The crosses of the Legion of Honor give a touch of red to the rows of chests.

Above the mine pits the wheels of the windlass are turning. The cage is coming up. The first miners arrive at the pit head as the soldiers pass. Chasseurs-à-pied bespattered with mud, workmen covered with dust—Army and Labor meet. They are two gangs who have finished their day. Like the workmen, the soldiers wear what they please. There is no uniformity of headgear; they wear either cap or helmet, just as the miners have the leather hat or the blue cap. But the traces of work—the mud and the coal—are equally visible on both gangs. The soldiers have just left the trenches, the miners the mine gallery. All these men have come forth from the earth. The soldier fights hidden in the ground, and beneath the battle is the mine.

The gang of war workmen passes in front of the gang of mine workmen, both unearthed. The soldier encounters every day blood and death, and endures the hardest life known to man; he lives exposed to all weathers, none too well nourished, hidden in a hole like a tracked animal; he is exposed to explosions, fire, asphyxiation, and the knife. The mine sends up corpses only on days of accident, when subterranean fires suddenly call upon Labor to bear the same suffering as the Army. The soil now trodden by the soldiers has borne the steps of men carrying away the dead, burned by fire damp, and so shriveled up that a robust miner weighed no more in a sackcloth than a child of twelve years.

For the burned miner and the mangled soldier the martyrdom of the flesh is the same. The war has not invented greater sufferings than those already known to Labor: lacerations of the body, burns, carbonization, suffocation underground. But the war has made the martyrdom of man his daily bread. On the soldier is ever the breath of Death.

The troop passes amid glory and enthusiasm. An old woman mutters again and again: "Poor lads! Poor lads!"

Hard Labor removes its cap of toil. The crowd of refugees from the war and the men who strike with pickaxe underground form up in silence before the regular march of the soldier.

The miners make their way home, keeping step with the troop: Army and Labor together.

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# The President

Continued from page 8

ible supply and would not give them up. These cases are legion. In Washington everyone is tired of hearing of them.

The housing capacity of the region around Norfolk was so crowded by the War Department, owing to a lack of hips, that housing was not available or shipbuilders. In spite of cases like his and cases where one shipyard stole labor from another, the Shipping Board is trying to pin the blame on labor for all its troubles.

A man with a contract to build ships came to Washington from the Pacific Coast because he was looking forward to launching some of his vessels and wanted to know whether the engines and boilers had been ordered and when they would be delivered. When last seen he was being batted back and forth from bureau to bureau without an answer to his question!

These are the signs of an absence of any general plan. There is no correlation or clearing house for various departments. Much big planning is no one's responsibility. Planning slips down through the yawning gaps between departments and is lost.

It is the result of the President's parceling out responsibility—separate piece by separate piece. No one man at the top, I repeat, can do a job of general planning, of assigning work, of adjusting one process to another, of creating a smooth-acting war machine.

## A War Cabinet—with Power

THESE are the considerations which lead men to suggest a war cabinet—a small body of the best-fitted men in the country, who for at least eight hours of the twenty-four may plan the war job, check up the work of the various departments (which may be left as they are now unless there is a need for change), who may adjust differences and conflicts and demand action, who may gather all the facts and all the responsibilities in one place to which the country can look for driving power, for clear answers to questions, and for accountability for bringing the energies of the country, human and material, into the powerful blow which we must develop for delivery against Germany.

The Cabinet must have power to give orders, just as the war boards which Great Britain and France have developed, after bitter experience, have power to give orders. The British and the French point out that their experience indicates that a war cabinet or board must not be made up of the men who have the separate jobs to do. Why? Because then it becomes, as the English say, "a groaning board." Each man with a job to do would try to favor his own job rather than the general plan; nor would any man among them have enough hours in the day to attend his conference war board and also do the job allotted to him and to his department.

"Such a plan would be so foolish that it would please Von Hindenburg," said a British representative to me.

The alternative to the present system, under which the President keeps in himself the central war machine which no one man can handle, or to the system of mixing functions in a "groaning board" made up of executive heads, is a real war board which shall have the duty of planning the war, controlling the different departments, and ending the absurd oversights and snarls and errors which might waste the lives of American boys and waste the dollars of their parents and threaten a vast economic jam.

From the beginning the attitude of the President toward this suggestion has been worthy of study. To put down any deduction to be drawn from the facts may be unfair, but it is not unfair to put down the facts.

## Advice—Advice—Advice

It is a fact that since the war came in sight numerous agencies which were made to look like a war-planning board, or to have the appearance of authority, have been created one after another, and that one after another these agencies have faded away into the background of the picture. These agencies have always been advisory. The great, ponderous machinery of the Council of National Defense has been advisory. In spite of the vast task it has accomplished in securing the cooperation of producers and in rounding up supplies, it has had no power, and

most of the advice it has given has never reached execution. Men who have worked on it until nerves were on edge and voices grew thick were aghast at their own uselessness in this squirrel cage of advice.

The War Industries Board, the next development, has been advisory. Its experience was like that of the larger advisory body. It had information; some departments availed themselves of it. It had plans; after the slow processes of sending them for consideration, little was done with them. It is on the edge of disappearance or of rebirth.

When Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was drafted for work as the head of the War Industries Board, from which he has resigned, he conceived the idea of bringing together the heads of the departments of the war machine at a dinner in October. If this dinner had taken place, it would have been the first time that the heads of departments had ever met at one place! The dinner was not given, but within a few days the President announced a plan of a weekly conference of the heads of departments. I believe this was to be called a war council, but everyone has forgotten it. It had no power. It was not a war board.

There began to be agitation for a director of munitions, who, like the British Minister of Munitions, would represent a central purchasing agency and would accomplish something toward determination of what the country needed to buy, what should be paid for it, what department needed to have its necessities met first, and bring purchasing order out of purchasing chaos. The man whom some of those who believed in the plan suggested for the place was Stettinius, a partner of J. P. Morgan. The President and Baker opposed the director-of-munitions idea, but they gathered in Mr. Stettinius, gave him the title of surveyor general of supplies, put him under an army officer, and made his recommendations subject to War Department red-tape procedure. The result is something which looks like a director of munitions. It is not. Merely another advisory agent without power.

When the organization within the War Department was criticized because of the lack of any adequate centralization of directing power, Baker created a supreme war council—made up of men some of whom had just been relieved of duties because of a lack of any conspicuous success. It looked like a little war board within the War Department, but it was not. It was another advisory agency without power.

## Passing the Buck!

A MEMBER of Congress laughed when I spoke of these littered advisory kittens and said:

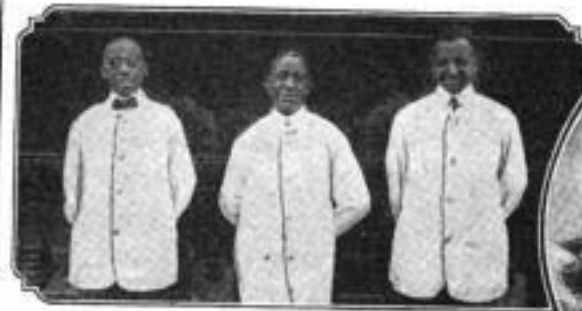
"I have had a little experience myself with them. They create the great game of buck-passing. For instance, I went to Barney Baruch of the Council of National Defense about the price to be fixed on metals. He told me I must see the President. I wrote to the President, and the President replied that this was all in the hands of Barney Baruch. I understand now that Baruch has not been closeted with the President for six months.

"A little later I wanted the head of one of the Government departments who was serving in advisory capacity to take action on a serious matter in my own State. I telegraphed him. He replied that he was doing only those things the President wished him to do. I wrote the President, and the President replied that he was wholly subject to the recommendation of the other man!"

The result of all this powerless advice is to swash back on to the President, provided he is accessible, a million details for decision—which he cannot decide. But if he is not accessible, it is to leave thousands of decisions hanging in the air and thousands of questions which no one can answer.

Does the President realize the condition? Some say he does, and some that he does not. At any rate, he opposes the suggestion of a war board with powers, which could do what no one man could do, which would plan, act as a clearing house for conflicts, and be accessible. His opposition discloses something of the President.

The President's enemies, for instance, say that this opposition to creating any war-planning machine will show obstinacy. It is a matter of opinion, but the facts which throw



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light on his characteristic of yielding or resistance do not bear out any theory of obstinacy. The theory is unfair.

The President was supposed to be obstinate in his opposition to interference with Mexico. It is true that he spoke bitterly of those who pressed on him for intervention. But he intervened.

He was supposed to be determined to keep the country out of war, and he assailed those who pressed on him for a breach with Germany. But he made the breach.

He was supposed to be against preparation for war, or at least not willing to make war preparations. But after berating preparedness he changed his course.

He was bitterly opposed to the demand for a declaration of war on Austria. The declaration at last was made—and at his urging, in a message to Congress.

He took a stand, apparently like a rock, against taking the determination of the woman-suffrage question away from the States, and was against the Federal Amendment. But he came over.

There are a long list of cases in which the President, after the appearance of being filled with wrath that measures should be urged of which he did not approve, has yielded in a manner so inconspicuous that he has appeared to have originated them—in some cases after denouncing their sponsors. It may be that he considers it a part of the President's functions to resist the tide of public opinion, or even denounce it, until it has become ready to burst and then to release it. But in any case the facts do not bear out the charge that the President has any distinction in stubbornness.

The proposal for a war cabinet has brought out many other of the President's methods of thought and strategy. He assailed its supporters. He indicated that he had other plans to accomplish the same ends, but he did not state them. He affirmed at once the announcement of changes in organization which gave the impression of activity. He called in a dozen Democratic senators for a conference at the White House to enlist them in a fight upon the proposal. His friends were primed to point out that this was a partisan measure, though it was introduced through a Democrat, Senator Chamberlain, and supported from the floor of the Senate by a Democrat, Senator Hitchcock. They were primed to turn the proposal—which really was that executive power should become extended in order to be made effective—into the appearance of a conspiracy to limit the executive power.

### When the Time Comes—

THE President accused Senator Chamberlain of a distortion of the truth. He attached to this accusation a statement leading to the impression that the British War Board and Director of Munitions had been failures. This angered both British and French representatives who in this country had sincerely given the contrary impression. I have been told over and over again that both in Great Britain and France the war boards have been the Allies' salvation. They have stopped the disorganized scattering of effort and prevented the very disasters which are threatening us to-day. To the President's side leaped Senator Stone and the Hearst papers. Both were lined up against our going to war with Germany. Their support must be a trial to the President.

In spite of all, if the record of other important steps taken by the Administration can be accepted as a guide, the President will sooner or later create, as he can create, perhaps without authority of Congress, a true war cabinet with ample powers, and he will do it in the manner of one who has just conceived the plan. "It is time for a war machine, a workable organization," he may say in effect. "I will call upon all loyal citizens to support the proposal for one of the most important steps we can take." He will be driven toward a war cabinet because men have discovered no other way to make a war machine which will not fall apart.

When, and if, the President comes to it, only a few men in the country will remember his former opposition. Few will remember that a statement telling the people how well we were doing was issued as a New Year's greeting to the nation, was sent out broadcast to the press with the assistance of the Bureau of Public Information, was withdrawn at the last moment before publication, and that a large sum was spent to get every copy back. A time

had come suddenly just then when those who believed in a war cabinet were about to point out defects in the war machine.

These are recorded events which do not indicate necessarily that the President is resisting suggestion; they may indicate only that he is not in touch with the facts and therefore not warm toward suggestion. They may indicate an inaccessible man. No one but the President and Joseph P. Tumulty, his secretary, can speak with accuracy as to the exact number of persons the President sees. That number, however, is increasingly small.

Creel dashes over the way to the White House. The President calls upon Baker. Brandeis has a hearing tomorrow. Barney Baruch has dropped out of the circle. Filene of Boston comes on Tuesday. Colonel House comes down from New York on Wednesday. And round again.

### Unloose the Gag!

TO-DAY the President steps out of the door at the White House and gets into a motor car with Mrs. Wilson. They are going for a ride. The iron gates at the White House fence open, the solemn White House guards stand back, the soldier sentry rattles his rifle. The President returns. With a group of relatives who, with the President's family, are known as "the Unchanging Five" he sits down to a meal. He walks about; he sits down. He is with the book and the pen.

The evening comes. He goes to Keith's Vaudeville Theatre with "the Unchanging Five." The comedian singing "I'm a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town" rolls his eye up toward the presidential box. Keith's is over for the night. There will be no President at Keith's until the changes next week. The President goes home to the White House. The lights go out. The sentry stamps his feet in the cold.

All will agree that the President must have not only hours for meditation but hours to recognize the swift movement of war facts which change faster with the days and the hours than the President's plans can change; these can be read only through variety and change of significant human contacts. For these contacts he is not accessible. Scales which balance a personality, vision on one side and processes of accomplishment on the other, are weighing down more and more on the side of vision and desire and less on the side of naked truth as to the nature of the ground underfoot and the cold, hard facts of things as done. It is too bad.

The failure of our war machine would break our influence over the destiny of mankind.

It is too bad also that men go on viewing the President from one side or the other and never all round—as a great man needing the counsel of all and not only the counsel of a little group of men, most of whom are mirrors. It is too bad that truth should not be free of expression. It is too bad that one set of persons should say "What's the use of calling the captain attention to the rocks? He won't heed. We may face not only a deficiency in punching Germany, but even a frightful industrial disaster at home, and he won't listen!" It is too bad that the other set should forget that we are trying to make the United States, as well as the whole world, safe for democracy and should cry out: "Silence! The gag! The gag!"

It is unfair to the President.

### It's Everybody's War

I PASSED the White House gates at the dusk and, looking through the iron picket fence and across the snow-covered lawns to a lighted window, saw a figure pacing up and down—alone I thought the figure was that of the man with more executive power than any other in the world. I thought of the handful of men who see him most—who, taken together, may be a little cautious, a little subservient, a little facile, characterized a little by gentleness and good and sometimes feminine characteristics and reluctant to be the bearers of evil tidings.

Then I thought of 200,000 army cut dumped out in the snow in Pennsylvania on the side of the storage depot which was not planned in October and is not built yet! But the President does not know of them. And I thought of Ollie James in the Senate waving his arms and crying out in effect: "Don't tell him! It's disloyal! Keep away from this war!" Well, where war is this?



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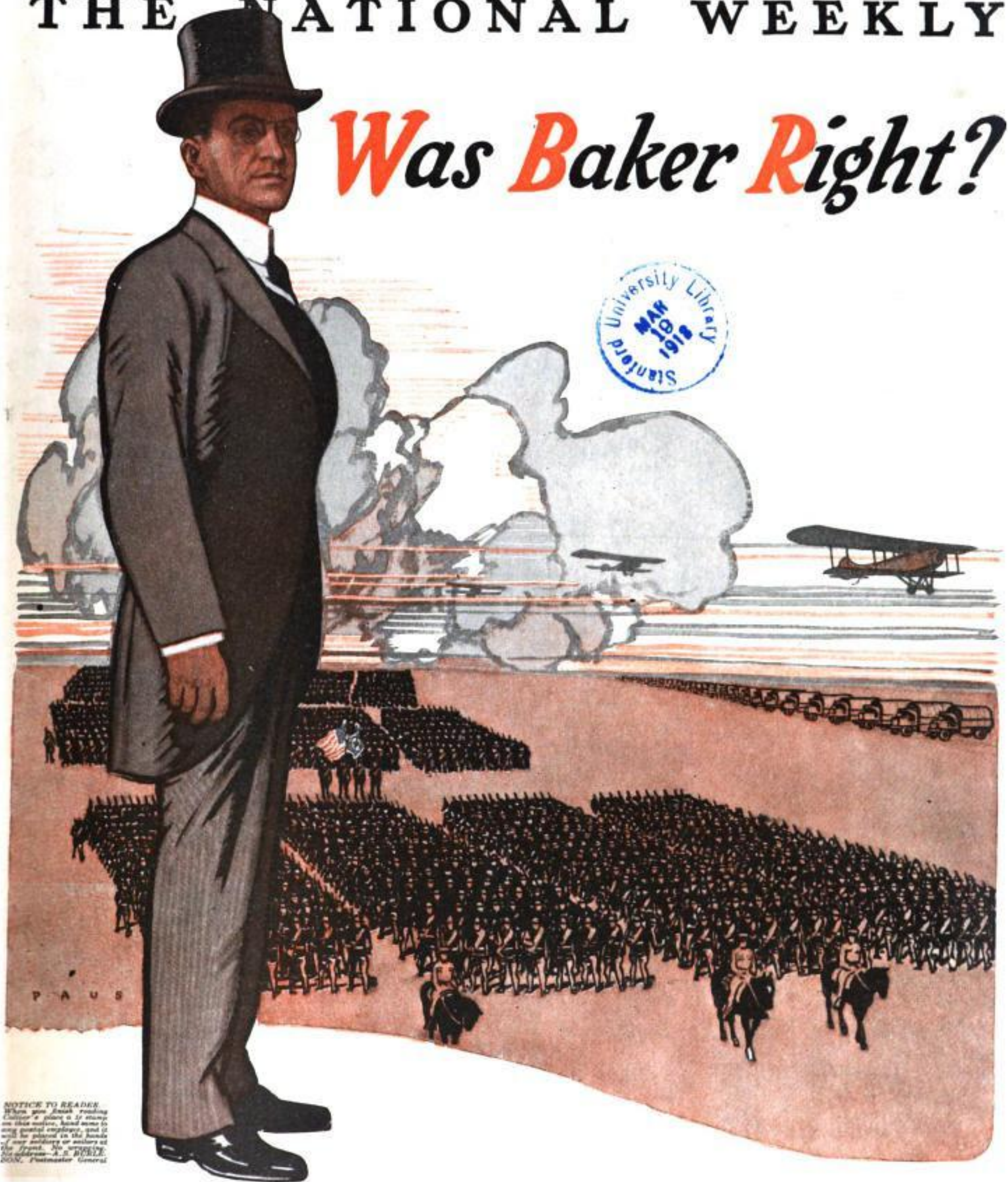


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It was the Sediment Test that first brought home to motorists the two logical reasons why it is false economy to use ordinary oil.

Inferior oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine, forms voluminous black sediment, and much of the oil turns into a steam-like vapor and is lost through the oil-filler pipe.

This sediment causes rapid, irreparable wear of the working parts of an automobile engine because it crowds out good oil at points where friction occurs, thus preventing it from forming a protecting film between the metal surfaces.

## Airplane engineers discover important facts about lubrication

During the past two years, airplane engineers have learned that their greatest problem is lubrication. Because of the intense heat of airplane engines, the lubricating oil breaks down very rapidly, forming sediment. Their discoveries prove the great value of the Sediment Test and the necessity for a lubricant that resists heat.

## A practical proof of superiority

This heat-resisting quality of Veedol that reduces sediment 80%, as compared with ordinary oil, is due to the Faulkner Process, used exclusively by the manufacturers of Veedol. Besides minimizing sedimentation, the heat-resisting quality of Veedol reduces losses by evaporation to a negligible quantity, thus greatly increasing the mileage obtained from Veedol, as com-

pared with the average motor oil.

More than half of all the motorists who buy oil by name, buy Veedol.

## Make this test for yourself

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine very slowly for 30 seconds and then clean out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and level straight-aways.

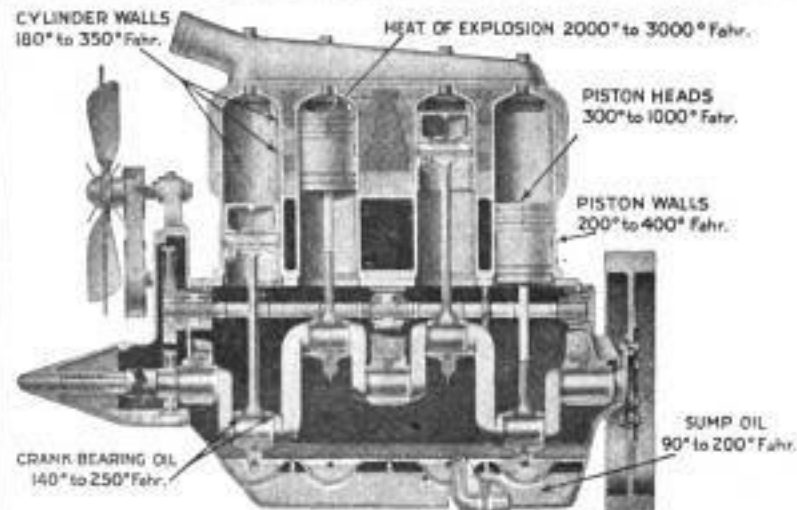
You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

## Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he will not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

## An 80-page book on lubrication for 10c

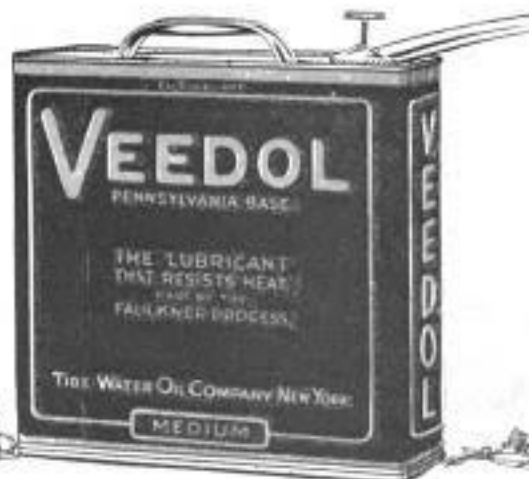
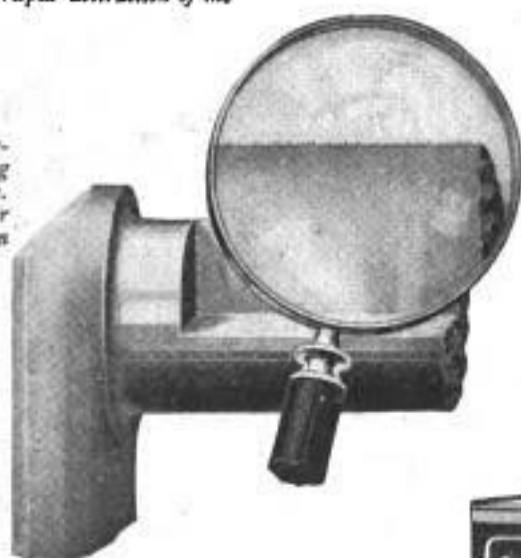
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Sectional view of a popular type of motor, showing high operating temperatures that cause rapid destruction of the average automobile oil

In the right-hand bottle is a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase of an engine after 500 miles of running. The left-hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol obtained under identical conditions. Note that the ordinary oil contains over five times as much sediment as Veedol.

Millions of tiny teeth cover the apparently mirror-like surface of a bearing or other working part of an engine. These teeth tear and grind each other unless kept apart by a protecting film of lubricant.

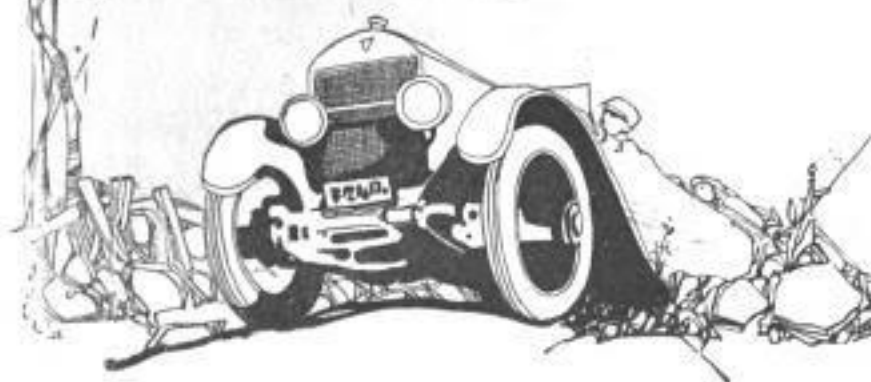


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Barrett Specification Roof with brick surface on Altman Building, New York City, being used as a drill-ground.  
Architects — Troobridge & Livingston, New York.  
General Contractors — Marc Eidlitz & Son, New York.  
Roofing Contractors — T. New Construction Co., New York.

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## A Severe Test—A brick-surfaced Barrett Specification Roof being used as a Drill-Ground

Hundreds of marching feet—a regiment in action with a roof for its drill-ground—that's what you see above.

You couldn't use a roof much more severely than this.

And that's what happened almost daily for months on top of the big Altman Department Store in New York City, where several hundred members of the Home Defense League have learned to do their "bit."

Barrett Specification Roofs contain a larger amount of waterproofing and protective materials than any other roof-covering.

That is why they give such wonderful service.

And not only do they give longer service than any other type, but they cost less per year of service.

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"The roof shall be laid according to The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, and the roofing contractor shall secure for me (or us) the 20-Year Guaranty Bond therein mentioned."

Only competent roofers can obtain the Bond, and the roof is constructed under the supervision of a Barrett inspector, who sees that the Specification is strictly followed.

### 20-Year Surety Bond

We now offer a 20-Year Surety Bond Guaranty on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares and over in all towns of 25,000 and over, and in smaller towns where our Inspection Service is available.

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification of May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed, and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us.

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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARCH 23, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 2



# WAS BAKER RIGHT?

BY MARK SULLIVAN

IN the first place, let it be made clear that in all the blows that have fallen on Mr. Baker's official head, there was nothing personal, in the accepted sense of the word. His high character is so much taken for granted that it would have been an insult to refer to it. His devotion to his work, if mentioned at all, was mentioned as being too great rather than too little. His unique ability within certain lines was always admitted. (Indeed, one ought not to stop with that statement. It might be taken as having the flavor of damning with faint praise. Mr. Baker is an extremely able man. In the possession of certain qualities of reflective and interpretative thought, in logic, in the intelligence of his zeal for democracy, as a social philosopher and idealist, he is much like President Wilson; and, in these respects, among all the men in Washington, stands second only to the President.)

So far as I can recall, in none of the speeches was it said that Mr. Baker ought to resign. It was not a fight to force him out—it was a fight to make him accept an assistant, to make him accept, voluntarily or against his will, in the form of a minister of munitions, a kind of ability which would have pieced out his own. Even Senator Chamberlain, at the moment when he might have been bitter if it was in him to be bitter, was generous in his praise of the personnel of the War Department. Senator Hitchcock was careful to say that Secretary Baker has been "patient, painstaking, and energetic." Senator Wadsworth, a Republican, who might have been expected to be partisan, was equally careful to say that "the blame for the shortcomings ought not to be laid upon any individual. The criticism should be directed against our system." Senator Weeks, another Republican, went out of his way to be specific in saying that he did not wish "unreservedly to criticize the head of the War Department. . . . Secretary Baker has had to deal with a multitude of questions during his incumbency, the disposal of many of which heartily meets my approval. It would require too much time to enumerate the favorable comments I might make. If I were to criticize the Secretary of War personally, it would be that he had undertaken to do too many things himself, some of which, at least, might have been attended to by subordinates, and that he has been too open of access to people who might have had their needs provided for through some subordinate officer, leaving him too little time to deliberate over the many larger problems coming before his department."

This care to give Mr. Baker his due has been universal wherever his critics have been thoughtful enough to be discriminating. In journalism the most persistent and able of his critics has been the "New Republic," and when the uproar was at its height, this organ said, concerning the Secretary's proposed trip to France: "His influence in America, as a liberal force of thought, especially in the application of thought to labor questions, as a public man who sincerely loves the democracy for which we are trying to make the world safe, is too important and too valuable to be long dispensed with."

No, every critic whose motives were just was eager to concede a great deal, a very great deal, to Secretary Baker. The nearest anybody came to being disagreeable was when Senator Weeks spoke of Mr. Baker's "temperamental relationship to war." "Doubtless," said the senator, "Mr. Baker himself would admit that he is a pacifist by nature."

Yes, Mr. Baker would admit it. A man I know said to Mr. Baker, some

time before the war began: "If you were not down here in Washington as Secretary of War, you would in all probability be down here as chairman of the Cleveland Anti-Militarist League." And Mr. Baker said he probably would. But there is little or nothing to that. It isn't necessary that Mr. Baker should be one of those eat-'em-alive fellows, a bloody berserker with two rows of teeth, one for Huns and one for Turks. That isn't the trouble. As it happens, the most conspicuous pacifist in the United States for a generation has been Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He organized and led most of the antiwar propaganda in this country for twenty years. But, as it also happens, Mr. Carnegie in his prime would have been exactly the kind of Secretary that is needed by the kind of war that the present war is. Had Mr. Baker possessed, in addition to his own kind of ability, the kind of organizing ability that made Mr. Carnegie greatly successful as an organizer of industry, there would have been no criticism of him, and this war would have been farther along. (It ought also to be said, parenthetically, that if Mr. Carnegie had been Secretary of War, the country to-day would be just as much paralyzed by labor troubles as it now is by lack of organizing ability. And the same is true of many of the other so-called "he-men" who have been suggested. Secretary Baker's sympathy with labor, and the confidence labor has in him, have been a great asset to the United States.)

*What is needed is a great industrial organizer. What is needed is that this whole United States should be turned into one great factory, turning out munitions in the way the Ford factory turns out cars, with all the parts synchronized, with all the functions coordinated, with all the complicated lines of parts and raw materials arriving at the right place at the right moment.*

And that is precisely the particular variety of ability which Mr. Baker has not got and never will have. It is an accident of personality, like black hair or blue eyes. Either you have it or you don't have it. If you don't happen to have it, that fact is no more to your discredit than failure to have an aquiline nose. But the failure to have it disqualifies you clearly for some kinds of jobs.

Executive ability, business ability, the talent for organization and administration—whatever you call it—is a most difficult thing to define. When you try to set it down on paper, you are baffled. And that difficulty is just what baffled the senators when they tried to make the public understand what the trouble with our war machine is. You can no more describe it than you can describe musical ability. You can't even tell whether a man has it until you have seen him try. Mr. Baker has taken the bow in his hands, and he has drawn it across the strings of the country's industry, and the result has not been those coordinated sounds that make harmony. Decidedly not.

For the present, Mr. Baker has won a victory. The feeling of the country is that he has refuted his critics. And he has. But he has refuted them, not on the fundamental merits of the controversy, but merely in the arts of debate. His victory is purely dialectic. That is the field in which Mr. Baker is more expert than any man in the Senate. The senators did not have the genius to make clear just what the defect of our war machine is. Moreover, the way in which the controversy came up made it exceptionally easy for Mr. Baker to win. Stated chronologically, it began with Senator Chamberlain's speech at a dinner in New York, when he said: "The military establishment of America has



fallen down; there is no use to be optimistic about a thing that does not exist; it has almost stopped functioning. Why? Because of inefficiency in every department of the Government of the United States. I speak, not as a Democrat, but as an American citizen."

Now, Senator Chamberlain had hardly said that before he knew he had said it badly. Again and again, in his later defenses of his position, he referred to the fact that he had been speaking without notes, and at a dinner. The opening charge, unfortunately, had been expressed in an oratorical, inexact way, extremely easy for Mr. Baker to disprove. It involved what Mr. Baker would call "a universal affirmative." It is as if you should say that "every man in Germany is a militarist." If your opponent can produce one lone German pacifist, he wins. When Senator Chamberlain said that "every department of the Government is inefficient," reasonable persons felt that it carried its refutation on the face of it; and Mr. Baker must have smiled the smile of the cat which observes the door of the canary cage open.

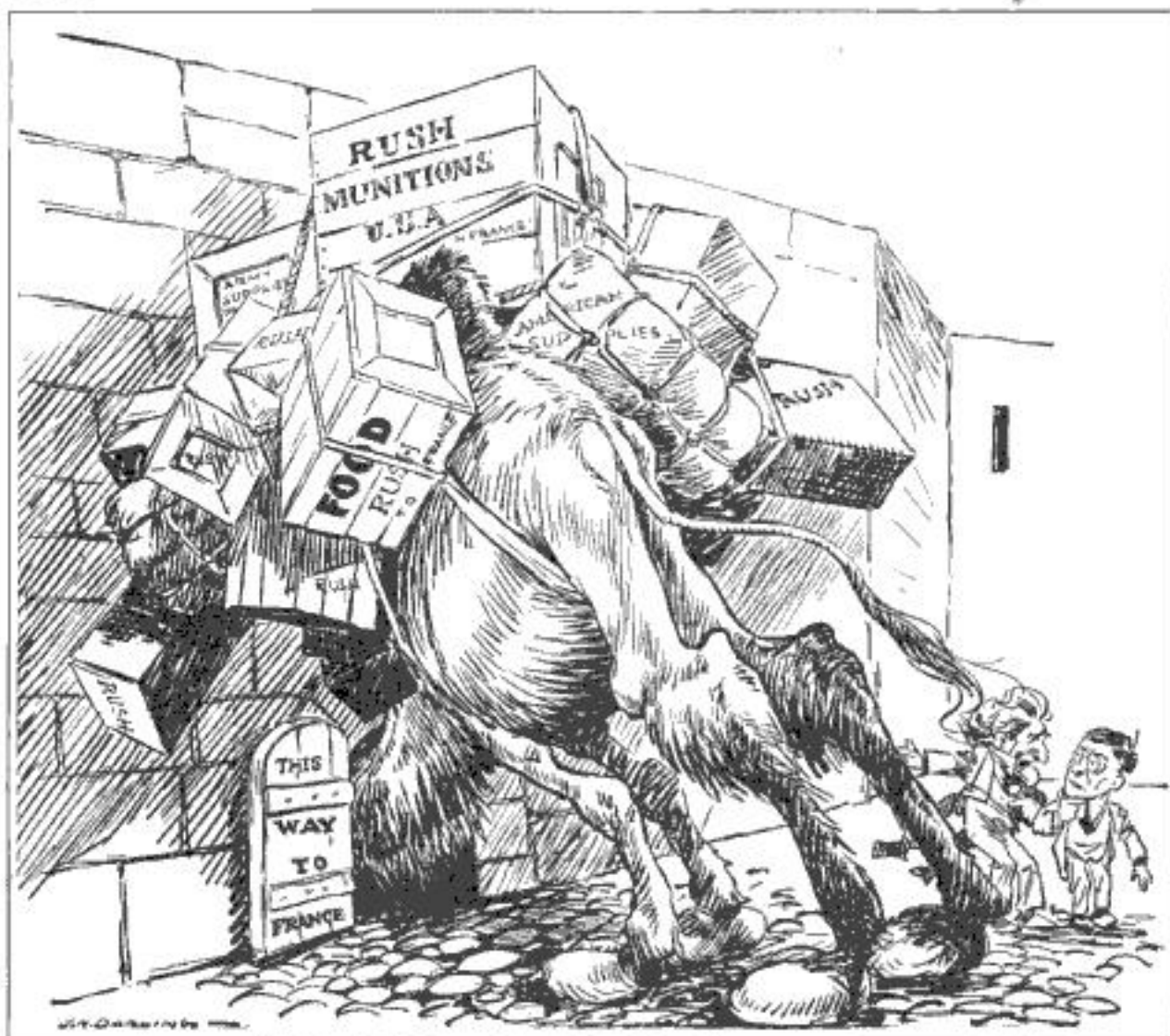
But if Senator Chamberlain's charge was uttered in the intoxication of oratory, President Wilson's reply was uttered in the intoxication of anger. When the President said that Senator Chamberlain's "statement sprang out of opposition to the Administration's whole policy rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice," he meant to convey the same thing that a cruder man means to convey when he yells to his opponent: "You're a pro-German." And this was a very inexact and very cruel thing to put out about Senator Chamberlain. No man in the country has worked harder for the Administration's program than he. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, he was in favor of preparedness, and working hard for it, long before the President was.

Then, when Senator Chamberlain, in his address in the Senate, tried to make good on his charges, he realized the difficulty that every speaker and every writer has in making concrete and vivid to the public mind that most abstract of abstractions, "failure to organize and coordinate," and so he fell back on what newspaper men call "human interest." He read letters from mothers who had had sons in the newly drafted army, and who felt that in sickness and death their sons had had a sort of treatment so different from the refinements they had been accustomed to that the mothers felt bitterly aggrieved. And the newspapers, which were not able to print all of Senator Chamberlain's speech, picked out these "human interest" parts of it. The result was that the deep, inherent defects of organization have never been made clear to the public. And it so happened that on the very points which had been emphasized, Secretary Baker was able to make a particularly good defense. He took up in detail the case of a family who had been shocked by receiving their son's body not in his uniform, but merely wrapped in cloth. He showed that this death had happened in a Canadian camp, and that the custom of the British army had been followed—sending the uniform in a separate package, the body being wrapped in a winding sheet. He showed that this had been remedied by putting an American officer in the camp, charged with the duty of preparing the bodies of dead soldiers in accordance with the American custom. He read a letter from a distinguished and popular woman novelist who had visited the camps and hospitals and gave them an enthusiastically clean bill of health.

Altogether Mr. Baker made out a good case for the human care of the individual soldier, and, so far as the public could understand, Senator Chamberlain's charges were rebutted.

What, then, is the essence of the really fundamental charges that were made out against Secretary Baker's department? The best summing up of them that I have seen was made by a writer in the New York "Tribune." Have the patience to read them through, for the whole point of the case is that it takes patience to comprehend it:

"That the Government has not been effective on the material side of the war.



It is as if Mr. Baker had built a huge factory with only a two-by-five door!

"That the country's vast industrial and mechanical resources have not been properly synchronized.

"That the President, so wonderfully able to impart to the people the emotion which 'teacheth the hands to war and the fingers to fight,' has suffered himself to be overwhelmed by the physical problems of war itself as a hard practical undertaking.

"That the war machine, for want of great coordinating ability at its head, has been breaking down." Now, if you have read this indictment, you will realize how forbidding it is, how forbidding the whole subject is, and how difficult to express in a way that the public can readily grasp.

#### The "Master Plan"?

SENATOR HITCHCOCK, like Senator Chamberlain, recognized the difficulty of making the people understand, of making concrete and vivid such forbidding abstractions as "organization" and "coordination." So he too sought the aid of the human-interest way. In this he did better than Senator Chamberlain. Senator Hitchcock tried, and measurably succeeded, through the aid of a simple story of an uncle with much money who called in his five nephews and said: "Boys, here is a great amount of money. I want you to build a house. Buy all the materials that you please. Each of you build a part of the house." The brothers arranged among themselves that one should build one side, one the end, and so on. They were good workers; they knew how to build. One built his end high and short, while the other built his end low and long. One built a long side that was low, and the other built a short side that was high. After they got the portions together they would not work. There had been no architect, nobody to plan; each had done his own part, but there was nobody to give the master plan, and it was not a house at all.

Applying this analogy to the situation at Washington, Senator Hitchcock said: "When, suddenly the nation was plunged into war, Congress could do nothing better than to vest in the President a lot of additional powers. He appointed men to exercise them so that now he has the oversight not only of the executive departments represented by the two so-called Cabinet meetings each week, but of many additional war bureaus. Some exist by authority of Congress, some without it. Let me mention some of them: (1) The board controlling priority of freight shipments; (2) the Raw Materials Board; (3) the War Industries Board; (4) the Food Administration; (5) the Fuel Administration; (6) the Shipping Board; (7) the Aircraft Production Board; (8) the Allies' Purchasing Board; (9) the War Trade Board; (10) the Director General of Railroads, and a number of others, all exercising great functions of war.

"Can the President coordinate them? Can he give the time to bring them together and harmonize them in the proper work without any machinery to do it? It is utterly beyond the possibility. These great war bureaus should be focused in some authority that would harmonize them and coordinate them. That

is what is proposed in the bill for a war cabinet of three men. At present these bureaus are running independently and sometimes running wild. The nearest approach to a co-ordination is an occasional conference of one bureau with another or with the President."

#### It's "Business"

IT is probably idle ever to hope to make this matter clear to the general public. For the thing is more or less technical. It belongs within the domain of business, of business organized on a large scale for the purpose of what is called quantity production. Business men understand it and are able to express it in a way that will make other business men understand. One, a representative from the United States Chamber of Commerce, was a witness before the investigating committee. Trying to picture the defect to committee members not themselves business men, he said: "There is no central control or planning. What is needed is some one who shall have power or responsibility for making decisions. The difficulty of getting decisions in Washington to-day is apparent

to everyone. It is an extraordinarily difficult thing to have any matter definitely and positively decided. The thing that we are trying to impress upon you is that the experience of business men has been universal, that without central control and responsibility no enterprise, large or small, could succeed."

To a large extent the difficulty goes down to the very heart of the personality of the Secretary of War, to that personal trait called mental attitude. This was brought out by Senator Weeks, who, in expressing it, showed an understanding one would not have guessed he had of psychological refinements:

"When the Secretary of War was before the Military Committee he was asked if there were things which could be done by the War Department to stimulate the service so that it would be able to do more effective work. He replied that he did not know of anything he could suggest, for whenever the soundness of a change was demonstrated to him he acted at once. That sounds wise and efficient, but it is the difference between waiting until you meet a problem which may require months to prepare for and having a deliberating body looking months ahead, finding that problem, and preparing a definite plan for its solution when it develops."

#### There Is No General Manager

IF the indictment as a whole is difficult for the general public to comprehend, some of the details are sufficiently simple and concrete. This one was brought out by Mr. Homer L. Ferguson, president of one of the big plants which are relied upon to build most of our new shipping. The substance of his remarks on the difficulty of taking care of thousands of added shipbuilders, in a small city suddenly filled by large army activities, will be found in Mr. Hungerford's article, "A Shipbuilder on the Job," in last week's COLLIER'S. Here is more of his evidence:

"We have the Navy Department work, which we are directed to expedite in every possible way, and we have the Shipping Board work, which we are directed to expedite as much as possible; and the same week I have instructions from either one of the Government departments to give their work priority, and in the meantime the very people we are trying to serve are absorbing the facilities we must have for our people in order to do this work.

"I have information this morning that they could not get any water in the shipyard. The army has 15,000 horses there, all using water, and we have 20,000 soldiers there using water. We cannot get hard coal, for which our houses are built, with latrobe stoves, yet the army has put a lot of hard-coal stoves in their camps which might as well have burned soft coal. I took this matter up with the Secretary of War, and wrote him a letter, and discussed it with everybody in Washington I could discuss it with, and the Secretary is investigating and, I understand, proposes to put up some temporary quarters for the soldiers and the regular officers.

"Senator JOHNSON—That indicates lack of management and utter lack of cooperation.



"Mr. FERGUSON—It is due to the fact that the people have the power to arbitrarily give orders without knowing the consequences of the orders they give.

"Senator JOHNSON—And without knowing who else gives orders?

"Mr. FERGUSON—Yes, sir."

Here, with all the map of the United States to choose from, the War Department selected, as the place to build a cantonment, with the many demands on local labor and housing which the cantonment involved, a small city which was already relied upon by the navy and the Shipping Board to expand to double its size in taking care of the requirements of those two departments. The answer, of course, is that these three departments had never been brought together, that there was no central planning and coordination—no "top-planning," as Mr. Child called it in his article in last week's *COLLIER'S*.

The record is crowded with other examples of failure to coordinate, to plan ahead. Up to the 1st of January last 21,117,612 pairs of shoes had been ordered. That is more shoes than have been ordered for the very much larger British army during three and a half years of war. If that were merely an example of ordering in a big way for a big job, it would be a cheering fact, rather than otherwise. But at the same time the army was short by several hundred thousand of the number of overcoats needed. Our shortage in several lines of arms and ammunition is serious. One alarming shortage is in powder.

Although this country must provide about half the powder needed by the Allies, and although we are short in the production of it to the extent of about a million pounds a day, the orders for the new buildings to increase our powder supply were not given until December. But all these things are merely typical details. If you should wade through the three or four thousand pages of testimony, you would find scores of them. But the big fact back of it all is that Secretary Baker never grasped the job as a whole. He never looked upon it as what it was, the turning of the United States into one great factory. He never got on top of his job, never dominated it. He never grasped the position of general manager of the United States at war.

### It Comes Back to Ships

FOR the present he has beaten his critics. It was rather agreeable, sitting in the committee room, to see him do it—to see a frail, small man, by sheer acuteness of mind, by the qualities of an able lawyer and logician, expert in the use of words, with perfect urbanity, with a gentle, almost feminine voice, beat half a dozen senators with the facts in their favor. A massive senator would come at him with a massive question, and presently the massive senator would be flopping like a turtle on his back. But all the while you kept reflecting how different it would be if the sides were reversed: the able Mr. Baker cross-questioning. His victory is purely dialectic. As surely

as the Fourth of July will come in midsummer, the facts are going to catch up with him and with all of us. For you can tell the whole story with one detail which is typical of all the details and is the biggest of them. It comes back to ships. *This nation is manufacturing munitions at the rate of five times the carrying capacity of our shipping.* We are turning out some millions of tons of goods which are of use only at one spot on the earth's surface, the battle front in France. And we have not got, because we did not plan and coordinate, one-fifth the amount of shipping necessary to carry those munitions to the spot where they must go. It is as if Mr. Baker had built a huge factory with only a two-by-five door to get the finished product out, with only a narrow-gauge railroad and a wheezy donkey engine to get it away. The result is going to be worse than you will realize unless you reflect upon it. The stuff is going to pile up on our docks, and back up on our switches, and congest our railroads to the point of paralysis, and our great war machine will have to slow down before it has fairly got under way. The consequences, economic and military, are going to be extremely serious. And they will be on us in only a few weeks. Lack of planning and coordination! It is just a year ago the sixth of next month that we began to build the shells and guns. And it is only to-day that we are trying frantically to get the men to build the yards to build the ships to carry these shells and guns to France.

# "WE'RE IN THE LINE!"

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

PARIS, Feb. 1, 1918.

WE are in. A small portion of the American army has taken over its line on the front in France—the tenth month of our war against Germany.

Last June I stood on the quai at Boulogne when General Pershing and his staff first set foot on French soil. A few weeks later I saw the first detachment of our army land at a French port. It was this same detachment that, a few days ago, I saw disappear into the night as they turned in toward the trenches of their front line. I shall never see them again—that is, not all of them; for even now, as I write, it is more than probable that some have already paid the price of war.

In Paris one day, among the other boulevard rumors and gossip, I heard a whisper: "Some Americans are about to take over their line." I at once hurried over to the office of officialdom and inquired if this were true.

I was asked to divulge where I had secured my information. My questioner was somewhat taken aback when I told him my informant was not an American officer nor an American anybody, nor even a Frenchman, but an Englishman whose whisper had really been quite a vocal effort in a public place. Officialdom then remarked that, inasmuch as I seemed to know about it, I would be told later the exact time to leave Paris for the front—that my name was "on the list."

### Getting to the Front

I WAS never notified, because this Paris office of officialdom never found out any more about it. After several days of vain inquiry, in company with fellow correspondents, I went by train and automobile to the town that shelters the Press Headquarters of our army, situated some thirty-odd miles from another town, the headquarters of General Pershing and our General Staff.

The chief press officer revealed the date when our men would take over their line. He told us where we might go to witness the undertaking, and

the means provided for getting us there. He also told us what we could and could not write, according to his definite instructions from General Pershing. And there was more, far more, that we could not write than that we could. In view of the restrictions, which seemed to include everything except what I have said in the first paragraph of this article, the arrangements for the cable correspondents seemed amusing. After long and heavy conference, it was decided that as soon as the official communiqué arrived from the Staff Headquarters town, thirty-odd miles away, the three press agencies were to be given a one-hundred-word "flash" on the wire. After this overture all of the eight special cable correspondents were to have another "flash" of one hundred words each. Then these same eight, filing their dispatches in the order drawn by ballot, were to be allowed one thousand words of descriptive cable. This would close the performance.

It was carefully explained that these almost ten thousand words would completely choke the telegraph wires from that town for thirty-six hours. Inasmuch as the stories of at least half of the eight correspondents would reach America after the first half had already been printed, it would be scarcely worth while for the latter to write any "descriptive stuff" at all. Again I point out that the press telegraphic arrangements, for the benefit of the American public, have been existent in this town for six months. To-day the number of French operators who cannot understand English is the same as on the first day that a cable was ever sent from that part of France on the subject of the American troops.

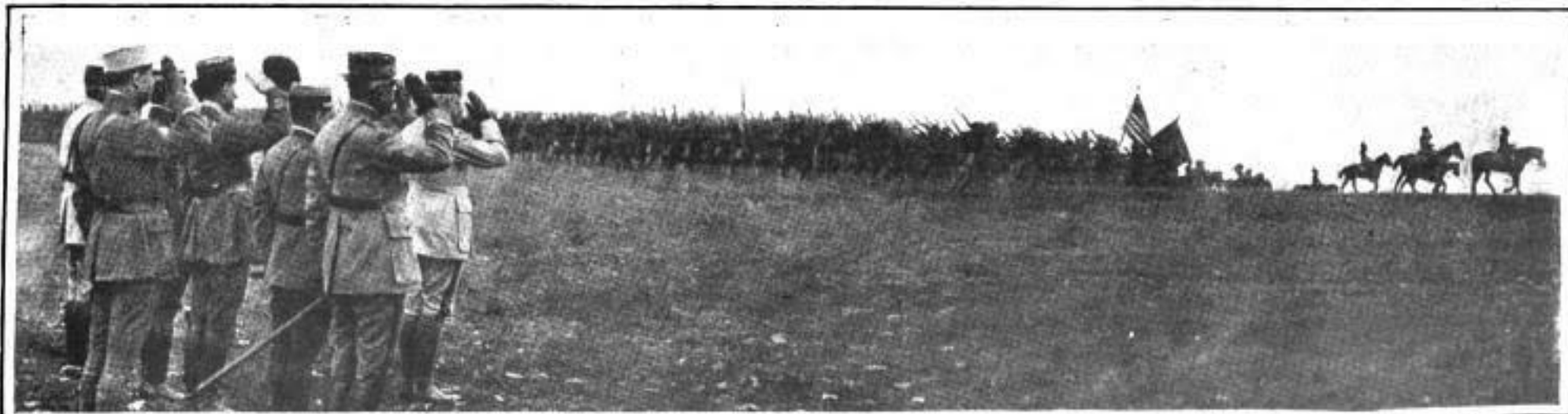
I will give no further chronology of what we correspondents did in order to get the facts and to understand this taking over of our line. Once it was decided that we could not go near the troops at all. We pointed out that the occasion was a part of the vital history of the war, if not indeed of the world; inasmuch as the performers were all Americans, we argued that the American people had a right to have some of that history written from the

ground. Finally the order was changed, after twenty-four hours of backing and filling, and we were permitted to go into the zone to see the men, but were absolutely forbidden to enter or go near the trenches. This last order was quite understandable, because the relief of a section of trenches is a difficult and ticklish performance at any time, and was especially so in this case because of possible confusion resulting from the difference in language. But, in the memory of certain recent cable dispatches, I wish again to assert that at this writing not a single correspondent has ever gone into a trench at its taking over by American troops.

### From Horizon Blue to Khaki

SEVERAL years ago I visited these present American trenches when they were held by the French. I went over every yard of that front when it was one of the important sectors of the line. Looking back to my nights and days passed there, it was quite easy to shift the color scheme from horizon blue to khaki; it was a simple matter to change the bearded poilus and grinning Africans into slim, clear-skinned young Americans, and to look forward to the American "zero hour" when our soldiers would make their first attack. "Contemptible little armies" can grow fast once they are planted. Our force now in the line could not numerically be called an army (unless it were acting as a punitive expedition in Mexico); but the mere fact that the first section of American troops is now guarding its own trenches, sending its own patrols and its own raiding parties through the barbed wire and across No Man's Land, should force our army chiefs to speed up and finish the training of new divisions landed and landing. We shall need them all too quickly to make good the losses of the First Army and to form new armies to expand the American military zone.

Our regiments left the tiny villages where they were billeted, some miles behind the trenches, just at sundown. The day had been somber and the air dank, like almost every day in France at this time





of year. The roads were unending streams of mud and water. Machine-gun companies went first, sloshing and slipping along under a fine drizzle that would at least prevent any German reception in the form of a gas attack. The air was too dense and still for gas. The men were calm and quiet, and those who said anything at all simply expressed the general opinion that they were glad they were moving—moving to the real front, to fight; they were completely fed up with training and waiting.

An imperative whispered command soon silenced all conversation, and there was only the gentle padding of feet in the mud as the infantry then took up the march, platoon after platoon. Cigarettes were prohibited in the general order that no lights were permitted so close to the lines. At a certain point French liaison officers met each platoon and silently signaled the American officers to follow them into the dark, along a narrow, slippery path that wound slightly uphill through a black forest. One of these Frenchmen explained that there had been some slight artillery activity along about dusk, but that the French batteries had quickly silenced it. There might be a return barrage fire, he explained, so every precaution was necessary. The Germans had the range of the mud path, so that even a "slow barrage"—that is, one shell every few minutes—might seriously impede "la relève."

After a few moments of climbing, the last file of our infantry could feel—for they could not see—passing bodies of men headed toward the rear. Occasionally our men would brush against them on the narrow road and slip aside into the ditches knee-deep with water. By a muttered imprecation in French after one of these collisions the Americans realized that these soldiers were the French troops they were relieving, probably the first platoons to go out as our first platoons marched in. But the Frenchmen did not know that the long-awaited "American relief" was passing them. The effort of the High Command to keep the matter secret had prevented even a whisper reaching the front.

Another case where news concerning troops reached them after open discussion in the cafés of Paris!

No indication was given by any of the Americans of their identity. Both files plodded silently along, a weariness in the march rhythm of the one, an alertness in the other that was significant. There were no salutes from the almost invisible officers who marched at the heads of their columns.

The last American platoon left the narrow path, turning toward the position on the right it was to occupy. It passed through a mass of broken stones that had once formed a village. Our men had never seen a demolished village, so they peered eagerly about. Again they sensed soldiers filing toward them. The Frenchmen had seen so many ruins that those through which they were soon stumbling registered no new impression. A few of them sank down among the stones to rest just as several flares from distant hills rocketed up and for a moment illuminated the scene.

### *The American Relief Has Come!*

THE poilus sitting at rest were scarcely recognizable, they toned in so exactly in color with the ruin all about. Their figures looked more like the high reliefs carved on the walls of ancient churches than like human beings. They were as motionless as the débris. They were covered with dirt and mud. Their packs and helmets were crusted with clay, and their faces gray with fatigue and streaked with grimy sweat. All they wanted was rest; they looked with unseeing eyes at the staring Americans. The fact that "la relève américaine" was at hand was not yet known in the zone of the armies.

The Americans marched out into an open field. Their trenches were just on the other side. It was downhill now, into a little valley. On hills opposite were the German lines; these hills toned into the blackness of the starless, moonless sky.

There came a suspicion of swagger into the walk of the Americans, swinging down the hill. None of them were tired. The climb had been nothing.

They were fresh and clean and recently fed. Their packs were in good condition. True, some of them had wet feet, because their new boots had not been sufficiently oiled before starting out, but, all in all, there was nothing the matter with them. The hour was still early, so there would be plenty of time for the field kitchens to follow to their positions and send morning coffee up through the communication *beyaux*.

Another file of French soldiers was climbing up the field from the communication trench that led to the front line. There were only a few of them, and they marched slowly. A few stumbled. As the Americans came abreast there was a succession of flares on the hills, so that for a few seconds the field was bathed in flickering blue light. At the head of the French column was a bedraggled, bearded sergeant. He stared straight ahead, his eyes so fixed and lifeless they might have been blind. Then he saw the column of Americans. He did not recognize them, but his hand came up in a mechanical salute. A young American lieutenant returned it; and then the man's eyes and mind awoke. The flares flickered out and the American officer disappeared in the dark. In the light of another rocket the French sergeant could have been seen still standing at salute. He smiled now, and as the light again died he gave the first signal to French troops that Americans had taken over their line. It was the phrase which every soldier in the French army had been repeating as a question for months: "La relève américaine est venue?" ("The American relief has come.") The sergeant reiterated the miracle in a whisper: "La relève américaine est venue." And as the Americans were swallowed into the mouth of their trench every poilu in the line stood at rigid salute: inky, vague forms in the occasional glare from the rockets.

As I came away I saw the moon had risen and was sending a pale gleam through the heavy dark. The relief of the trenches was successfully carried out without incident, says the War Office dispatch.

*This is the 3d of a series of articles by Mr. Williams.*

# OUR MILITARY RAILROAD IN FRANCE

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"WAR is a construction job," says my friend, the man from Tech—"a construction job, with fatalities thrown in."

To which I should like to offer an amendment and say that modern warfare is a transportation problem of the first magnitude.

The United States to-day faces the greatest military problem of all ages; the movement of an army of a million men, perhaps two or three times that number, five thousand miles—more than three thousand miles of this distance through the submarine-infested North Atlantic. And with these men go hundreds of thousands of tons of food, ordnance—large guns and small—aircraft and their appurtenances, remounts—a horse to every five or seven men—and finally such valuable allies of the modern army as the signal, the medical, and the hospital service, with all of their impedimenta. The ocean part of the problem is one of ships—many ships—and their adequate protection, but ships cannot put our army down at the fighting lines. That is a problem for the railroad. And because the railroads of poor, torn France are already overburdened with her own military needs, we have begun to create over there our own transportation line—the United States Military Railroad in France. It will, when finally finished, connect the ocean ports allotted to our use with our sector of the fighting line, a distance of some 600 miles—which is more than equal to that between New York and Cleveland; indeed is farther than from San Francisco to San Diego. It is the hand of Uncle Sam; its diverging branches, close to the front, are his sinewy fingers; over the pathway of the sea stretches his mighty right arm.

### *The Stems Start!*

PICTURE to yourself a French seaport, a modern French city. Its streets, if not always broad, are for the most part asphalt-paved. Its buildings are handsome and substantial. It has a cathedral and many churches. It is a fine city, but mistake not its modernness: it is six centuries old.

Yet here beside the broad river changing into an estuary of the sea which the French port has faced these 600 years are new docks; docks verdant with the rawness of fresh-cut timber—huge docks too: tipples and cranes and wharf houses and warehouses, with a mass of tracks connecting all of them and noisy switch engines going back and forth. And at the berthing spaces are great gray ships in from the United States, discharging their olive-drab burdens into railroad cars of the same hue.

These bear the lettering of the United States Military Railroad on their freshly painted sides. There are clatter and roar and enterprise and a huge lot of hard, hard work. But this cannot be France; this must be—these docks and warehouses, even though they are fabricated of timber instead of the more familiar steel, must be Ashtabula or Conneaut or South Chicago. And yet the signs upon the little shops that line the road from the town to the terminal are in the Gallic phrase; the little old lady who slides the iron gate across the highway at the near-by railroad crossing is as French as the gray bulk of Notre Dame de Paris.

Another port such as this is to be created scarcely 200 miles away. It too bears the name of an ancient French city. And by the time you read these words its docks and warehouses should be well started. To-day they await the coming of the heavy timber from overseas. For heavy timber construction, such as our engineers delight to use in such emergencies as these, is strange to French eyes. They have not been used to seeing timbers half as thick as a man is tall and seven or eight or ten times as long.

From these two separate ports the two main stems of the United States Military Railroad will start. One for a time follows the windings of a lovely river; the boys who make their entrance to France upon this line will be fortunate indeed. The other is a slightly more direct route. It plunges at once away from the sight and smell of salt water and thrusts itself directly inland, cutting through the crests of rolling hills and spanning great wide valleys. It should be understood at the beginning that the main portions of these lines are not new. They have not been constructed by the United States; nor did the French build them with any military use whatsoever in mind. They are portions of the lines—in many cases side lines rather than main stems—of the existing system of French railroads. For, as we shall see in a moment, the construction problem of the United States Military Railroad in France has been almost entirely one of seaport terminals, of division yards, of divergent lines, and of light railways at the front.

### *A Cross-Country Line*

UPON my desk rests a copy of "L'Indicateur des Chemins de Fer," which is to France as the "Official Guide of the Railways" is to this country. It shows the six great railroads of the French Republic, the dozen or more main stems of five of these, radiating from Paris as the spokes of a wheel from their hub. The two main stems of the United States

Military Railroad cut from one side of France to the other and cross the spokes of this wheel at acute angles. In other words, our railroad over there is a cross-country line running at angles to the main paths of peace traffic—just as Twenty-third Street crosses Broadway or as the Delaware & Hudson or the main line of the Illinois Central Railroad cross the main stems of traffic in the United States almost at right angles. A transportation man can quickly see that this has meant the least possible upset to the traffic conditions on the war-congested French railroads—our simple method of the utilization of branch lines and cross-country tie lines. Our military railroad so intersects four of the six great systems of the country—the Etat, the Paris-Orléans, the P. L. M. (Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée), and L'Est. It uses portions of all of these lines for its two double-track main stems, which in the main are parallel, although they cross one another between the ocean and the military front.

Yet while it uses these lines, its operation is absolutely distinct from theirs. It has had to unite sections of railroads ordinarily as competitive or divergent as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. In fact, we can best gain an idea of the location and the operation of our military railroad overseas by reversing the picture and imagining it being built by France across our own United States. Which can be the more readily understood by a reference to the accompanying map.

### *A French Military Railroad Here*

SUPPOSE that a great enemy force has landed somewhere upon the desolate shores of Louisiana and made a far-reaching invasion, both up the Valley of the Mississippi and off toward the Southwest and the Mexico line. And the army of the United States, having become hard pressed, the Republic of France has become our ally and has followed her distinguished precedent by again sending an army to our shores—only this time an army a hundred times the size of the force which Rochambeau and Lafayette brought here, nearly a century and a half ago. Suppose our resources to be as nearly exhausted as our army, and that France is giving bountifully and cheerfully of her stores, but that her problem here (like ours in France to-day) is chiefly one of military transportation.

The French have been assigned a sector along the east bank of the Mississippi, from a point halfway between Natchez and Vicksburg to one close to Memphis. They are not only preparing to hold this,



All © Kodel &amp; Herbert



There has been great haste to build the necessary connecting lines—



From the ocean ports allotted to our use to the battle front

but to advance. But to reach their sector from the North Atlantic seaboard—avoiding the submarine-infested Gulf of Mexico—is the real problem. Our own railroads are struggling valiantly to meet the many necessities of our own huge, widespread army, desperately trying to hold the invading host in check. The Washington authorities assign Atlantic ports to the French—good harbors, which in recent years have fallen a little into disuse. The chief port of the North, let us say, is Salem, Mass., and of the South, Port Royal, S. C. From these, and possibly a few others closely adjacent, the French Military Railroad in the United States is being built.

No, not built, but adapted. For in this emergency no tracks are being laid, save for terminals and division yards or for intersecting certain links of existing lines—around Springfield, Mass., for instance. The northern French line heads due west from Salem, where huge temporary docks and warehouses have been built, goes just south of Lowell and Lawrence, and yet avoids the war-congested area about metropolitan Boston. It traverses side lines of the Boston & Maine up to a point just north of Springfield. And because Springfield is a great and congested railroad center even in times of peace, the French Military Railroad does not try to avail itself of any of the yard and engine houses there, but builds its own, even though this involves the construction of a temporary bridge across the Connecticut River.

At Springfield the French road leaves the Boston & Maine and, after running for four or five miles upon the main line of the Boston & Albany—even though this has necessitated the adding of another pair of rails to that congested railroad—dips sharply to the south and follows the tracks of the Central New England Railroad to and across the Poughkeepsie Bridge. The grades on a part of this line are steep and some of the curves are short. (But so are the grades steep and the curves short on some portions of the line of the United States Military Railroad in France.) It is a problem met, in a war emergency, by the design of a proper kind of sturdy, hill-pulling locomotive of comparatively light weight.

#### In Forty Days!

AT Maybrook, N. Y., thirty miles west of the Hudson River, the Central New England connects with the Lehigh & Hudson, which carries the French road on to Easton, Pa. Great yards and engine houses at Maybrook have been expanded. From Easton to Allentown a short run of sixteen miles, over the Central Railroad of New Jersey, then a longer one upon a cross-country route of the Philadelphia & Reading, bring the French Military Railroad into Harrisburg. It would have cost entirely too much to build a new bridge across the Susquehanna—two miles wide at this point. It has happened, however, that the row of tall piers of the uncompleted bridge of the ill-fated South Penn Railroad still stand at Harrisburg—unused for thirty years. The quick ingenuity of the French engineers seizes upon these, and even if they have rather bragged

about the way they put up an emergency double-tracked superstructure in forty days, clearing not only the river but the busy main line and Northern Central divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad as well, we must remember who they are and be a little lenient. Which continues the allegory.

#### Feathering Out

FROM Harrisburg, Pa., to Hagerstown, Md., over the ancient Cumberland Valley Railroad; from Hagerstown to Bristol (which balances itself evenly upon the State line between Virginia and Tennessee) on the Norfolk & Western; from Bristol, through Chattanooga and on to the firing line south of Memphis over the Southern Railway—here is the north main stem of the French Military Railroad, which avoids both the overburdened main lines of our railroads and the great cities, with their congested metropolitan districts, yet is built entirely upon existing trackage of fair grade from Salem, Mass., to near Memphis, Tenn., and is direct and reasonably efficient. The map shows the way. In a similar fashion the south main stem of the French road, by utilizing existing and little-used lines, runs from Port Royal to a point north of Vicksburg. And within a hundred miles of the Mississippi River these two main stems of French transportation are not only united but are feathered out into many army service branches, which in turn are still further feathered by the use of many, many miles of narrow-gauge light railways. Upon these long rails, interspersed with their regular traffic, run French trains—cars built in Orléans, drawn by locomotives the output of Lyons shops,

Reverse the picture! Turn negative into positive, fancy into fact! It now is the United States Military Railroad in France that we see, and that railroad is real; as real as the Grand Central Terminal in New York, or its smaller brother in your own town. Its two main stems have long since been allocated and there has been great haste to build both the necessary connecting links and the division yards. When General Pershing asked for wharf buildings, 225 experts were on their way within a fortnight. And 19,000 freight cars, 130,000 tons of rails, 500,000 ties, 600 miles of telephone wire, and other equipment were the first orders from the American Commission. When our rails could not come rapidly enough from our rolling mills, or were delayed through lack of ships, the generous-hearted French, represented by M. Albert Claveille, then Minister of Public Works and Transportation, did not hesitate to tear up their own tracks—where possible, the second track of double-tracked routes carrying, comparatively, the least amount of traffic.

In a similar fashion the Belgians loaned us locomotives, thus saving time and tonnage—Pershing received 600 in a single shipment. Now, however, nearly 1,000 locomotives—a motive-power equipment about equal to that of the Lehigh Valley Railroad—and 19,000 freight cars are already under construction in American car and locomotive shops. A few of them have started overseas. (These engines must not be confused with the great orders placed by the French railroads with the Baldwin and the American Locomotive Works within the past two or three years, delivery of which has been under way. However, they are greatly similar.)

A few of these military engines for France—awaiting "knockdown" and boxing into nineteen great crates for each engine—have recently been put in temporary emergency service to help relieve the great freight congestion in the Northeast. Folk round about New York and Philadelphia, for instance, have seen them—trig freight pullers, in battleship gray, with "U. S. A." in great initials upon their tenders. They are not large engines or heavy—as we view locomotives. They are of the so-called Consolidation type and of a size which American railroads outgrew more than a dozen years ago. Each weighs, without the tender, about 166,000 pounds. That they are not heavier is due not only to the limitations of the "clearances" of the French tunnels and bridges, but also to the fact that the railroads of our ally are built with a ruling grade of 1 per cent—or 52.8 feet to the mile. This, oddly enough, is the grade which the builders of our earliest railroads in the West adopted. But in recent years ruling grades of from but one-third to one-half per cent have been our maximum in good construction, permitting the use of the heaviest locomotives in the world.

In general appearance these engines more closely resemble the motive power of foreign railroads, with their half cabs, their low freeboard, and in their two stout bumpers (Continued on page 10)



For military reasons it is inadvisable to show a map of our railroad in France, but reverse this map and you have a vivid idea of its direction and layout

the whole manned and directed and dispatched by Frenchmen, using their native tongue—and doing it all so well that the horrible war in the United States is being won, slowly but very, very surely.





# Collier's

## "The Battle of 1917"

A FEW readers of COLLIER'S may have seen a cabled message in the "Times" newspaper of New York questioning the truth of an article communicated to us by WYTHE WILLIAMS and called "The Battle of 1917." If they took the pains to go through these columns of unsupported assertion (which for their sakes we hope they didn't), they must have remained unconvinced at the end. The cable is signed by CHARLES H. GRASTY, but is plainly in the handwriting, so to speak, of M. PAINLEVE, former French Minister of War. Nobody can be entirely right who denies so vehemently. The truth never screamed as loud as all that. M. PAINLEVE, through Mr. GRASTY, admits that Mr. WILLIAMS had access to documents, but asserts that the persons who "indiscreetly" showed him the documents "cunningly" concealed parts of them, thus betraying him into incorrect conclusions. Indiscretion and cunning, two strange partners, must have worked together to fool French journalists also, for there were any number of comments in the newspapers of France, of the same general character as Mr. WILLIAMS'S. Finally, to support the contradiction of the COLLIER'S article, the "Times" correspondent turns on General NIVELLE, who is apparently suspected of supplying the facts for "The Battle of 1917," and attempts to discredit him. General NIVELLE is absent from Paris and cannot reply.

The facts of COLLIER'S connection with this article are clear. When Mr. WILLIAMS wrote it he was not connected with COLLIER'S. He was the accredited correspondent of the New York "Times" in Paris. He sought a paper of national circulation for this important comment, and sent "The Battle of 1917" to COLLIER'S. Upon its appearance in France, M. PAINLEVE cabled through the "Times" to the editor of COLLIER'S a denunciation of the article so emotional in character that we declined to print it before giving Mr. WILLIAMS a chance to reply. That is, having some knowledge of politicians on both sides of the Atlantic, we were reluctant to injure the credit of a conscientious newspaper man on the demand of one of this class. There were other reasons for our reluctance. The first was that the tone of M. PAINLEVE'S cable made us doubtful of its sincerity. The second reason sprang from the fact that our only acquaintance with Mr. GRASTY came from a recollection of his statements about submarine warfare last year—an adventure into romantic statistics that gave almost the first touch of comedy to the news of the war. Neither to the indignant politician nor to the imaginative statistician were we willing to sacrifice a writer of good repute. M. PAINLEVE'S cable was sent to the Paris representative of COLLIER'S for investigation. That investigation was going on when the Painleve-Grasty article appeared. Since then COLLIER'S has received a message from Mr. WILLIAMS in which he says he "reaffirms the exactness of every charge in the article," and promises a full reply. After reading articles in the French papers we are of the opinion that it is hardly necessary for him to go to so much trouble.

## Real Labor for Real Farms

IF you ever stuck a plowshare in the soil, you know that farming is a local matter. That is how this farm-labor problem looks to us. If solved to any very material extent, it will be by localities, the U. S. A. being a sizable expanse of territory in one way and another. Incidentally, the professional farmers will probably have to put up with a good deal of part-man help derived from wherever they can get it. We hope said help will go, on the whole, to the more professional and more successful of our agriculturists. This is a good time for raising supplementary supplies of garden truck as near the household table as possible, but it is no time at all for scattering out on the production of the staple crops or for trying to reclaim obsolete farms for these uses. Real farm labor is going to be scarce, and it must be applied at the points where it will do the most good this year. Every town very properly wants to see the rural regions about it built up to that maximum of growing power, and some have done much toward that end, but the present situation is a national one and must be handled nationally. We are not on a war basis yet, we are still having a lot of unnecessary things done, and we can therefore divert a good deal of strength to raising food for our cause. We've got to. That labor and material must be put where it will count in our war. The shot that hits is why we make guns.

March 23, 1918

## "In the Trade"

A FRENCH trade paper prints this advertisement in the fourth year of the war:

Paris

Having Made Our Pile, we Are Retiring!

A BUSINESS IN GROCERIES

WHOLESALE AND SEMIWHOLESALE

An establishment near the Central Markets, founded in 1900. Rental: 8,000 francs. Custom: merchants in edibles (grocers, dairymen, fruiterers, etc.). Six to eight employees; four horses in peace time (two at present); goods in stock to the value of about 500,000 francs. Business: about 700,000 francs in time of peace and over a million in war time. NET PROFITS: in peace time, 25,000 francs; the net profits since the war will be communicated confidentially.

The Paris newspaper, "L'Œuvre," which reproduces this interesting advertisement, confines itself to making this comment: "What are the tax collectors waiting for before they look into this 'good thing' and 'confidentially' inquire what is its 'net profit since the war'?" The food hogs are not all American, it would seem; and Mr. HOOVER is probably well informed that in France—yes, even in the country which has given and suffered most in the war—the grocers and the coal merchants have proved the littleness of the trader soul. "My grocer will give his son to the *patrie* and cheat you out of two cents the day after his funeral," said one Frenchman the other day. But all the grocers aren't French; and, obviously, not all grocers are cheats—either in France or in America.

## We Doubt It!

WE always blamed those dinky little mustaches, the kind sawed off at the ends, on the British army. Certainly the first we ever saw disfigured the close-shaved young officers of that well-behaved organization back in those far-off, happy days when, speaking approximately, the British army was as small for the British Empire as the dinky little mustache for a man's-size face. But listen to a writer in the Paris "Matin," M. LOUIS FOREST, whom we paraphrase:

The girls are writing me letters begging that I step in and, by one of my articles, save for civilization the mustache à la française—the long, silky, distinguished, and well-cared-for kind of a mustache. And it is true, that the present style is all in favor of a close-cropped toothbrush, just under the nose. "Stupid and silly!" cry the young ladies—but it appears that the style comes from America. . . .

M. FOREST, we protest! What evidence can you offer that the toothbrush is an American invention?

## Don't!

THE grave error of M. LOUIS FOREST, who is a wonderfully informed man on a thousand subjects, brings out a profound verity. That is the danger of all generalizations touchin' and appertainin' to nations. "You cannot," as EDMUND BURKE so gravely affirmed in the speech "On Conciliation with America," which every American collegian used to have forced upon his annoyed attention—"you cannot indict a whole nation." Neither can you praise one. Or, rather, you can—and shouldn't. We are much impressed by these truths when we reflect upon the silly undervaluation of France, in Great Britain and the United States no less than in Germany, before 1914; also when we reflect upon the unqualified and unreasoning deification of French character (which, speaking humanly, no one admires more than we do) since 1914. There is something of Mrs. EDITH WHARTON which bears upon this point of the silliness of making general statements about nations.

"Twenty years ago," writes Mrs. WHARTON in an essay contributed to the French "Revue Hebdomadaire," "during a cruise in the Mediterranean, the yacht on which I was traveling had to put into a little port of the Peloponnesus, in a storm.

"Before disembarking on this foreign soil, which was rumored to be none too safe, we consulted our guidebook. Here is what we found there: 'The inhabitants of this region are brave, amiable, hospitable, and generous, but ferocious, traitorous, vindictive, and addicted to piracy and brigandage.'"

When you are tempted to generalize about England or France or perhaps even about the United States, remember the advice of the philosopher and—don't! We mean to begin by practicing this philosophy in respect to mustaches.





A PORT in France which teems with Yankee troops has a brief alley named the Street of American Victory. More than one youngster in khaki has wondered by what prophetic instinct such a name was given to such a street over a century ago? A local historian argues, however, that there was no thought of 1918 and its events when the Bordelais potter HUSTIN gave his wife's name VICTOIRE to the cul-de-sac. Hailing from Martinique, Mme. VICTOIRE was known to the town of Bordeaux as "Victoire l'Américaine"; by the time of the French Revolution the street itself was called "Victoire-Américaine." Probably many a passer-by in 1800 assumed that the Street of American Victory had been so named to commemorate the American War of Independence. In 2000 the passer-by will imagine that the street was named in honor of what the American army accomplished in the summer or fall of 1918. Anyhow, one may hope so.

ALL this urging people to grow some foodstuff this summer is not any effort to saddle them with an extra task, but only to wake them up to their opportunities. Too many civilized men have hands too soft to be either masculine or useful. Hundreds of thousands of people in our country stay indoors so habitually throughout the year that even sitting out on a porch has for them a real quality of adventure. Perhaps one reason why porch ceilings are sometimes painted sky blue is to remind the inmates of the look of the sky! Many of us dodge so quickly from one shelter to another, from home to trolley to office and back again, that we get very little notion of how lovely the changes of light are at night and morning. In a garden you get all that and sometimes also the coming of the stars. Legend and science combine to tell us that we arose from the earth and in time will take our rest in it again. Why not know something more of it while we are here? In a garden certainly you learn man's place in this universe as chooser between better and worse, preferring the one and hindering the other, and of his responsibility for his own choices therein. How much of kindness would we have if our race had not had to deal with budding and blossoming plants, and how much of intelligence if we had not had to watch the procession of the day as it strides past between our garden walls? Take your troubles out for cure to the healing peace of green things growing. Get back to earth's realities this year; go gardening!

WE do not know. There have been better years for crop quality than 1917 was with all its vagaries of hot and cold, wet and dry and frost. Probably there are men in the garden-seed trade who want to talk their goods up to higher price levels. Hot air inflates, rises, and buoys up, and the expedient in question is an ancient one in dry goods and other lines. But suppose seeds are scarce—why not then use them carefully? The average amateur commuter sows with a lavish hand so that the first growth of his planting either chokes itself untimely or comes up thick as fur on

a green cat's back. And when it once gets a good start growing, how he does hate to thin out the young shoots! The result is that still less of his kitchen-garden stuff comes to maturity, so that his product average per seed is about .0003 per cent or thereabouts. Higher prices may avail to remind him that seed is not dirt and that his drills must have space for filling in with earth. There will then be less to thin out and throw away and, probably, a sturdier crop. If worst comes to worst, one might transplant the young specimens of various succulent varieties or even go get advice from those who know how. It is not, normally, very hard to get. In

any case, order your seed now, if not sooner, and scan your neighborhood for humus, fertilizer, and any helpful chemicals or compounds that will make things grow. No matter how high seeds go they will never be as dear as food is to the hungry.

IT may be true that America was going soft and the war had to come along to harden us. But unless HINCKLEY'S is an isolated case, it is also true that America is softening—in the right direction.

"I have adopted a French soldier," said HINCKLEY, who is well beyond the military age and waist measure.

"But I thought you abhor writing letters."

"We don't correspond, Alphonse and I," said HINCKLEY. "But I take him out to lunch and dinner every day." Now HINCKLEY is unmarried and eats about town.

"Alphonse has been invalided here?"

"Not at all. He's still out there on the Chemin des Dames. You remember HOOVER's mentioning the fact that in four months we saved 140,000,000 pounds of beef for the Allies? Well, that works out to just a pound

a week for every living soul in France, which is first-rate. But you know what figures are. Cold. The personal touch isn't there. That's why I picked out Alphonse. Of course his name may be Raoul or Marie-Joseph-Anne-Jerome, but let us say it's Alphonse."

"And you save meat for him?"

"We dine together," said HINCKLEY. "He's good company; silent chap, with something of the look of Verdun about him; but he's all there. Well, formerly, when I went out by myself, it was frequently a sirloin and smothered with onions. Now I look across at Alphonse and say: 'Well, *mon vieux*'—that's right, isn't it, *mon vieux*?'"

"Sure; or *mon cher*, if you prefer that."

"Well, *mon vieux*, I feel like an onion omelet to-day. You better get around a couple o' chops.' He protests politely, of course, but you should see him sail in just the same."

"Yes," said HINCKLEY. "Sometimes he says he is not in the mood for eating. Then I am firm with him. 'None o' that, Alphonse, *mon vieux*,' I tell him. 'Buck up, *Ventre Saint-Gris*!'—that's the way you pronounce it, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, that's perfectly sound Alexandre Dumas *père*."

"That extra meat diet is doing Alphonse lots of good," said HINCKLEY. "I've taken in my belt two inches since Thanksgiving."



**"What's a mother's love, Newton, if the eggs spoil?"**

March 23, 1918



# SNOWBIRDS

*Photographs by Press Illustrating Service*

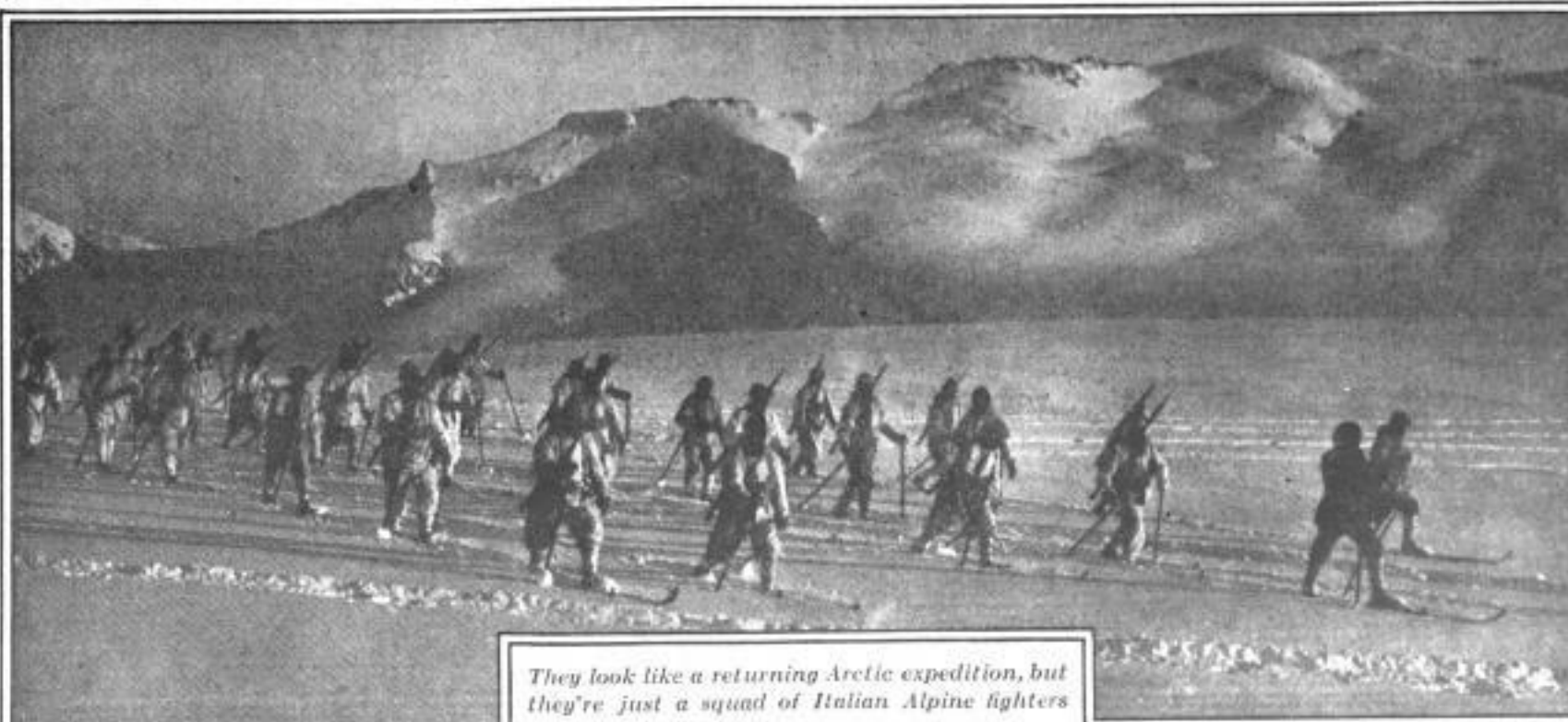
WAR nowadays is a pretty dreary affair—mostly a matter of mud, all-round discomfort, and boredom. In the Italian Alps, however, there still remain some of the picturesque phases of traditional warfare. Trenches lose much of their usefulness, and open fighting is frequent. The snow, too, makes necessary special uniforms and devices. Here is an Italian ski patrol descending a precipitous slope at Venerocolo, on the way to its base.



*The Italian soldier in the Alps carries alpenstocks and wears a special white uniform to match the snow*



*A group of Italian ski patrols near Garibaldi Pass returning to camp through the snow at sundown*



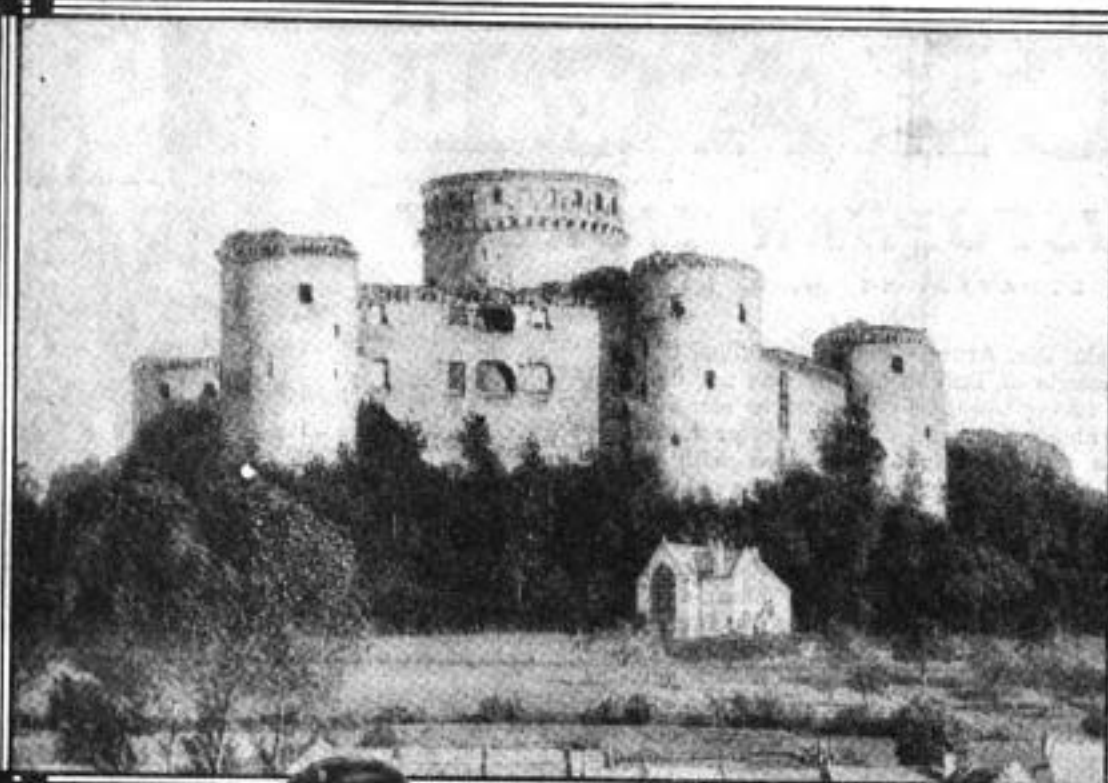
*They look like a returning Arctic expedition, but they're just a squad of Italian Alpine fighters*



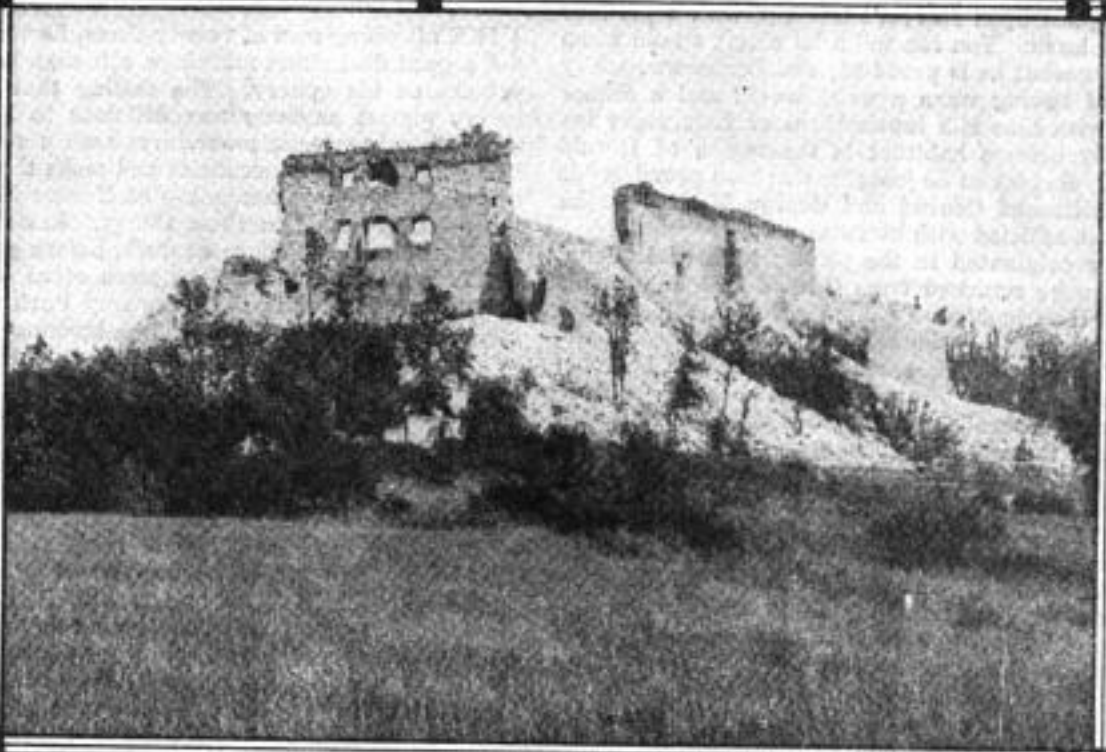
# The TRAIL of HINDENBURG

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*

NEARLY seven hundred years ago—about the year 1225—Enguerrand III, a noble of France, built the castle of Coucy in the Aisne region, a few miles from Laon. It was a huge edifice, with four great towers in its outer walls and an enormous donjon within that rose 200 feet above the plateau on which the castle was built. Coucy was the mightiest stronghold in all France, and its master, secure behind its walls, could defy an army. The castle was restored by the French Government in 1856, and became one of France's great relics of the past. Thousands of tourists visited it every year, and Baedeker's "Northern France," referred to it as "one of the most striking monuments of the feudal ages in Europe." Now Karl Baedeker of Leipzig will have to write a new chapter of its history. For Coucy lay in the path of the retreating German forces when Hindenburg made his famous retreat of 1917. What the barbarian hordes of the Middle Ages could not do, what even time itself had not done, German efficiency and thoroughness accomplished in a few hours. There is one Hindenburg monument in Berlin. But there is another, in France, that will outlast any memorial to him ever built by German hands. That monument is Coucy.



*The Chateau de Coucy as it stood in the year 1914*



*Coucy, after the retreating Germans got through with it*



*One of the tree-bordered walks as it was in 1914, seen from a doorway of the castle*



*Here is the same walk, seen from the same spot, as it looked after the Hindenburg retreat*



# THE PRIZE PACKAGE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL



*He saw the bobbed brown hair and gray eyes of Miss Denver*



*Lester looked at his watch with a frown as he passed her table*

LESTER VALIANT came back from Oxford with the degree of B. Litt., some unpaid tailors' bills, and the conviction that the world owed him a living because he had been suffered within the sacred precincts of Balliol College for three years. A Rhodes scholarship is one of the most bounteous gifts the world holds for a young man; but in Lester's case Oxford piled upon Harvard left him with a perilous lot to unlearn. You can tell a lot about a man when you know what he is proud of; and Lester was really proud of having worn a wrist watch and a dinner jacket with blue silk lapels three or four years before they became habitual in the region of Herald Square. But let us be just: he was also proud of his first editions of Conrad and George Moore; for he was much afflicted with literature.

Lester originated in the yonder part of Indiana, but when he returned from Oxford he made up his mind to live in New York. He felt it appropriate that he should be connected in some way with the production of literature, and after hiring a bedroom on the fourth floor of an old house on Madison Avenue, where several former friends of his were living, he set out to visit the publishers.

There is a third-rate club in London called the Authors' Club. A few years ago it was in urgent need of funds, and a brilliant idea struck the managing committee. Every writer listed in the American "Who's Who" was circularized and received a very flattering letter saying that owing to the distinction of his contributions to contemporary letters the Authors' Club of London would be very much pleased to welcome him as a member, upon a nominal payment of five guineas. About seven hundred guileless persons complied, and transatlantic travel became appreciably denser on account of these men of letters crossing to England to revel in their importance as members of a club of which no one in London has ever heard. And by some fluke the managing committee had got hold of the name of Lester Valiant, then at Oxford—perhaps because he had once published a story in the "Cantharides Magazine."

Probably they bought a mailing list from some firm in Tottenham Court Road. Cecil Rhodes's executors paid his five guineas, and he had his cards engraved:

LESTER G. P. VALIANT

The Authors' Club,  
London

The use of these pasteboards brought him ready entrée in the offices of New York publishers. If he had not been so eager to impress the gentlemen he interviewed with his literary connoisseurship, undoubtedly he would have landed a job much sooner. But publishers are justly suspicious of anything that savors of literature, and Lester's innocent allusions to George Moore and Chelsea did much to alarm them. At length, however, Mr. Arundel, the president of the Arundel Company, took pity on the young man and gave him a desk in his editorial office and fifteen dol-

lars a week. Mr. Arundel had once walked through the quadrangle of Balliol, and he was not disposed to be too severe toward Lester's naive mannerisms.

To his amazement and dismay, Lester found his occupation not even faintly flavored with literature. He was set to work writing press notes about authors of whom he had never heard at Oxford and whose books he soon discovered to be amateurish or worse. He had been nourishing himself upon the English conception of a publisher's office: a quaint, dingy rookery somewhere in Clifford's Inn, where gentlemen in spats and monocles discuss, over cups of tea and platters of anchovy toast, realism and the latest freak of the Spasmodists. The Arundel office was a wilderness of light walnut desks and filing cases, throbbing with typewriters, adding machines, and hoarse cries from the shipping room at the rear. Here sat Lester, gloomily writing blurbs for literary editors, and wondering how long it would be before he would earn forty dollars a week. He reckoned that was what one ought to get before incurring matrimony.

LIKE all young men of twenty-three, Lester thought a good deal about marriage, although he had not yet chosen his quarry. The feeling that he could marry almost anybody was delicious to him. But this heavenly eclecticism endures such a short time! For youth abhors generalities and seeks the concrete instance. Also, much reading of George Moore sets the mind brooding on these things. Lester used to stroll in Madison Square at dusk, before going back to his room, and his visions were often of a dark paneled apartment in the Gramercy Park neighborhood where an open fire would be burning and some one sitting in silk stockings to endear him as he returned from the office.

His arrival caused something of an upheaval in the placid breasts of the two old college friends whose sitting room he shared on Madison Avenue. They were sturdy and steady creatures, more familiar with Edward Earle Purinton and Orison Swett Marden than with Swinburne and Crackanthorpe and Mallarmé. To his secret annoyance, Lester learned that both Jack Hulbert and Harry Hanover were earning more than thirty dollars a week, and he even had an uneasy suspicion that they were saving some of it. When he spoke about Beardsley or Will Rothenstein or the Grafton Galleries they were apt to turn the talk upon Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker. When he showed them his greatest treasure, a plaster life mask of himself that a sculpturing friend in Chelsea had made, they were frankly ribald. Jack was in the circulation department of a large magazine,

and Harry performed some unexplained tasks in the office of a large tea importer. Lester was fond of them both, but it seemed to him a bitter travesty that these simple-minded Philistines should possess so much higher earning power than he. Sometimes he thought of taking a garret in Greenwich Village, but in the Madison Avenue house he was sharing a big sitting room at little expense. So he spread his books about, hung up his framed letter from Przybyszewski, put his hammered brass tea caddy on the reading table, and made the best of the situation.

Even on fifteen dollars a week a young man may have a very amusing time in New York. For his room and breakfast Lester paid six dollars a week; for his other meals he used to hunt out the little table-d'hôte restaurants of which there are so many in the crosstown streets between the Avenue and Broadway. To come in from the snowy street on a winter evening, sit down to a tureen of Moretti's hot minestrone, open a new packet of ten-cent cigarettes, and prop up a copy of the "Oblique Review" against the cruet stand, seemed to Lester the prismatic fringe of all that was *je ne sais quoi* and *ne plus ultra*. The dandruffians in the little orchestra under the stairs would hammer out some braying operatic strains, and Lester would lean back in a swirl of acrid tobacco smoke and survey his surroundings with great content.

It was while he was conjugating the verb *to live* in this manner, and sowing a notable crop of wild table d'hôtes that he first realized the importance of Pearl Denver. Miss Pearl was Mr. Arundel's personal stenographer, a young woman remarkable in her profession by the fact that she never exposed the details of her camisole to the public gaze; also when the boss dictated she was able to rescue his subordinate clauses from the airy vacancy in which they hung suspended, and hook them up into new sentences capable of grammatical analysis. As a stenographer she was distinctly above par, but not above parsing.

Lester, of course, had a speaking acquaintance with Miss Denver, but her existence had never really penetrated the warm aura of egocentric thoughts that enshrouded him. He knew her simply as one of the contingents of the office; and the office had proved a great disappointment to him. Not one of the "firm" (he called them "directors") wore spats; not one of them had shown the faintest interest in his suggestion that they publish a volume of Clara Tice's drawings. Lester must be pardoned for having dismissed Miss Denver, if he had thought of her at all, as not *sui generis*.

WE now proceed more rapidly. Entering the hallway of Moretti's on Thirty-fifth Street, about half past one cocktail of a winter evening, he found the cramped vestibule crowded by several persons taking off their wraps. A copy of the "Oblique Review," unmistakable in its garlic-green cover, fell at his feet. Thinking it his own, he picked it up and was about to pocket it when a red tam o'shanter in front of him turned round. He saw the



*He thought to himself: "I must start very gently"*



bobbed brown hair and gray eyes of Miss Denver. "Well, Mr. Valiant, what are you doing with my magazine?"

"Oh—why—I beg your pardon! I thought it was mine! I'm awfully sorry!" He was keenly embarrassed, and pulled his own copy out of his overcoat pocket as an evidence of good faith.

She laughed. "I don't wonder you made the mistake," she said. "Probably you thought you were the only person in New York reading the 'Oblique'!"

He felt the alarm that every shy or cautious youth experiences in the presence of beauty, and with a mumbled apology fled hastily to a little table in a corner. There, pretending to read some preposterous farrago of free verse, he watched Miss Denver meet another girl who was evidently waiting for her. The two chattered with such abandon, smoked so many cigarettes, and seemed so thoroughly at home that Lester envied them their savoir. Maneuvering his spaghetti and parmesan, his gaze passed as direct as the cartoonist's dotted line to the charming contour of the stenographer's cheek and neck. His equanimity was quite upset. Never before had he gazed with seeing eye upon the demure creature sorting out Mr. Arundel's mind into paragraphs. Human nature is what it is; let Lester's first thought be confessed: "I wonder if she knows what my salary is?"

At last, after smoking many cigarettes and skimming over the "Oblique Review," Lester felt it was his move. He walked down the room, looking at his watch with a slight frown as he passed her table. At the door he saw by the reflection in a mirror that she had not even looked up. He hurried back to Madison Avenue, pausing to sniff the crystal frosty air. At the corner of Fifth he stood for a moment, inhaling the miraculous clearness of the night and pondering on the relative values of free verse and ordered rhythms as modes of self-expression.

In spite of a certain bumptiousness among males, Lester was painfully shy with nubile women, and it was several days before he had opportunity for further speech with Miss Denver. Moretti's is a fifty-cent table d'hôte, and his regimen was calculated on a forty-cent limit for dinner; but after this meeting with the "Oblique Review's" fairest abonnée he haunted the place for some evenings. Then one day, taking in some copy for a book jacket to be approved by the sales manager, he encountered Miss Denver in the sample room. During working hours she was "strictly business," and he admired the trim white blouse, the satin-smooth neck, and the small, capable hands jotting down pothooks in her notebook as she took a long telephone call. She put down the receiver, and smiled pleasantly at him.

"Don't you go to Moretti's any more?" he asked, and then regretted the brusqueness of the question. "Sometimes," she said. "Usually when I buy the 'Oblique' I go to a Hartford Lunch. I can sit there as long as I want and read, with doughnuts and coffee."

Lester had a curious feeling of oscillation somewhere to the left of his middle waistcoat button. As the little girl said on the Coney Island switchback, he felt as though he had freckles on his stomach.

"Will you come to Moretti's with me some night?" he asked.

"I'd love to," she said. "I must hurry now. Mr. Arundel's waiting for this phone call."

A little later in the day, after a good deal of heartburning, Lester called her up. "How about to-morrow night?" he said, and she accepted.

COURSING back to his chamber the next evening, Lester was a little worried about the ceremonial demanded by the occasion. Should he put on white linen and a dinner jacket, becoming the conquering male of the upper classes? But the recollection of the "Oblique Review" suggested that a touch of negligee would be more appropriate. A clean, soft collar and a bow tie of lavender silk were his concessions to unconvention. He was about to scrub out a soup stain on the breast of his coat, but concluded that as a badge of graceful carelessness this might remain. At a tobacconist's he bought a package of

cheap Russian cigarettes, such as he imagined a Bolshevik might smoke.

There she came, tripping along the street, with something of the quick, Alcaic motion of an Under-smith on high. He waved gayly. She depressed her shift key and reversed the ribbon. He double-spaced, and they entered the restaurant together.

Lester felt an intellectual tremor as they sat down at a corner table. Never had his mind seemed so relentlessly clear, so keen to leap upon the problems of life and tessellate them. It was as though all his past experience had cumulated and led up to this peak of existence. "Now for a close analysis of female Mind," was his secret thought as he settled in his chair. He felt almost sorry for this gay, defenseless little shred of humanity who had cast herself under his domineering gaze. A masculine awareness of size and power filled him. And yet—she seemed quite unterrified.

As they began on the antipasto he thought to himself: "I must start very gently. Women like men to veil their power." So he said:

"That was funny, my picking up your magazine the other night, wasn't it? You know I thought it was my copy."

"Oh, the dear old 'Oblique'! Isn't it a scream? I read myself to sleep with it every night. We'll have

look like prose, just the opposite of the free-verse gag." She smiled reminiscently, and quoted:

"When I am as dry as a fish up a tree, then I to the hydrant repair, and fill myself up, without ticket or fee, with the water that's eddying there. I drink all I want—half a gallon or more—and then I lie down on my couch; when I rise in the morning my head isn't sore and I don't wear a dark brindle grouch—"

"Is there any free-verse stuff that can cover that?" she asked.

LESTER was somewhat disconcerted. His assessment of female Mind did not seem to be proceeding methodically. He played for time.

"I thought you enjoyed the 'Oblique'?"

"As a joke, yes: I laugh myself giddy over it. But I know darn well that kind of junk won't last. By and by the ghost'll quit putting up, and the editors will get jobs as ticket choppers. I guess I'm a Philistine!"

With this deliciously impudent creature beaming at him, Lester felt himself cursed at a disadvantage. Neither Harvard nor Balliol had informed him about this Walter Mason, and though he had seven hundred quips and anecdotes indexed in a scrapbook marked *Jocoseria*, none of them seemed to bubble up just now. Darn the girl, her

mind wouldn't stand still long enough for him to take its temperature. It was like trying to write captions for the movies while the film was running. He blew a cloud of blue Russian vapor across the board, and smiled at her in a tolerant, *veni—vidi—Bolsheviki* kind of way. Behind his forehead he was fighting desperately to catch up.

As they wrestled with the spaghetti, he remembered that some one had told him publishers usually depend on the literary judgment of their wives. Perhaps that was the case with Mr. Arundel! But Miss Denver laughed aloud at the suggestion.

"Wrong again!" she said. "He's not married. Petunia Veal, the author of 'Sveltschmerz,' has been angling for him for years, and lots of other lady authors too. He's so sentimental, he's escaped 'em all so far."

She bubbled and chuckled and gurgled her way through the rest of Moretti's menu, amazing him more and more by the spontaneity, sophistication, and charm of her wit. He escorted her home, and then stood under a lamp-post for three minutes removing the soup stain with a handkerchief. "She's immense!" he said to himself. "Why, she's—she's a poem by William Butler Yeats!" As an afterthought, he made a mental memorandum to visit the library and look up the work of Walter Mason.

A few days later Mr. Arundel sent for Lester, who hurried to the private office with visions of a raise in salary. The president was sitting at his desk turning over some papers; he motioned Lester to a chair and seemed curiously loath to begin conversation. At last he turned, saying:

"Mr. Valiant, your life at Oxford did a great deal to mitigate your literary sensibilities?"

Lester hardly knew what to say, and murmured some meaningless syllables.

"I think that your abilities can be of very great service to us," continued Mr. Arundel, "and as an evidence of that I am asking the cashier to raise your salary five dollars a week."

Lester bowed gently; he was not capable of articulate speech.

"I want to ask you a rather delicate question," pursued the president, who seemed as much embarrassed as his visitor. "Do you ever write poetry?"

Lester's voice was amazingly hoarse and choky, but in a spasm of puzzlement and gratification he ejaculated: "Sometimes!"

"What I really mean," said Mr. Arundel, "is this: do you ever write verses of a sentimental nature—hum—what might be called endearments?"

The young man sat speechless in surprise and embarrassment. As a matter of fact, he had been trolling some amatory staves in secret, in honor of Miss Denver; and he imagined they had come in some way under his employer's eye.



Publishers are justly suspicious of anything that savors of literature, and Lester's innocent allusions to Chelsea and George Moore did much to alarm them

to make the most of it while we can, because Mr. Arundel says it can't pay its paper bill much longer."

This irreverence rather startled Lester, who was writing an article "On the Art of Clara Tice" which he had been hoping the "Oblique" would buy. In fact, he was startled quite out of the careful conversational paradigm he had planned. He found himself getting a little ahead of his barrage.

"Does Mr. Arundel read it?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" cried Miss Denver, and effervesced with laughter. "He would rather face a firing squad than read that kind of stuff. But he has an interest in the concern that supplies their paper."

The matter of paper had never occurred to Lester before. Of course he knew a magazine had to have something to print on, but he had never thought of the editors of a radical review being embarrassed by such a paltry consideration.

"Is Mr. Arundel literary?" he asked.

Miss Denver found this very whimsical. "Say, are you kidding me?" she said, with tilted eyebrows. "The chief says literature is the curse of the publishing business. Every time somebody puts over some highbrow stuff on him we lose money on it. The only kind of literature that gets under his ribs is reports from the sales department."

"That's very Philistine, isn't it?"

"Sure it is, but it puts the frogs in the pay envelopes, so what of it?"

"Well, I should expect the head of a big publishing house to be at least interested in some form of literary expression."

"You should worry! That's what we hire you for. Besides, he has a literary passion too—Walt Mason. He thinks Walt is the greatest poet in the world."

"Walter Mason!" murmured Lester. "I don't think I know his work."

"Hasn't Walt made Oxford yet?" asked Miss Denver. "He writes the prose poems in the evening papers, syndicate stuff, you know. Printed to



"Please do not be alarmed," said Mr. Arundel, seeing his discomfiture. "This is purely a matter of business. As it happens, I have a need for some poems of an intimately sentimental character and, being totally unfitted to produce them myself, I wondered if you would sell me some? I would be glad to pay market rates for them."

Still Lester could do no more than bow.

"I shall have to be frank," said Mr. Arundel, "and I must beg you to keep this matter absolutely confidential. I have your word of honor in that regard?"

"Absolutely," said Lester, quite vanquished by amazement.

The president's sense of humor seemed to have mastered his diffidence. A quaint smile lurked behind the furrows that years of royalties had carved on his face.

"I want to do some wooing in rime; and I want you to turn out some verses for me of a superlatively lyric sort, it being understood that I purchase all rights in these poems, including that of authorship. Would you be willing to do me half a dozen, at say ten dollars each?"

Lester, although staggered by the proposal, was still able to multiply six by ten, and his answer was affirmative and speedy.

"I do not wish to give you any specifications as to the object of your vicarious amour," said the president. "It is a lady, of course; young and fair. How soon can you despoil the English language of half a dozen songs of passion worthy of the best Oxford traditions?"

JACK and Harry found Lester good company that evening. When they got back to the sitting room on Madison Avenue he was lying on a couch, nursing a large calabash and contemplating the ceiling with dreamy brow. As they entered, stripping off their overcoats and chucking the night extras across the room at him, he smiled the rich, tolerant smile of Alexander at the Macedon polo grounds.



"I'd love to," she said. "I must hurry now"

"Well, Lester," said Jack, "why the Cheshire cat grin?"

"I've sold sixty dollars' worth of verse," said Lester benignly; "also I've had a raise."

"My God!" said Harry. "Think how many starving cubists you could endow on that! There'll be a riot in Greenwich Village."

"Pity the poor bartenders on a night like this!" cried Jack. Then they went to Browne's chophouse for dinner. After a three-finger steak and several beakers of dog's nose, Lester was readily persuaded

to enounce the first number of his sonnet sequence which had accreted or (as its author expressed it) nucleolated while he was walking home from the office.

"Sonnet, in the Petrarchan mode, item No. 1," he proclaimed:

*Upon a trellis, bending toward the south,  
I set my heart, a yearning rose, to climb;  
It pullulates and blooms in sultry rime,  
It spires and speeds aloft, in spite of drought.  
And seeking for that sweeter rose, your mouth,  
That beckons from some balcony sublime,  
It heeds no whit the tick-tack-tock of Time  
And with its sweetness all the night endow'th.  
O beauteous rose! O shrub without a thorn!  
O velvet petals unsmutched of the mire!  
For this my life was manifestly born,  
To climb toward thy lips, and never tire!  
Now ope thy shutter in the flood of morn—  
Lean out, and smile, and pluck thy heart's desire.*

"Seems strange," said Harry, "that a man can buy a good meal with a thing like that!"

"What is a petrarch, anyway?" said Jack.

"Gee, you'll have to brush your hair to keep it out of your eyebrows," said Harry. "Herod was petrarch of Galilee, don't you remember? It's a kind of a comptroller or efficiency expert."

"Nonsense," said Harry. "Herod was patriarch of Galilee, not petrarch."

At this moment Lester was busy multiplying twenty by fifty-two, and adding sixty, and he did not attempt to put Laura's friend right in the eyes of his companions.

THE next morning, at the office, Lester took occasion to stroll over to the corner where Miss Denver was tickling the keys. Her delicious, able fingers flashed like the boreal aurora, the incomparable smoothness of her neck and throat fascinated him, her clear, blue-washed gray eyes startled him with their merry archness. Wambling inwardly, he met her gaze as coolly as he might. (Continued on page 32)

# THE ADVENTURES OF COLIN O'RELL

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

FOURTH ADVENTURE—THE SECOND CUP

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FERNALD looked around the crowded restaurant. The Marquis, that grotesque, fat figure of a man, was not here. But that was hardly to have been expected. Fernald hoped for no such luck as that; and yet, so bizarre had been the events that had happened since the moment he had rescued Colin O'Rell from the clutches of the police as she alighted from a train in the Grand Central Terminal, that if the Marquis himself, that fester spot of treason, had walked openly into the restaurant, Fernald would hardly have been surprised.

It was a far cry from being a cub reporter on the "Morning News" to being a free-lance member of the Secret Service. It was also a far cry from being heart-whole and fancy-free, as he had been hardly more than twenty-four hours ago, to being in love with the loveliest, bravest girl whom he had ever known.

Colin O'Rell! He had become her ally. Though the Police Department had tried to encompass her arrest; though all the evidence tended to prove that she, secretary to Richard Hassager, had fled the country home of that captain of industry with plans that, if delivered to agents of Germany, might strike a blow at the very vitals of America's war preparations, he had read in her warm blue eyes the truth of her character. And now—the police sought for him as well as for Colin. Lest the Marquis, whose identity and hiding place were shrouded in mystery, although he and Colin had seen the master spy, and talked with him, should suspect the good faith of Colin, it had been arranged that she should pose as a thief and that Hassager should give no hint to the police that Colin was really working for the Government. For the greater the anxiety of the police to apprehend Hassager's secretary, the greater would be the trust of the Marquis in Colin O'Rell, the "Lady Beth" of the underworld.

And now the Marquis, still trustful of Colin, had become doubtful that Jimmy Fernald was "English Fred" Jevons! And doubt on the part of the Marquis meant—death! In the taxicab on the way down from Colin's apartment near the Drive, Fernald had made anew the decision that he had made when the

girl had for a moment objected to his keeping the rendezvous.

It was so easy to direct his chauffeur to Police Headquarters; there he could explain the situation. The lives of Colin and himself would be saved. But, as he analyzed this idea, he became aware of its dishonesty. Colin's life was not in any more danger than it must have been in before he met her, when, posing as the criminal Lady Beth, she had made her way along the devious paths that finally converged upon the lair of the Marquis. It was the life of Jimmy Fernald that was in danger and that he would protect by going to the police. Colin, though her danger was terrible, was not threatened at the moment. If it were, there would be justification in going to the police.

BUT he had shaken his head even as he reached this conclusion, for Colin O'Rell had gladly pitted her life against the machinations of the Marquis. More than her life was at stake; the safety of the nation itself might possibly depend upon the wit of this girl. And he knew that Colin O'Rell would gladly give her life if by so doing she might avert the blow aimed at her country. He had no right to save her against her will. Big as love loomed—and by its suddenness it loomed the larger—before his eyes, duty loomed larger still. The nation came first.

And now he was going, he believed, to his death. Well, he had volunteered to serve his country. The country that had refused his military services, because of his weak heart, did not know that he had volunteered. If aught should happen to Colin O'Rell, it might be whispered abroad that Jimmy Fernald, mixed up in some police matter, had mysteriously disappeared. Dishonor as well as death might come to him. And yet the Marquis had told Colin to send him to Burnham's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street. If he should fail to keep the rendezvous, the Marquis would know that Colin had warned him, and all that she had done thus far would go for naught. Whisperingly, he cursed himself for a fool. He had forced himself upon the girl,

and, by so doing, had not only failed to aid her, but had hindered her. But for him she could have gone ahead, thinking only of herself. But now she thought of him also. The tears in her eyes, that had thrilled him with joy a little while ago when they parted, now saddened him. Why on earth couldn't he have controlled his impulses and not made love to her? In a little while he would be simply a memory to her; she would carry a heartache for the rest of her days. Then he grinned. "Too bad," he told himself, "that I can't write my own obituary! I'll bet it would be a tear-jerker! But Colin O'Rell-Fernald that is to be hasn't ordered her weeds yet!"

He had been having a gorgeous time, drooling over his own danger. If ever in the future, when he had left newspaper work and begun writing fiction, he wanted to draw a character of a mangy yellow pup, he would faithfully reproduce the James Fernald of a moment ago.

But the James Fernald of this minute was not the captive of fate that he had been before a grin had curled his lips and made his eyes twinkle. The new James Fernald was the same person who had rescued Colin from the police and had cheerfully embarked with her upon adventure since. And this James Fernald was quite conscious, no matter what the army doctors said, of possessing what his college athletic trainer had termed a "kick in either mitt." Moreover, in his jacket pocket was something that held eight kicks: a flat, savage-looking automatic pistol. A funeral might be in prospect, but if it was, it would at least be a double affair. He was no ox to be led to the slaughter. Knowing the risk he ran, it would be surprising if he were unable to strike at least one blow before his finish.

And even if some one were already launching the blow that was to spell that finish, there was absolutely no reason on earth why he should die upon an empty stomach. It was extremely unhealthy. And whatever sort of a dive Burnham's restaurant could prove to be, the food looked most appetizing. The Germans were undoubtedly the most barbaric race in the world, but when it came to preparing roast



goose, they were *there*. Burnham was certainly not a German name; the proprietor had changed his name completely or altered it slightly. It might have been Bernheim before the Great War. But these speculations didn't matter. Jimmy Fernald was hungry. He had not eaten since breakfast. The tea that he had so painstakingly ordered at the Biltmore, and that he had expected to share with Colin O'Rell, had been rudely interrupted. The Marquis's instructions had ended with telling Fernald to go to the restaurant. What he was to do there had not been stated, but certainly there was no prohibition against his eating.

He leaned back with a sigh of relief when he had finished. He had eaten like a famished wolf. Now, with his coffee before him, he studied the faces around him. They were Teutonic of cast, and, knowing the German mind and its workings, Fernald was quite certain that the publicity of the place would not prevent the Marquis or his followers from attempting violence there. The patrons' loyalty to America would be passive at best. He could not imagine any of them coming to his rescue if it were cried that he was a spy. Not that he doubted the loyalty of the average German-American to America, but the Marquis was not a fool. He would not have selected as his rendezvous a semipublic place unless he was quite certain that those who frequented it were German in their sympathies.

FOR a while he had dismissed apprehension while he satisfied hunger. But now apprehension came back to him. Every minute that passed brought danger so much nearer. He pushed back his chair; in the event of an attack, he would be freer to strike back. He tucked in the flap of his right-hand jacket pocket. It would be easier to get at his automatic this way. He buttoned his jacket about him. He was glad that he faced the door and that his table was close to a wall. His waiter, hovering near by, approached.

"The coffee?" he asked anxiously. "It is not good?"

Fernald stared at the man—obsequious, timid. The destiny of the world hung in the balance, yet men must still perform homely duties for meager rewards. Fernald reached for the cup. He touched it to his lips, then set it down.

"It is not good?" asked the waiter.

It was pathetic that any human being should so truckle to the whims of another person. Fernald smiled. "It's my fault if it isn't," he answered. "It's grown cold. But it doesn't matter. I don't think I want coffee anyway."

The waiter looked harassed. Tips, mused Fernald, were probably rare in Burnham's. The people whom he had observed this evening were thrifty middle-class Germans or German-Americans, who doubtless decided that they had done all that was expected of them when they paid the amounts called for by their checks. He supposed that he looked more able—perhaps willing was the word—to fee a

waiter than most of the people here. And the waiter was anxious to please.

"But the gentleman should not leave our restaurant without drinking our coffee," protested the waiter. "It is most excellent coffee. The gentleman should have some. It will cost no more," he added anxiously.

Well, even if Burnham's was the hotbed of treason that the Marquis's selection of it as a rendezvous made it seem to be, there were other reasons for its popularity among its patrons. Not only was the food excellent, but this attitude toward the customer, so strange in New York, this desire to please him at the owner's expense, was a new experience for Fernald.

"Bring me another cup," he said.

This time he did not permit the coffee to grow cool. He sipped it immediately. He nodded to the hovering waiter. "It's all right," he said. "Bring me my check," he added.

The waiter was gone a long time. Evidently Burnham's suffered, in common with every other restaurant with which Fernald was acquainted, from an inability to furnish a patron his score promptly. Still, there was no hurry. Fernald certainly did not intend leaving here. No one had approached him as yet, but that didn't mean that the Marquis had sent him here merely because the cuisine was good.

And then an idea came to him. It was over an hour—an hour and thirty-five minutes he learned by consulting his watch—since he had left Colin. The Marquis and those associated with him were not the sort to delay. They suspected that Fernald was a spy. Spies were extremely dangerous to the Marquis. It would be his object to capture or kill a spy without delay. An hour and thirty-five minutes is not eternity, but it might very well seem so to one whose plans, whose very life, were hanging in the balance.

The Marquis's plans and his life were hanging in the balance! Why, then, was Fernald permitted to sit here and leisurely consume a most excellent dinner? It might be that those foes, against whom Colin and he waged secret warfare, were trying to gather evidence of Fernald's treachery. But that idea was absurd. They would not withhold the blow while they gathered evidence, and at the same time permit him to be free. Yet he *was* free! Why wouldn't it have been much more simple for the Marquis to have said nothing, but to have come himself or sent some of his followers to Colin's apartment? That would have been the obvious thing.

Had this method been chosen because, for some reason, the Marquis wished Colin to be alone? But surely the Marquis did not fear him, Fernald. The sinister spy, if he meditated violence toward Colin, would not be deterred by the presence of Fernald.

And yet Fernald had been in this restaurant over an hour and no one had approached him. More and more it seemed to Fernald that, distrusting him, they must also distrust Colin. A greater apprehension than had attacked him hitherto overwhelmed

him now. It might easily be possible that there had been some miscarriage of the Marquis's scheme, whereby the blow against Fernald had been delayed.

Or, perhaps, before they took strong measures against him, they wished to threaten Colin, to wring from her, if possible, confession of her knowledge that Fernald was not "English Fred" Jevons.

HE visualized the Marquis entering the apartment of Colin; he saw the icy eyes, snakelike, of the Marquis, boring into the eyes of the girl whom he, Jimmy Fernald, loved. To do what the Marquis ordered: that had seemed the only way, if way there was at all, to disarm suspicion. But now the thoughts of Fernald were too horrifying. Fernald, in the eyes of the Marquis, must be, after all, small game. But Colin O'Rell, who, though she had not penetrated to the center of the Marquis's activities, yet knew so much that she might wreck his plans now—she would be big game for the alien plotters.

She was the girl of Fernald's heart. He should never have left her for a moment. He felt shame that he had been concerned at all about his own safety when she, so his imaginings proved to him, was in vital danger.

His waiter arrived with the check. "The gentleman has not drunk *this* cup of coffee!" he exclaimed.

His voice shook, and Fernald stared at him amazedly. He was a person of whims, was Jimmy Fernald. His actions, since meeting Colin O'Rell, were proof enough of that. Even in a moment like this, when he realized that he had been duped and that Colin might be crying vainly for him, he could think of the unimportant troubles of a rabbit-faced waiter. He handed the man a bill.

"You may keep the change," he laughed. And then, because still the man's woe-begone expression appealed to his sense of humor, he lifted the cup of coffee to his lips and drank.

He set it down. He frowned at the waiter. "After all your insistence, I've a mind not to tip you," he said. "For it isn't good at all. In fact, it's the worst stuff I ever tasted!"

And then, because he had delayed too long over a triviality when the most important thing in the world awaited him, he strode from the restaurant. So intent was he that he did not notice the apprehension in the eyes of the waiter, was hardly conscious that the man spoke to him. He only knew that he had been gone from Colin almost two hours, and that in those two hours almost anything might have happened to her.

A TAXI was drawn up to the curb outside the restaurant. He leaped into it, giving the chauffeur Colin's address. "And never mind the speed laws."

The chauffeur nodded. The engine was running and the car started immediately. And before it had rounded the corner into Fourth Avenue, Fernald understood the insistence of the waiter. His first sip of the coffee had not been unpleasant, but the half



The effects of the drug that had been in the coffee had practically worn off. His brain was clear, though his body was weak





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cup that he had drunk! . . . What a fool he had been to expect a violent attack in the middle of a crowded restaurant! If he had thought clearly, he would have known that the Marquis would be more subtle than that. And now his very departure from the restaurant would have to be explained. Instead of helping Colin, it was possible that he was doing more to injure her by going again to her apartment. He did not reason this out; he merely felt it; felt it as the one tangible thing that he should not do. It was certain now that the Marquis's suspicion was definite. It was better for Fernald to die than to go to Colin, for Colin would try to save him and thereby endanger herself. Death was one of the risks he had faced, and he should face it alone. Colin, seeing him in this condition, might betray her love for him and so betray herself.

He leaned forward to knock upon the window, but the drug in the coffee had acted too quickly. His fingers never reached the window. Unbalanced by leaning forward, he slumped down upon the floor of the automobile.

SOME one had been in her apartment; of that Colin was certain. Things were not in the exact position that they had been left in. Yet it could not have been emissaries of the Marquis who had disturbed the orderliness of the place. The Marquis's trust in her was amply proved by his confession to her of his distrust of Fernald.

It must have been the police, then. But that was not a reasonable conclusion. For if the police had discovered her home, surely she would have been arrested before this. Perhaps, after all, it was imagination. Much had happened since she had been in this apartment, and, in the stress of greater matters, memory might have become blurred as to details.

She dismissed the matter from her mind. After all, what did it matter? For her to think of her own danger, at a moment when Jimmy Fernald was venturing into the very jaws of death, was impossible. She was not of a hysterical nature. Warm-hearted, she could be cold of brain. But to-day coolness of brain deserted her. Her mind could only dwell upon the possible plight of Fernald. Bitterly she reproached herself. Had she refused his aid at the outset, he would not have become involved in an affair that now seemed likely to result in his death.

For a moment she played with the idea of telephoning to the police and telling them everything. And then she put the idea from her. She had enlisted in a great cause. She had no right to put the man she loved above that great cause. For her to telephone the police meant surrender of her great purpose. For the police to interfere and rescue Fernald would be tantamount to confessing to the Marquis the fact that she was a Federal employee. The Marquis's suspicions, though apparently not directed

at her as yet, would veer her way upon the slightest cause.

For more than an hour duty and love fought for the mastery of the heart of Colin O'Rell. And neither won. She would not telephone the police, yet she would not abandon Fernald to the fate apparently in store for him; she would at least make an effort to aid the man she loved. She would go to Burnham's restaurant and at least learn what had happened there. After all, the battle waged in her heart had ended in a truce: an armed truce. Because, if Fernald were still safe, but with danger threatening him, the battle would be renewed again. But on this she refused to think as she rode downtown.

THE dinner crowd at Burnham's had thinned out upon her arrival there. She walked half the length of the restaurant, searching for Fernald. He was gone. The battle, then, had been decided while she thought truce existed. For there was no use in appealing to the police now. If she, Colin O'Rell, did not know where to find the Marquis, it was absurd to think that the police could find him. If Fernald had been here, if she had been present while attack was being made upon him, then she could have summoned aid. But now it was too late.

She became suddenly conscious of hunger. The needs of the body could not be neglected if she were to continue in the great cause in which she had enlisted. She ate without relish, mechanically, slowly. Her meal ended, she raised her eyes to summon her waiter. She lowered them swiftly, but it was too late. "English Fred" Jevons walked to her table and sat down opposite her.

"The best of friends must part, Lady Beth," he smiled, "but not always forever." Brusquely he waved away Colin's waiter. "You thought you had me, eh? Never thought of such a thing as bail, did you? Never occurred to you that unless it's murder, anyone can get out of jail until their trial comes, if they have the price. And when it's only general suspicion that you're arrested on, the price isn't so very high."

She stared at him. The color left her cheeks; even her hair seemed to lose its luster, as though she had been ill for a long time. Up until now, though Fernald had evidently departed with one of the followers of the Marquis, there had been a chance that the alien plotters might, if they had delayed violence toward Fernald, be hoodwinked. But with English Fred released, able undoubtedly to get in touch with the Marquis and betray Fernald and herself, hope had died—unless she dared do what she had decided not to do: tell the police the truth. Once again the temptation assailed her, but she put it from her. Duty was greater than love. Even though Fernald was slain, she must, so long as life remained within her, continue trying to deceive the Marquis. Even

with Jevons to denounce her, she might still persuade the Marquis of her good faith. At any rate, she must try. But she could not find speech, as she stared at the cynically smiling face of English Fred.

"It's a slick game you've been playing, Lady Beth," said Jevons, "but the cards are on the table now. You've about reached your finish."

The color ebbed slowly back into her cheeks. She stared defiantly at the crook. There was no use in trying to deceive him. English Fred knew exactly what she was.

"Suppose," she said, "we make terms?"

"You're a clever girl, Lady Beth," said Jevons. "Suppose we do that very thing. Where do we stand? What's in it for me? And don't try to fool me. You're sensible. I know what you've been doing. The police think that you really are Lady Beth. They think that you really did steal something from Hassager. But I know you've been pretending, simply to get in right with the Marquis. It's a danger-



She sank back upon the cushions of the great car

ous game. But if we can do business—" He paused, questioningly.

"How did you know I was here?" she demanded. "I got in touch with the Marquis as soon as I got bail. He referred to our meeting last night, and when I told him that I hadn't seen him—well, I guess he has your friend Fernald by now. He told me to go immediately up to your place. But when I got there, you were leaving, and I followed down here. He wanted an eye kept on you."

"Then you told him what I really was?" demanded Colin, terrified.

Jevons looked sly. "I play my game a trick at a time," he said. "I didn't tell him everything. Why should I? I told him that you had probably been deceived by the man who passed himself off as me. I wanted to know first the safer side and the one with the most in it for Fred Jevons."

"But when he saw you he must have known that you were not the man that visited him with me last night!" exclaimed Colin. "There's no longer any chance to save—"

"Who said he saw me?" asked Jevons. "I went to a certain place where he telephones me. He hasn't seen me yet, and he won't, if you can make it worth my while."

RAPIDLY Colin reviewed the situation. If English Fred spoke the truth, the Marquis had no definite grounds for believing in her treachery. With Jevons out of the way, she could in some way, she hoped, continue to deceive the Marquis, and thus save Fernald. "You want money, of course," she said.

"Of course, lots of it," agreed Jevons.

She shook her head. "Not so much as you'd want if your life weren't also part of the arrangement," she told him.

"I don't get it," said English Fred.

"Spies are shot," she reminded him.

"When they're caught," he sneered. "I'm not caught, or anywhere near it. You have nothing on me to give the Government. If you should cry for the police now, I'd walk out of here before they came. I'd get to the Marquis within an hour. I don't know what they've done to Fernald. But you haven't denied my guess that they've got him. A word from me to clinch the thing, and—you can guess the rest."

Colin could guess the rest. She also knew that when Jevons spoke of her inability to detain him, he spoke the truth.

"Ten thousand dollars?" she asked. "That is absolutely all that I have in the world. You'll simply disappear? Because if after that you work with the Marquis, the police will know of it, and English Fred Jevons is too well known a character to hide forever from the police when they want him badly."

He nodded. "And I'm not to be mixed up in what's already happened?"

"You gain immunity," she told him.

"I think your check will be good. Write it," he said.

(Continued on page 26)



Across the sidewalk came the four murderers



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# IN THE CAGE

BY WALTER DURANTY

ILLUSTRATED BY BALFOUR KER

I TOOK my friend the American captain to a certain café on a side street between the Bourse and the Boulevards. He had landed only a few days ago, and seeing how empty the place was he said: "Why couldn't you choose a place where there's a little more life?"

"Because here they have the best beer in Paris," I replied.

"Of course that's why it's so empty."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Because they have always had good beer, so naturally it was full of Germans before the war, and now of course—"

"Do you really mean to tell me that after three years—or is there something fishy about the people who run it?"

"Oh, dear, no, the patronne is French right through. But every place in Paris that has a reputation for having been a 'boîte à boches' or 'boche joint' might nearly as well go out of business unless it's situated on the Boulevards or on some corner where there are lots of people passing who don't know about it. Good wine might have brought them back, but beer just reminds them of the Germans, and they stay away."

As I was lighting my cigarette the captain whispered: "Say, old man, I can't get over this business of employing war heroes as porters and waiters. It makes me nervous to offer a ten-cent tip to a fellow wearing a row of decorations. Just look at this chap."

"But the waiter here isn't—" I began, still intent on my cigarette. Then I looked up, and there before me, tall, thin, and lantern-jawed as ever, apparently quite unchanged by three years' fighting, stood Marius. "Bon soir, monsieur," he said as calmly as if he'd been my regular waiter all the time.

I jumped to my feet and grabbed him by the hand.

"Good Lord, man, when did you get back? The patronne told me you were missing, and we all thought—"

Marius acknowledged my transports with a wave of the hand. "It was untrue," he said seriously. "I have dodged too many boche shells to be killed by a French one. Two demibrunes, n'est ce pas, monsieur? I will give the order," and without further explanation of his mysterious phrase he stalked away toward the bar.

"Great Scott, do you know him?" cried the captain. "Say, did you see his ribbons, the military medal and the war cross with five stars—that means he practically won it five times over, doesn't it? When he comes back ask him to—"

"Why don't you ask him yourself?" I said. "He speaks as good English as we do."

"What!"

"Yes, and German too. The first time I came here I thought he was a German the way he slung it around, and I'm sure the Germans thought so. At least they all used to call him Fritz. It was quite a while before I found out his real name was Marius."

"Where did he get a label like that, for the love of Mike?"

"Oh, it's a southern name. He was born in Marseilles; you know Parisians say that everyone from Marseilles is called Marius. Most of them are too. But he's a real Frenchman all right, and has been at the front ever since the start—Marne, Verdun, Chemin des Dames, the whole show. His father was an acrobat in a big traveling circus, and Marius spoke four or five languages before he was twenty. After he'd done military service he decided he wasn't supple enough for an acrobat, and waiting was an easier job; but he always liked moving about and has waited his way half round the world. You ought to get him to tell you about New York when he—"

"Oh, bother New York; I've been there myself. I want him to tell me about the war."

At that moment Marius returned with the beer, and I presented my friend with due ceremony.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," said Marius in good American.

Much cheered, my friend replied enthusiastically: "I'm proud to meet you, Mr. Marius. I've been wanting to talk to a real poilu, but this language—"

"Why can't you sit down and have a drink with us?" I broke in. "There's hardly anyone here, and

"You're a queer chap," I said. "Why, I should have imagined—"

I never got any further, for the captain could restrain his impatience no longer. "Were you at Verdun?" he burst out. "Was it really so dreadful?"

Marius nodded. "Worse," he said cheerfully—"much worse."

"But tell me— Oh, I have a million questions, and I don't know which to ask you first."

"Tell us about the worst thing of all," I vouchsafed.

"No, please tell us about your military medal," added the captain rapidly. Like a true meridional, Marius is always ready to talk.



"Forward!" he shouted; "forward! All together now, with the bayonet"

the patronne won't mind, will you, madame?"—to the stout dame who was waddling across to our table.

"Mais non, m'sieu. It is not every day that one comes back from the dead—and a hero, avec ça. You have seen his medals? Stay there, mon petit Marius; do not trouble yourself." Then turning to me: "You know, m'sieu, they have amputate' his leg, it is for that he was réformé."

I did know, though I hadn't said so. There is no mistaking the curious stiff gait that means an artificial leg to which the wearer is not yet accustomed.

"What do you take, mon petit?" went on the patronne as Marius sat down.

"Ah, yes; a demibrune, as always," and off she went to get it.

"They are chic, your American legs," said Marius in a conversational voice with a slight bow toward my friend; "mine bends at the knee as if it was real; when I get used to it I will never know the difference. *Vot' santé, messieurs.* Ah, it is good to be back again in this old Paris. I never spent a permission here because I knew it would be impossible to drag myself away when it was over."

I thought he was joking, but he said: "No, it's true. I saw the boys who came back from Paris after their first permission, and they had such a 'cafard' that I decided not to run the risk. You know there were some who never returned to the trenches. I don't blame them, but—"

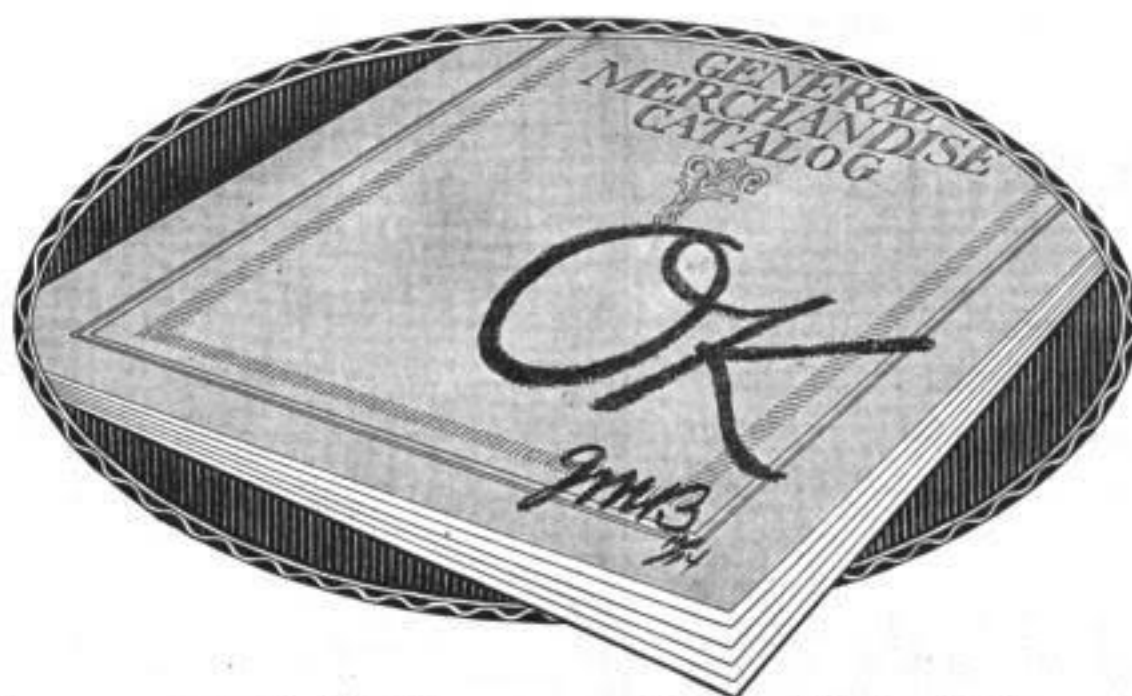
I WILL tell you both at the same time, for it is the same story. Voilà! There are people who will tell you that the Chemin des Dames was more terrible than Verdun, that there were more shells, more gas, more of those filthy flame jets. All that may be true, but just the same they are wrong; they did not know Verdun in the early days.

To begin with, it was the first time the boches had treated us to a really heavy bombardment with big shells in the modern style. There had been just a taste of it in Artois a fortnight before, but far more limited in extent. Now, a heavy bombardment is like the thunderbolts of God. You are surrounded by a terrific din of noise and leaping flames. The air is full of sound and fire and jagged lumps of steel. You know that death is certain, and of course you are very frightened. That is, the first time. But afterward, if you find you are still alive, you begin to think: "This is no worse than yesterday or last week; I lived through that, maybe I will escape this one also." Finally you take it quite calmly. If a shell drops too near, it is good-by; if not, tant mieux; in either case, why worry about it? You have reached freedom from anxiety.

At the Chemin des Dames we had got to that stage, but at Verdun it was still new and very terrifying. Also, things were going badly when we got there, and the general morale was low. And the weather was horrible, frost and snow and icy rain. True, the boches had just been checked at Douaumont; we had stopped the rout, and there was no more panic, but the fellows we relieved were not encouraging, and it is always a bad sign when Alpine chasseurs are so glad to quit the front line. They sure had reason. They had been there four days in a mess of water-logged shell holes to the west of Pepper Hill, and there were just eighty-one men unwounded of the whole battalion. Less than two hundred living, all told, out of a thousand, and that in four days! It was enough to make anyone uncomfortable.

ONE of their sergeants told us the boches had lost ten thousand killed in two days' fighting against the hill above Vacherauville, and still had not taken it. Most of us thought he was lying, but I was not so sure. You see, the night before I had talked at the station railroad with a wounded artilleryman whose battery was just across the river commanding that very hill, and this is what he said: "This is the end of everything; it is not war, but madness. I tell you I have seen men advancing in solid masses up the white slope, regiment after regiment, thousands and thousands. Our shells tore holes in them—big, ragged gaps in the gray-green carpet, as you tear holes in a canvas target at long-range practice—and it made no difference; the ranks closed up, and they went on regardless. Then when they reached the crest of the slope the machine guns caught them and blew back the leading lines as a strong wind blows back the wave tops. Soon there was a huge





# Why Should Your O. K. Saddle You With an Unfair Responsibility ?

**Y**OUR O. K. of a dummy usually amounts to an acceptance of somebody's promise to give you a good booklet.

The finished booklet may exceed that promise; or it may fall short of your expectations.

But you have no recourse after you have written down your O. K.

Unless you have some way of knowing beforehand what every page shown in the dummy will look like when finished, you are helpless to determine its proportion of success and failure.

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The Warren Suggestion Book was prepared for the express purpose of eliminating the element of uncertainty in ordering printing and of making it possible for you when you approve a dummy to visualize the booklet in its final form.

By looking through this book, keeping in mind the nature of the illustrations of your booklet, you can determine what paper will best bring out the hidden values

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On Warren's Cameo, for instance, you can see the effect of a delicate pencil drawing reproduced by highlight halftone, or the charming softness which this paper lends to halftone reproduction of an etching. Warren's Cameo is dull-coated, lustreless, light-absorbing, and so peculiarly suitable where tonal values are paramount.

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*Constant Excellence of Product*





# A Tribute

The patriotism of the employes of Swift & Company is being manifested in so many substantial ways that we take pride in acknowledging here the evidence of their staunch Americanism.

3089 men from our ranks are now in army khaki and sailor blue uniforms.

This impressive figure represents nearly a full regiment from this firm.

In this Swift Legion of Honor, 103 of the men have won commissions in the army.

When "Preparedness" was the admonishment of the hour—the Swift Military Club was organized—in it have been trained hundreds of men.

It is our local "West Point"—we know that its graduates are better soldiers because they have gone into the army and been promptly promoted. Some of them have won commissions.

28,718 Swift employes own Liberty Bonds, to the amount of \$3,879,700.

The women employes of Swift & Company, and the wives and mothers of employes, have turned thousands of pounds of wool into sweaters, socks, helmets and scarfs for our men in uniform.

They have donated large sums of money to the Red Cross.

They have contributed to the war funds of the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus.

It is an inspiration to observe the flags waving on the desks of department heads in our Chicago office, indicating that every employe in the department is buying War Savings Stamps every week.

Swift employes, voluntarily, are contributing weekly sums to a comfort fund through their Military Welfare Association to provide their associates in service with smokes, sweets and other needs.

Food Conservation pledges are being kept in their homes.

In our employes' restaurants we are abstaining from meat and wheat on the days now on our war calendar, and are doing it cheerfully.

The name of Swift was never associated with more valiant patriots than the men and women who make up its official family.

The company is proud of this magnificent war record.

Our employes know that there will be other appeals and they stand as a unit, 48,000 strong, eager to give and sacrifice more.

With a full and grave conception of our mutual obligation we blend our loyalty and responsibility with theirs.

## Swift & Company



L. F. Swift President.

mass of bodies at the top of the ravine, and still those behind came on, crawling forward over the fallen, only to be blown back in their turn when they reached the top, until from where I saw it the whole heap was like nothing so much as a bunch of swarming bees, everywhere in movement, but staying always in the same place. And throughout our shells were landing among them, churning the mass and throwing up fountains of bodies and human fragments, until the slope westward toward the river was scarlet with blood that spread through the snow like ink across a blotting pad. At last the pile of bodies became itself a barrier, and then and then only the attack ceased. All through the night we could hear the crying of the wounded each time the shell fire lulled, but in the early hours before dawn, as the frost grew keen, the crying became more faint until there was silence, and when day broke they were all frozen stiff, wounded and dead together, and the ice along the river bank was dappled and streaked with red. It is not war, but madness."

ALL that sounded pretty nasty, and you can imagine we didn't feel very cheerful as we crawled through the icy slush from one shell hole to another and tried to find out in the darkness whether there existed anything in the nature of a trench, and, if so, where it was. Finally a man in my squad—I was corporal at that time—scratched his face on some barbed wire, and the next minute we were in a regular tangle of the beastly stuff. That was all that remained of the trench we were supposed to hold. Nice, wasn't it?

Well, we started trying to straighten out the mess and connect some of the shell holes to form a sort of line before the shelling began again, when suddenly, without warning, a party of boches fell upon us out of the darkness, and before I could even raise my shovel I received a welt on the head from a club that put me to sleep immediately. From what I heard later it seemed to have been as neat a little raid as you could wish. They collected four of us, killed half a dozen more, and disappeared as swiftly and silently as they had come, without losing a man. When I came to I was lying in a cart, wedged in with a lot of others in the midst of some filthy straw, and at every jolt I thought my head would split. Gradually I began to remember what had happened and finally pulled myself together enough to wriggle up, half sitting, against the side of the cart. It was quite light and a fine morning, but cold as an Arctic hell. At the tail end of the cart, which was open, there was a wounded German. At least he had been wounded some hours earlier, but now he was dead, and there was a thick fringe of hoarfrost on his whiskers. I remember thinking how funny it was—made him look like Father Christmas.

I pulled some straw over me, and the man at my right groaned and swore in German. Without thinking, I answered in the same language, and we had quite a talk. He was a Brandenburg, got a piece of shrapnel in the knee before Douaumont, and had lain out in the snow eighteen hours before they picked him up. He was pretty low physically, but vowed they'd got the French licked to a frazzle this time. I didn't argue the point, and finally he lugged out a big silver flask and gave me a swig of dam' good brandy.

I said as much, and he replied that he got it from a pal of his in the ambulance corps who'd taken it from a dead French officer. I didn't like the idea, but it tasted none the worse for that. I felt better then and looked out over the tail of the cart. Everywhere I saw endless convoys of guns and munitions and lines of marching men, all singing to beat the band.

Suddenly the cart stopped with a worse jolt than usual, and they lugged us out and dumped us down like sacks of flour, dead and alive together, in the slush by the roadside.

At first I couldn't stand, my legs were so stiff, but after a lot of rubbing they began to tingle, and I stumbled to my feet. There were two of my pals there also, both unwounded—the fourth had died in the night—and as soon as they could stand the three of us were hustled into a little tent where there was a big boche in a greatcoat sitting at a table.

He asked us the usual questions through an interpreter, and, as usual, we played stupid and told him nothing. He was just waving us out when an orderly came in and whispered some-

thing. The officer sat up and told the orderly to take my comrades away. Then he turned to me and yelled: "Why did you pretend you knew no German, you French pig?"

I looked blank and muttered "comprends pas," hoping he might be bluffing. But he cursed me some more and said straight out that the Brandenburg had given me away, and that I might as well answer his questions, as the French were beaten anyway and it didn't matter any more.

I suppose my headache made me foolish, for instead of keeping quiet I said that on the contrary the German advance was now checked and that Verdun would never fall if they hammered it for months. That seemed to surprise him. For a moment he stared at me without speaking, then, with a nasty smile, he murmured: "Ah, yes; I see, quite mad; poor fellow, doubtless the shock—yes, yes, stark, staring crazy," and clapped his hands loudly.

The orderly came in. "Take this lunatic away," said the officer, "his condition is hopeless, and put him with the others."

The soldier saluted and pushed me out of the tent.

Five minutes later they brought me to a barbed-wire passage leading to a sort of gate between two wooden sheds. The orderly said something I didn't catch to the sentry at the gate, who unbarred it, and they hustled me through. "Now run," said the sentry, "and run quick," and, drawing his revolver, he fired a bullet at my heels.

I ran without waiting, as one does when he is chased by bullets, and though the third shot ripped my boot and skinned my left ankle, I was still unwounded when at last I stumbled and fell full length in the snow. Gingerly I picked myself up; there were no more shots, so I reckoned I had run far enough. Then I looked around, and in a flash I realized that boche officer's idea of a joke.

He had sent me to the cage where they kept their "loonies." You know, gentlemen, that in this war there are numbers of men who go mad, especially during a bad battle like Verdun, what with shell shock and the nervous strain and so on. Even on our side there were plenty, and I'd heard that the boches had far more. There was a doctor with us who had been captured and sent back through Switzerland. He told us about a trainload of loonies that used to leave every Saturday for Germany from behind their lines in Champagne. He said that when there were many of them they were kept in a barbed-wire cage to await the train, like the cages in which we keep prisoners before they are evacuated. So directly I saw what my companions were like I knew exactly where I had landed.

THE inclosure was perhaps fifty yards square, and right in front of me, massed close to the wire, were about fifty men, some sitting, some standing, some huddled on the ground, and a few wandering around restlessly. The thing that struck me right away was that there were no groups talking together, though there were lots of shouting and disjointed conversation. But everyone was quite alone; none of them paid attention to the others or took an interest in what they did. That bucked me up a bit, as at first I was nearly mad myself with terror. To be killed in battle is one thing, but to be torn in pieces by a lot of loonies is another. Then, too, I reminded myself that my uniform was so covered with mud as to be hardly recognizable as French, and that with my knowledge of their lingo I could easily pass for a boche even should anyone bother about me. So after a while I plucked up enough courage to stroll over toward the wire. In point of fact, I suppose most of them were shell-shocked, just poor dumb things with all the reason blasted out of them. Their faces were vacant, and they didn't speak or show any sign of human understanding.

At each corner of the inclosure was a sentry with fixed bayonet, but I noticed the wire fence was not double, which gave me a glimmer of hope. The wind was bitterly cold, so I edged back toward the shed for shelter. It was just a shack, open on one side, with bare walls and no floor save the trampled earth.

There were at least forty more loonies there, mostly lying quiet, some with their heads hidden in the capes of their greatcoats as if their shattered nerves could not even bear the dim light of a February day. As I stole unobtrus-





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is doubled when you know that present satisfaction will not be followed by regret.

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## Instant Postum

Its fine, snappy flavor gives immediate enjoyment, and its freedom from those troublesome effects which often follow the regular use of coffee assure the fullest pleasure and comfort.

This splendid beverage is made from selected cereals and is appetizing and refreshing. No caffeine, no harmful ingredient whatever. It requires little sugar and there is no waste. Made in the cup, at table, instantly, without boiling.

In these days the convenience and economy of Postum are particularly welcome.

**"There's a Reason"**

Sold by Grocers  
Everywhere.

sively into the building, meaning to sit down with my back against the wall, a big fellow plucked timidly at my sleeve. I jumped, and my first thought was to hit him quick. But the utter piteousness of his blue eyes in a dead-white face checked me.

"Have you no letters for the mail?" he whispered. "I have got everything fixed now with a regular post box."

He led me to a corner and pointed to an empty sardine tin wedged between two crosspieces of wood. Though the top gaped half open, there was a narrow slit in it. As I stood there the boche gave a little cry and pounced on a dirty scrap of paper. "Another letter," he said joyfully, and pushed it through the slit into the box, adding with a pitiful smile: "This time she cannot say I never write to her."

I TURNED away, wondering what was the tragedy behind his madness. As I reached the back of the shed and settled myself as comfortably as might be in the mud, a voice beside me said quietly: "Is it not dreadful to see these poor fellows in this state?"

The speaker was a little round-faced man whose cheeks once must have been apple-rosy, but were now sallow and sunken.

"Yes," I muttered, startled by the sanity of his tone. He was a boche all right, or I would have thought it was another case of that officer's practical joking with a prisoner.

"I felt that I ought to see everything," he went on, "even such a terrible sight as this, but it is very, very painful."

Before I could answer there arose a frightful yelling and shouting on our left, and with one accord the loonies began dashing in that direction. In a moment only the little man and I and perhaps a score of the worst shell-shocked were not part of a howling mob clustered around the entrance gate.

"One o'clock already," said my companion; "really I cannot stay much longer or I shall be late for the attack."

"What is it?" I asked; but before he replied I tumbled to it myself. The loonies were being fed.

The guardians stood outside and tossed hunks of bread into the air across the wire as one throws off to a pack of hungry wolves in a cage. And like wolves they fought and tore and howled—howled till cold shivers ran down my back and the hair prickled on my scalp.

From time to time one would seize a morsel and detach himself, scratched and bleeding, from the mêlée and run off like a dog with a bone. Once at a distance, the poor wretch would look round suspiciously, and if there was no one there would begin eating savagely, varying his repast at intervals with handfuls of snow. Toward the end the guardians threw more slowly, as if to prolong what was evidently the best moment of their day. Even the sentries from the fence corners had strolled round to share the fun. I myself had watched the beasts being fed in the circus, but I will never do so again.

Suddenly a short, thickset fellow came running along with a lump of bread as big as an orange in his hand. Close behind him was a long, thin man in a flapping cloak. Just in front of me the pursuer gave a horrible scream and leaped upon the other's back. The shock flung the bread right to my feet, but neither of the loonies seemed to care. Like naked cave men, they grappled and fought with teeth and nails. As they rolled over and over in the mud I saw that the big man had his arm wound round his adversary's neck. Then the other gave a wriggle, broke loose, and gripped the big fellow's throat with both hands. For a moment the long, thin body arched up in the effort to break that clutch, then sank limply back; his heels drummed the ground an instant and he lay still.

THE victor hung on without a sound for fully a minute. Then he got briskly to his feet and without a glance at the body trotted back toward the gate. I was roused from my trance of horror by the voice of my little companion. "Do you think you could give me a small piece of the bread?" he said politely. "I have eaten nothing for two days, and I am faint with hunger."

I broke the lump in half, passed one piece to him and began munching the other. It might be long before I got any more if what I had witnessed was the price I should have to pay for it.

The little German thanked me warmly. "You understand," he said, "that



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*After Children Taste Them Once*

This is a time to find out how good corn dainties are.

In Puffed Grains, for instance—Prof. Anderson's wonderful creations. Millions of people now delight in these airy, flaky bubbles.

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The flavor is like toasted corn flakes. But the drop-like form and the filmy texture add wondrous fascinations.

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**Puffed Corn Puffed**  
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Serve Corn Puffs like any cereal, or mix with fruit, or float in bowls of milk. Scatter them on ice cream, or in soups, or use like nut meats in home candy making.

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And keep a dishful, crisp and buttered—like peanuts or popcorn—for children to eat after school.

Order some Corn Puffs now.



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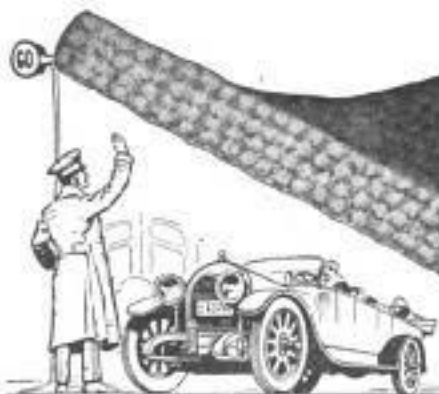
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it is quite impossible for me to mix with a mob like that. Though I am here incognito, my imperial dignity would never permit it." Then I understood what had been puzzling me, the reason why they had not left such an apparently normal person in the trenches. The poor little gink thought he was the Kaiser, and of course it would have been *lèse-majesté* not to shut him up immediately.

As the afternoon passed it grew very cold, and I wrapped myself in the cloak of the big loony who'd been strangled, and tried to sleep. Just as it was getting dusk I was roused by a wild yell.

**I**N the middle of the field stood a big German, his arms waving like windmills and his hair bristling like an angry cat's. "Forward!" he shouted; "forward! All together now, with the bayonet. To hell with the Frenchmen. Forward, forward!" and still yelling at the top of his voice he rushed furiously across the ground against the fence. He sprang at the barbed wire like a tiger, and for a moment hung there beating at the wire with his fists, tearing the flesh most cruelly. Then he jumped back, waved his arm as if urging on his comrades, and with another shout of "Forward!" plunged once more at the wire. Four times he repeated that frenzied charge, until his clothes were hanging in ribbons and his face and hands streaming with blood. Seemingly tireless, he threw himself forward a fifth time and again hung there, fighting, in the corner near the sentry. "Enough," shouted the latter. "Lie down."

The madman only yelled and fought the more. Without another word the sentry swung the butt of his rifle full on the poor chap's head. He fell backward, and I thought he was killed, but after a little while he got up and staggered back toward the shed. About fifteen yards away he stopped and looked at his wounded hands with an air of surprise.

"Blood!" he howled. "Blood; always blood!" Then he slid slowly to the ground and lay stretched out in the snow. I shut my eyes and tried in vain to sleep.

Some time later a new lot of loonies was admitted, at least a hundred of them, mostly dazed and silent, though a few were shouting or singing. I judged them to be the jetsam of that morning's battle. To my horror, as the guard rebarred the gate, I heard him

say to his pal: "There won't be any more to-night, as the train is made up, and we'll have enough to do getting this lot aboard."

"Damnation!" cried the other. "I'm tired. When must we begin?"

"Oh, there's time enough yet. Say a couple of hours after they've been fed."

His last phrase saved my life. I was rapidly dying of fright at the prospect of several days' train journey in that company, but the idea that the scramble for food would be repeated filled me with hope. With the added interest of doubled numbers the sentries would be certain to come again and watch, and then my chance would come.

The time passed so slowly that I began to fear we would be entrained without any feeding, but at last the shouting recommenced, and the same wild rush toward the gate began.

When the storm had reached its height I slipped stealthily down to the fence. Sure enough, the sentry had gone and I made my way between the wire with little difficulty.

After that it was plain sailing. I even got a lift from a wagon and a meal of bread and sausage on the plea that I was a Pomeranian who couldn't keep up with his regiment owing to sore feet. I knew they'd fall for it, as I'd seen some Pomeranians go singing past some time before.

I followed their trail right along, no one suspected me for a moment. Luckily they went into line in a quietish sector which the French had evacuated that day and where there were no trenches left. I found it quite easy to slip past them in the darkness, and my only mishap came from a nervous French sentry who nearly blew my head off before I could explain matters. Luckily he missed me, which gave me a chance to talk. I don't mind telling you I was mighty glad to get back.

**MARIUS** paused and drank deep of his beer, with a satisfied glance at the captain's spellbound expression.

"But the military medal," I said. "What about that?"

"Oh, well, they gave me that as a sort of souvenir of my adventure, and then, of course, I'd kept my eyes open in the German lines, and some of the dope I got turned out to be rather useful."

The captain spoke at last. "Good God," he said slowly, "is that what this war is like?"

## The Adventures of Colin O'Rell

*Continued from page 19*

Colin reached for the hand bag on a chair beside her. She had opened it and had half withdrawn her check book when a man, walking slowly down the aisle between the tables, stopped and stared at them.

"Jevons?" he asked.

English Fred almost imperceptibly motioned to Colin. She closed the hand bag.

"Yes," said Jevons.

The man lowered his voice. "From the Marquis," he said. "The man who has been impersonating you got away from here."

Colin felt a tightening about her heart; for a moment she could hardly breathe. It was not the reaction of fear, but the reaction of relief; the two are very similar in effect. And then the breath that had halted burst from her lips in a sigh, as the man continued: "But he went to Lady Beth's apartment house. His chauffeur thought he was drunk and was trying to get him out of the machine, when those of us sent to relieve you from watching the place arrived. He's in your apartment now," he said to Colin.

The girl's features hardened. "Then we're safe," she said.

The newcomer eyed her. "Yet there are explanations necessary," he said. "Why you are here? You will go up-town at once?"

**H**E had said that the chauffeur had thought Fernald was intoxicated. That meant that Fernald probably had been drugged here but had escaped before the effects had overcome him. Undoubtedly one of the waiters here had telephoned her arrival, knowing her description well. And if this was the sort of place where men could be drugged and where spies of the Marquis were to be found, there was no chance of her

being permitted to leave here save in the company of this man whose question was a none too subtle threat. As for Jevons, he would not help her. A moment ago he had been prepared to drop out of the matter and let her cope with the Marquis as best she could. But now, with danger threatening him, Jevons would save his own skin. There was no chance for Fernald.

Dumbly she rode uptown with the two men. She could not concentrate. She had no opportunity to exchange a word with English Fred. And even had there been opportunity, she would not have known what to say—what appeal to make to Jevons that would be more potent to him than the appeal of self-preservation. She was still without a plan when she entered her little living room.

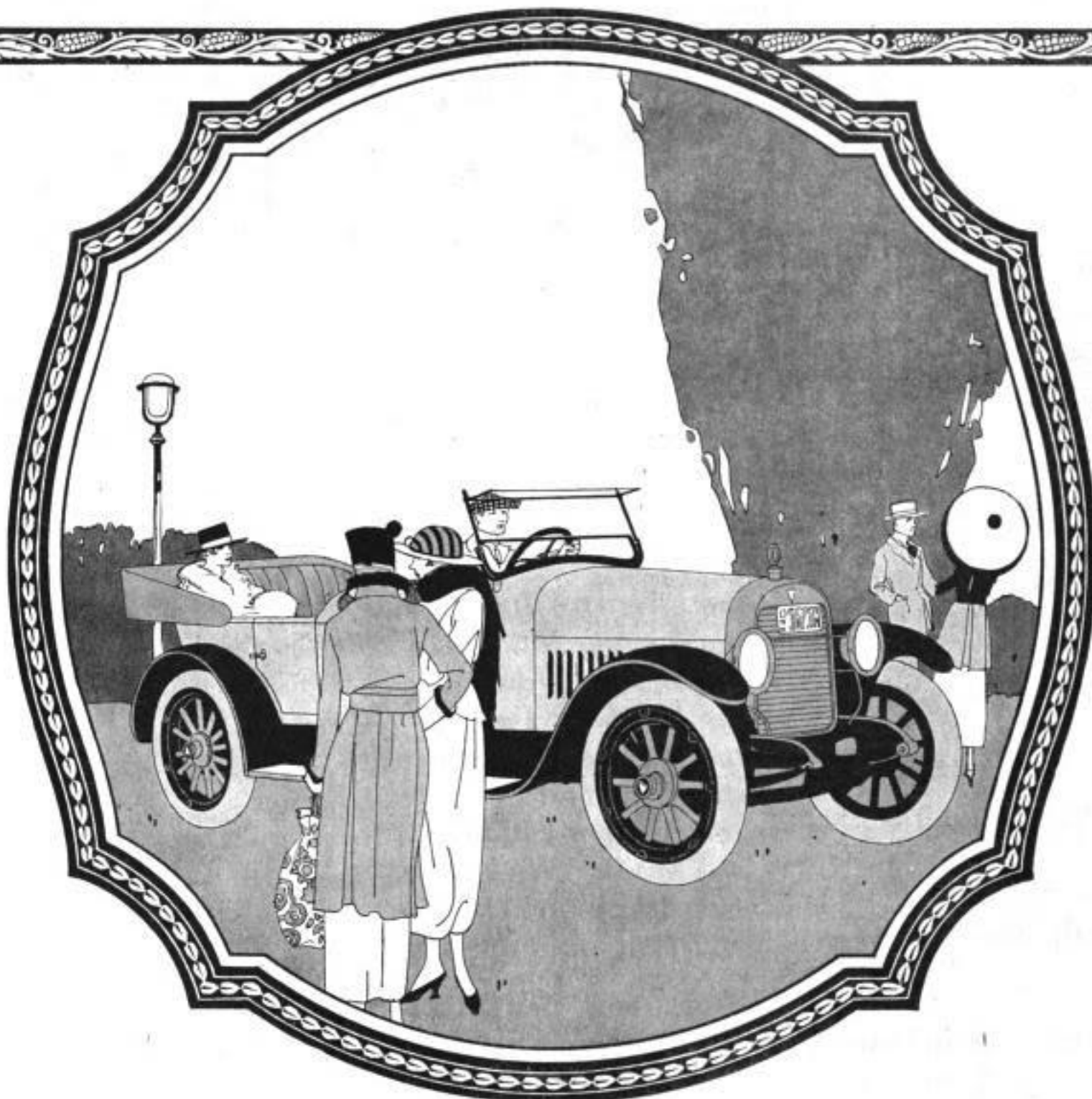
But for one thing she was grateful: The Marquis himself was not there. Two other men whom she had not seen before stood guard over Fernald. Beyond the fact that, like the man who had accosted them in the restaurant, they were hard-featured, she paid no heed to them. She could only stare at Fernald.

Fernald returned her glance. The effects of the drug that had been in the coffee had practically worn off. His brain was clear, though his body was weak. And in the look he gave her there was warning. She knew what he meant: that she must not consider him in the slightest, but must think only of the great cause which was more important than the lives of either of them.

The shorter of the two men took command of the situation. He addressed himself to Colin.

"The Marquis wants this matter straightened out, here and now," he stated. "He don't know, Lady Beth" (Continued on page 29)





## Think of this with reference to the Hudson Super-Six

Fifty thousand cars sold in the past two years

Only 15,000 available this year

Thousands are bound to be disappointed this year for they won't be able to get a Super-Six. During the active buying seasons there has never been enough Hudsons to meet the demand. Imagine then what must follow this spring, now upon us, when people will want cars. Automobile production has already been curtailed at least forty per cent under last year's output.

Passenger train schedules have been cut one-fifth. More and more now will we have to rely upon the automobile as a means of transportation. There simply will not be enough cars to meet the demand. And just see how the Hudson especially will be affected with its reduced production.

Never before has it been so important that the motor buyer be so particular about the proved qualities of the car he chooses. Thousands upon thousands of the best motor mechanics have left their regular employment in the garages and service stations throughout the country to give their skill to the repair of aeroplane and motor truck engines. The man who has a car requiring frequent mechanical attention will be greatly inconvenienced. There will not be the skilled men to make the repairs.

That is another reason why the Super-Six must be the choice car. Its reliability is so well established that buyers who appreciate the importance of having a car that does not call for constant mechanical attention will soon take up all we can build.

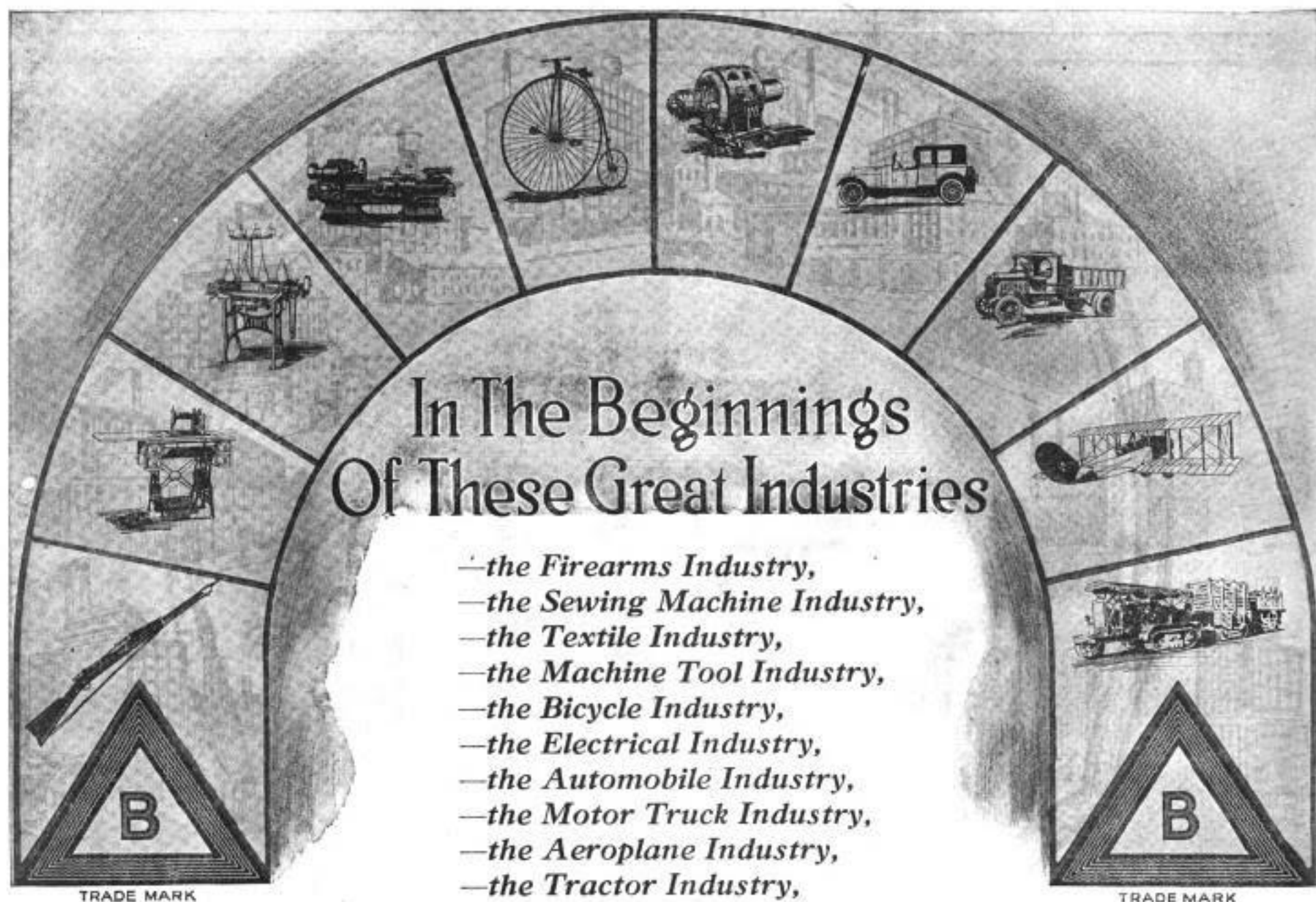
Review in your own mind the history of the Hudson Super-Six as you know it.

Think of what it has done as proof of its endurance. You must know intimately the performance of from one to a dozen Super-Sixes. They are always on the road. Their owners almost never postpone planned trips because of some unexpected necessity for the car to go into the repair shops. They are just like proved and reliable timepieces which go on day after day and month after month doing the things they were built to do and doing it without obvious effort.

Bear in mind that any automobile is going to be hard to get before the season is past because of the reduced production. Then think how difficult in particular it will be to get a car of such demonstrated reliability as the Hudson Super-Six.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.





—all of which later grew to world-wide importance—the enterprise and facilities of the Billings & Spencer Company provided the Drop Forgings on whose quality, correctness of design, and uniform workmanship their development and ultimate success was contingent.

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And now, their success more than achieved, these monarchs of industry still are being fed by the output of a hundred board and steam drop hammers in the Billings & Spencer plant. More than a million Drop Forgings a month are being pounded into shape by hammers varying from 400 to 8,000 pounds falling weight, their excess metal sheered off in the jaws of giant trimming presses.

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& SPENCER CO.   
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whether you're crooked or not, but we're going to know in about two minutes. You"—he turned to Jevons—"are English Fred. We know that well enough. The question is, did this man"—he pointed to Fernald—"who looks enough like you to be your first cousin—did he fool this girl?"

HOPE died in Colin's breast. To save his own skin, Jevons would tell the truth. But, before English Fred could answer, Fernald spoke.

"This isn't a trial by jury, with appeals and delays and all that sort of thing," he sneered. "You've got the goods on me, and I know it as well as you do. But the girl—don't blame her. Of course I fooled her! A nice little trick too, she is, and it's too bad she's a treacherous crook like the rest of you."

I told her that I was English Fred, and she fell for it. And if I'd had about twenty-four hours more, I'd have landed the whole bunch of you. But that's over. You win."

Mist clouded Colin's eyes. This was the end. But if only there had been opportunity for a different farewell than this! She knew that his lips did not voice his heart; and yet, to have had some word of love to carry with her over the lonely road that stretched ahead!

But who serves her country must face sometimes the things that are worse than death. To die with Fernald would not be hard. It was harder to live without him. And yet English Fred might not deny Fernald's dying story. Hope of money and promise of immunity for the past might win him from his none-too-strong allegiance to the Marquis. She might yet succeed in her efforts to destroy the plans of the grotesque plotter. And yet it was so much easier to die—were there only herself to consider! But her country trusted her, relied on her, and she flashed Fernald a message from her eyes that made death itself seem worth while because it had brought him this. It told him that he would live forever, enshrined in the heart of Colin O'Rell.

"I'm glad you take it sensibly," said the tall man. "I ain't got any use for a bad loser." He turned to Jevons. "The Marquis said to let you attend to what's to be done. The deeper in you get, the stronger you'll be for us. Got a gun?"

Jevons turned white, but he nodded assent.

"Well, I guess that's all," said the leader. "We'll wait outside for you."

AN automobile stood outside the apartment house. Colin was ushered into it.

"Jevons will be out in a minute, and the driver will take you two to the Marquis," said the tall man. "There's a whole lot he don't understand and wants to know about."

He shut the door upon the girl. Colin watched him as he spoke a minute with the driver. Then he and his two companions started back to the apartment.

Reaction from dumb acquiescence in fate set in. What did anything matter compared to the life of Fernald, the life so precious to her, that these men were taking as callously and as carelessly as though it had been the life of a

worn-out, crippled beast of burden? It was too much for her country to ask of her that she, with a small revolver in her hand bag, should make no effort to protect the helpless man she loved.

What did it matter that treason gained the ascendancy and that the country suffered? Undoubtedly the Marquis suspected her, anyway. She was practically a prisoner. She would be killed herself. English Fred would denounce her. It was better to die now with Fernald; to die protecting him. To remain alive on the bare chance that she might be able to continue serving her country—she wouldn't do it. She reached for the handle of the limousine door. And then, muffled by the apartment walls, she heard a pistol shot. She sank back upon the cushions of the great car. While she deliberated, while she fought with the absurd, the intangible thing called honor, Fernald had died. Ill fitted by training to cope with these men, he had died.

There were no tears in her eyes now. Her face was immobile in its hardness. But the man who had killed Fernald—no matter what happened, she would mete justice out to him herself.

Across the sidewalk came the four men who had been Fernald's murderers. Two of them supported English Fred Jevons. His hat was pulled over his eyes, and even in the darkness she could see that his face gleamed white. His knees were bent, and his whole body sagged.

The door opened, and the two men thrust the murderer into the car. "Buck up," said the leader. "It was comin' to him." He slammed the door, and instantly the car started.

Colin stared at the huddled figure of English Fred. This venomous thing was the instrument that had robbed her of the man she loved. Overwhelming, righteous wrath seized upon her.

Once again she forgot that she served her country.

Her revolver was half out of her hand bag, when the huddled figure turned to her. Its hand muffled the sudden cry that burst from her lips.

"Don't, Colin, my own!" whispered Fernald.

She stared at him, unbelieving joy in the eyes that a moment ago had been almost maniacal.

"Jevons draws the line at murder," he whispered. "While they were gone, we changed hats and coats."

"But didn't they look at him?" she cried.

"Surely," he answered. "But what people expect to see, they see. They were looking for me, and they saw me. The blood they thought they saw hid his features."

"Thought they saw?"

"Yes," he told her. The driver could not see them. His arm drew her close. "I'm old-fashioned, Colin," he said. "I object to rouge, but this time, considering that it made them think Jevons's face was mine and that that face had a bullet wound—"

He stopped speaking. One cannot talk and kiss at the same time.

The fifth adventure of Colin O'Rell will appear next week.

## THE OLD HOUSE

By Katharine Tynan

The boys that used to come  
and go

In the gray kindly house  
are flown.

They have taken the way  
the young feet know;

Not alone, not alone!

Thronged is the road the  
young feet go.

Yet in the quiet evening hour  
What comes, oh, lighter

than a bird?

Touches her cheek soft as a  
flower.

What moved, what stirred?

What was the joyous whis-  
per heard?

What fitted in the corridor  
Like a boy's shape so dear

and slight?

What was the laughter rang  
before?

Delicate, light,

Like harps the wind plays  
out of sight.

The boys who used to go  
and come

In the gray house are  
come again

Of the dear house and fire-  
lit room

They are fain, they are  
fain:

They are come home from  
the night and rain.



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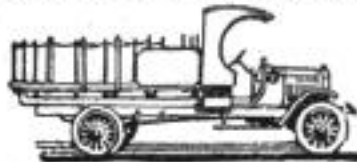
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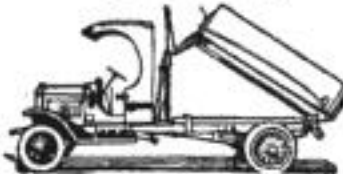
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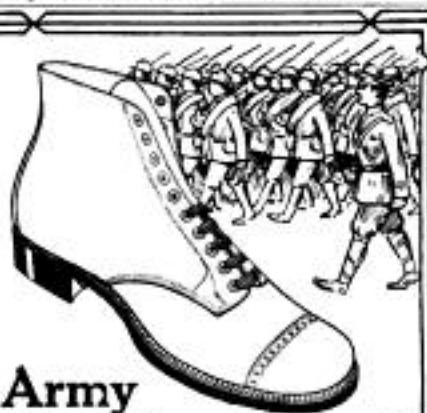
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# SHALL I GO TO FRANCE?

BY FRANCES WRIGHT

IT was about six months ago that I began to ask myself that question. Among the women that I knew, some few had gone, others were preparing to go. There seemed no reason why I should not follow their example. I am healthy and strong, with no ties that need keep me here. I adore France, and am filled with longing to serve my country. These points had not escaped the notice of my friends.

"Hello!" said one, whom I had neglected for a number of weeks, "I thought perhaps you'd gone abroad."

"Stop your knitting," I begged, "long enough to tell me what I could do there." My spirit disappointed her. "Lots," she said. "I think you'd be splendid."

Why splendid? How could I help? What is being done by the many American women who are now in France? Frankly, are they helping at all? Their service must be very real and very great to atone for their presence. Every nonspecialist who sails for France is taking boat space which a soldier, a doctor, or a trained nurse might fill. Each, on arriving, must be fed, clothed, and warmed. Each, if she falls sick, will require attention, medicine, and hospital space which can ill be spared. Only by talking to those fresh from the front can one realize the enormous difficulties of transportation; the huge problem of securing supplies for the army; the immense, urgent duty of caring for a civilian population already distressingly large.

### "Have You a Watch?"

IT was in the lounge of my club, where French lessons have been given all winter for the benefit of war workers, that I approached a very pretty girl and ventured to ask her the time. I had forgotten my watch, and it was important that I should leave at three. "Avez-vous une montre?" I asked, obedient to the request that no English be used.

"No, do take it," she answered, pointing to the vacant chair at her side. It filled me with unholy joy that at least one member of the class knew less French than I, but I was somewhat shocked when she whispered: "I'm going to France to-morrow on reconstruction work, and I'm so excited that I simply have to talk about it." Reconstruction work! We indulged in English conversation between the French phrases, very few of which she understood. I found her charming, and I wish her well. Her limousine was waiting for her, and since she still had packing to do, she offered to leave early and drop me on her way home. She pulled down her veil as we left the room, and I noticed her hands, very white and smooth with pink nails, nicely polished. She said she was worn out with shopping and that she'd been on her feet for hours, getting things she'd need

in France. "I've done miles of aisles," she laughed, "and it's nearly killed me, for I absolutely never walk."

On the very next day I lunched with a friend who told me Miss S. had arrived safely in France and "simply loved it."

"But," I said, "Miss S. has spent a number of years in a sanitarium, and is always nervous and easily upset."

"Oh, her health is perfectly all right now," answered my friend. "She passed the examination, and mentally it will be just the thing for her. You see, she's never had a real interest before. It will do her a world of good."

But will it do France good?

### Misfits

I SUGGESTED to an English aviator that I might send him some new books. After a week of conferences in Washington, he was returning to the front, where he had served for three years. "Thanks awfully," he said, "but I feel it wouldn't be right. Send everything you can spare to the poor fellows in the trenches. There's no misery equal to trench misery. And don't forget the soldiers' widows. There are thousands and thousands of them in France, too poor to buy the things they need, and too proud to ask charity."

There is an answer to my question. I shall not go to France. These French widows, daughters, and sweethearts can do better reconstruction work than I. France is their own land. French is their own language. My heart may be filled with sympathy, but I cannot hope to rival them in mothering their children, understanding their peasants, or guiding their affairs. I am dumb when adventurous women, waited upon for many years and unused to privation, desert their hotels or apartments for that war-ridden country. I am unmoved at the photograph of an American heiress washing dishes in France. Somehow, I remember those widows who could, perhaps, wash dishes equally well, and without thought of the photographer.

"Nine-tenths of the women who've gone to France—English as well as American—have gone just for the thrill of the thing." It was an ambulance driver speaking. "I'll be honest. That's why I went myself."

"But you certainly helped," I reminded him.

"Sure," he said, "until I got hit." After a pause, he continued, ungrammatically (and I feel I can't do better than to leave him the last word): "That criticism don't apply to the trained nurses. They're great. Women doctors are all right too. In fact, I'm strong for women. Since this war I think they can do anything, but the trouble is, most of the ones who go over to France don't fit."

# OUR NEW ISLANDS

BY EDMOND MCKENNA

EAST of Porto Rico, across the Virgin Passage, lies a little island only 13 miles long and about 2 miles wide, yet for this island and its two neighbors with their adjoining islets, barely 138 square miles in all, the United States paid \$25,000,000 to the Danish Government.

Negotiations for the sale were naturally carried on for the most part behind closed doors. Beyond a necessarily vague announcement that the Danish West Indies were needed by the United States for a naval base to protect the Panama Canal, and some incompletely reported debates in Congress, the public was left in the dark as to why this enormous sum should have been expended. Yet the reason for the United States acquiring the Virgin Islands from Denmark is now mysterious. St. Thomas, whose marvelous landlocked harbor is commodious enough to contain the entire battle fleet of the United States, is one of the greatest strategic points in this hemisphere. Unless universal disarmament follows the war, it ought to be—doubtless will be—strongly fortified by us; it may indeed become the Gibraltar of the Caribbean. Standing at the crossroads of the Atlantic, it dominates our gateway of the Pacific.

The harbor is shaped like a gourd or pear. It faces south, and, backed by a range of hills with a mean elevation of 1,000 feet, is completely protected from the prevailing winds in all weathers. The harbor is from 30 to 50 feet deep, with a 90-foot depth a mile and a half or so outside, and its size can, if necessary, be nearly doubled by enlarging the entrance to the connecting bay to the west. The approach to the harbor is free from rocks, and there are lighthouses on small islands just off the entrance, east and west.

### Guard Our Canal

ST. JOHN, four miles east of St. Thomas, is the smallest of the three Virgin Islands. This island has a harbor at Coral Bay which has been called the best harbor of refuge in the Antilles, and which, with a little expenditure, would provide us with a second naval base almost equal to St. Thomas.

Charlotte Amalie, at the head of the harbor, the only town in St. Thomas, has a larger population than any other town in the group. As the population of St. Thomas is only about 13,000, the place, unlike Porto Rico with its dense population, can readily be provisioned to withstand a long siege. Moreover,



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in the deep inlets among the tiny islands which fringe the northern coast, submarine and torpedo-boat destroyers can find anchorage and protection. The hills can be fortified to command the approach by the Caribbean and by the Atlantic.

St. Thomas would be the most vitally strategic point on the flank of any hostile movement from the Atlantic toward the canal. The island is on the eastern rim of the Antilles, and, although close to the islands of other great powers, its harbor would permit the entrance or egress of the fleet unobserved.

### Of International Importance

THE Monroe Doctrine, as every school-boy is supposed to know, was evolved to prevent European powers from interfering with the affairs of the Latin-American countries. It was drafted to remove a possible menace to our own peace and safety, and to prevent the political struggles of the small nations in the American continents from becoming a pretext for European aggrandizement.

To maintain the Monroe Doctrine we must continue to control the Panama Canal. To control the Zone it was necessary for us to have a harbor near Colon that would provide quarters for the navy and lessen the steaming distance of our ships. Until the acquisition of the Virgin Islands, Guantánamo, in Cuba, was our only naval base in the Caribbean. A clause in our treaty with the Republic of Cuba grants our navy the use of Guantánamo Harbor. But access to a harbor is a very different thing from the possession of it with the necessary fortified littoral and hinterland.

Porto Rico offers no suitable naval bases. The harbor at St. Thomas, however, fits every requirement. For more than two hundred years it has been a port of call for vessels of all nations, and was once the great distributing center in the West Indies—a transshipping point of international importance. The island is over 1,000 miles from Colon. This seems at first thought to be far too great a distance to be of much strategic importance to the canal. But, save for Guantánamo, Hampton Roads, 2,000 miles from the canal, has been till now our nearest naval base of any size.

### Germany Was Right There

ST. THOMAS has already many facilities for coaling and provisioning a fleet. Large supplies of coal and fuel oil are kept on hand, and there are six coaling docks at Charlotte Amalie where vessels drawing up to 31 feet can lie alongside. There is also a floating dock, 250 feet long and 70 feet wide, which can take up vessels with a keel length of 300 feet and drawing up to 23 feet. There is also an excellent machine shop and foundry on the island, besides other facilities for repairs. These give employment to expert ship carpenters, sailmakers, and riggers.

All along the water front are huge warehouses, mostly empty, reminders of the time when St. Thomas was the storehouse of the Caribbean. These warehouses will no doubt be the scene of renewed activity and usefulness once the war is over, for the Virgin Islands lie in the direct track of European traffic through the canal. St. Thomas is practically the same distance as New York from French and British ports.

The Monroe Doctrine prevented Germany from acquiring the islands, but she did the next best thing. On Hassells Island, on the left side of the harbor entrance at St. Thomas, the government-subsidized Hamburg-American Line bought eight acres of land for coal depots and wharves. Three large warehouses were erected; water tanks and tank boats added, and a marine slip constructed for repairing purposes. For years before the war fifteen steamers of this line made St. Thomas a port of call every month. When the treaty was under consideration the line announced that it might move its base to the Dutch island of Curaçao. It saw that its wharves, stores, etc., must inevitably pass under the control of the United States.

### May Rival Porto Rico

NINETY-SEVEN per cent of the inhabitants of the islands are black and colored. At the time of purchase the remaining 3 per cent were British planters and agents, with a sprinkling of Danish officials and professional men. The color line is not drawn, English is



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# INLAND

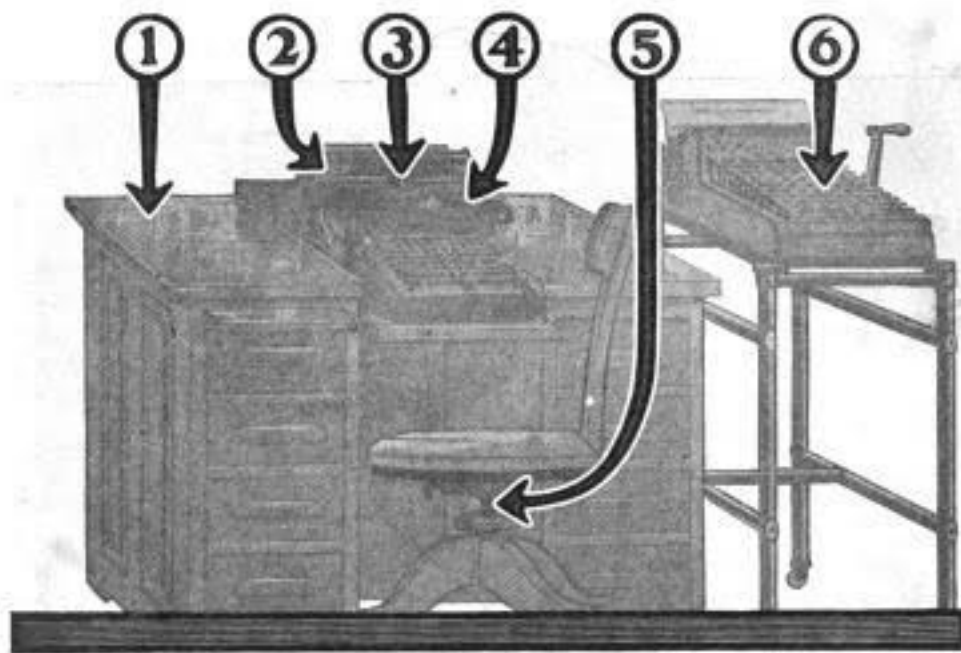
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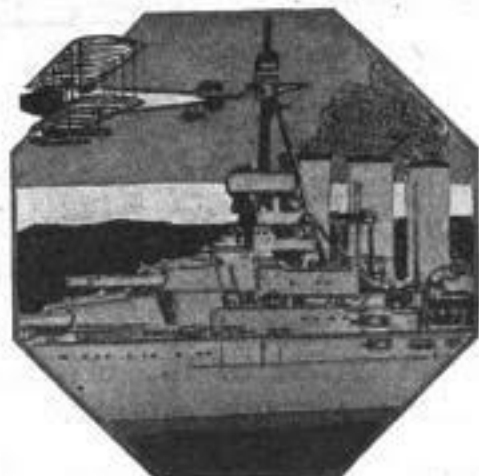
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MA "S-NOW"

the language, the people are intelligent and industrious, and their sentiment is overwhelmingly pro-American.

St. Thomas thrived in former years on the production of sugar, but after the abolition of slavery this industry gradually declined. When the competition with beet sugar became strong, it became practically extinct because of the lack of irrigation and the decreasing fertility of the soil, which had been worked out in the more than 200 years of one-crop cultivation. The waste lands in this island and in St. John, however, could be turned profitably to the production of hemp. St. John, which is well watered and fertile, raises bay trees from which bay rum is produced. Lime trees also are grown on the island.

## The Prize Package

Continued from page 16

"Come to Moretti's to-night?" he asked.

"I'm sorry; I've got a date to-night." He ached in spirit. "To-morrow night?"

She hesitated a moment, tapping the desk with a rosy finger nail. Then her face brightened: "I'd love to."

As he returned to his desk and the dull routine of writing press notes for Petunia Veal's latest novel, he uttered a phrase that he had caught from Harry Hanover. It was the first sign of his emancipation from Mallarmé and the Oxford Movement, for certainly that phrase had never been heard on the quilted lawns of Balliol: "She's a prize package, all right, all right!"

Ten days elapsed. All six sonnets had been delivered and paid for, and Mr. Arundel had bargained for a few extra rondeaux, at five dollars each.

Antipasto, minestrone, breadsticks, force-meat balls, and here we are again at the spaghetti and Hackensack Chianti. Lester had mailed his MS. on "Clara Tice and the Pleinairists of Greenwich Village" to the "Oblique Review" that afternoon, and had calculated that the editors could not in any decency offer him less than fifty—or perhaps forty—dollars for it. This, added to 20 by 52 plus 60 plus the rondeaux and other probable increments, would certainly support two in a garret for some time. He also had hopes of selling some obscenities for the movies. Pearl would probably want to go on with her work, for a while at any rate. She was so independent! But those clear eyes of hers, like a March sky with teasings of April in it, how tender and laughing they were! A few nights ago they had taken a long bus ride together, and she had forgotten her muff. She let him warm her hands instead. He went home that night feeling strong enough to bite lamp-posts in two, and had waked up Jack and Harry to put them right about Petrarch.

Pearl was teaching Lester to twirl up his spaghetti with fork and spoon, instead of draping it out of his mouth like Spanish moss. Suddenly she laughed.

"What did I tell you!" she said. "The dear old 'Oblique' has gone blooie! Mr. Arundel called up the editor to-day and told him the Barmecide Company won't supply him with any more paper until he pays his bills. Of course that means he'll have to quit."

Lester was touched in two vital spots: his own private hopes, and his zeal for fly-specked literature. "Shades of Frank Harris!" he cried. "If that isn't just like Arundel! Why, that man is pure and simple bourgeois! I never heard of such a thing. Has he no feeling at all for art?"

Pearl laughed—the pure, musical laugh of careless girlishness, but the recording angel caught in the nimble chords a faint overtone of something else—like the tinkle of ice in a misty tumbler. "Oh, he has his own ideas about art," she said. "He's taken to writing poetry himself. You never heard such stuff—I've been meaning to tell you. What does 'pullulate' mean?"

Lester's valiant heart, Lester's manly hands that had acted as a muff on a Riverside Drive bus, trembled and stiffened. "It pullulates and blooms in sultry rime," she quoted gayly. "Now what do you make of that, as referring to Mr. Arundel's heart? Sultry is right too!"

LION-HEARTED Harvard, oak-bosomed Balliol, and all the mature essences of manhood were needed to keep Lester calm. How had she seen these secret strains? She must have been peeping into the chief's private correspondence. He hesitated

St. Croix, or Santa Cruz, as Columbus named it and the blacks still call it, is the largest and most fertile of the Virgin Islands. Some 15,000 acres, or about one-third of the island, is planted in sugar cane and produces eight to ten tons an acre. Most of the sugar is imported into the United States. Some of it is distilled to make the well-known Santa Cruz rum. As in St. Thomas, there is no irrigation, but the average rainfall is 45.7 inches per annum, and because the land is lower and the trees are not entirely cleared off, the soil remains fertile. With modern methods of irrigation and fertilization the yield would be three or even four times as great, and rival that of Porto Rico.

during six inches of spaghetti. "Search me!" he said. "Is it in Walter Mason?"

"No, it's his own stuff, I tell you. 'O beauteous rose! O shrub without a thorn!' she chanted, and her laughter popped like a champagne cork. The horrid truth burst upon him. The boss was courting the angel of the office with the very ammunition that Lester himself had furnished, and his vow of secrecy forbade him to disclose the truth. Oh, the paltry meanness of fate, the villainy of circumstance! It is impossible to describe the pangs it cost him to dissemble, cloak, disguise, and conceal the anguish he felt. But dissemble, cloak, disguise, and conceal he did, and though his heart glowed like an angry cigar stub, he reached home at last.

THERE he sat down at his table, and amid the healthy snores of his room-mates he concocted a fine piece of literary ordnance. Late and grimly he toiled and contrived. At length he had fashioned a sonnet which would be the golden sum and substance of the previous sequence; a cry of the heart so splendidly forensic that Mr. Arundel would pounce upon it, yielding his crisp steel engraving in return. But see, the asp concealed in the basket of fruit, the adder in the woodpile! Read Lester's sonnet as an acrostic:

Over that trellis where the moon distills  
My heart is climbing like a rambler rose:  
You lean and listen to the whippoorwill,  
Heedless of how the fragrant blossom grows!  
O beauteous rose! O shrub without a thorn!  
When wilt thou realize my love in sooth?  
I touch the windowsill with heart forlorn,  
Hoping the guerdon of thy bounteous youth.  
After the grief and teen of bitter days,  
Troubled by woes that cicatrize and burn,  
Ever at eventide I seek thy praise.  
Yearning thy maiden bliss—I yearn, I yearn!  
Over the rotten fruit of buried years  
Unbar the bolt—have pity on my tears!

THE discerning reader will spot the glittering falchion of malice lurking in the initial letters. Read them downward, they convey: O MY HOW I HATE YOU! Lester had but to convey this poisoned confit to his chief; then, playing upon the artless Pearl, persuade her to show it to him—point out the murderous duplicity of the love token; and she would recoil into his arms. Greenwich Village would sound the timbrel of joy, and even the "Oblique" might find a softer-hearted papyrus vender. Vos plaudite! With such thoughts, amid the wailing matin song of boarding-house steam pipes, our hero fell into a brief slumber.

That morning Lester hastened to the office. He waited feverishly until the hour when the chief usually arrived, then visited the private office. There he found the vice president, going over the morning mail. "Is—is Mr. Arundel in?" he stammered.

"Mr. Arundel isn't here to-day," said the vice president. "He will be away two weeks."

Lester retired queasily, and hurried to the corner sacred to Miss Denver. Here he found one of the other stenographers, using Pearl's machine.

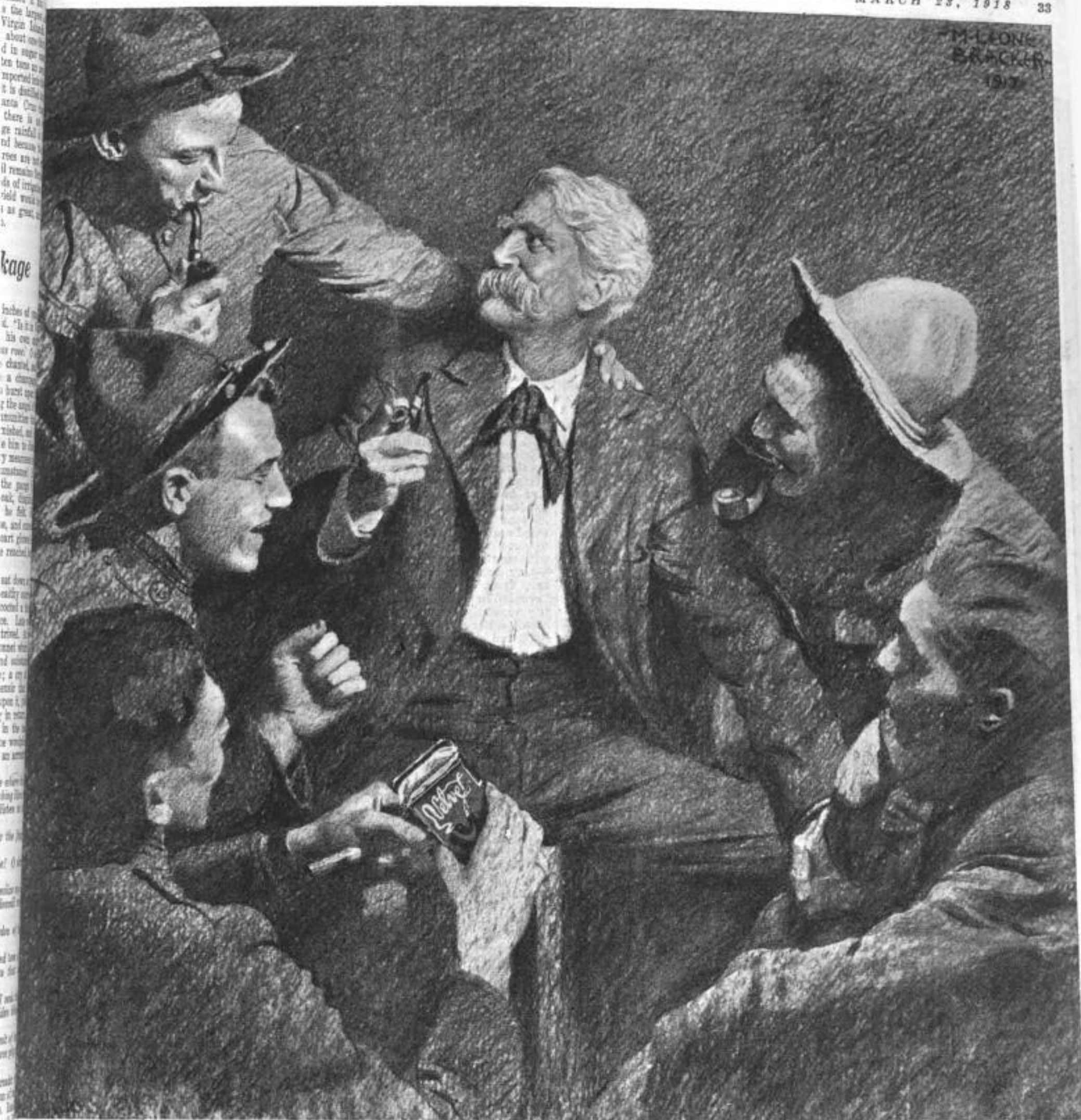
"Where's Miss Denver?" he asked.

The young lady, of a humorous turn, looked at her wrist watch. "Getting ready to go over the top," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard? She married the boss this morning."





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Come smoke a good luck pipe with me,  
I'll read your fortune in the smoke  
An' tell you all the things I see.*

*I see three kiddies, plain as day —  
One says "My pa owns everything,  
A million million dollars, too."  
The other says "My pa's a king."*

*An' then the littlest kid of all  
Swells up until his buttons tear —  
"Shucks, they ain't in it with my dad!  
Why, fellers, he fought Over There!"*

*Here's luck, you boys in olive drab,  
Good fortune bring you safely out  
And give some littlest kid some day  
A daddy he can brag about.*

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## Our Military Railroad in France

Continued from page 9

in place of our time-honored cowcatcher. Yet a French railroad man will be sure to notice two radical points of difference: their whistles are of the deep, sonorous key of our most dignified of mountain pullers, not the sharp, squeaky note of French engines, and each has a bell. The first time a boy from down on the B. & O. somewhere drove one of these smart Yankee engines up to the railroad behind the firing line, he rang the bell lustily, whereupon all the soldiers came rolling out from quarters in their gas masks. A bell at the front means but one thing—a gas attack.

### From 10 to 30 Tons!

IF ever you have been in Europe, you must have noticed the goods trains. The cars are particularly small compared with freight cars in the United States. As a rule, those seen by American tourists are of about 10 tons capacity, although the average in France actually does run close to 15 tons. These are hardly to be compared with the 50-ton box cars in general use here, or the 70-ton "battleship gondolas" used on some of the most important of our coal roads. The vaunting spirit of our efficiency engineers was kept in bounds by those same narrow tunnel sides and bridge spans that limited the locomotive builders. Yet they actually have produced freight cars for France of 30 tons capacity. These cars, built of wood upon steel underframes, according to good Yankee practice, are equipped with continuous air brakes. The *guérites*—tiny sentry boxes set upon each fifth car, from which, at the whistle, the "brakie" in overalls used to emerge and tug violently at the hand brakes—are slowly but surely being replaced by the little red cabooses of the U. S. A. The hand car also has invaded the land of Jeanne d'Arc.

In the shadow of tall rows of poplars and the pleasant odor of the vineyards the section gang ditches it at noon, chats of things "back there," and wonders if the boss is making good in his new job down at Logansport.

### The French "Marches"

THE French, under extraordinary conditions, during the past four years, have shown themselves remarkably expert in the handling of their railroads. Even to-day, in spite of all the terrific military demands upon the nation, expresses, although much shortened and deprived of almost all their luxurious facilities, are still operating at least twice a day from Paris to important outlying cities—Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Cherbourg, Havre, Calais. And the local service for both passengers and freight is entirely adequate. Yet all of these wait upon the military necessities. The operating problem—particularly on the almost universal double-track lines—is comparatively simple and well worth the attention of our own railroaders the next time we have a traffic tie-up. The trains are spaced at even distances and each—freight or passenger—moves at exactly the same rate of speed, eighteen miles an hour. The schedule is called the *marches*, and a definite *marche*, or place in the procession, is assigned each train each day.

The American military railroad, operating over the lines of existing French railroads, fits in with this plan. At the desk of the French general manager sits an American general manager; at the desk of each French general superintendent an American general superintendent, with the rank of major. Railroad is much like soldiering; and, to promote efficiency and discipline, in organizing regiments efforts were made to align railroad with army rank. A railroad colonel is a regular, but his lieutenant manager; train or yard masters and dispatchers become lieutenants; track foremen sergeants or corporals, and so on, down to the dispatcher, who is learning more French in a few weeks than he ever thought he was going to know in his whole life and who has to translate the program of the *marches*, so that he can send out a plain English sort of an order to a train crew, which will read something after this fashion:

March 9, 1918.

Engineman and Conductor, Train No. 42, U. S. Engine 448. Assume Marche 26, leaving X at 10.20 a. m.

Which are all the orders that the train crew will need. Talk about sim-

plicity! Some of our Yankee railroad boys will admit that they have learned something. And handling a line efficiently under great congestion or emergency conditions is not to be the least. For by the time we have a million troops at our sector in France our military railroad will be expected to move 30,000 tons of supplies to the front as a part of each day's work. Which quickly can be translated into 1,500 cars or sixty trains daily in each direction—on even spacing a train each twenty-four minutes. This is a traffic movement roughly approximating that of the main line of the New York Central between Albany and Buffalo, but the average freight train in the United States today carries from 3,000 to 5,000 tons. The French train, with its light equipment and with stiff grades to climb, does well to maintain an average capacity of 500 tons.

### We Cut Twenty Years' Red Tape

ALL is not simple, though. I have spoken of the speed with which double-track was torn up. Putting it down may be different. COLLIER'S American correspondent in France was dining with a veteran forty-year-old captain. "We need to learn a lesson from you and your methods," said the captain. "Traffic between X—and Y—justified the building of a second track—there being only a one-track line—some twenty years ago. Ever since then there had been an effort to get the double-tracking accomplished, but the job was never accomplished. You see, the line runs between a river and a highway. Thus two different ministries were involved if the highroad was to be encroached upon. [Presumably the Interior and Public Works?] And the *paperasses* kept moving back and forth—but the second line of track wasn't built. Then you Americans set up shop at X—. You at once announced that there was need of a second track, and would there be any objection to your building it? No, of course not; but there would be certain formalities. . . . Très bien, said the American engineers; we'll attend to the formalities later. Already they were moving up the materials—and in a very few days the line had been double-tracked and the rolling stock was in operation over it. . . . We hear lots of stories like that. Yes, we needed the coming of you Americans."

One final phase of the military railroad in France remains. It is the dramatic point where traffic slows, where great distribution yards and warehouses multiply and one no longer has to strain the ears to hear the steady rumble of cannon. Here it is that the activities of the construction and the wrecking gangs are doubled and trebled, for the track is poorer and the line forever is being temporarily severed by shell fire. But repairs are made quickly by the courageous expert trackmen.

The railhead—the exact spot where the standard-gauge tracks end—is placed from five to twelve miles back of the trenches. It rarely ever is less than five or more than twelve. If the trench line is steadily advancing and gets more than twelve miles beyond the railheads, the standard-gauge lines will be thrust forward quickly until they are within five miles of the actual fighting. In the case of retreat the process is reversed. The light railways—the 60-centimeter (24-inch) narrow-gauge lines—are at all times close to the firing line. They are made of portable sections of rails and metal cross-ties like a small boy's toy railway. Miles of them can come up and go down in the course of a single night, if necessary, although the best final results are secured by grading and ballasting a roadbed. The pesky little locomotives—coal-burning well back of the lines, and gasoline-motored close up to the trenches—have an abominable habit of going off poorly laid track. And it is not always easy to replace them—under shell fire.

These light railways are the most unusual transportation development of the present war—not even excepting the motor truck and its wonderful performances. They were not even thought of at the time of our Civil War. Neither was the modern sort of gunfire dreamed of in that conflict. In thirty weeks of the defense of Verdun, some 60,000,000 shells—3,000,000 tons of steel—were fired. The entire pig-iron production of the United States for 1864 was less than 1,000,000 tons. When Sherman (Continued on page 36)



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made his hasty October-to-January march across Georgia he carried sixty cannon and 200 rounds of ammunition for each gun. A modern French 75-mm., or an American three-inch gun, fires 200 rounds in about ten minutes. Wonderful as have been the performances of the motor truck in this war, it could not have done the work of the light railway in maintaining steady and terrific gunfire.

More than 5,000 miles of these railways of two-foot and three-foot gauge are to-day employed upon the western front. The favorite locomotive, the double-ended Pechot, is a creature of French design, but many of them are American-built—the product of a world-famed locomotive plant, "somewhere in Philadelphia." And, despite the unfamiliar metric specifications, these engines came out at times as frequently as one every sixty minutes.

The light railway extensions of the United States Military Railroad connect at the railheads of the several divergent standard-gauge branches—the fingers of Uncle Sam's right hand—and, roughly speaking, form successive series of interconnected loops; which not only enable quick operation by avoiding the turning of trains but render the entire system fairly invulnerable. Into the railheads throughout the night creep the trains from the seaboard ports, or perhaps switching engines with a trail of ammunition or food cars come up from the distribution yards and stations, well behind the lines. It is quick work to transfer all of these to the narrow-gauges, and hardly a longer job for them to begin the distribution to the men at the front.

## "Mister" S. M. Felton

IT all requires system and organization; both are fundamental principles in American railroad operation. And the genius of the Yankee railroader—which has brought 50,000 people into and out of New Haven or Cambridge for a football game without perceptible delay; which in the Northwest has got the wheat out and the coal in, perhaps in the face of raging blizzards; which has met any transportation situation with initiative and brain work—never has had a wider opportunity than today in the great conflict overseas. When the history of that conflict is fully written I am confident that the part of the railroad and the American railroader will form no small chapter. It may not be as dramatic as the story of the front line. It will be the epic of the transplanting of a portion of one of America's industrial armies to strange environment and of its falling to the job almost as easily and naturally as it would upon the home division. Consider the personnel. It starts with one S. M. Felton—no, not General Felton nor Colonel Felton, nor Captain Felton, but just plain Mister S. M. Felton, Director General of Military Railways. A couple of years or so before the war this plain, hard-headed railroader had had, as its president, a large part in the transformation of the Chicago Great Western. In the Spanish War, as receiver of the old Queen & Crescent, he had transported the greatest number of troops carried by any one railroad; and when war with Mexico seemed likely he was at San Antonio in charge of tentative arrangements—he had been at one time president of the Mexican Central. His interest in military railroading is born in him. By an ingenious bit of work his father—also S. M. Felton—undoubtedly saved the life of Abraham Lincoln at the time of his journey to Washington for his first inauguration. Through his detectives he discovered a plan to assassinate Lincoln on the streets of Baltimore. Lincoln was expected to pass from the Northern Central to the Baltimore & Ohio. But Felton found a pretext for putting the President-elect, at Philadelphia, on a through sleeper which was hauled by horses from the Baltimore & Ohio to the old Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore (of which Felton was president).

## The "Thirteenth"

NOT only did the younger Felton have to supervise the planning of the cars and the locomotives for the United States Military Railroad in France, but to him was intrusted the task of immediately raising nine engineer regiments. He started recruiting late last spring. His appeals met with a ready response. There has not been a heavy flavor of romance in the railroad business here in recent years, and the enthusiasm for the expedition into France spread rapidly. Engineers, firemen, brakemen, sec-



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tion men, telegraphers, station agents, railroad officers of various and several ranks fell quickly into line. It is significant that not a few of the recruits were the sons of railroad presidents. Felton's son was one. He enlisted in the Third Regiment, which was gathered together in Chicago and hastily uniformed, drilled, and quartered on the great new Municipal Pier. It was this regiment which rejoiced when its designation was changed to the Thirteenth, on Friday, July 13, when it pulled out from Chicago in two trains of thirteen cars each. It landed in England on the 13th of August on its way to France, and the first American locomotive it received was No. 13!

"The Thirteenth we, are we?" laughed the railroaders. "Well, then, we're the lucky Thirteenth. When we get our little old camp set over there we'll call it the Windy City, just for luck."

And so they did. And pending the completion of the United States Military Railroad they went to work on the light railways and the standard-gauge lines of the French and British armies, with heroism of the sort we saw at Cambrai, and with much success too.

### All Expert Railroaders

WHILE Felton was organizing his regiments and purchasing his supplies he sent a commission of expert railroaders to confer with Minister Clavelle. This commission consisted of William J. Wilgus, former vice president and chief engineer of the New York Central; William Barclay Parsons, the New York subway engineer; William A. Garrett, former vice president of the Chicago Great Western, and Francois de St. Phalle, formerly manager of munitions for the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Upon its recommendations the work of preparing our own military railroad in France was begun. In the meantime the first of the nine railroad regiments, who went to France in the early summer of last year and who were at work on existing railways behind the French and British sectors, were placed under charge of Brigadier General W. W. Atterbury, formerly vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but now director general of the American-operated railroads in France. (It may be remembered that another vice president of the Pennsylvania handled military railroad operations—Colonel Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War in the Civil War.) Before the first of these regiments had left, two others were being organized, and by the time this reaches your eyes five or six more will be added.

### A Transportation Job

"WAR is a construction job," begins my friend from Tech once again. And I am sure that it is a transportation job—a carrier problem of the highest importance.

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IF your copy of Collier's does not reach you on Tuesday, do not assume that it has gone astray. The order of the Fuel Administrator, the congestion in the New York Post Office, and the condition of the railways, all combine at this time to delay the delivery of papers to subscribers, in some cases for several days. We regret these delays and hope our readers will recognize them as part of the necessities of war time.

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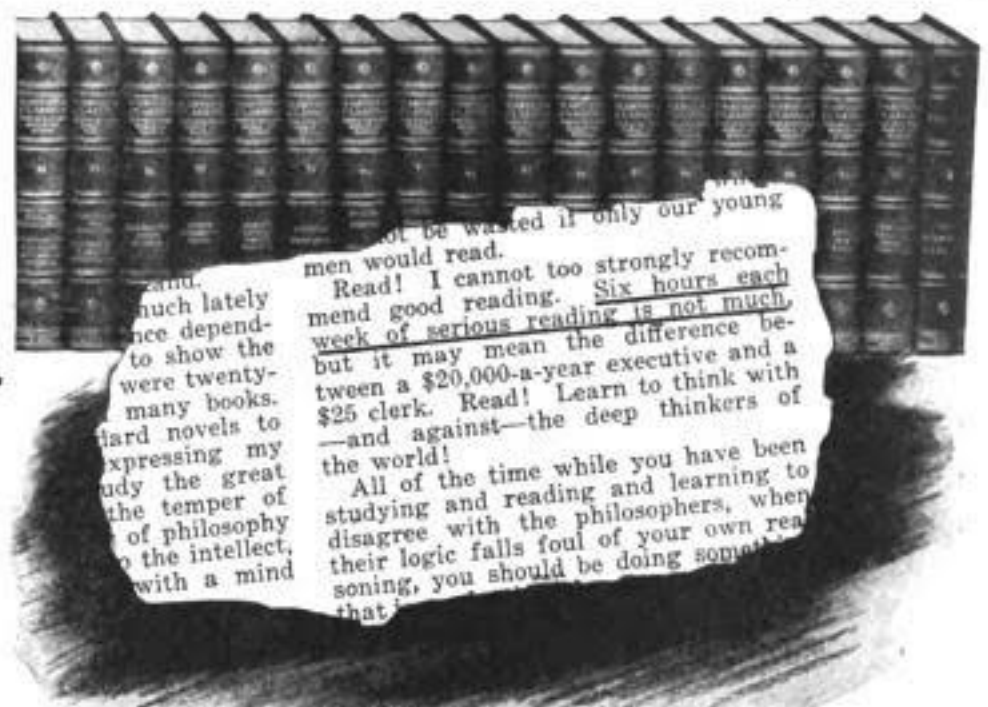
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Volume 61 Number 2  
MARCH 23, 1918



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## UNCLE SAM'S WATER WAGON

BY JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

TYPHOID fever, cholera, and the dysenteries are the "ingestion infections," and they are, in camps, incurred mostly by drinking tainted water. They have in the past accounted for a far greater number of soldiers than the enemy's ordnance. In the Spanish War, for example, 90 per cent of our volunteer regiments developed typhoid within eight weeks of going into camp.

Of course the antityphoid inoculations have since then been the chief preservers of our troops against typhoid. And in Europe and Asia anti-cholera inoculations, though not so effective as those against typhoid, have proved fairly so. There is at present

practically no such means of insurance against the dysenteries. All in all, therefore, water purification is today an absolute essential of military sanitation. And it is by reason of such purification, combined with the inoculations mentioned, that in our own camps there is no danger of infection for our boys.

When our troops were in Mexico their drinking water was sterilized as follows: Major William J. Lyster and Major Reuben B. Miller, U. S. A., and Dr. D. F. Fetterolf, of the United States Medical Supply Depot in New York City, perfected a method by which hypochlorite of lime (calcium) was used. The water was thus rendered safely potable, although it did not remove turbidity or queer odors, which latter are best removed by filtration, as we shall see, and in any event are harmless.

According to the method adopted by these medical authorities of the army, the smallest convenient amount of the chemical mentioned, 1 gram (about 15 grains), is hermetically sealed. This is done in a glass tube about the size of a fountain pen, so that the chlorine, the sterilizing element in the compound, remains active for at least ten months if kept in the dark, in a moderate temperature. The specifications call for a chlorine content of 30 to 32 per cent. Such a tube can be prepared by any competent druggist and should be obtainable at about 5 cents the tube.

This, apart from military considerations, is valuable information for housewives, farmer folk, travelers, prospectors, campers, and the like.

The contents of such a tube should

sterilize from 40 to 60 gallons of water.

Of course water boiled for cooking purposes need not thus be treated; only that for drinking. The tube is easily broken in the hand by a file at the marked point; it may be shaken directly on the surface of the water; or it may be added to a small amount of water in a clean cup and then poured directly into the large container. No stirring is necessary. The water is generally rendered safe, so far as typhoid, cholera and dysentery are concerned, in five minutes, but thirty minutes will assure a 100 per cent bactericidal efficiency. A water supply treated in this way may be potable for ten days.

Dr. Lyster and his associates have devised for army use a portable container—a canvas bag of specially woven flax, 20 inches in diameter and 28 inches long. This supplies a company of infantry with a canteenful of water for each officer and man. The opening is sewn over a galvanized iron ring which is hinged at one diameter, so that the bag can be folded. It is supported when in use by two pieces of hemp rope 3 feet 2 inches long, spliced to the ring at equidistant points. There are five self-closing faucets fitted just above the bottom seam, spaced at equal intervals. The whole weighs from 7½ to 8 pounds. Sufficient chemicals can be carried in sixty glass tubes to supply an infantry



This container supplies a company of infantry with water—a canteenful for each officer and man

company at war strength with five canteens of water a day per capita for twelve days.

Here, then, is a convenient method of sterilizing water; an appliance light enough to be carried constantly in the field, a process available without renewal for at least ten days, a prompt service outfit, the water not raised in temperature; incidentally the canteen is disinfected and supervision made easy. Furthermore, to make a roily water clear before sterilization, a piece of Scotch outing flannel is fastened by tapes sewn to the upper circumference of the bag, enough space being left for the introduction of the chemical.

Far preferable is the water wagon, especially such a water wagon, to the groggery through which the soldier becomes intemperate, "an example of insubordination and a nuisance to his comrades; first in a mutiny and last in a battle."

## Kissed by a General

A LIEUTENANT in the American Army abroad writes that one day a French general, formerly commander of some of the troops at Saloniki, and later in command of a whole army, passed by the American camps. The American says:

"He was a little man and, except for his uniform and his medals, seemed more like a sixty-year-old shopkeeper than a general," says the lieutenant. "He said something to one interpreter, and the interpreter said: 'The general expresses the emotion he has in saluting the first American he has seen in this war. The general has come out of his way on his journey to the front in order to salute you. He regrets that he knows no English, but it would give him great pleasure to shake hands with each of you in person.'"

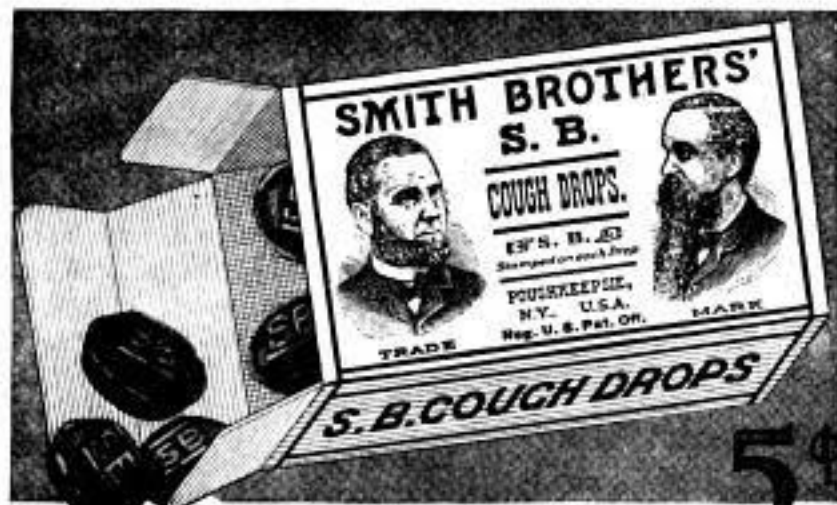
"So we all stood at attention, and the general passed along this line of us,

shaking hands with everybody, and he really did mean what he said about appreciating our coming so far to fight on French soil, for the tears simply rolled out of his eyes, and when he shook me by the hand his hand was quivering with excitement."

"You know, I don't speak any French, but I caught myself saying: 'Bonjour, mon général!' I had to say something."

"And he reached up on tiptoes—and kissed my cheek!"

"They guyed me some afterward, for I was the only fellow he kissed, and it was my first shock of the kind; but they didn't guy me much, for he was really so sincere about appreciating our being here, and he was such a nice, fatherly sort of man too—and he'd been out there at Saloniki and was on his way to the front again. But, say, it is different, isn't it?"



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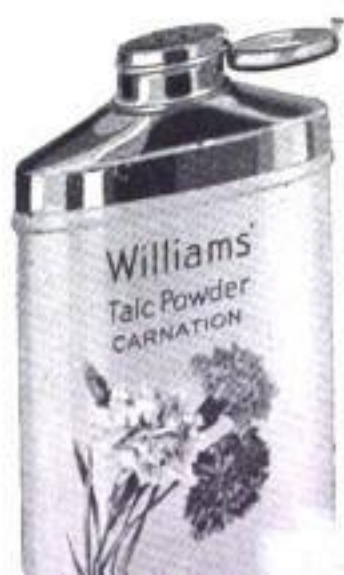


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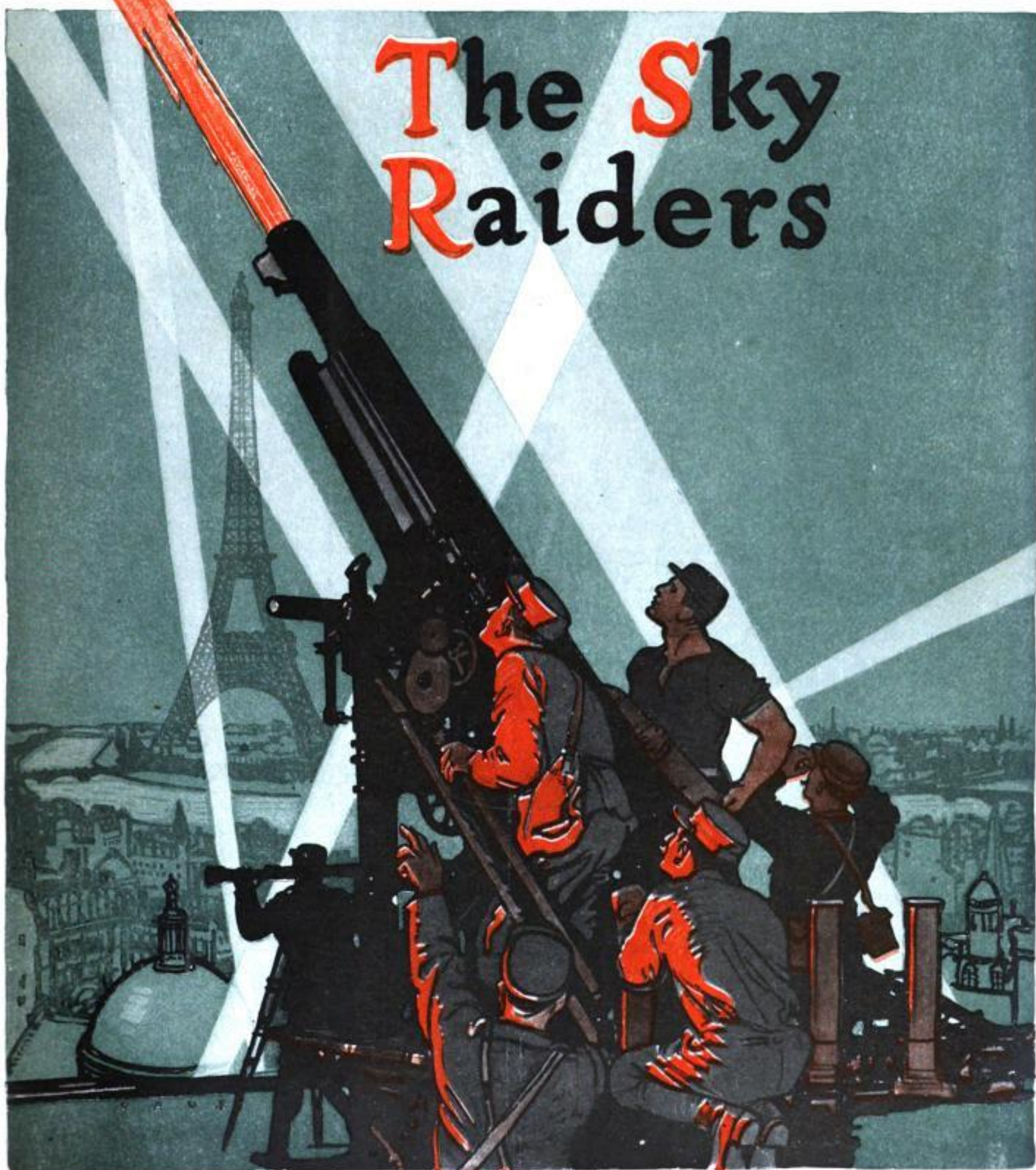


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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARCH 30, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 3



# THE SKY RAIDERS

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I WAS calling that evening on two very dear friends, when, at half past ten, in a lull of the talk, my little hostess said suddenly: "C'est le canon!" And I, who also, with an inattentive ear, vaguely had heard that heavy yet soft and muffled sound, as of a door slammed in the depths of a dungeon, or in some remote tower, agreed with: "Yes, that *was* a cannon shot!"

But the husband, lying on the sofa, a convalescent from a shell wound which had shattered both his thighs, the lamplight gleaming softly on the bronze of his Croix de Guerre, on the vivid red spot of his Cross of the Legion of Honor, he, come from the "over there," expert in all the hells of sound and all the other hells, said quietly: "I did not hear it."

We opened the window, put out the lamp, and he stepped out on the balcony between us, held on one side by that most wonderful little wife of his, on the other by much less wonderful me. The balcony is high up at the top of the seven-story house; before us spread all the roofs of Paris glistening with blue moonlight, and there was not a stir, there was not a light, there was not a sound. So we will never know whether at half past ten that evening there was a cannon shot, whether some lone watchman at that time, some vigilant cannoneer, had thought he had glimpsed, in those high depths of luminous sky, a flitting blackness or threat.

I said good-by and started back home, or rather to my hotel, on the Quai d'Orsay. The night—what with the moon, almost full—was so beautiful I could not go fast. In fact, so slow were my steps that I was stopped by the police! As I passed the great shadow of the Halles Centrales, filled with what to-morrow Paris was to eat, a policeman hailed me. "Where are you going?" asked this guardian of the peace. "Back home, to my hotel," I said cheerfully. "C'est bien," he growled. But I became curious: "Why do you ask?" I said. "Do I look suspicious?" "Non, monsieur," he answered, rather in bad humor, "but around the halles we allow no strolling; if you are going home, it is well." "I am going home," I assured him. "It's a beautiful night, eh?" "Ah, oui," he said with a sort of sigh and a tone penetratingly expressive—"ah, oui, la nuit est belle!"

My way lay along the quais. I went by the Louvre, immaterial and ghostly. Down its gray-blue roofs the light of the moon passed like a thin, smooth sheet of blue water. The river flowed lavender between walls bluishly golden. One thought: "This is the most beautiful thing in the world; this is the most precious thing in the world," and suddenly one saw in vision great bodies of men in khaki far off across the sea, getting ready to come and help defend this most precious thing—and one's heart filled with tenderness.

I reached the hotel, my mind ready for bed, and I was standing, looking at my watch, which said half past eleven, with a bourgeois satisfaction at having put something over on the Fates (for had I not spent an evening of most pleasing company, and was I not getting to bed at half past eleven—a combination of pleasure and business prudence achieved but rarely?) when, of a sudden, I knew

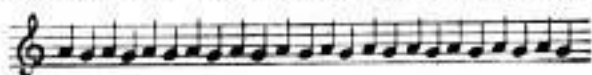
I had heard it again. I had heard once more what I had heard in my friends' apartment an hour before—that dull slamming of a huge door somewhere.

I stepped out upon my balcony, which is on the sixth and top floor of the building, and thus again found myself under the spell of the night's incredible beauty. The moon, slightly gibbous, was about three-quarters of the way up in the eastern sky; Orion blazed ahead, and in the west there was a big, wet, blue star, like a tear, and the whole sky was filled with a tenuous, tremulous, and iridescent milkiness which was as if all the rainbows of the world had been melted, purified, subtly faded, and then poured into the great inverted bowl. But there was something beside beauty, now, that demanded attention. Now, all about me, in a circle like that of the horizon, but closer, there was a sound of closing doors. Only, now, after all, it was not quite like that. It was rather like the soft snapping of a flame, the sound made by a fire just about out and struggling—a sort of a floop, floop, floop as of a dying lamp on the table near by. It was continuous, and it filled the silence, and yet it was soft and silken. It was the sound of the antiaircraft guns—barking in a ring around Paris, throwing up barrages of hissing steel into the sky—which came thus to my ears.

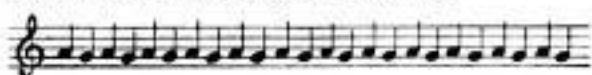
Then from the depths of the narrow street beneath my feet a terrifying shriek rose abruptly, and, peering down into the gut, I saw at the bottom what seemed at first a strange monster rushing by. It was not a monster, though, no antediluvian fossil rising resurrected from the ooze of the Seine, but simply a fire engine out on its mission of alarm. I had a flitting glimpse of the bugler crouching on its running board, a brass helmet on his head, a brass trumpet at his lips. He was sounding with full chest the French call of "Garde à vous"—watch out for yourselves—a sort of clear, high cry, thus:



But his was not the only voice. The engine had also its own signal, that used by all fire vehicles in Paris, a sort of sinister thing through mournful insistence, a horn repeating monotonously and incessantly two notes, thus:



Over and over and over and over again, forever:



Sometimes the bugle for a moment rang clear, sometimes you heard by themselves the horn's two sad notes, sometimes bugle and horn mingled, thus:



clear, high cry punctuated heavily by the measured two-toned beat, and then, more often, both became whelmed within a tornado of sound coming from a huge siren, also attached to the fire engine—one of those sirens which, beginning with the lowest of sonorous notes, rise swiftly upward, through all of the chromatics, to the highest pinnacles of pin-point shrieks and then plane down again, lugubriously.

### Crack! Boom! Thunderous Echoes!

THE engine, heavily powered, was going very fast. In a moment it was at the end of the street, and had turned at right angles into another. By its clamor I followed it as it plunged into narrow ways, which it threaded like a streak, or, as it burst out into wider avenues and squares, nosing all about, diagonalizing, zigzagging, worried, penetrating all retreats with its piercing alarm. In an incredibly short time its mission was done, all of that part of Paris which lay before me warned; then it was still, lurking voiceless somewhere in the shadow.

A moment of brooding silence followed. The lights of the city, already rare, low, and hooded, had all gone out now, but, on the other hand, here and there, some high window flashed bright, then darkened, as some startled inhabitant came out to see, and, remembering, put out the light behind him. In the street below there was a low murmuring—invisible people grouping at corners to watch the sky. And afar, in the circular distance, the cannon sounded—a floop, floop, floop, as of great dying flames.

Now came the first bomb. In sound it was a paralyzing surprise, unlike anything we had heard up to that time, and especially unlike the booming of the cannon. It was, for one thing, at once so voluminous and so sharp. It had all of the volume of big things and yet the mean viciousness of small things. It began abruptly with a violent crack, so sharp that one was astonished to find it so loud, so loud that one was astounded to find it so sharp, then immediately on top of that came a heavy boom, of tremendous power and solidity, which shook earth, building, and yourself, then reverberated in long, thunderous echoes. That first bomb had struck far—the cunning of the ear is such it can tell such a thing clearly. It had struck far, and yet—well, that was just it. It had struck far, and yet the crash of its explosion had reached, even at that distance, just about to the limits of what one can hear from sound. Immediately there came into my mind a clear vision of whole blocks of buildings crumbling, vanishing as if touched by some titanic conjurer's wand. Then came a second bomb, nearer.

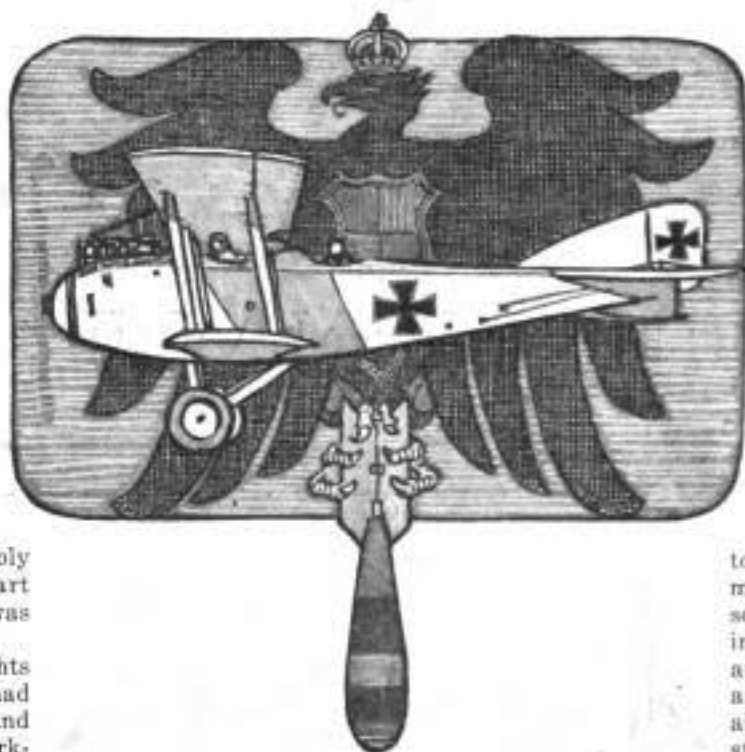
I had made up my mind to watch the show from the balcony, which gave me a clear view of one-half of Paris, but just then I noticed that a window, removed but two from mine, was ablaze with light. The person in that room, probably, had gone downstairs, leaving the window open and the light going. I started to telephone about it to the office downstairs, then remembered I did not know the room's number. To get that number I stepped out into the hall—and unwittingly let my door snap locked behind me. Then there was nothing to do but go down to the office for another key. I went down the six flights of broad stairs. In the big lobby there were groups standing about quietly, all quite dressed, with none of that disorder of apparel one sees in earthquakes or fires.

I got my key in the office—but I never went back to my room. As I passed the revolving door of the hotel entrance, I went out through it to have a little look from the street, and then I remained there, outside.

### The Stars Were Moving!

I KNOW now why I stayed there, outside. A small group of men, with, I think, three women, was standing on the sidewalk, close to the door, watching—and this was much nicer than the lonely grandeur of the balcony. Man is a social animal—sometimes. This was one of the times. We liked each other's ribs. We stood there, close to each other, all looking up at the sky, but feeling each other. We had not much to say; merely "There goes another" or "That one was near" or "That one was farther," but we liked one another.

Also I was vaguely but deeply aware of a sense of shelter from the sidereal menaces; above us something jutting out from the hotel façade curved over us protectingly. I examined this after a



while, and found it to be glass—a glass marquise! While I had been going down the stairs, the building had been shaken by several explosions, and just as I reached the sidewalk there was a tremendous cracking crash, followed by a solid boom and a displacement of air that jarred us distinctly like a wave on a beach, and one vivid flash showed us where that bomb had struck, a few blocks to the north. Then there was a lull, a silence with the continuous soft flapping of the cannonade as foundation, and we came once more under the spell of the night's magic beauty.

Before us was the Seine, flowing smoothly between its stone balustrades; on the other side, the garden of the Tuileries, with the Louvre above and the Concorde below—that panorama which fixes once for all, it seems to me, the highest point of beauty achieved by the hands of man—and above this was eternal beauty, the beauty of the moonlit night. The sky held wondrous depth. It was not, as it would have been in a drier clime—in New York, for instance, or the Arizona desert—

a roof, a blue roof, a turquoise roof; it was a depth, a profundity of trembling, tremulous, ethereal opalescence. And there was the moon, and there were the stars—and the stars were moving!

### Hell Uppermost

THE stars were moving—I had not noticed that at first—but as I gazed at what I took to be a particularly bright star, suddenly I saw it pass from left to right athwart the sky, and, looking at another one, I saw it zigzag, while a third abruptly described a blazing curve. The sky, in fact, was full of moving stars. In the sky were two kinds of stars—stars that were still and stars that moved; and the latter, the restless stars, were the lights of the French planes rising from everywhere to give battle to the evil up there, at the top of the heavens. Some already were very high, mere pin points; some were lower, as big as Sirius; some were just starting upward, looking like Venus in the west, on a dewy evening, and they crossed and crisscrossed, up there among the other stars, and now and then dropped, as signals to the anti-aircraft guns, soft balloons of light which remained still, or dropped very slowly, a long time, then went suddenly out.

And this is the character the raid held for a long time—a gigantic duel between Beauty and Evil. The aerial invaders, seemingly, were coming in successive squadrons that fled, each one, as soon as its murder was done; suddenly there would come the crash of many explosions, and the whole world rocked in a swaying tumult of incredible noise, of thunderous destruction and death. Then there would be a lull; in long undulations, sound trembled back to silence, and Beauty, scattered by the central violence, flowed back from all sides, from the confines of space, as air returns to a vacuum, filling the firmament's whole bowl to the brim again, till gradually our souls, shaken as they were, regained their serenity, and, in a few moments, drank of the beauty, remained aware only of the beauty, of the beauty alone. We looked at the moon; we looked at the stars; we followed the trailing lights of the French winged machines, and it was hard to believe there were others up there, probably still higher, hidden in the very heart of that infinitely delicate and fluid pearliness which was the sky; we could not believe it; in fact, for minutes at a time we would forget the possibility of it—till, suddenly, a new rage of bursting, abominable uproar, recalling us to the reality of the moment, told us this was a topsy-turvy world, with Hell uppermost, riding the high ether.

### "It Was a Boche"

I HAD been watching for a short time a moving light above there which was bigger than all the others—of a plane, evidently, lower than all the others. It made a great circle, and the light became still bigger. It followed this by another circle, of much shorter radius—and then, to my astonishment, the whole plane was visible.

It was there, right above our heads, very close; one could see the little green lamp under its right wing, the little red lamp under its left wing, its shiny, reptilian body, its big owl's head, and its one eye. There was something hurt and wounded about its movements; it seemed to be holding itself up above this last thin layer of air between it and destruction only with immense flapping effort, and its eye, its monstrous, single eye, was turning hither and thither, to the left, to the right, downward, fast, in a sort of desperate, sick, blind way. I moved out to the corner of the building to see better. It made there, above a small open space, another short, abrupt circle, its eye searching, searching; it just missed the roof (for a flash of a moment I thought it had struck), then it seemed finally to have seen, to have caught a revealing glimpse. It freed itself of the building by a last powerful effort, turned halfway, then, in one whizzing, descending swoop, scooted west, just cleared the Solferino Bridge, and plunged into the Seine.

At least, this is what I thought—that it had just cleared the bridge, two hundred feet away, and fallen into the Seine; my eye was on the spot as I started running. Two or three others came running behind me.

It is strange how suggestible the mind is at such moments. One of those running behind me said as he ran: "C'est un boche," and immediately I knew it was a boche; I knew it was a





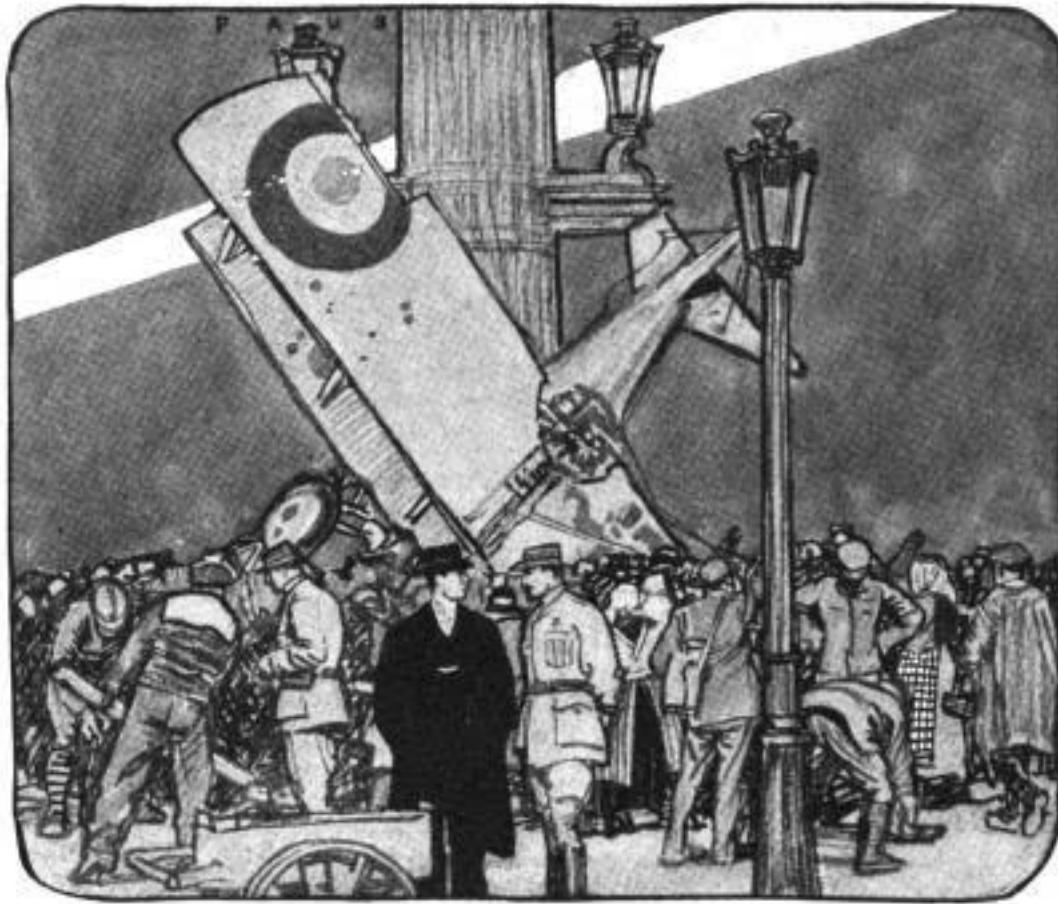
German plane which I had seen. It was a German plane, and it had fallen into the river, right there, just beyond the bridge: I knew the exact spot. I had a clear vision of what was coming next. I saw myself reaching the edge of the stone quay, and a dripping aviator rose from the water and faced me. What was I going to do? How simple and childish is the mind at such a time! Well, of course, I was going to grab him. "But," said my childish mind quickly, "he'll have a revolver, and you have nothing." Immediately came the triumphant retort: "You'll tackle him—low, around the knees!" You see, I had played football (some years ago) and that German aviator—he had never played football!

### The French Cocarde

WELL, when I reached the quay and the water's edge, there was nothing there—no wrecked plane drifting on the current, no dripping aviator rising like Poseidon out of the waters. The river ran smooth, empty, and undisturbed; nothing was there at all. I was profoundly astonished; I have seldom been so astonished in my life. Then I realized that the plane had been going much faster than I had allowed; that, although it seemed to have fallen just beyond the bridge, it must have fallen quite a bit farther on, and I began running again. By that time there was a tramping of feet ahead of me—feet of men who had been nearer, and were going the right way. I followed; running, I crossed the Place de la Concorde, the great, wide, beautiful space in the center of Paris. I stopped at the opening of the Champs Elysées. Nothing here either. Where could he be?

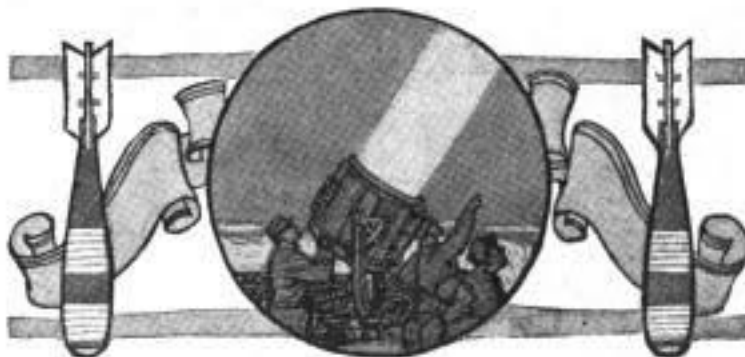
And then I saw, close by, pale in the moonlight, what seemed to be a piece of cardboard scenery from a theatre; I moved nearer—and there it was, the plane, crumpled and broken at the foot of a bronze column. A tip of one wing lay there across my vision—and on it was painted the French cocarde, red, white, and blue; the plane was French!

I cannot come near expressing in words my disappointment, my stupefaction, and the desolate character of it as I stood there staring at that red, white, and blue cocarde, intact there, still bright and coquettish, above that pile of sinister wreckage. I had been so sure it was a German, I had been so gladly certain that we had caught red-handed two at least of these strange, crooked-souled beings who, enfolded in the silent security and breathless isolation of stupendous heights, find no better occupation than an evil peering down in search of little children whom they tear to pieces. (For that is all they do, absolutely all—I know. I went all over the bombarded city the next day. They wreck a few houses—oh, yes, impressively—and here and there make a small hole in the pavement and shatter a few thousand windows; they do not one whit of military damage—and their big work is the killing of children. Making use of that which the genius and long patience of man has created of finest and most wondrous, they amuse themselves tearing little children to pieces, that is all—little children and their mothers.) I was certain we had one or two of these strange cripples of soul—and instead it was a French plane! In the light of this new knowledge, all that which I had witnessed came back, tragically vivid. That plane, which I had seen in the sky as a high star, had been wounded up there in defense of the city, and the subsequent circling down of the star had represented, every second of it, the tense, tight, and courageous fight of the aviator to save himself and his comrade. How he had used his skill, the dregs of his resources, all of his resolution—while attacks of dizziness whispered softly to him to let go—to delay that fall, to slow it up, brake it: how stubbornly and bravely he had fought! Those descending circles—I knew now what they meant. And that restless turning of the searchlight; when it was a matter of life to see—to see, see: to see right away, within a second—while the plane fluttered and drooped, fluttered and drooped, held up now, it seemed, only by the aviator's will, his will to save and not to die! And finally he had seen—the Place de la Concorde, right over there, a wide space, safety, life. And at the last moment, with success won out of disaster, life out of death, the bronze pillar—and here was everything now, courage and hope and everything, machine and man, a small bundle, crumpled and wrecked, at the foot of that bronze pillar!



We stood there, a small group, at a little distance from the machine, hesitant, not with fear, but with a feeling of being near something sacred; then, just as we were beginning to move toward it, a squad of police came running and curtained it; another squad joined it, another; they began to push back, efficient French policemen, polite but very firm. I suppose I could have made a fuss—claimed the privileges of a newspaper man—but really, it did not seem to be the time for it, not at all, nor the place. Besides, there were other things to occupy us. A new squadron of bombing machines was over Paris, and the city was being shaken by a new series of savage explosions, and to the north there was the flare of a great fire. We stood about, in small groups, and alternately cast sidelong glances at the wreck, dim in the moonlight, from which two forms had been extricated and taken to the hotel near by, or looked up into the sky, or at the fire far off, or concentrated all on our sense of hearing, seeking to tell ourselves just where this bomb was falling, or that. All over the Place there were groups; indistinct in the moonlight, they were also made small by the tremendous volume of the explosions; they seemed calm, but serious; they did not move much, and they spoke in murmurs. They were from all over the world. I saw English officers, and French; two bronze Sikhs; Algerians, Canadians, and Australians.

A little Englishwoman clung to me for quite a moment. She was a very nice little woman, but really she lived altogether too much in the past. She persisted in telling me of a bomb which had fallen close to her house in 1914—of the first bomb, of the



first raid, of the first German aviator of the first month of the war! I wasn't very much interested in the bomb of September, 1914; my interest was for the bombs of January 30, 1918; I was trying to calculate just where the next one would strike. I saw two American jacks leaning up against a column and smoking cigarettes.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked them briskly. The two considered a long time, taking a puff or two, looking up at the sky, then down again. "Well, I don't know what to think of it," said one of them finally.

"What do you think of the — — — up there?" I insisted, alluding to the Germans, and using, I am afraid, a very bad word. You see, I wished to put myself on a level with those sailor lads and draw from them some expression at once vigorous and picturesque. But they were much better bred and much more polite than I. The one who had already spoken hesitated. Then he said, very slowly: "Well,

it's certainly a queer way to carry on war." I was taken aback a little at first. But when I thought it over later, it struck me that he had "said it"; that he had said it just right, judiciously, without excitement or hate, with a tranquil contempt which held behind it a solidly formed and unshakable resolution, a sort of "and we'll fix all that, you just see, some time."

"Regardez, regardez!" said a low French voice at my ear, and, following an outstretched arm, I looked up and, in the northern sky, I saw a little rag burning—a little rag burning high up in the northern sky. It began to fall as it burned, faster and faster; then suddenly it went out and became a little black smudge, still falling, which my eye lost almost instantly. Suddenly it reappeared, all aflame again, a little burning rag, just above the horizon. Then it vanished once more, for the last time. This was the German plane, brought down by the French air-men near Chelles.

### "C'est Fini"

AFTER a time I started back toward my hotel—I don't know just why. It's amusing how one behaves in a crisis like this—a bombardment, a fire, an earthquake, a flood. One goes about proud as one can be, chest inflated, thinking: "Gee, how well I'm behaving; how cool and collected I am!" Then, later, looking back, one sees one has done—well, some queer things. I don't know why I went back to the hotel—I did it slowly, strolling, following the river, crossing a bridge. The most magnificent spectacle will pall after a time: maybe I was tired. I felt like going home, and the hotel was my home, though I'd been there only three days. Or perhaps I had just remembered the group I had left so unceremoniously an hour ago—the group of watchers under the glass marquise in front of the hotel—and perhaps it was an ethical impulse which took me back to them, to report to them the knowledge I had gained, and which somehow I owed them. If that was the impulse that took me back, I failed to carry it out.

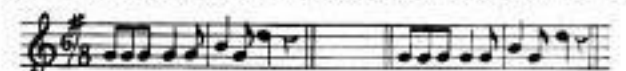
The group was still there, as I arrived, watchful under its imaginary shelter. I simply took the place I had held before; I simply rejoined the group, and said nothing. I rather liked it here. I liked the feeling of elbows against my elbows, the sound of murmuring voices. We stood close and looked up at the sky, and listened, and said: "That one was near," or "That one was not so near," or "Here's a heavy one," or "Here's a light one," and that fraud of a glass portico, above, curved over us with a gesture of maternal protection.

Then an officer near me said: "Voilà! C'est fini!" And I became aware of a great silence. It was not only that there were no bombs, for none had exploded now for a good ten minutes. But something else had ceased, something which for two hours had been ceaseless in our ears, a stubborn undercurrent of sound even when the air rocked to the most violent blasts—the silken floop, floop, floop of the cannonade. The antiaircraft guns had stopped firing. "C'est fini," the officer repeated, and then some one else said: "Oui, c'est fini."

### "Cease Firing"

I CLIMBED back to my room. I went out on the balcony—and the night was much as it had been before, before the beginning of all this hell and racket. The moon was a little higher toward the zenith, Orion a little farther to the right, and the big wet star to the west had set; but the sky, from which all this horror had come, was as beautiful and as deep as before: it held within itself, tremulous, the ghosts of all the lunar rainbows of the past, and in its light Paris was once more a blue city of dreams.

Down in the dusk of the narrow street beneath my feet the fire engine again passed. Its siren was silent now, and also its two-toned horn. Only the bugle was alive, and it was singing "la Berloque," the French "Cease firing"—a few gay, sweet notes, then a pause, then again the gay, sweet notes, thus:



I went to bed. It was half past one—time enough for one who had started to go to bed at half past eleven.

This is the first of a series of six articles by Mr. Hopper. The second will appear in an early issue.





"Stay with him, kid. You got him now. Hang on. Look out for his right"



Taking a message from a dog which is being trained in maintaining communication



Immediately at our left, on the hillside, a man of the Signal Corps is wigwagging messages

# R'ARIN'

THE MIDDLE WEST WANTS

BY WILLIAM

THE building vibrated to the roar from a thousand soldiers. "Stay with him, kid. You got him now. Hang on. Look out for his right."

The building was a theatre in the amusement zone at Camp Funston, the National Army cantonment in Kansas. The two professional welterweight fighters who were performing for the benefit of the soldier crowd slammed each other professionally through the last round and snarled protests when the referee called the bout a draw. With their handlers they passed through the crowd to their dressing rooms.

When they had disappeared with their alibis and their handlers, there crawled into the ring a glowering, blue-chinned heavyweight who looked like the logical result of a diet of raw meat and green bones. I was seated on a raised platform at the ring side with a number of civilians and officers. A local fight promoter was beside me.

"Who's the assault-and-battery artist?" I asked him.

"Tough boy," he assured me. "I've seen him make good men jump out of the ring."

"Is he a soldier?"

"No; he ain't been drafted yet. He's still fightin'."

The proper retort was too obvious to be worth while making.

"Who's he fighting?"

"Don't know. The guy he was supposed to go on with didn't show up. I pity the bird who substitutes."

I heard a step in the crowd and looked around. A tall, dignified, partially bald banker was coming down the aisle toward the ring, with a dressing gown wrapped about him. He may not have been a banker; it is possible that he may have been a hardware merchant in a small town in the Middle West, or perhaps a lawyer or druggist—certainly an active church member and a man of well-ordered habits. He was a big enough chap, but he had the soft look of the busy professional man who has never been an athlete.

The crowd laughed good-naturedly and applauded as the dignified, partially bald man climbed into the ring. The referee held up his hand.

"This is K. B. Sims of Battery —," he announced. "Mr. Sims has never fought before, but he's been taking lessons of the division boxing instructor, and he wants to get a little practice in real fight-

*Photos from Union Pacific Railway Press Bureau*

ing. He doesn't expect to do anything more than get licked, but he's going to do the best he can. So don't ride him too hard if you think he isn't as good as he ought to be."

The bell rang, and the two men shook hands and squared away. The fighter pranced a little, assured grinning uglyly. The soldier stood poised stiffly, left hand extended just so, left foot forward in precisely the right place, right arm poised ready to hit or guard. He looked like an advertisement for a book on "How to Be a Prize Fighter in Ten Lessons." I laughed hysterically in spite of myself. The tough boy led teasingly with his left. The soldier stepped in mechanically, according to Hoyle in his every movement, and snapped over a left cross counter. He not only snapped it over, but he landed with it, and a red stain spread over the tough boy's lips. I laughed till my cheeks ached. It was a great joke, this green, dignified amateur getting in a real blow on the tough professional. The tough boy lowered his head and tore in, showering blows at his opponent.

"That's all," the fight promoter said. "He'll finish him now."

The amateur met the charge calmly, with wrinkled brow. You could see his mental processes written on his face as he strove to recall just what the boxing instructor had told him to do in such a case. He hung on for a second, thinking heavily, then broke away and pulled a right uppercut against the professional's chin. The blow was delivered calmly, thoughtfully, in the tentative manner of one making a possible wrong move in a new game. The professional rocked back on his heels and stood swaying, groggy, his arms hanging limp at his sides. That calmly delivered uppercut must have had the drive of a mule's kick in it!

## "Look at Grandpa Strut"

WE rose and shrieked to the amateur to tear in and finish his opponent. But the amateur stood waiting, stiffly posed, very earnest, and somewhat puzzled. It never occurred to him that he had hurt the man and that he could win the fight with a blow. He was lacking in any instinct of conquest to tell him that the moment had come to slam in and wipe his man out. Fighting was a new business that his Government had called upon him to learn. He was practicing according to instructions and, having gone as far as his teaching took him, knew nothing further to do but wait.

While he waited, the tough boy recovered his wits, and the round ended. He let the professional recover again and again, and in the beginning of the sixth and last round the tough boy landed a hard swing to the jaw. The soldier swayed and crashed to the floor. He was groggy, but he remembered his instructions and followed them by rising unsteadily to one knee and remaining there to listen intently for the count of nine. Then he rose, and as he did so he smiled pleasantly and nodded to the fighter in a manner of a sportsmanlike tennis player, complimenting an opponent on a well-played drive. The prize fighter saw his chance and swung. The soldier dropped to the floor again. He dropped, but he didn't stay down the proper nine seconds that time. He sprang to his feet immediately and he sprang with his hands up. For the first time he was mad. For the first time he went after the other man with the idea of abolishing him.

The calm, thoughtful man of affairs earnestly acquiring knowledge of a new business was gone, and in his place there moved forward in that ring a hard-eyed fighting man with the impelling flame of fury alive in him—a fighting man working at his trade with full driving knowledge that he must destroy the power of his antagonist or suffer the destruction of his own power.

I have never seen fear more clearly written than on the face of that tough professional prize fighter. He ducked and side-stepped, hung on, backed up, and finally ran around the ring to escape the pursuing fury that he had roused to action. The gong rang ending the round and the bout. The professional gasped with relief; the soldier shrugged his shoulders regretfully and, dropping from the ring, strode up the aisle toward his dressing room. There was a certain truculence in the swing of his shoulders, the set of his head, that bespoke a fighting man.

"Look at grandpa strut," I called to an army correspondent near me. "Walks like General I Am of the Wide, Wide World, doesn't he?"

Suddenly I quit laughing. I had come from the



# TO GO!

## TO BE OFF FOR FRANCE

### SLAVENS McNUTT

East to see the Middle West in arms; to see and tell of its attitude and progress in preparation for war. It was impressed upon me that there in that ring, individualized and revealed, I had seen the Great Middle West learning the business of fighting. There in that ring, individualized in the person of that tall, dignified, earnest soldier, I had witnessed the present military development, war wind, and war necessity of the Middle West. Mr. Middle West is a big man physically with great potential hitting power, but he needs hardening. He is earnest, prosperous, rather dignified and thoughtful. Mr. Middle West is preeminently a peaceable citizen, a man of home and business.

And now this peaceable citizen has been called to learn the business of fighting. He has been called upon to learn the rules of the most frightful war of all history. I have watched him getting his education in the business of killing. I have seen him rushing and lunging with his bayonet; I have seen him shooting in the range; I have seen him hurling grenades on the bombing grounds. I want to say that that man in the ring was Mr. Middle West in the war, to the life! Mr. Middle West has a healthy hatred of war. War presents an antithesis of every one of the Middle West ideals. Mr. Middle West's liking for war and its ways is approximately equivalent to a rheumatic old Louisiana negro's yearning for a home in the Arctic with the Eskimos. Feeling as he does, and finding it necessary nevertheless to engage in this hated business of war, Mr. Middle West is applying the same sincere, thorough effort in learning his new occupation that he has hitherto devoted to raising hogs and corn, building up a business or a home and establishing a family. He didn't know anything at all about this fighting game when he matriculated last fall as a freshman in the University of Destruction; and, realizing his absolute ignorance, he was keen to learn. He has been a particularly apt student because, hating war as he does, he is the more anxious to become immediately so efficient that he can accomplish the task at hand and go back to the activities of his heart's desire to work in field and in shop, in factory and schoolroom, the life of business and the home.

#### General Wood in Command

CAMP FUNSTON, Kansas, and Camp Dodge, Iowa, are thoroughly illustrative of that which one ordinarily means when speaking of the Middle West. There are three other national cantonments so situated geographically in the Middle West; namely, Camp Grant, near Rockford, Ill.; Camp Custer, at Battle Creek, and Camp Sherman, at Chillicothe, Ohio. But Funston and Dodge, between them, are typical. The soldiers at Camp Funston are entitled to feel themselves nearer the physical heart of the nation than the men in any other training camp. The Ogden Monument, marking the geographic center of the United States, stands on the military reservation on which Camp Funston is built.

At Funston are to be found National Army men from seven States: Missouri, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. The camp was built to accommodate 41,000 men. It is on the Fort Riley military reservation at the confluence of the Republican and Kansas Rivers. The reservation contains approximately 20,000 acres. A military road connects the camp with Fort Leavenworth on the Missouri River, about twenty-five miles above Kansas City. The two nearest towns are Junction City to the westward and Manhattan on the east; each place about nine miles from camp and each a small town. An electric line which runs directly through the camp connects with both places, as does the Union Pacific.

Camp Funston, however, finds it necessary to provide most of its own amusements. There is an amusement civilian zone in the heart of the camp where are moving-picture theatres, pool halls, restaurants, stores, and banks. There are fewer casual visitors and local welfare workers floating around loose at Camp Funston than in some of the cantonments I have seen.

The camp is named for General Frederick Funston, who died at the border last year while the army was playing bandit-bandit-who's-got-the-bandit? in Mexico, and is under the command of Major General Leonard Wood. A small bungalow stands high above division headquarters on a bare hillside. From that bungalow Major General Wood last year watched the ripening of the late-born fruit of his efforts to get

the country to prepare. General Wood was absent in France when I visited the cantonment, but his influence was very evidently present with the men of the division. From buck privates in the rear rank, all the way up the staff officers, almost every man with whom I spoke—literally almost without exception—voluntarily made some laudatory reference to General Wood. He has surely captured the imagination and devotion of his men.

#### A Great Manufacturing Plant

COME with me on a clear, warm January day and climb the hill that flanks the camp on the north. Before us the great cantonment lies spread out on the lovely valley, visible in its entirety, and we get some hint of the vastness and complexity of the work of preparation going on there. Away off to the right are the stables and corrals of the remount station. Look carefully through your field glasses, and you will see there men of the National Army from New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado; men with bearskin chaps over their uniforms, wearing high-heeled boots and high-peaked sombreros. You see them over there on the river flats astraddle pitching bronchos. You see them at work around the corrals with rope and bridle. You see there in that remount station some of the world's most expert horsemen training the animals for their service in France. It was not necessary to go outside the personnel of the National Army to get these men. They were selected by law and assigned to the work at which they were expert.

The five-mile-long camp below us looks like a great manufacturing plant of some sort. Each regiment has its own heating plant, and the scores of tall chimneys belching forth black smoke add to the industrial appearance of the place. From away to our right we hear the crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire on the range, where the men of the Middle West are learning to shoot. Along the roads below and everywhere over the hills columns of men, indistinct and snakelike against the brown of the bare ground, are moving out for their daily hikes. Immediately below us some seven hundred men are at bayonet practice, thrusting, charging in formation, practicing with blob sticks, shouting savagely at command as they lunge at the imaginary foe. (Continued on page 27)



*The men who are to do the fighting should be the best men of the army*



*A soldier hurries up the hill and takes a message from the leg of one of the birds*



*Some seven hundred men are at bayonet practice, thrusting, charging in formation, shouting savagely*





# Collier's

## No Peace Talk at Washington

WHEN a pro-German agitator talks peace with Germany from a barrel on the sidewalk, the police take him to the station house. When he prints his opinions in a socialist newspaper, the postal authorities bar the paper from the mails. It is rightly believed that these utterances tend to undermine the confidence and determination of the people in carrying on the war, and that, therefore, they are dangerous to the success of our army. Yet it is perfectly apparent that talk of an early peace is going on throughout the country and that a settled belief exists in the minds of millions of Americans that the war will soon end, not through a victory over Germany, but through a conference of the powers. The reason for this is indicated in the following letter from a writer who is a strong personal supporter of the President and can speak without prejudice:

Peace talk from Washington to influence the Germans and Austrians? What is the influence on the American people?

Bewilderment and uncertainty of purpose! A weakening of the national will to win! The injection into the national mind of the poisoning hope that argument can do the work of guns, and a naturally consequent loss of vital determination to sacrifice.

The people, having been steeled to war by the necessity of victory on the battle fields, are let down by the absurd hope of a verbal settlement in the council halls. During my tour of the country in January and February I found the belief in an early peace almost unanimous among the civilians of all sections. The belief was based on the President's peace talks to Congress and the reports of terrible conditions in Germany, spoon-fed to the wide world from Berlin. The following conversation with a farmer on a train in the Southwest is typical:

"I guess it'll be over 'fore our boys really git into it."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, I see the President's been tellin' 'em again how to make peace. I reckon he aims to patch it up 'fore ever we really git goin'."

However potentially patriotic that farmer may be, thinking as he does, he is not a national asset in war times. His thought was formed by peace talk from Washington, uttered to influence men of other nations.

The story of the recruit who, being ordered by the drill sergeant to march, halt, march, halt, and so on, soon threw down his rifle in disgust, saying: "I'll not go another step. You change your mind too often," is apropos.

The American people have speed and staying power, and they are willing to go, but too many false starts will sap the strength and spirit of the most powerful runner.

This is fair criticism. The situation is due more to the tone and manner of the President's public utterances than to their substance. There is a good deal of the big stick concealed in what he says, but he speaks softly. Moreover, he has harbored the hope, however ill founded it has proved to be, of an uprising of the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary. But there is one pretty sure test of his real feeling and of the depth of his determination to prosecute the war to a finish satisfactory to the liberty-loving people of the world. However much of it there may be in other parts of the country, *there is no peace talk in Washington*. The writer has discussed the question with scores of officials, some of whom are in daily personal contact with the President and might be expected to reflect his opinions, and in no case has he found any disagreement with the belief that we have entered upon a long war into which the nation must put every ounce of its strength.

## The President's Peace Position

IT is plain that, after long deliberation and many misgivings, the President's mind is made up for *peace with victory* over the autocracies of the middle empires. Moreover, all the activities at Washington point to the belief that the Administration has dismissed as illusory the hope that an enduring peace can be gained through any means except military success. The lethargy with which we were so impatient in the early days of the war, the confusion that arose from a failure to grasp completely the greatness of the undertaking, have disappeared. Having often differed with the Administration on matters of policy, COLLIER'S is only too pleased to report that at last the departments of the Government are coordinating, authority is centralizing, and officials of the Government, paid and unpaid, are working with tireless energy to create the power to drive the war machine which we are sending to France as fast as the soldiers can be trained and armed and ships can be found to carry them over. If mistakes are made at the capital from now on, they will not be due to the demoralizing belief that a German peace can be imposed upon the world without a struggle in which we will expend all we have before we are beaten. Whatever the farm-

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ers of the West may think, we are convinced that the authorities at Washington are in the war to stay and to win.

It should be increasingly clear to those who have followed what the President has actually been saying that he will accept nothing less than a military victory. Indeed, it should be apparent that he demands something more than a military victory. He demands also, and in addition, a political victory, without which a military victory cannot be permanent. The only terms of peace which he will accept are unequivocally democratic terms, terms which involve the utter abolishment of military autocracy. This is the plain secret of the President's "peace offensive." Our correspondent may, like those "civilians of all sections" whom he has observed and interviewed, be confusing this peace offensive with easy talk of an early peace. If so, he is profoundly mistaken. The President's insistence on a completely democratic program is not peace talk; it is war talk of the most determined kind.

## The Third Liberty Loan

THE United States is a giant among the nations—a giant which has not yet tested its own strength. And if it has the lethargy as well as the strength of a giant, that is not to be wondered at. The campaign for the first two Liberty Loans opened slowly. But each was handsomely oversubscribed as soon as the country was awake to the need. The resources of this country in treasure remain almost untouched by loans which totaled nearly six billions of dollars, just as its resources in men remain almost untouched by placing a million of us under arms. Now it is time to raise the third loan, a loan as large as the first two added together. Is this giant of a country sufficiently awake to respond promptly next Saturday? Its strength will not be effective until it is. And each of us can do his share by stepping in and buying the first day—buying to the extent of some small sacrifice of personal convenience.

## Knowing the French

BEFORE our sons and younger brothers went off to war, a great many Americans had read poetical tributes to the glories of France, and had heard too many slanders about the crimes and stupidities of England. The result was that our youngsters have been crossing the Atlantic with somewhat distorted notions of both France and England: underestimating the latter and romanticizing the former. On the ground the young American is struck by the shipshapeness of British military organization; the British way of doing things after a three and a half years' course in the University of War appeals rather unexpectedly to nearly every American student from doughboy to major general. One can no longer safely look down on "those English!" On the other hand, the French are a strange people. They speak a strange language, take seriously things that Sam hardly takes at all; frequently seem cynical when they are really only honest; don't take some things so seriously as Sam; are far more scientific (whether it's artillery or eating dinner), and, in a good many respects, far less hit-or-miss practical than Sam. They take longer to learn how to run a tractor or a caterpillar; on the other hand, their officers are a great deal more patient than Sam's when it comes to plotting out curves and things in ballistics. The private soldier gets only a few cents pay daily, and Frenchmen know how to economize (which Sam scorns to do); on the other hand, they wastefully scrap perfectly good motor parts and agricultural machinery which our boys can, and sometimes do, restore in a few hours' time to easy running. France is an old and complicated country; the French is a far more complex intelligence and character than the American or the British—to say nothing about the barrier of language. The better one knows the language, and the more one knows of life, the better one appreciates the most democratic but also, in a sense, the most conservative of nations; the gayest and at the same time the saddest of them; the most social and also, in many respects, the most reserved—and certainly the most individual. In spite of excrescences like BOLO and CAILLAUX, loving France is only a question of knowing France. But it is much easier to misunderstand a nation whose subtleties of speech and behavior are largely a closed door as, in spite of national affinities, France and the French are to their casual guests from newer lands. To misunderstand France is the necessary first step to knowing her—and the love that is founded on knowledge, not romance, is, after all, the kind that's going to last.



# Editorials



## Theological Note

AT the moment of writing no intimation has come from LUDENDORFF concerning the identity of the army corps and divisions that are to be employed in separating the Armenian Caucasus from Russia and restoring the Armenians to the warm embrace of Turkey. But most likely it will be the German shock troops of which we have heard so much. At least the name would eminently befit the occasion.

Let us be grateful to the Junker for the vindication with which he supplies us, once every so often, of the incurable goodness of human nature. It is not altogether a cause for shame that we should regularly have to be exhorted to remember the *Lusitania*. The memory keeps it as a date and an event, but, as the first agony and wrath disappear, the soul rejects it as a reality. We forget the *Lusitania*, not in dull indifference or selfish absorption in business, but in the normal reaction of the healthy human soul against a moral monstrosity. Because of that incurable faith in the upward strivings of the spirit of man, we find ourselves saying of the Junker spirit, after the *Lusitania*, after EDITH CAVELL, after the Belgian deportations, that there nevertheless must be some things of which even the Tirpitz soul is incapable. After the story of half a million Armenians slaughtered, of pregnant women disemboweled, of children hewed down with axes, of girls handed over as day's pay to the Turkish soldier, most of us found it impossible to think of Turkish Armenia being handed back to the Turk. Thereupon we read that not only is Turkish Armenia to be given back to massacre and abomination, but that 20,000 square miles of Russian Armenia are to be thrown in for good measure. And in the sudden horror of the thing the soul of man reveals itself as uncalled for by three and a half years of German morality, retaining its capacity for moral stupefaction, for faith. Let us be grateful to the Junker for this regularly recurrent demonstration.

The tribute which WILLIAM II thus brings to the goodness of humanity helps one to understand how people back in JONATHAN EDWARDS'S times discerned in the Devil an instrument for the vindication of the mercy of Providence. Even the Almighty profits by contrast.

## On "Jesting Together" at Belfast

PERHAPS this is not the moment for an ally to indulge in personalities about Irishmen who call themselves "Scots-Irish" or "West-British," yet we do admire this perorational sentence from a speech of Sir EDWARD CARSON, as misprinted in Lord NORTHCLIFFE'S London "Daily Mail" (Continental edition):

We shall go on to do our jest together, seeing the full responsibility that is upon us as trustees for others, and will always act together in the steps we will take under a sense of responsibility in which we ask for the guidance of "Almighty God."

And it is consonant with all of Ireland's tragical irony that the most perfect playboy of them all should be this barrister of Belfast and London—and that the Comic Muse should have had to wait for the death of JOHN SYNGE and our bloody twentieth century before presenting, in Sir EDWARD, arch-Covenanter and ex-Cabinet minister, the greatest of all stage Irishmen. Isn't it, just?

## Another Eminent Bonehead

THE Talgai skull, conservatively estimated to be 500,000 years of age, takes its place in the list of our oldest families, along with the Neanderthal Man, the gentleman from Cro-Magnon, the Heidelberg Skull, the Lower Drift Englishman, and that popular pedestrian, Pithecanthropus Erectus of Java. About this latest arrival in our best evolutionary circles has started up the old controversy whether man is descended from the apes or the other way about. The best scientific opinion seems to be that it isn't a case of descent either way, but a sort of second cousinship. Somewhere about the time when U-boat manners were the rule and not the exception, an ancient family broke up, and some of its members got into evil ways, lost the habit of work, and landed in the trees on all fours, while others saved their money, subscribed to a correspondence course, and evolved into trousers. What no scientist has so far attempted is a sketch of the probable status of the drama in those days of predominantly lowbrow proclivities.

## "The Pushcart Peddler at Verdun"

SUPPOSE some writer of highly colored fiction were to get past our editorial censors with a rattling good story under the above title. Suppose it was all about a shy, dark-haired boy whose immigrant parents left their native Greece to struggle for a living in our country and raised their son on the old legends of AGAMEMNON and HECTOR, so that he grew up with a warrior's heart. The author might go on to tell how the boy left school to help support his family and, being too modest and timid to assert himself, took any humble sort of job so that the Great War found him selling fruit on the street corner. His heart went out to the holy cause of France and he enlisted in the Foreign Legion. The writer might then put him unscathed through three years of peril and bravery, culminating in the epic of Verdun, and end the narration by having him decorated with the Cross of War and the Military Medal, etc., etc., and kissed on both cheeks by an admiring French general. Wouldn't that be a little too steep for you, and wouldn't you wonder (contemptuously) that COLLIER'S should fill its space with such trash? You would, you know you would! And yet—this is the phraseology of the French Republic:

KORNIES (NICK), Legionnaire, Eleventh Company de Marche, Foreign Legion—elite grenadier; 20th August, 1917, won the admiration of all his comrades by his courage and contempt for danger. Led his comrades to the conquest of a trench which was defended with energy and which was captured along a distance of 1,500 yards after several hours of bloody combat; took, single-handed, numerous prisoners; already twice cited in Army Orders.

That same NICK KORNIES used to sell bananas at Twenty-third Street and Avenue B, New York City. (We'd like to show the cop at that corner a picture of NICK bringing in his captive Huns!) Our imaginary story is all true, and there is no formula for heroes.

## Songs from the Sludge

WAR lifted RUPERT BROOKE to an ecstasy of self-surrender; it was in a mood of high romance that ALAN SEEGER marched to his rendezvous with death; FRANCIS LEDWIDGE gave his life for his blackbirds and "the fields along the Boyne." It has remained for SIEGFRIED SASSOON to sing to us of "clay-sucked boots," of trudging through

Five miles of stodgy clay and freezing sludge,  
And everything but wretchedness forgotten;

of the

draughty dugout frowsty with the fumes  
Of coke, and full of snoring, weary men;

of

crouching for "crumps" to burst  
While squeaking rats scampered across the slime.

Here is a poet who gives us the very taste and feel of war. He flashes unforgettable pictures into our minds as if "a rocket fizzed and burned with blanching flare." His lines are forthright, uncompromising, forceful as bullets. He rouses in us battle lust, he lifts our hair, he sickens our hearts, and, suddenly, with a sardonic twist of humor, he flicks us into half-horrified laughter. Then, as suddenly, he discloses the heroism of humble deeds and the beauty that is "floundering in the mirk."

But no less than LEDWIDGE, SASSOON possesses the poet's release—the ability to escape into a world of his own creation:

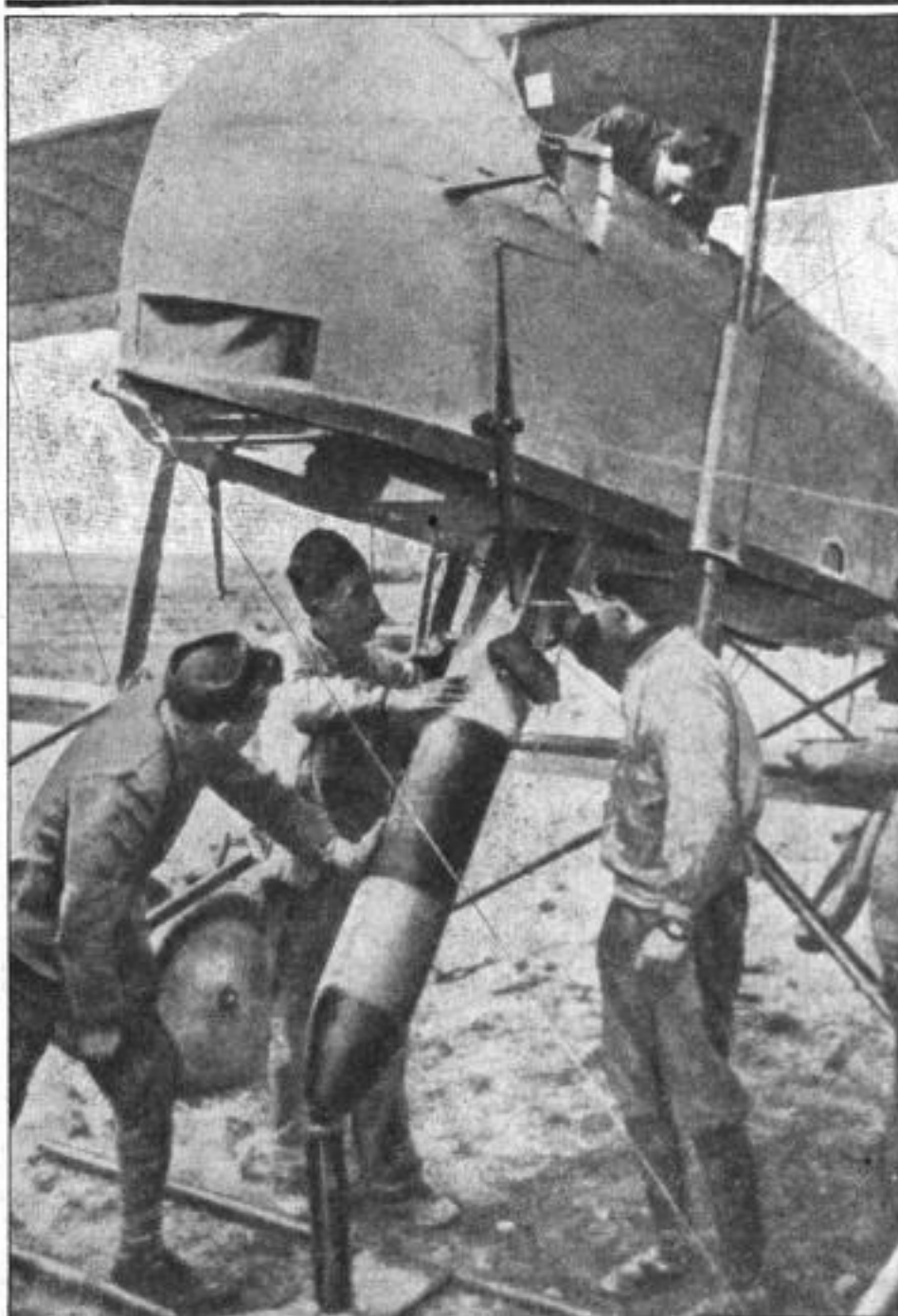
I have no need to pray  
That fear may pass away;  
I scorn the growl and rumble of the fight  
That summons me from cool  
Silence of marsh and pool,  
And yellow lilies islanded in light.  
O river of stars and shadows, lead me through the night.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON has been lying wounded in an Edinburgh hospital, and is now ready to rejoin his regiment. May it be written in the stars that he come back from the trenches to the "small fire-lit room," the shining garden colors—that he may sing for us the "secret music" he has kept in his mind. Meanwhile he goes out to rejoin those who through their anguish have won spiritual freedom. He has written to a friend:

I know  
Dreams will triumph though the dark  
Scowls above me where I go.  
You can hear me; you can mingle  
Radiant folly with my jingle.  
War's a joke for me and you  
While we know such dreams are true!

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# BOMBING

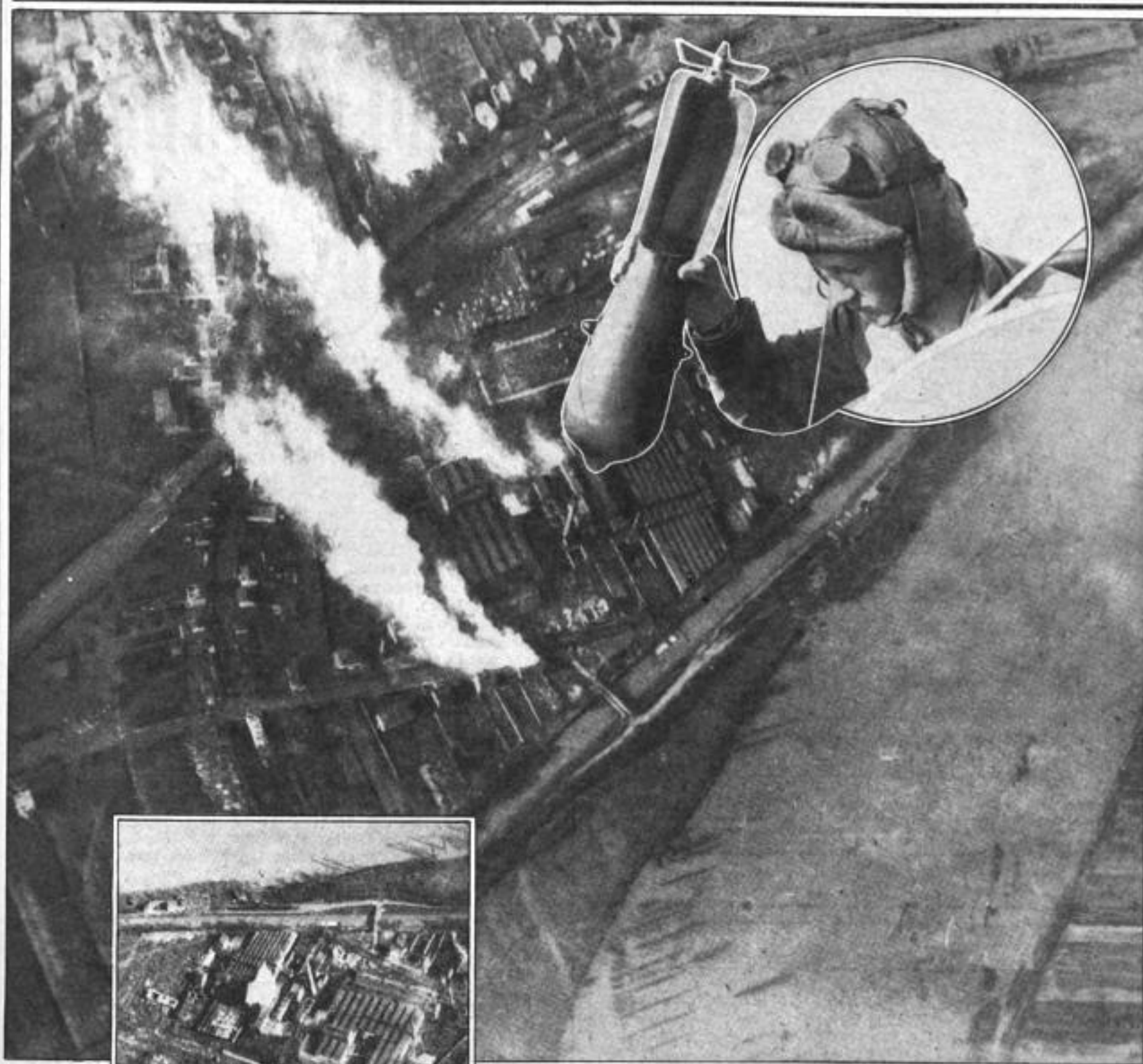
THIS is the greatest of all wars, not only horizontally—i. e., in respect to the area it covers—but vertically. The airplane has extended the range of fighting upward into the air itself. The bombing plane especially has added to the terrors of warfare by providing a new source from which an attack may come. James Hopper's article in this issue gives a wonderful picture of aerial warfare from the standpoint of the victims; these two pages present the subject from the aviator's point of view. First of all we see a huge bomb being put in place under the fuselage of a French bombing airplane. The bomb shown weighs several hundred pounds and is so long that it extends up through the body of the machine. The pilot drops it by pulling a cord which in turn releases the catch holding it in place. The lower picture is a view of a French aviation camp taken from a low-flying airplane. A number of planes, both of the fighting and bombing type, are grouped in front of the hangars ready for flight. To the right, by the road, are parked the motor trucks that bring supplies to the camp. Between the parking space and the hangars are the barracks and repair shops.

In the circle on the opposite page an aviator is shown in the act of dropping a smaller bomb of the hand type. Several of these bombs can be carried in one airplane. They are usually of the incendiary type, being relied upon to start fires rather than do much damage directly. The large picture shows the town of Pagny-sur-Moselle, behind the German lines, during its bombardment by French aviators. Pagny is an important railway center and supply headquarters, and the attack was directed against the railway yards (seen at the top of the picture) and munitions factories. As may be seen, fires were started in several of the factories. In the insert is seen the smoke of an incendiary bomb that has just burst beside a factory. The map shows the situation of Pagny in relation to Metz and Verdun. The heavy broken line shows the present front. This line turns sharply to the east and runs a few miles south of Pagny, through Pont-à-Mousson, which lies just outside the lower limits of the map. An important railway line, which is shown on the map, passes through Pagny, supplying a wide sector of the German lines.

© Kadel & Herbert.







French Official  
Photographs

The bombing of Pagny-sur-Moselle. Above may be seen the smoke from three fires started by the bombs. The small picture shows a bomb bursting beside a factory







der Sturm.

Druck  
 Zu! Wie ein Sturm wie wildes Meer,  
 Wie sie kämpfen umgeben und verwirrt,  
 Dein Artillerie versetzt sich in schrecklicher  
 Und durchdringt unheimliche Reue (Sire)  
 Wie die Kugel durchschlägt die wehrlose  
 Und Kämpfer um Kämpfer vernichtet.  
 Und er sieht mit sich selbst kämpfender Lust,  
 Das sich Feinde um Feinde klopft.

## THE STORM

Like roaring beasts, in unspeakable din,  
 They fight, never thinking of quarter.  
 While he looks on, with his hideous grin,  
 And breath comes shorter and shorter.

The bravest pierce breasts bare of defense,  
 But vengeance brings down each new winner.  
 While he, with mad lust rearing up in each sense,  
 Sees the ranks growing thinner and thinner.

# What Austrians think of the War ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ALL reports agree that the people of Austria are sick of the war, but are prevented from saying openly what they think about it. Once out of reach of the authorities, however, they speak more freely, especially when, in the long months of confinement in Allied prison camps, they have time to think over their experiences. Sometimes, among the more gifted, their expression takes the form of pictures and poetry. Such was the case when two Austrian soldiers, Ludwig Gruber and Alois Dillinger, who were captured by the Russians and transported to a war prison in eastern Siberia, recorded their impressions of the war in a cycle of grimly realistic drawings and verses. The central idea of the series (seven pictures and poems: three are here shown) is that War and Death have planned a hunt, in which the soldiers are to be driven into a trap and divided between the two hunters. Not a spark of patriotism is evidenced; no thought of fighting for great ideals. The common soldiers have been forced into the fight by a trick. At the end Death goes clattering on through the world; War prepares for another harvest. The drawings, made with such materials as could be obtained, were brought to this country by George P. Conger, a Y. M. C. A. secretary. Mr. Conger also made the English translations.



die Drecke.

In Mäulen halbverfallener Gräben  
 Auf düstern Nachbarn an Mann.  
 Aus jeder Ecke grinst das Ungeheuer  
 Der nackte Tod dich grausam an.  
 Und preisgeben jeden Wund zu sehen,  
 In kalter Luft und schlechtem Klotz.  
 Im Mauerloch sehen sie der wilden Hölle  
 Als rufe schon die Hölle. (Lien)

## THE FILTH

In tumble-down, half ruined shelter  
 On walls above the men lie crowded  
 Dead.  
 The whole a monster laughs and the  
 Sitter—  
 The naked Death, who hates them all  
 Atrociously.

At water, they, of every kind that  
 flows  
 Through their thin clothing, in the  
 cold appalling—  
 From broken walls the raucous calls  
 of devils,  
 As if Eternity were calling.



die Drecke.

Du wirst du nicht zufrieden sein  
 Du jammert alle Menschenwörter!  
 Da liegen sie in langen Reihen,  
 Die schlafen, braune Leichenwörter!

## THE "KILL"

(War speaks to Death)  
 "Now you'll be satisfied, I know,  
 Most ravenous of all despoilers,  
 For here they lie in their long row.  
 The good, brave, ordinary toilers."

Ich bin's, Du Jagd war gut bestellt,  
 Du hast sie, mit grünen Augen gesammelt  
 Und klappert weiter durch die Welt,  
 Bis an die Tage der Gerichte.

(Death replies not deeply)  
 "I am—the game has a full to-day"  
 (Again that hideous, ghastly grinning,  
 Then through the world he takes his way,  
 Till judgment falls upon his sinning).





*The mean eyes glittered as they rested on her; the loose, sensual mouth was twisted in a sneer*

# THE ADVENTURES OF COLIN O'RELL

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## FIFTH ADVENTURE—THE EMPTY SLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"YOU have done well, my Colin, and yet—" The shoulders of the Marquis, so fat that it seemed that they would burst the tightly fitting coat, shrugged slightly. Colin avoided his eyes.

"And yet?" she asked gently.

"We have failed in much," said the Marquis. He pointed out the window, the window that commanded a view of the North River. Yesterday, save for the tugs and ferries, the river had been a harbor of the dead. Ships there had been, but from their funnels had come no smoke; at their sterns had gathered no foam. But to-day Colin thrilled as she looked upon the sight that the stream afforded; for to-day the greatest convoy that had set sail from New York since the inception of the Great War was leaving for France. There had been no publication of the fact; there would be no announcement for a fortnight, when, having successfully passed through the submarine zone, forty thousand Yankee soldiers would step upon the soil of Europe.

The Marquis had indeed failed in much! Despite all his machinations there had been no hindrance to America's war preparation. And she, Colin O'Rell, had played her part in bringing to naught the efforts of those who would have destroyed America as a war power.

Her long lashes veiled her violet eyes as she turned back to meet the gaze of the Marquis. Accomplished actress that she had become, not even the Marquis, she believed, could know the exultation that was within her.

"You mean—those ships?" she asked.

"They—and many other things," said the Marquis. "This Fernald whom Jevons killed—I do not blame you, my Colin. You are, after all, young, and a woman."

He eyed her closely. "There was a tenderness between you, yes?"

Despite herself, Colin flushed; and yet to one who did not read her heart her color might have been symptomatic of anger. "That is absurd," she said coldly.

The Marquis touched his spatulate finger tips together. Colin stared at those fingers. So fat that they were creased, there nevertheless was in them the appearance of strength, and the closely cut nails

seemed somehow to suggest a brutality that was matter-of-fact.

"Nothing is absurd, my Colin, when there is a woman concerned in it."

"You are old-fashioned," she told him.

"Love is always old-fashioned," he reminded her.

"And yet," she said, "it was not to discuss your theories concerning the heart that you sent for me."

Her voice was as crisp and cold as though they discussed trivialities. If she had lost her self-possession when he had spoken of Fernald, it was only momentarily. She was herself again.

The Marquis's eyes held admiration.

"It does not matter. He is dead." His voice had in it no trace of regret or fear. He seemed as he sat there, the tips of his fingers touching, and parting to touch again, like some great, cruel cat gorged with its kill and mildly playful now. "So all who would betray us shall suffer," he said.

"You sent for me," Colin reminded him.

"You are impatient," he told her. He smiled. "That is the youth of you, my dear, and yet, for one so young to be so cold—that is perhaps because the spark that is to fire you has not been struck."

Her face hardened. "You speak of failure," she said.

He smiled again. "I wander, my Colin. You do well to bring me back to things of moment."

"And yet a suspicion of me—that would be a thing of moment."

HE waved his hands carelessly. Grotesque as he was, there was something graceful in the use of his hands. Again Colin thought of the great, cruel feline.

"One jests, my Colin," he told her. "Did I suspect you, you would not be here with me. To you would have come what came to this Fernald." For a moment his eyes were speculative. "His game, Colin—what could it have been? Why did he not go to the Federal authorities yesterday? My dear, when I spoke of tenderness I spoke of Fernald, not of you. The man was infatuated, but you—"

"Please!" she exclaimed.

"It is ended," he said. "Yet I wish that it had been possible for me to have wrung from him the

truth. The papers that he brought me—that fleet outside ready to sail—it is in this that we have failed. Those papers did not tell the truth. The fleet was to sail next week, and yet we see it sailing now. But it has not reached France yet. Much can be done in two weeks. A cable to Norway can be forwarded to Berlin, and it is only three days from the Kiel Canal to the coast of Ireland. We shall not worry about that fleet."

"And that is not the only fleet that will sail for France. And it is the future for which we plan; it is the future that is important to us, and in the future there will be no one to deceive you, my Colin, for I prefer that you should work alone. Had it not been that it seemed necessary for you to have an aid, Jevons would never have been assigned by me to be your aid, and this Fernald would never have played the part of Jevons. But still you can do alone what I have planned for two of you to do. Unless, my dear, the sight of blood has chilled your ardor for our cause."

"Blood is warm, not cold," she said.

He chuckled. Beneath his waistcoat his great torso seemed to ripple with his mirth. "You have wit, my Colin," he said. "Youth, beauty, and wit. Were I twenty years younger, my dear—"

"But you are not," she told him.

He nodded. "You would have it business between us, eh? That is well. To business, then, we shall get. You wonder, perhaps, why it was that I wished you to register at the Biltmore as Mlle. Cunard?"

Colin raised her shoulders. "The pay is sufficient. I ask no questions."

"Your virtues are too many," he smiled. "The years drop from me. But be not alarmed," he said hastily, as she frowned. "One thinks of women when tasks are accomplished."

He leaned back in his chair, and his fingers interlaced. Somehow she felt as though he were weighing her, appraising her, and she felt a numbness in her breast. Thus far it had been pitifully easy to deceive him. The master spy's cleverness had availed little against her own. True, he had learned that "English Fred" Jevons, one of his followers, had been impersonated by Jimmy Fernald, and there had been a dreadful hour in which her life and the life





Behind the Marquis were half a dozen other men

of Fernald had hung in the balance; but at the end of that hour Fernald was apparently dead at the hands of Jevons, and the weight of dread had been lifted from her heart. For the Marquis had never seen Jevons, and for the second time had accepted Fernald as the English crook. Those eyes that blinked so coldly were nearsighted. Physical things they did not see clearly, but it was not with the eyes of the body that the Marquis saw so much as it was with the eyes of that thing within him which must be termed his soul. And yet, even as Fernald once again had deceived the Marquis's physical eyes, so she felt that, weigh and appraise her as he would, she would be able to deceive the eyes of his instinct.

"You have heard of Colonel Dufresne?" he asked. "Who carried the message from Foch to Joffre at the Marne?"

"The same one," he said. "He lost an arm. He is no longer on the firing line. But he serves his country still. So does Mlle. Cunard. And you, my Colin, speak French. Mlle. Cunard and her brother—you do not know of them?"

Colin shook her head. "But you have heard of Jacques Fourès and his sister?"

The girl nodded assent. "Who has not heard of the two most famous secret agents that France has?"

"Had," he corrected her. "Unfortunately for France, Mlle. Fourès and her brother no longer serve their country."

She asked no explanation. She knew now why the Federal authorities had failed in recent weeks to get into touch with the French couple. The arm of the Marquis was long and deadly, and for a passing moment her heart quailed again as she realized his tremendous power. And the explanation for which she did not ask he vouchsafed to her.

"They knew too much and were about to tell that which they had learned," he said. "But I think of everything. Crudely to destroy them—that seemed not the best way. Some time in the future I might wish them to live—apparently. So it was that I wished you to stop at the Biltstone under the name of Cunard, the name they used. Had not young Hassager recognized Fernald for what he was, you could have remained there. But it does not matter. That recognition, while it spoiled one detail of my plan, taught me that Fernald was not Jevons. You still say that there was no tenderness between you two?"

His eyes blinked benevolently now. "Ah, well, I do not doubt you, my Colin. But I have many who serve me, and the kiss in an automobile may well be reflected for the eyes of the chauffeur in the wind shield before him. But you need not blush, my Colin; a kiss is, after all, only a kiss, and this Fernald was a most attractive young man, I believe."

"But no more so than Jevons," said Colin.

The Marquis laughed. "I misjudged you," he said. "I thought you ice, but you are— But it does

not matter; it is no concern of mine. I am, as you remind me, not twenty years younger."

He leered upon her, and Colin felt that it no longer mattered what suspicions he may have had of her feeling toward Fernald. Evidently he thought her something a little worse than a coquette, and it was well that he should think that way.

He dropped his tone of persiflage for one of gravity. "Dufresne is here on French Government business. All that France wants of America in the next few months Dufresne knows. I know what his instructions were when he left Paris. They were to get in touch with Mlle. Cunard and her brother; to receive from them their reports as to the situation over here and to balance French needs against what they should tell him America could give. Had you been able to remain at the Biltstone, Dufresne would have gone to see you there. As it is, you must go to see him at his hotel. Under the name of Jac not he is stopping at the Regent. He arrived only yesterday. It is vital, my Colin, to the cause of Germany that I learn what word Dufresne brings from France. If it is troops that France wishes most of all, I must know that; or if it is guns she cries for; or food. Dufresne will know."

"But Colonel Dufresne is a hero of France," protested Colin. "He will not talk to me."

"Then you will have failed again," said the Marquis, "and Germany, my dear, pays not for failures. You are a woman; you are young; you are charming. Dufresne expects to see Mlle. Cunard. There is no reason why he should doubt you. You will go to him?"

OUTSIDE of the room in which the Marquis had talked with her, Colin paused for a moment. From a window in the hall she looked out again upon the North River, teeming now with life where yesterday it had been wearing almost the appearance of death. The Marquis trusted her, and yet—why did he not send Fernald with her if he believed Fernald to be English Fred Jevons? His plan yesterday had been to have both of the French secret agents impersonated; to-day he sent her alone. Yet a moment later, in the arms of Fernald, she forgot these doubts.

She found Fernald in a room on the same floor as that of the Marquis. His window also commanded a view of the river, and he too was thrilled at the sight of the ships setting forth on their way to the battle ground where civilization's fate is being tested. Fernald heard what she had to tell him of her interview with the Marquis.

"It is simple," he said. "We came here in the dark. But you will leave here in the daytime. You will know just exactly where this building is. It will be easy to surprise the Marquis here. We're at the end of the trail, Colin."

She shook her head. "But I shall be followed, undoubtedly, every minute," she objected. "Even to go to a telephone—they would stop me."

He laughed. "You're forgetting, Colin, that you are going to see a man who has given an arm to France. The Marquis's man cannot follow you to Dufresne's apartments. A word of the truth to him and this neighborhood will swarm with secret agents within an hour. And after that—"

"You forget that the Marquis has a great many men here," she told him. "Before they surrender—surrender means death to them, Jimmy. They will be in here, and you and I—"

"And I!" he exclaimed. "You will not come back here, Colin. You will stay with Dufresne. He can telephone—"

"You mean that I am to leave you here to face them alone?" She smiled and shook her head. "We didn't meet for that, Jimmy. What we have faced since you joined me we have faced together, not separately. I am coming back to you."

"I forbid you to," he said. "What possible good will it do for you to die with me?"

"Then you know what it means," she said. "Jimmy, last night when I thought that Jevons had killed you, I knew that I would not live without you. I don't want to now, and I don't intend to."

From his pocket he drew his automatic pistol. "Suppose," he said, "we fight our way out now?"

"Colin, Colin," said a voice reproachfully.

The girl wheeled to face the Marquis in the door. The movement of her body hid the weapon in Fernald's hand. He slipped it back into its hiding place, for behind the Marquis were half a dozen other men. It was useless to attempt fight against so many. To do so would merely jeopardize Colin's safety; more than that: in a few minutes more Colin would be free; she knew the Marquis's lair; what happened to Fernald later on did not matter. She would be free, for suddenly it came to him that Colonel Dufresne would never let her venture back here. The Marquis's arrival in the room had saved him from an absurdity that would have cost Colin her life.

"My Colin, there is no end to your coquetry," leered the Marquis. "From the dead to the quick you turn. Go along, my dear; your work is waiting."

There was not even opportunity for an exchange of glances, for the Marquis's bulk interposed itself between Colin and the man she loved, and then her heart lightened as she moved down the hall to the room that had been assigned her last night. God was just! It would not be just for the Marquis to win in the moments of their triumph! And yet, as she put on her hat, a faint doubt came to her; the master spy was too complaisant! But she shook off the doubt. Why should the Marquis be distrustful of Fernald when he thought that Fernald was Jevons, and that Jevons's hands were red with the blood of the man she loved? These men who entered the room of the Marquis were not there for violence; they were there for consultation, undoubtedly. She smiled. Into the midst of that consultation would come surprise and death. God was just. Death would not touch Fernald.

IT was unfortunate, thought Colin, that a hero should not look heroic. Colonel Dufresne was the last man that she would have suspected to have been the idol of France that she knew him to be. Even his eyes were set a bit too close together, were small and mean. She could have forgiven him his mottled complexion, his almost sinister mouth, whose lips were so loose that they did not entirely hide the cruel-looking stained teeth. Yet, as she looked at the empty sleeve, pinned (Continued on page 32)



He too was thrilled at the sight of the ships setting forth on their way to the battle ground



# THOSE BROWNING GUNS

BY LUCIAN CARY

IN the lobby of a small hotel at Hartford, Conn., there sits to-night, with his chin in his hand, a very tall, lean man of sixty-two. He wears a suit of ready-made clothes, an old-fashioned standing collar, and scuffed vici-kid shoes. His income is a million dollars a year. Why should he put up a front?

The evening paper lies folded in his lap. He has read the Associated Press dispatches on the first page and the baseball gossip on the fourth page. He will not keep a social engagement. He will not wander down the street to a bar or a pool room. He does not drink or smoke. His only vice is a banjo, and he is much too shy to indulge that in public. He will not be drawn into talking about himself. He cares nothing about impressing people—among his possessions the Order of Leopold is gathering dust.

The reporter for the local paper may drop in. This tall, lean man with the white mustache is quite the most distinguished visitor in town; anything he says will make a story. But the reporter will not ask him questions—he knows it's no use. In his chosen specialty this man is without a peer in all the world. Great corporations compete for his services. Why should he advertise himself?

No—he won't put up a front, or make an impression, or seek publicity. For an hour he will lose himself in memories—memories of the country where he was born, the country that will always be home to him, the country rimmed in by the frosty peaks of the Wasatch Mountains and the Great Salt Lake. He will remember happily the year when he lived for weeks at a time on elk steaks—a panful of fried elk steak for breakfast, sandwiches of fried elk steak for lunch, a panful of fried elk steak for dinner. He will wish he could go back there forever—back to Ogden, Utah, and never go farther away from home than up to the Jacksons Hole country in Wyoming, where the elk winter. He will dream an hour, and then at nine o'clock he will get up, exchange a formal word with the bell boy about the weather, and go to bed. What else is there for such as he to do in Hartford, Conn.?

His heart is in the West. But he can't go back there just now. He must stay in Hartford. For he is John Browning—the man who invented the two kinds of machine guns the Ordnance Department has chosen for our army—and he must stick around where they make them.

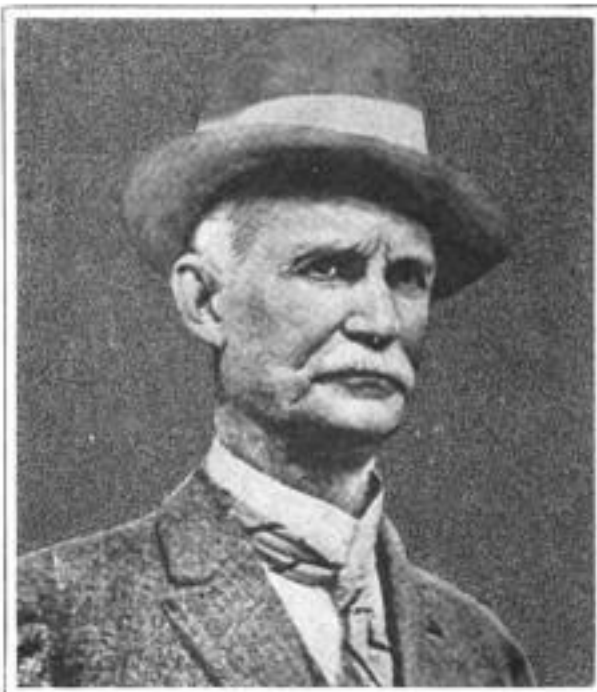
## He Has Never Invented a Poor Gun

THESE guns are new. They have never been tried in war. But General Crozier's experts report that they are better than any other machine guns. We shall have to wait until May before Colt's and the other factories who have contracted to furnish the government's enormous order will reach the peak of quantity production. But Secretary Baker assured the Senate investigating committee that the Browning guns were worth waiting for.

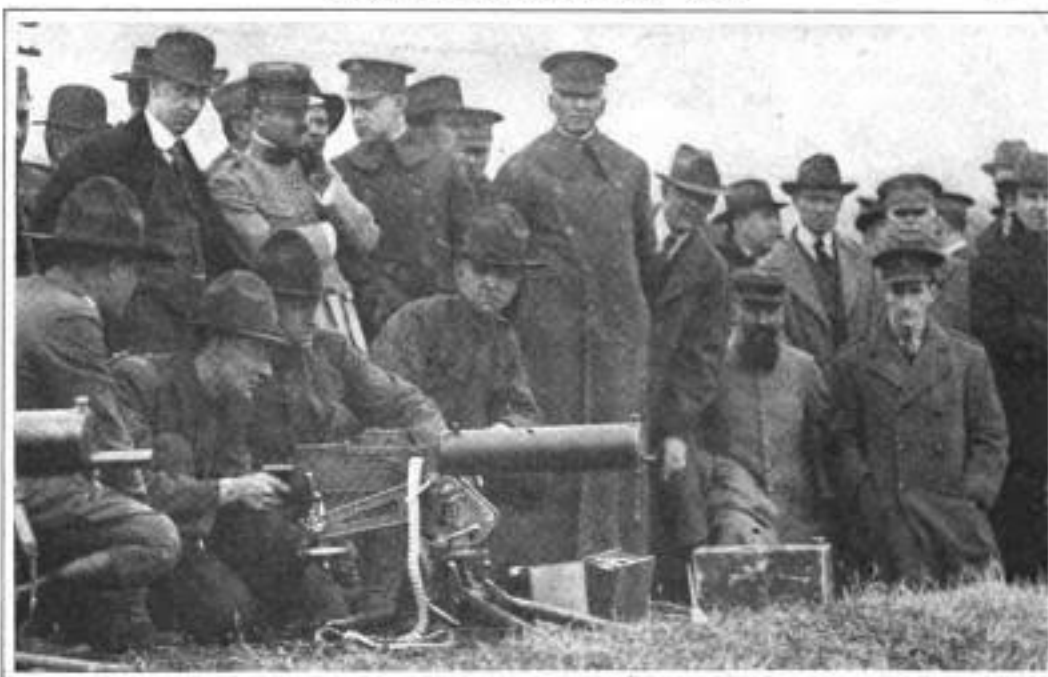
The chances are that General Crozier's experts are right. John Browning never has invented a poor gun, and he has invented more guns than any other man living.

John Browning's father was a gunsmith in Iowa. In 1852 his father decided that Iowa was getting overcrowded. He took the family across the plains in an oxcart to Ogden, Utah. John Browning was born there in 1856. At thirteen he had made his first gun with his father's foot-power lathe and simple hand tools. At twenty-three he perfected his first breech-loading rifle—a modification of the famous Sharps rifle, favorite of the sharpshooters of the Union army in the Civil War, and afterward of the buffalo hunters. Before he was thirty he had devised the first of that long series of repeating rifles for the Winchester company which has taken the name "Winchester" wherever rifles are known.

He is the inventor of nearly all the Winchester rifles, of the pump shotgun, the autoloading shotgun, the automatic rifles manufactured by the Remington-Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of the Colt automatic pistol, adopted by our army and navy and National Guard, and by four European armies, and the Colt machine gun. The Colt-Browning machine rifle and the Colt-Browning machine gun, heavy type, are merely the



Browning is a man of the West



All © International Film Service

It looks like a British Vickers-Maxim, and fires at the rate of 450 to 600 shots a minute



It is possible to direct its fire as one would direct the stream of a hose

latest additions to a long list of successes. What is also to the point—they were designed especially to meet the conditions of this war, the war which has made the machine gun famous.

The experts all agreed that they wanted two kinds of machine gun. For troops going over the top they wanted a light gun, a gun that one man could carry, if possible a gun that could be fired from the shoulder. The Lewis gun, far and away the most successful new gun on the western front, had proved the immense desirability of a light gun in the hands of advancing troops. But the Lewis gun was too heavy to be fired from the shoulder except under the most favorable circumstances and for very brief periods. What the military experts really wanted—have always wanted—was a gun no heavier than a service rifle that would pour a continuous stream of bullets on the pressure of the trigger.

## 39,500 Shots Without a Break

BROWNING couldn't give them that—no man could and use the service ammunition. The smokeless charge in a .30-caliber cartridge generates a heat so terrific that continuous firing is possible only when the barrel has a heavy jacket of water. (Even then the water soon boils away unless the operator gives the gun time to cool.)

What Browning has succeeded in doing is in giving us an automatic rifle weighing 15 pounds that will fire twenty shots before you can take your finger off the trigger—unless you know how. And twenty more as fast as you can slip out the empty magazine and slip in a full one! By the mere shift of a lever, it will fire semiautomatically: one shot for each pressure of the trigger. In a word, the Browning automatic rifle solves the problem over which small-arms experts have sweated for thirty years. It means our army will have the best offensive weapon in the world.

The gun looks more like a Remington autoloading shotgun than any rifle on the market, and, though heavier than the service rifle by nearly 6 pounds, is no heavier than the single-shot rifle many a skilled rifleman has chosen for fine shooting at the target. The cartridges are carried in a clip or magazine which is inserted

in the action just forward of the trigger guard. One magazine with twenty cartridges in it weighs less than a pound and a half. A squad of four men, one with the rifle, and the other three with loaded magazines, can carry a goodly supply of ammunition.

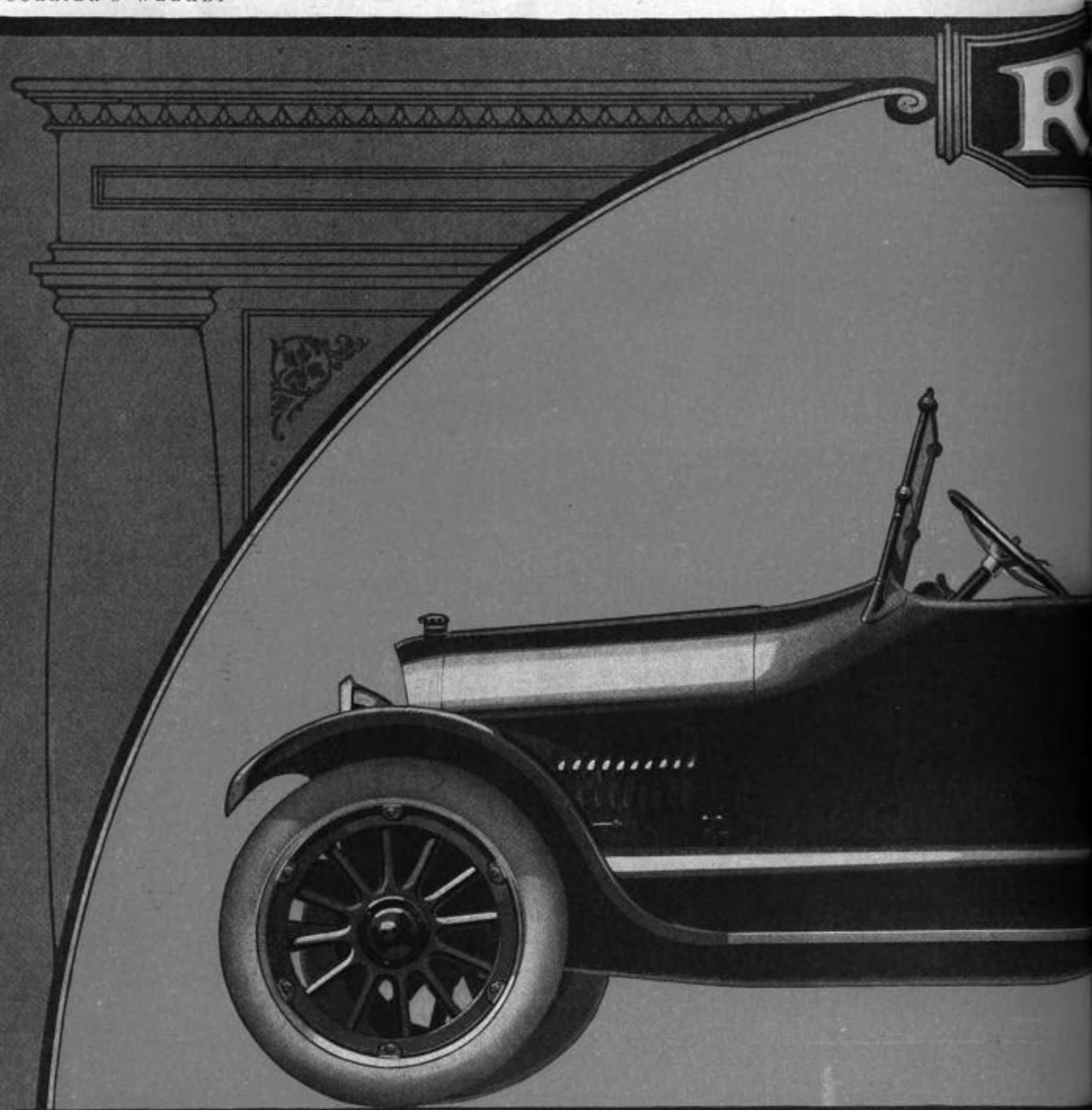
The gun can be taken down in a few seconds and reassembled with no tool except a single service cartridge. Our machine gunners will assemble and disassemble that gun over and over again until they have eyes in their fingers and can do it in the dark.

All machine guns stop. It is half the art of the machine gunner to remedy stoppages in a hurry. He learns all the stoppages by heart—all the possible malfunctions—and how to tell from the outside of the gun what's the matter with the inside.

The other half of his job is learning how to shoot. He has to learn not only how to sight and range the gun, but how to control the bursts and traverse the barrel. If a machine gun is accurately aimed at one point and kept there, it isn't much better than a service rifle. You can't shoot more than one man at a time!

A machine gun will fire a dozen shots before the amateur can let go of the trigger. So it takes a specially educated trigger finger to fire a machine gun. It also requires a very high order of skill to place bursts of three or four shots each at intervals of three feet across a wide arc—traversing fire. The Browning rifle, thanks to its semiautomatic device, permits single shots to the unskilled. And it is preeminently adapted to shooting from the hip. Browning found in his experiments that when the conditions were favorable it was possible to direct its fire as one would direct the stream of a hose—you can't see the torrent of bullets, but you can see the spurts of dust and direct the gun accordingly. I said that all machine guns stop. But the Browning light machine rifle has yet to show a single malfunction in action. And the Browning heavy gun has made the world's record nonstop run. (Continued on page 3)





## In the Final Analysis, "Up

A maker may write a volume exploiting the details of construction of his car and explaining the superiority of some one feature or another.

But of what avail such arguments if the product in actual service fail to make good the claims?

We also like to talk about the various details of Reos—at times we do concentrate on one feature, then another, and explain our reasons for using this instead of that.

Infinite care has been directed, by engineers whose experience is the ripest in this industry, to perfecting details of this Reo Six to the end that uniform excellence shall prevail everywhere.

Other makers do the same—so far as their experience and their facilities permit.

And each fondly believes that his Six is the best. He is honest in setting forth his claims. He thinks

But when you investigate you'll find one piece of evidence that overshadows all others, and that is of Upkeep over a long period of service.

That tells the tale as nothing else can—for if the quality is there; if it be uniform; if the engineering be sound; if, in a word, the car be not merely "good in spots"

Then obviously the Upkeep cost should be low.

"THE GOLD STAN"





## Up" is the Answer to Quality

Ask any Reo Six owner—ask any garage man you know—and he will tell you that mile for mile, this Reo Six (and it is a big seven-passenger car) is the lowest in upkeep of any car he has ever known.

Our records show that Reo owners have paid, on the average, less than eight dollars per car per year for replacement parts over a period of years.

Mull that over—\$8.00 per car per year!

That's the average cost to all Reo Six owners—not a few selected ones.

And those records cover the entire time—four years—this Reo Six has been made.

And it covers all the thousands of Reo Sixes in all parts of the world, in all kinds of service over all manner of roads.

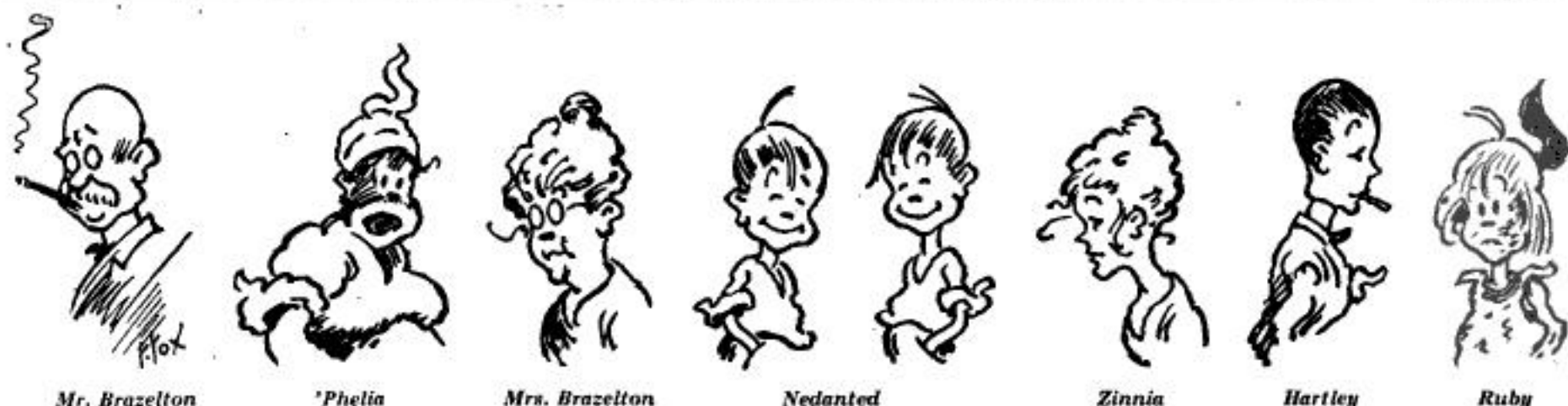
Can you equal that in your own experience with any other motor car—regardless of price?

And yet the price of this sterling product—this car that proves up, on the only evidence that really counts and is conclusive—is only \$1550 f. o. b. Lansing—plus the special federal tax.

When you select a Reo Six you save fifty per cent in the purchase and another twenty-five in Upkeep.

**Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan**





Mr. Brazelton

'Phelia

Mrs. Brazelton

Nedanted

Zinnia

Hartley

Ruby

# RUBY CROSSES THE RUBICON

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY FONTAINE FOX

THERE is a puzzling system of enmities and solidarities in the Brazelton family. The boy twins and their younger sister, Ruby, are normally arrayed against the adult half of the family, which includes Zinnia, who is eighteen and has her hair and her manners up and who "thinks she is smart." This natural division is complicated by the fact that Zinnia sometimes slumps into childhood while Ruby on occasion takes histrionic little trips across the Rubicon into the grown-up world. Once in a while there is an alignment of the twins and father against the feminine or unreasonable half. Back of it all is the Brazelton loyalty against the outside world. This is not used often; it is kept shut up and clean like the parlor. As a result of these complications and a dark-brown cook named 'Phelia, who has been threatening to leave for the last four years, Mrs. Brazelton hides within her placid personality some of the elements of a diplomat, a slack-wire artist, and a committee on public safety.

In this twisted little world the twelve-year-old twins, Edward and Theodore, are the one reliable force—one knows where they stand. They are usually spoken of as "Nedanted," without pauses or hyphens. They love as one, they hate as one. Punishment for crime falls upon them together—unfairly, perhaps, in individual instances, but no doubt in accord with the larger social justice. If at times of slothful peace the twins fight each other, it is in a listless, perfunctory fashion, as if they were doing it for a dollar and a half a day.

Their hair is red—not bright and cheery like the inside of a watermelon, but more like a time-worn brick. To Zinnia, who is a cultured person (as attested by a high-school diploma tied in the class colors), Nedanted had come to mean a red-headed Janus with freckles on both his disgusting faces—a monster with four legs and four dirty, inquiring hands.

Unlike the mythical gatekeeper, this Janus has two separable bodies as well as two heads. This, in Zinnia's opinion, only increases his capacity for making trouble for one who is trying to introduce certain crude standards of decency in the younger element of the Brazelton home.

THE low opinion which the children hold of their sister is not shared by those who do not know her so well. The Brazelton tennis court is encumbered with beauty and chivalry for long summer afternoons together while the Brazelton veranda is clogged on pleasant evenings with beardless and more or less chinless youths, tenors predominating. This Zinnia has already acquired something of a personality. Her good looks are more a matter of vitality than of regularity; her hair, which is of a washed-out brown, is commonly disorganized; but there is nothing serious the matter with her head. If she is small, she is compensatingly quick on her feet. She has a good tennis arm and a wicked little twist in her service. Also in her repartee.

Those evening front-porch pests father and mother

tolerate upon the well-known superstition of the safety that lies in numbers, but recently there came the disquieting knowledge that the visitation had lost in both quantity and quality—had sagged down, in fact, to Hartley Winters, as if the other young wits and vocalists had been obliged to recognize in Hartley some kind of claim.

Now, quite aside from parents' belief in the permanent infancy of their daughters, young Winters is not the kind of prospector that one would choose to have driving claim stakes into the front lawn. Already, at a tender age, Winters shows an inclination to make leisure his life work. Reasonable parents, if there are such, do not expect their daughters' friends to set the world ablaze at nineteen, but Hartley is about as active as an aged barnacle. It is not only that he has neither gone to college nor clerked at Conley's soda fountain; three or four sterling young characters in town have not done either of these things. But Hartley has never done anything at all. Thus there has grown up in business and social circles a belief that if he ever *had* done anything, it would not have been a credit to his respected family.

What so active and vivid an organism as Zinnia could have found congenial in such a stationary young man was more or less of an enigma. One possible explanation is that when Hartley was in her society he did not seem to have anything else on his mind.

in the ways of maidens and better acquainted with Zinnia, refused to allow Hartley Winters to be kicked into a position of any kind of importance. She recognized the need of getting her daughter heart-whole through this first affair, and she would not permit any bungling.

"It will have to come about some other way," she said. "We'll have to keep our hands off."

"I wasn't thinking of using my hands," said Mr. Brazelton savagely—thus surrendering without loss of self-respect.

THESE domestic problems invariably get themselves settled in some such way as this. Mr. Brazelton is a bustling little man who in the daytime trots about in the real-estate business—all complete with farm loans, abstracts of title, and fire insurance. His highest form of self-expression is trading farms on the back of an envelope with a pencil. He is also reputed to have "a good deal to say" in the electric light and water company. In fact there are a number of little ways in which the people of Hilton can become indebted to Mr. Brazelton. Hence his home shows such signs of wealth and culture as a cupola on both house and stable and an ornamental (so to speak) iron deer on the lawn.

His word carries weight in the marts of trade, but at home he is inclined to yield to superior information. What he says is law, but Mrs. Brazelton tells him what to say. When he stands upon his hearthstone he is the limited monarch of all he surveys.

THE next day after he had thus laid down the law and picked it up again, the subject of Hartley Winters arose once more. It was noontime, at that feeding of the inner Brazelton which was "dinner" to the rest of the family but "luncheon" to Zinnia. The older daughter was making representations about wanting the automobile.

"Father, I'd like to drive a little this afternoon if you are not going to use the car. Hartley Winters is coming over."

Mr. Brazelton tried to think of some farm property that it was absolutely necessary for him to inspect instantly, but before he could wrap his mind around anything helpful his wife had skillfully given the impression that he had consented.

"Can we go along?" asked Ted. "Make her let us go along, pop."

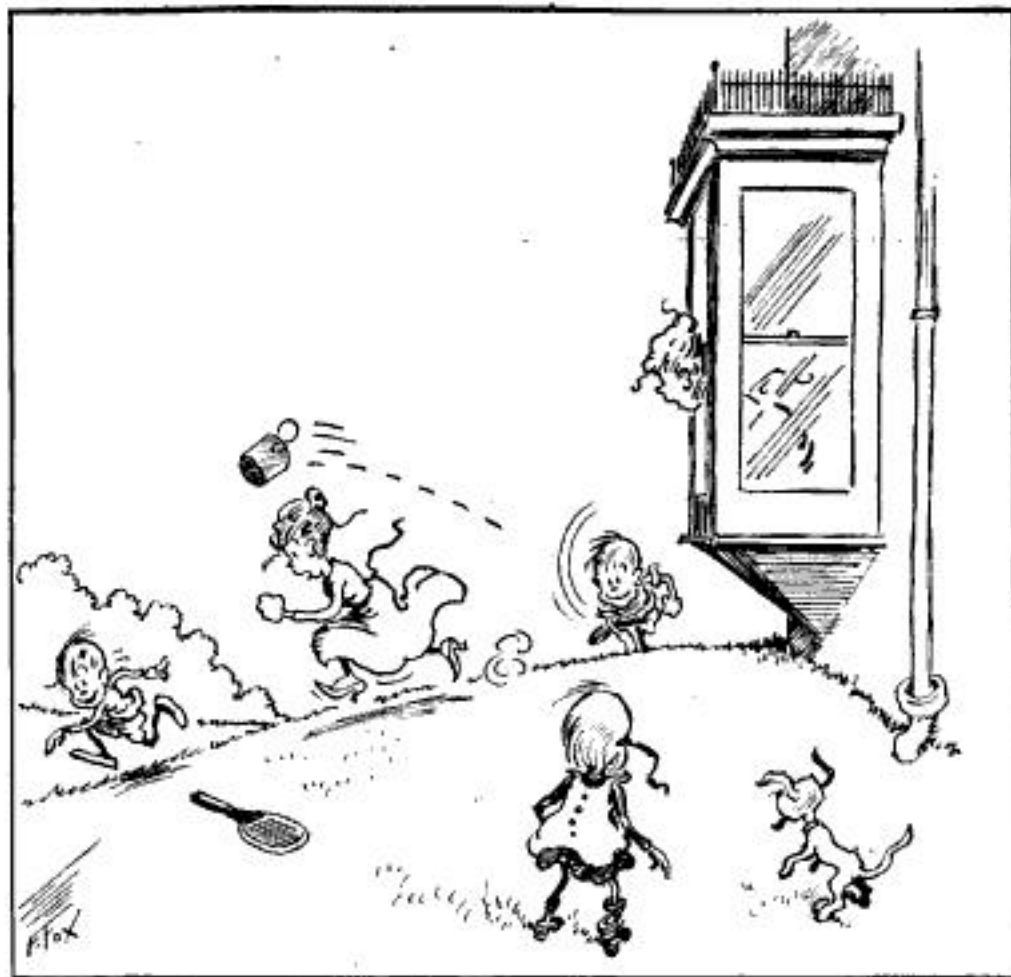
"Yes," said Zinnia scornfully, "and have Ruby tell everybody in town that you're pinching her knee—like she did the last time."

"We could leave her home," said Ned. "You don't want to go, do you, Rube?"

"I'll wear my blue hat," replied the disappointing Ruby.

"We won't make any trouble at all," said Ned. "Jus' sit there on the back seat an' look around."

Ted had to agree to this, though it interfered with his private plans for standing up in the back of the car, whistling to acquaintances and pointing derisive fingers at the doddering old parties on the front seat. For the boys could never



Mrs. Brazelton looked out of the window to see her daintily clad daughter engaged in mortal combat with her difficult sons

One evening when Winters was showing a record disinclination to go home, Mr. Brazelton spoke to his wife of drastic measures and looked meaningfully at a substantially built shoe. But Mrs. Brazelton, wiser





The first practicable American gasoline automobile. Built by the Apperson Brothers in 1893. Now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.



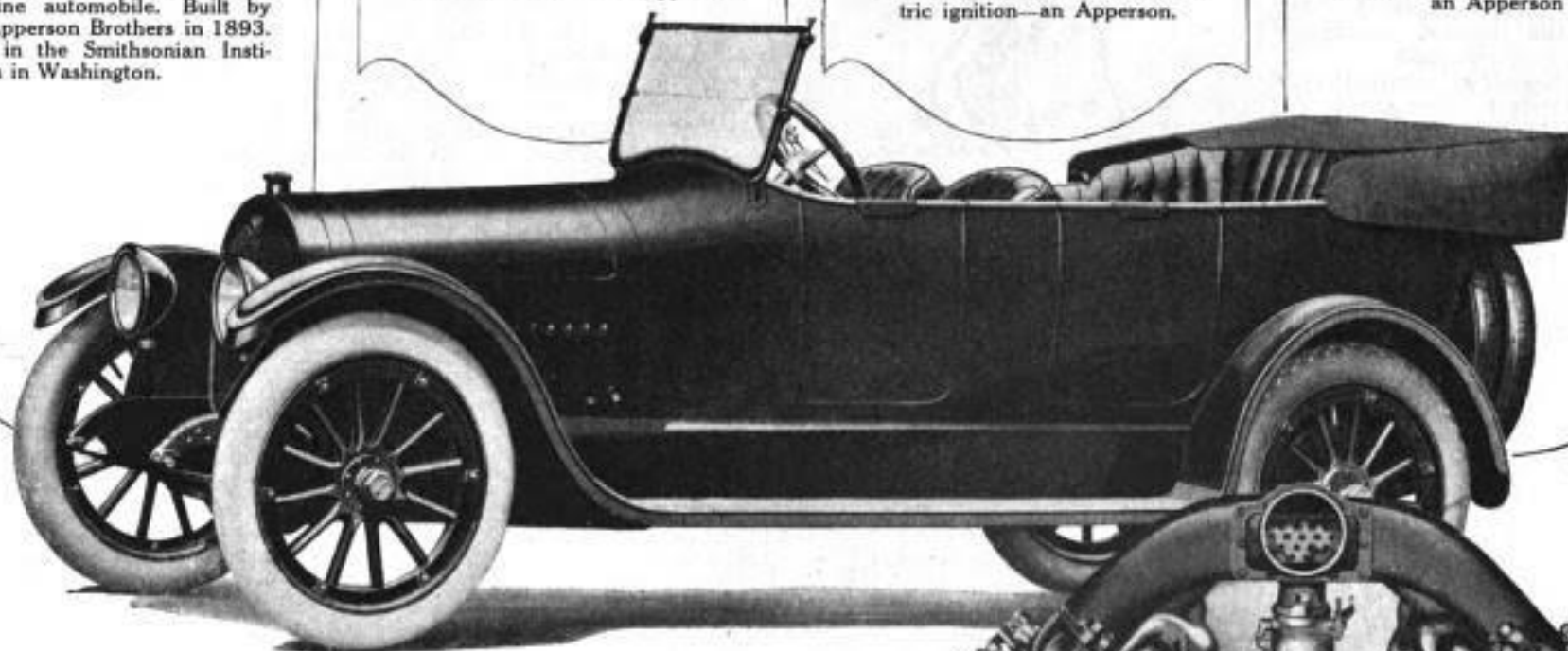
The first motor car with float feed carburetor—an Apperson.



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The first side door motor car—an Apperson



# The GREATEST of Apperson Triumphs

*Apperson Brothers Remove 80 Superfluous Parts from the 8-cylinder Motor*

THIS most recent feat of the Apperson Brothers is not a "fluke" or a lucky chance. It is the culmination of a series of herculean achievements in the advancement of motor car construction.

Previous Apperson inventions and discoveries have become basic elements of the motor car construction of the world.

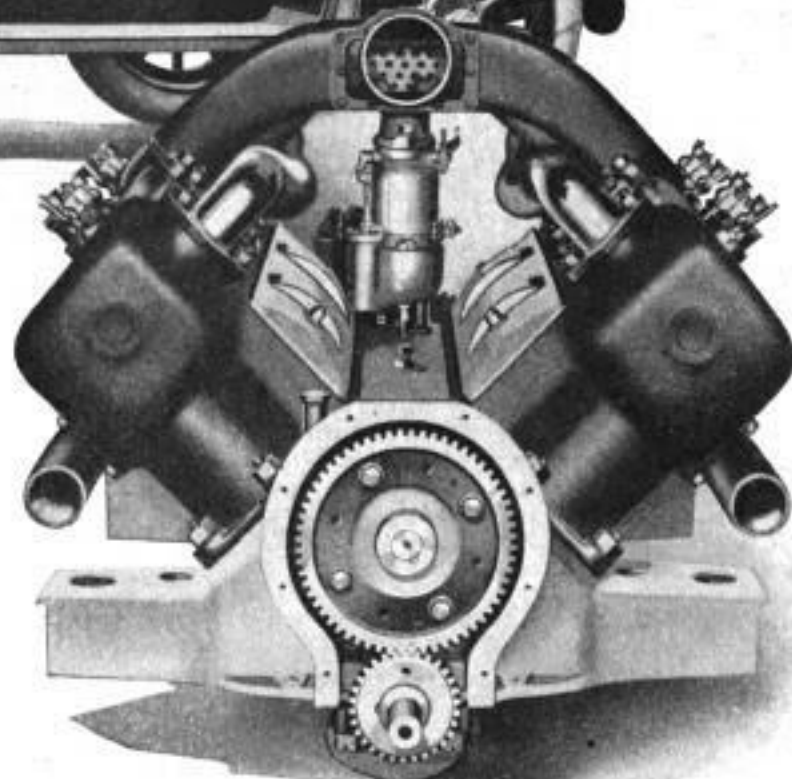
The four illustrations above are chosen from upwards of thirty Apperson "firsts" in invention, in construction, and in road, track and hill-climbing contests of all kinds.

So, also, will this compact, simplified 8. For the result of the removal of 80 useless parts is a more dependable, more enduring 8-cylinder motor than had been built before.

This new 8 is smoother, more powerful, faster.

Let your dealer demonstrate these qualities. He'll prove at the same time the spaciousness and the easy riding qualities. He'll offer evidence regarding the tire and gasoline economy.

You can settle for yourself the matter of appearance. Secure this demonstration soon. Facts about this new 8 mailed on request.



As far as we know, no other 8-cylinder internal combustion motor is as simple and compact as this one. By the elimination of 80 parts we have made this 8 practically as simple as the old 4-cylinder motor. At the same time, the flexibility, power, speed and endurance of the 8-cylinder type have not only been retained, but amplified.

*Elmer Apperson*  
*Edgar Apperson*

**Apperson Bros. Automobile Company**  
Manufacturers of Sixes and Eights  
Kokomo, Indiana

# APPERSON 8



make out what Zinnia saw in Hartley Winters—or vice versa.

Mr. Brazelton now reluctantly ruled that Zinnia was entitled to entertain her company free from "young ones."

"Well, I hope she don't have any trouble," said Ned insincerely. The twins knew better how to drive the car than did Zinnia; therefore by adult logic she was allowed to drive it and they were not. She even spoke of it sometimes out of parents' hearing as "my car"—though in justice to her it should be said that she did this purely to be offensive.

Ned was deep in mental lucubration for the rest of the meal. After dinner he skillfully herded the younger set into the library.

"Hey, Rube," he whispered. "You know that little dingbod underneath where you turn off the gas?"

With that beautiful spiritual sympathy which exists between twins, Ted caught the idea hot from the bat. "It looks like this," he said, putting out his finger in a supposedly expressive way, though it seemed to mean nothing in Ruby's young life.

"Don't you remember when we got some gasoline to clean your blue ribbon?" Ted persisted. "It's a kinda finger that points along the pipe. You pull it so it points down. That'll shut off the gas."

"They'll be no ridin' for smarty ol' Zinn," said Ned temptingly. "She don't know how it is underneath. Hartley don't know nothing either."

"Why don't you do it yourself?" asked Ruby.

"They'd never think of you," Ruby understood Ned's cryptic remark and agreed (as she had intended from the first) to do the deed. The boys now elaborately announced to all the world that they were going to play tennis. The court was in full view of the house and constituted a splendid alibi. It could plainly be seen from Zinnia's room, where she was presently arraying herself for social conquest.

To Ruby, as she hopped and skipped upon her joyful mission, this seemed another of those heaven-sent opportunities to be of disservice to her sister and at the same time to get a pleasant little hold upon the boys. For obvious reasons the twins never "tell upon" each other, but Ruby makes a special case of each event and sells her silence at the market rate. Nedanted knew there would be something to pay—also that Ruby would stand by her bargain.

Ruby is rather a misnomer. She appeared in this world at a time when Zinnia was eight. The parents took a thoughtful look at the weedlike Zinnia of the period and abandoned horticulture in favor of jewels. But whatever color there had been in the family reservoir of blondness had spent itself upon the twins, and Ruby turned out hopelessly tow-headed. Zinnia holds that her little sister's hair is of the worst possible color for one who has such low tastes in companions and occupations. It shows dirt fearfully. So now at ten and beginning to run spindly, Ruby does not remind anyone of a precious stone.

This is what might be called the acquisitive stage of Ruby's development. She takes everything the gods provide and lays plans for more. She takes little tricks and manners from odds and ends of people, including moving-picture heroines. Upon her clothing, which Mrs. Brazelton makes sure is of a durable and washable kind, she takes toll of everything she touches during a busy day. A skillful chemist might analyze Ruby's frock after she had gone to bed and reconstruct a fairly complete history of the day's work.

THE affair of turning off the gasoline supply and ruining her sister's afternoon proved to be pleasant and easy work. Whatever haziness the boys' explanation had produced in her mind disappeared when she once got under the car. The finger was there as advertised; she pulled it downward and nothing unfortunate happened—no geysers, no explosions. When she again stood erect there was nothing about Ruby to indicate that she had been under an automobile except a dab of grease upon her

hair, two black hands, and an oiliness about the front of her dress and the knees of both her stockings.

Ruby now climbed into the haymow—for the garage is really a stable with a concrete floor and a changed name. In fact, the old family surrey (with top and fringe of the prevailing Brazelton blondness) still stands in the corner, its shafts pointed upward as if it were perpetually begging for mercy. The loft no longer contains hay, but a great deal of reminiscent chaff and dust. There is a knothole in the floor through which one can look down and enjoy the sufferings of one's sister and her beau.



Ruby does not remind anyone of a precious stone

ever quite understood. There was a kind of tournament that ran on through the ages. The score was 873 to 918 in favor of somebody at the hour when the light-flannelly Hartley Winters arrived and greeted his hostess. Henceforth tennis became largely a matter of wasted motions.

"There goes the starter," said Ted. They listened, racked with suspense. It was possible that Ruby had failed in her duty—girls were so stupid about machinery. There was silence—the starter again—then further silence. All was then well in the best of possible worlds. Presently came the expected summons: "Boys, come here a minute, will you?"

They went with solicitous haste to the garage.

"Hello, Hartley," said Ted.

"Hello, Ned," young Winters replied. The confusion of their names has long since ceased to be a treat to the twins except when it points the way to adding a little to the sum of human unhappiness.

"The engine won't start," said Zinnia. "Now, what do you suppose is the matter with it?"

AS a by-product of lying on her stomach waiting watchfully, the dust of the barn formed a merciful layer over the motor grease. At any other time Ruby would have found it unbearably hot up there; perspiration added effectively to her disguise.

Meanwhile the twins played loud tennis, keeping an eye constantly upon the front gate. Zinnia came out presently, all in dainty white, and sat on the veranda. The boys had a complicated system of scoring games which nobody with the possible exception of themselves

Mr. Brazelton stipulates that whenever there is anything the matter he will try his hand at the thing first before calling in the sixty-cents-an-hour fellows. "Very often it is just some little thing," he says, "and they'd make a job of it."

The boys now went hypocritically over the car, examining the spark plugs and the wiring, screwing down a grease cup here and there. As time went on Zinnia grew more and more embarrassed. Hartley was a broken reed in any motor-car crisis; he had not even done his loafing in a garage. The villains of the piece gave themselves up to quiet enjoyment. Once Ted nearly paralyzed his brother by making use of the paternal phrase: "Very often it's just some little thing." Ned grew so bold at last that he invited Hartley Winters to look under and see if everything was all right. Hartley looked under as well as his elegant summer suit would permit and agreed that it looked all right to him, but he did not know this make of car very well.

Now Ruby, craving society, appeared from above a little at a time, beginning with those dusty and spindly legs. When she got done, Zinnia delicately hinted that her sister's face was dirty.

"Is this 'Phelia's little girl?" she asked.

"I ain't going anywhere," Ruby replied defensively.

The twins regarded this as great wit because they had a shrewd suspicion that Zinnia was not going anywhere either.

The newcomer now did her bit in the examination of the recalcitrant car. "The mud guards seem to be all right," she said helpfully.

The twins leaned weakly against things at hearing this. There was no doubt that Ruby was in rather rare form to-day. Encouraged by their approval, she took a favorable opportunity to give the horn a splendid "honk," thereby greatly startling Zinnia's young man, who was directly in front of the car. Zinnia sharply admonished her to keep away and not bother. Ruby thereupon climbed into the front seat of the antique surrey, cleaning its wheel slightly as she did so. Presently she dropped this amiable suggestion. "If we only had a horse now, Zinn, you'd be all right."

This outrageous remark broke up the party. The boys frankly went into a decline, and Zinnia lost all patience.

"I'm afraid we shall have to give it up for to-day, Hartley," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Well, all right," said Hartley reluctantly.

THE whole company now moved toward the front yard and in an open skirmish line explored the grounds together. Ned soon caught up with the others after ducking under the car and setting the gasoline supply right. When father took a hand at starting the car he would find no difficulty. He would therefore have the laugh upon his ignorant children and be amiable rather than inquisitive.

The Brazelton establishment was erected in what might be called the iron age of American architecture. The yard is inclosed with heavy iron fence and gates—the boys have a comfortable theory that this fence would keep out elephants. There is a fountain in the yard, now commonly dry because of plumbing deficiencies, and in its center a little iron boy holds a little iron fish. The boy is clothed only in rust. The iron deer, the tennis back nets, the lightning rods, the iron fences that surround the square tops of house and stable (fences which Zinnia says are to keep the birds from falling off), all are as a monument to the founders of a great and useful industry.



"Who you goin' to have for a fella now?" asked Ruby

"Is the starter all right?" Ted wanted to know. "Yes; it's all right and there is plenty of gas. It coughed once or twice and then stopped."

Theirs is not, to use Mr. Brazelton's phrase, "a great hulking car." It does not take this car long to pass a given point, and it has only a reasonable number of cylinders. But it is a fairly responsible five-passenger car and does not often give trouble.

THE yard itself is riotous with trees and shrubbery, forming pleasant little nooks and culs-de-sac. Such landscape gardening would be conducive to privacy—if the House of Correction had its due. But as the young people strolled about they seemed to meet at every turn blue-eyed little children desiring to be sociable. Did Zinnia and her gentleman friend wish to sit upon the bench overlooking the tennis court, two brick-headed persons expressed their willingness to entertain with a slight exhibition of tennis. Did they visit the fountain, Ruby made herself a party of the statuary group, assisting the lad to hold the fish and adding a little iron rust to the other foreign substances upon her person. When this act failed to please, the filthy young lady obligingly rode the deer. (Continued on page 30)





## Now, A FISK TIRE

TRANSPORTATION, the nation's vital present day need, looks to the motor truck to help solve its problem.

Tires of brutal strength are demanded to carry without delays merchandise that *must* be delivered on time.

*for every motor vehicle that rolls*

meet this demand. It is a tire built to perform the hardest and heaviest work

that solid tires are called on to withstand.

Here is a tire that must be reckoned with, and users of motor trucks must look at it squarely.

Made by a Company with a nationwide branch distribution and an established reputation for quality and fairness.

To be the best concern in the world *to work for*, and the squarest concern in the world *to do business with*—THE FISK IDEAL.

# FISK SOLID TIRES



# Prest-O-Lite Battery



A correct size  
for every car  
—at District Service  
Stations everywhere

## A member of the Prest-O-Lite Clan

**T**HE members of this happy clan hardly know a battery "grid" from a piece of cheese. They don't know and don't want to know about the functions of "electrodes" or "electrolyte".

They are tickled to death to leave all that engineering "dope" to their battery-bug-friends, and the expert who runs the Prest-O-Lite Service Station down the street.

What they do know is that the little box of power, labelled "Prest-O-Lite" is an all-the-year-'round, one hundred percent performer in wet, dry, hot and twenty-below-zero weather;

—that it carries in storage the necessary surplus power to feed the electric head-lights and spin the stiffest engine under conditions that would have forced any other man's battery to lay down on the job.

They know that the Prest-O-Lite Service expert is the proper party to pass on the condition of the battery and from time to time apply the simple treatments necessary to keep it up to its rated capacity.

They know that this service man's station is just down the street. That it's an easy matter to stop the car at his place for a few minutes once a month;

And—they know that the said Prest-O-Lite service man is a human being—a deserving battery engineer who in accordance with our well known policy makes no charge for "inspection" or distilled water—but has his fixed rates for all other services rendered.

If you can say "Amen" to this solution of all your car battery problems you are eligible to membership in the Prest-O-Lite Clan.

Drop us a line today and we will put you in touch with our nearest service station man, who will be on the lookout for your first call and will treat you as we want a life time customer treated.

The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

## THE CAMEL FLAGGER

BY FLETCHER CHENAULT

**L**IGE DODSON and I had forgathered on the promenade deck of the log cabin in the Ozarks to view the scenery and enjoy our pipes. At least I was enjoying mine and hoping the wind would hold to its course and protect me from the deadly fumes that emanated from the mountaineer's long-stemmed clay. For Lige had filled the bowl with dry burley, fresh from the fields and powerful as chlorine gas, which made it plain to my understanding why a mask should be part of every modern soldier's equipment. One whiff of this tobacco was enough to make the whole world swear.

It may be necessary to explain my presence on Nubbin Ridge, although I don't see why. I was on a lawful errand, for one cannot be convicted of free speech as long as his utterance does not border on treason or sedition; and free speech was about all we insurance agents ever carried into the mountains. What we came out with is another matter. Sometimes we were lucky to come out at all, because a certain degree of diplomacy is required when you trespass on the domain of the moonshiners. These wild tribesmen were in the habit of operating their Winchesters from a distant hilltop without the formality of an investigation.

Presumably my unsophisticated artlessness protected me from suspicion. At any rate, I had never served as a target, although I had learned much about the peculiarities of the moonshiners, and Lige Dodson, the genial postmaster of Higginsville, was the chief source of my information.

As an act of simple justice it should be recorded here that Lige Dodson never made a quart of corn liquor in his life. But, for one thing, he was an ultimate consumer and for another he was quite intimate with some of the well-known distillers of the community, wherefore he could speak as one with authority. Whether or not he always spoke the truth is beside the mark, and certainly not for one so humble as I to say.

"I see by the papers," Lige was saying, "whar'bouts the Gov'ment is sendin' over some painter fellers to Yurope to put camel flags on our army."

"Camel what?" I inquired, puzzled.

"What kind of flag is that?"

"Tain't no flag a-tall," Lige said. "It's a art. You take a cannon, mebbe, an' you paint it to look like a plow-beam, so to speak, an' a common ord'nary waggin will look like a hayrick. It's easy ef you know how."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, a light dawning on me. "You mean camouflage."

"No, I don't," Lige insisted. "I mean camel flags. It's a French word meanin' to kiver up. Them Frenchmen shore is wonders with a bucket o' paint or a skillet, although the only painters which I ever see was Irish an' b'longed to a union."

"House painters?"

"Shore—the stepladder kind. But when it comes to that, this here Lee Starr was the best camel flagger which I ever see," Lige added reflectively. "Whensoever he got through paintin' a thing it warn't what you thought it was a-tall—not even hisself."

"Tell us about it," I said. For these signs indicated that Lige was leading artfully up to a story, and, such being the case, it was beyond the power of human ingenuity to stop him.

So Lige filled his pipe again with poison gas, which caused me to hook my chair three degrees more to windward, and began on his tale of how the Campbell Carnival came to Nubbin Ridge, and how the Law came along the same trail.

**Y**OU see, this here Lee Starr was a man o' many u-lyisses, so to speak. Sometimes he was this an' sometimes he was that, but most in gin'ral he wove into a place an' then wove out agin afore ever you knowed to a T jes' who an' what he was. An' then you ricklect, an' says: "Well, durn my cats! Ef that warn't Lee Starr, which I thought was a book peddler!"

The trouble was thar ain't no revynoo man ever was welcome on Nubbin Ridge, not as far back as I c'n remember. We ain't to say a inhos-teel people, so to speak, but the lathstring never did hang out for no revynoo-er, an' well they knowed it.

Lee Starr snook into the mount'ins an' got Ike Ray, an' later on he snook back an' got Bud. But he ain't nigh

got 'em all, even so, for thar was Eph'm Ray an' Baldy Jackson, a passle o' t'others who could brew a that had a punch to it like the kin a mule. An' shoot! Man alive, here Walter Tell you heard spoke abt the feller who shot apples off'n a h'ead in Buffalo Bill's show, he a nothin' but a plain amachure comp' with them fellers. Why, on a moon night they c'd shoot the eyelashes a frawg at a hundred yards.

Well, sir, one time thar was a nival come over here to the Be camp-meetin' ground. It was a likely circus, so to speak, which eled through the kinty on wh. They had about a dozen side shows, some o' them fellers c'd do some slick tricks.

One feller was a rale humdinger, was a Americo-African, an' he c'd a whole durn torch o' fire down throat, shet his mouth tight, an' bring the torch out flamin' agin never see the like! An' another c'd up an' jammed needles in his arm like he was made out'n India rubber, thar was a woman which let us crawl all over her. Gosh! but I hate them rep-teels.

**C**OME Thursday I went over to Campbell's Carnival, an' thar I up with Baldy Jackson, the leader the Ray gang. Baldy was a v'bout middle age, an' we-all called Baldy 'cause he ain't got much in front. You notice I got a vacant spot in the back, which no bigger'n a dollar, so to speak. Baldy's front was as shiny as a knob an' he was tech'us about it, was a settin' up to the Widder Hawk an' he won't stand no joshin' 'bout head 'cause the widder she up an' she don't hanker much after feller's ain't got no surplus o' hair.

Me an' Baldy saw the swo'd an' an' the snake charmer an' the fire an' an' then we stopped whar'bouts a hill was bettin' we-all couldn't guess which shell thar was a little pea, I an' Baldy 'lowed we c'd break this up in bizness, so to speak, it looked tarnation easy, but somehow or p' we ain't had much luck. I lost dollars pesterin' with that black an' Baldy lost six.

While Baldy an' the man was argufyin' 'bout which was the quickest, the eye or the hand, I wadd down the lane to whar'bouts a hill was hollerin' somethin' 'bout a fine fortune teller an' the magic yeast, now an' then achantin'.

*The pore heathen Hindos.  
He does the best he kin do  
Ef he ain't got no clo's,  
He jes' makes his skin do.*

I stopped an' took a look at this tune teller, who was a settin' thar on legged on the platform, an' then I ted my eyes and looked agin.

Yes, sir, stranger—you guesse. "Twarn't nobody else but Lee Starr a settin' thar big as you please! He on a Hindoo cos-toom an' a cos swo'd an' Hindoo whiskers, but I don't fool me none. He had Lee Starr's eyes, an' they ain't no way he c'd flag them, they was that keen an' an' steady. Accordin' to the Bible their eyes shall ye know them. An' Starr's eyes I knowed him.

Helva Din was the name paintin' the dirty canvas, but that do' none a-tall neither. He jes' lookin' wise an' solemn, so to speak, while t'other feller was 'bout how ef the ladies an' would step into the tent on please, an' no crowdin', P' Din, the renowned see-er, would tell 'em all 'bout t'at.

After the man quit chattered like a magpie, I folded up his cos-toom, an' went into the tent, I was by, an' I went in first. I on a little platform in the I went up to him he looked me square in the eye.

"Your life line is unb' solemn like. "You will live erate old age."

"I ain't keerin' nothin' my age," I says. "What know is, did you see the gittin' me a pinted jestice o' for this here townshipp?"

(Continued on page 20)



# BETHLEHEM

## SPARK PLUGS



### Service in Spark Plugs is Nine-tenths a Question of Insulation

**T**ESTED in the terrific temperatures of the electric furnace—heated until it glowed like live coals on an open hearth—Bethlehem Porcelain in Government tests has given clear proof of its superiority as spark plug insulation.

Insulation is vital. No plug can successfully resist the intense temperatures and hammer-like blows

of repeated explosions unless its insulation remains unaffected. The smallest crack, the slightest flaw, means short-circuit, in other words, no spark at the sparking point.

In the thorough fashion in which Government tests are made, Bethlehem Porcelain has been shown to have three times the dielectric or insulating strength of other porce-

lains. Other tests prove it nine times stronger mechanically.

These facts—the logical development of the scientific study of ignition which The Silvex Company has been making—lend added emphasis to the value of specifying and insisting upon Bethlehem Spark Plugs with the test-proven porcelain for your motor.

The Silvex Company, BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS, South Bethlehem, Pa.

E. H. SCHWAB, *President*



MULTI-POINT



SINGLE POINT



Wear a "Vanity V"



## BETWEEN SEASONS

Until it's time to put on a straw, there is no more comfortable, stylish and satisfactory hat than a Pearl Lightweight, provided it is a Vanity. These hats have to be just right.

Your local Vanity dealer has them in extra-light weight, light and medium. He also has a wide variety of other styles and colors.

The Vanity trademark in the lining not only means authentic Fifth Avenue style, but also that the handsome color and trim lines are put there to stay, thanks to carefully selected materials and closely supervised manufacturing.



NONAME HAT MFG. CO.  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY  
Plant at Orange, N. J.  
Since 1883

TO DEALERS—If we are not represented in your city, we will be pleased to hear from you.

We appoint only one Vanity agency in each community. The line is a valuable asset to any retailer. Write for booklet.

P'fesser Helva Din dropped my hand like it was pizen. "Oh, hell!" he says. "I can't waste no time on you. See ef you c'n pervail on Baldy Jackson to git his future investigated into."

"So Baldy is the feller you're after," I says. "Well, ef you want Baldy you c'n git him yo'self," I says. "I ain't doin' none o' your dirty work."

"HOW come you knowed me?" Starr asked. "I thought I had myself purty well camel flagged."

An' that was the first time I ever heard the word.

"What do you mean, camel flagged?" I says.

"Ask Norah Webster—or a French dic-shunary. Will you lure Baldy over this way, or won't you?"

"I will not," I says.

"Then go thy way in peace, my brother, an' may the Allies bless thee,"

he says, foldin' up his arms. "An'

don't you never say nothin' a-tall 'bout this here stunt o' mine. As for Baldy, I'll git him, an' don't you never forgit it."

I went on out'n the tent an' run right smack into Baldy acomin' in.

"What kind of a show is this old Ornamental puttin' on?" Baldy says.

"Tain't much," I says. "Let's try the dancin' gal."

"Not me," says Baldy. "I want to git my future on-revealed. Come on back in with me."

So we went back in, an' we found the p'fesser still asettin' on his platform blinkin' like a owl. He give me a wink while Baldy was lookin' 'cross t'other way.

"Your life line is vague an' oncerttain," the p'fesser said when he bent his bandaged head over Baldy's paw, "but you will become a man o' great wealth."

Baldy set up straight an' his ears come up like a mule's.

"How's that?" he says.

"You are destined to mingle in wealth," the p'fesser repeated. An' then he turned round an' looked into a glass ball asettin' on the table. "I c'n see the sun risin' over the distant hilltop," he went on, "an' a man comes up on a hoss, gits down an' enters the old mill. He is alone. He pulls up a bo'd near'bouts whar the grain hopper is. Eureka! He has found it."

"Found what?" says Baldy, all out o' breath.

"The glass is clear now," says the p'fesser. "I c'n see no more. But thar is waitin' for you a pot o' gold in an old mill near the forks of a road. Kiss me—it is written."

"What!" Baldy hollers. "Kiss you, you hairy old heathen—"

"Wait a minit, Baldy," I says. "That ain't what he means a-tall. It's jes' one o' his Ornamental words."

"Well, let him keep 'em to hisself," Baldy growled. "I'd as soon kiss a porkypine as him."

The p'fesser ain't never changed his features none a-tall. "An' remember this," he went on, "the man who went to the old mill was alone."

"Uh—huh, I see," says Baldy, an' he begin thinkin' to hisself.

"Lemme see your hand, my son," says the p'fesser to me. "Ah, you have been crossed in love, I see. A lady has felt the charm of your personality, but one leetle thing has turned her heart away. You do not know what that is, an' you'll never know until it is on-revealed to you by my magic. Would you like to know what trifle it was that stood in the way to great happiness?"

"I ain't settin' up to no gal a-tall," I says, "but you c'n go ahead an' tell me ef it'll do you any good."

"It is this, only this—that one leetle bald spot on the back o' your head. Whensoever your loved one observed this fault o' nature she was distressed. And I—Helva Din—I c'n tell you how to git that spot all camel flagged with

hair agin. It is by my magic I do these wondrous things. Would you like to know?"

"Me havin' a bald spot don't bother me none," I says, "but ef you're jes' dyin' to tell me, why go ahead."

"By my magic shall hair be made to grow. At midnight you shall go to a sulphur spring, an' as the clock tolls the midnight hour shall you bathe your head in the sulphur water an' say in a whisper: 'Mene, mene, tekél, uphar-sin.' Then shall you return swiftly to your fair abode and to sleep. But first you must make a chapl'in o' green leaves, so to speak, damp with the dew, as your nightcap. In the morning you remove this chapl'in, an' behold. It is done."

"S all right," I says. "I wouldn't go to all that trouble jes' to make a passle o' hair grow on my head."

Long 'bout then Baldy puts on his hat. "Well, I got to be gittin' 'long," he says.

"Remember," says the p'fesser, strokin' at his beard—"alone at daylight."

"Uh—huh," says Baldy. "I heerd ye."

"Baldy looks to be very thankful," I says after he was gone. "Do you s'pose mebbe he ain't gone to git some enforcements to ride a revynoo man off'n Nubbin Ridge on a rail? I seen part of his gang outside."

"Not a chanct," Starr says, an' wunk at me.

"Baldy thinks I'm a bonyfider Injun rager right now, an' that ain't all. I fancy that I put a bur under his think cap which has got him goin'. You c'n bet your old gray hoss on that."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so," I says. "Say, you ain't meanin' all what you said 'bout how to kiver up your baldness?"

"Kin sabby—try it an' see," he says, an' wunk at me agin. "A prophet is without honesty in his own kintry."

"Course you know I knowed Lee Starr was mebbe lyin' 'bout the sulphur water an' the leaves an' all them things makin' hair to grow, but I ain't real shore but what he mought a knowed somethin' 'bout it. Then I rick-lect what Widder Hawkins up an' said 'bout bald-headed men, an' I knowed ef Lee Starr spoken the truth thar was a fine way to s'prise her."

"Who—me? Well, yes; I was a settin' up to the widder some, too."

Come 'leven o'clock I saddled my hoss an' rode over to Mill Springs, which ain't far from here. It is a sulphur-water spring knowed all over the State. It was two minits past twelve when I rid up in the moonlight an' hitched my hoss to a box elder tree. Then I walked up the hill to the spring and run right smack into three men. One o' the men was Baldy Jackson, an' I noticed he had irons on his wrists. T'other two was revynoo-ers, an' Lee Starr, who was one of 'em, was holdin' his watch in his hand.

"You're two minits late, Mr. Dodson," he says. "The next time you had ought to foller instructions to the letter, else you'll never in this world ketch the widder."

"What's Baldy doin' here?" I says. "I thought you set out a pot o' gold to ketch him."

"Oh, gold ain't got no 'lurements for Baldy, but he'd sell his soul for a mess o' hair. That pot-o'-gold talk was all camel flag. I had one eye on Baldy when I was tellin' you 'bout the magic for baldness, an' I knowed I had him agoin'."

LIGE paused in his narrative to reload his pipe.

"And so you married the Widow Hawkins and lived happily ever after?" I surmised.

"Who—me? Not so you c'd notice it. That woman up an' married a travelin' man from Springfield, and his head was slick as a peeled onion!"



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## R'arin' to Go!

Continued from page 9

They are the men of the division officers' training camp, men who were drafted from civil life only a few short months ago and are now in line for commissions. Only 10 per cent of the men in that training camp were taken from civil life direct; the others are all men who have demonstrated their fitness to try for commissions while serving in the ranks of the National Army. Immediately at our left on the hillside a man of the Signal Corps is wigwagging messages. A little to the left and behind him another member of the corps is taking a message from the neck of a panting dog which is being trained in maintaining communication at the front. A flock of pigeons fly past immediately over our heads. A little way up the hill, above the man with the dog, they wheel and flutter downward. A soldier hurries up the hill and takes a message from the leg of one of the birds. They too are our allies in the war for liberty, and on the surety of their instinct and the speed of their wings the lives of American men may some day depend.

### To Insure Victory

ON the far side of the parade ground in the valley below we see the great stretch of barracks housing the artillery. Through the streets and fire breaks the men are guiding long lines of mules and horses. Directly below us and a little to the left we see the building of the division school of fire. There the American officers of the division are avidly studying every complex problem of modern war under the instruction of British and French officers who have gained their knowledge in active service. In studying the National Army camps I have always in mind: What action or sentiment evident here is going to insure the winning of this war? What action or sentiment may delay victory? The science of this war is a new science, and our officers must learn it. How do they take the teaching? At least 99 per cent of all the officers I have met and talked with during nearly six months that I have been in touch with the National Army are directing their every energy to learning everything that they possibly can learn from their British and French instructors. Some few, pleasingly few—not more, perhaps, than ten all told—have been contemptuous of any knowledge that they might gain from an Englishman or a Frenchman and have blocked their own path to efficiency through jealousy.

Just below us and farther to the left we see the barracks of the Quartermaster's Corps, and away down there at the extreme left and across the valley the barracks of the old depot brigade which now houses the troops of the 92d Division. The flag that floats above the headquarters of that division is the same red, white, and blue under which all our armies operate, but the men who salute it there are black. The 92d is the first and only negro division in the United States. So far only the headquarters, with its attached units and trains—perhaps 3,000 men—are at Camp Funston. The remaining units are stationed in six other camps, training separately, pending the assembling of the division. The commanding officers are white men, but most of the captains and lieutenants are colored men, graduates of the colored officers' training camp of last summer at Fort Des Moines, where about 700 were given commissions. Like all other divisions, the 92d has its officers' training school, and the students are being instructed by colored officers, graduates first of the regular army and later of the school at Des Moines.

### The "Spirit's" There

I HAVE said that from this hilltop the camp looks like a great manufacturing plant, and that is precisely what it is. It is a great factory wherein the raw civilian material of the Middle West is being made into American soldiers. Already thousands upon thousands of soldiers have gone from that camp. A number of thousands have gone to fill up various National Guard organizations that were below war strength. Other thousands of specialists have been drawn for special work—firemen and engineers, sewing-machine experts, clerks, auditors, stenographers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.—and assigned to the practice of their various occupations.

It is a very fine thing that all these trade specialists are at hand in our

National Army ready to be picked from their organizations on call and sent wherever they may be needed in the United States or France. It is all very fine, but—

The most precious thing that is being produced in that great manufacturing plant there on the Kansas prairie is spirit. We have the brain and the brawn to be the deciding factor in this war. We also have in the army the precious will to win: willingness to sacrifice—spirit—the compelling moral power that must ever sustain us if we are to go through united to a peace that will not be a disaster. The National Army has that spirit to a remarkable degree. And it has not been carefully fostered.

Here's the point: Company officers get something approaching their full complement of men and start out full of pep and enthusiasm to make their outfit the best disciplined, snappiest, most carefully trained organization in the division. They all take a prospector's interest in searching the ranks for available noncom material wherewith to make their permanent corporals and sergeants. And when they have found the right men they are as proud of them as a first-time dad with healthy triplets to his credit. Go into the orderly room for an interview, and you will hear something like this:

"If you want to see a real outfit, you just stick around and watch us for a while." This from the captain: "We've got the best company on the reservation. I'm not taking any particular credit to myself. I just happen to have the best lot of men in the whole outfit. For example, my top sergeant. He had fifteen thousand a year for handling a big construction job. He's been bossing big gangs of men for years, and he takes to this work like a bird to the air."

### "Shot to Pieces"

ONE lieutenant tells you what a wonderful mess sergeant they have. Another pipes up with a story illustrating how rapidly the men in that particular company learn. Go out in the squad room, and you will find the same spirit of pride in the organization among the men. The company is just at the top of its stride when along comes a requisition for fifty men from the organization to go toward the filling up of a National Guard unit perhaps. Then the top sergeant of whom the captain brags is taken for some special construction work abroad. This, that, and the other noncommissioned officer and private are taken from the skilled tradesmen, numbering among the best men in the organization, are picked for special service according to their occupation, and sent away a few at a time. Visit that same orderly room, say four or five months from the time the company was first organized, in September last. You find the captain blue and tired.

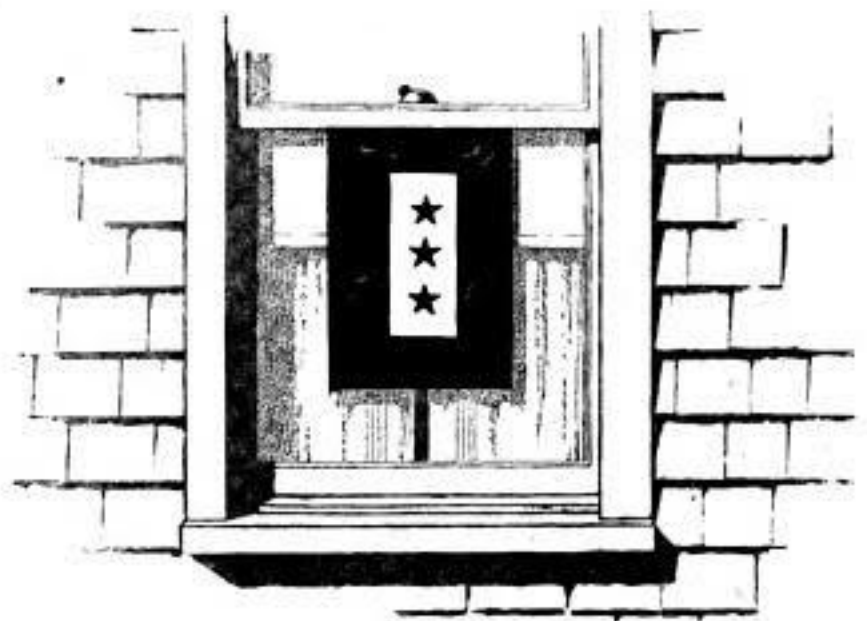
"We had one of the best outfits in the division," he tells you regretfully. "Wish you could have seen it when we were at our best. Course there's no use your sticking around now; we're all shot to pieces. They've bled us of all our best men. They've got all my non-coms and so many carpenters and blacksmiths and chauffeurs, and the Lord knows what all, that we've got only the skeleton of an organization left. Now we'll have to take new men to fill up the company and go through the training all over again. What's the use of breaking your heart to build up an organization only to have them tear it to pieces?"

"Think this division'll ever go to France!" the lieutenant asked dolefully.

You tell him you're sure of it. The lieutenant shakes his head sadly. "I wish I thought it," he sighs. "I figure they're going to ship out some more of this outfit to fill up other organizations abroad, and that we're going to be stuck here in the mud to train the next draft. It was a shame they had to go and bust up this company. Gee! I wish you could have seen us when we were pretty near full strength. We had a crackajack outfit. I wish I could 'a' gone to the front with that bunch. But it's all off now. They sure broke us wide open."

Come into the squad room. There formerly you'd find a hundred men; you now find a dozen. A private of your acquaintance calls you aside. "Say, mister, have you got any dope on whether this division's goin' to France or not?"

You give him the same assurance you



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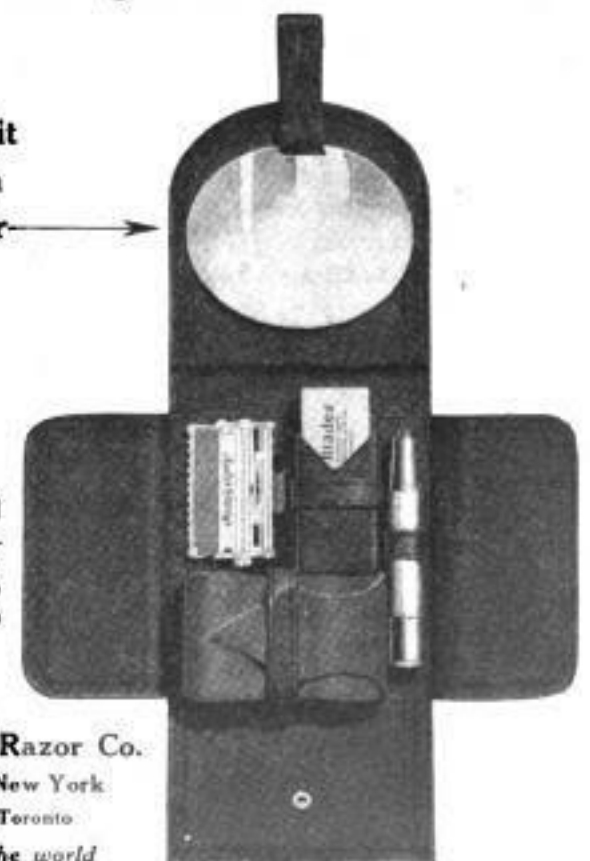
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gave the lieutenant, and meet with the same sorrowful skepticism. "This company's shot all to pieces. Gee! I wish I could get transferred. There'll be a lot o' new men comin' in here to fill this up, an' we'll have to go out and grind through all the old foot drills to train them. Believe me, I'm sick o' this outfit. I wish I could hook on with some unit goin' over."

And there you are!

Another thing: I was talking along these lines to a regular army officer of high rank at Camp Funston. "Mr. McNutt, this war is going to be won by the man with the bomb and the bayonet," he said emphatically. "Our fighting man should be and must be our best man. Of course we must have our engineers and trade specialists of all sorts for work behind the lines, but the man who will win or lose for us is the fighting man in the front-line trench. And this system of picking the trade specialist out of the company after several months of training is making the fighting man, who ought to be the proudest soldier of the army, feel like a discard. One by one the chauffeurs, plumbers, carpenters, and artists with whom he has been drilling are taken away for special service. What does the man who is left think? He thinks this: 'I'm the goat. I'm not fit for anything except to fight. I'm not a plumber nor a carpenter nor a locomotive engineer; and because I can't drive nails nor shoe horses, I have to use the rifle and the bayonet.' That's wrong. The men who do the fighting should be the best men of the army, and they should feel—must feel—that they are the cream of the army, not the scum. All the work that is done by the artisans behind the front-line trenches is simply preparation for the crucial work that the fighting man must do. And that fighting man must be our best man. He must know that he is our best man. The people at home must know that he is our best man and be proud of him as such. He must have pride in himself and confidence. The present working of the so-called selective system, taking artisans from our fighting organizations, after months of drill, for special service and for other units, is humbling the fighting man's pride and undermining his confidence in himself. He feels that he is the leftover and not the chosen one. Skilled artisans, needed for special service, should be picked direct from the exemption board and never sent here to camp to drill with the infantry or artillery."

## Psychology—in a Swagger Stick

I AM given to understand that in the future selective increments will be differently handled. I hope so. It may be that military necessity demanded the method used with the first selective army. It is my hope and belief that in the future each incoming recruit will be immediately investigated and those specially qualified and needed for special work abroad will be transferred at once and not stolen later from among the trained fighting men who have mastered the hard lessons in the carefully organized division units to the hurt of the morale of both officers and men. Anything is of value that adds in any way to the pride of a fighting man. General Leonard Wood, commanding Camp Funston, is well aware of that fact. He issued an order requiring all the officers of the division to wear chin straps and at all times to carry canes or riding crops. He also encouraged the men in the ranks to carry swagger sticks when they were away from the reservation on pass or furlough. The psychological effect is excellent. War is not peace, and a soldier is not a civilian. Anything is good which at this time hastens the translation of the civilian into a soldier and changes the atmosphere about him from that of peace to that of war. The carrying of the sticks gives the men a certain bearing. A soldier carrying a swagger stick does not easily slouch or sag. The carrying of the stick is an announcement of the assumption of a certain position, and the soldier feels that he must carry himself up to it. It helps. The courageous specialist in any dangerous line of activity proclaims himself by some picturesque individuality of attire. The plowman plods his weary way homeward, in a dirt-colored, shapeless outfit; but the cowboy—the specialist—comes lamming in, wearing high-heeled boots, a gaudy handkerchief natty knotted about his throat, a sombrero, and chaps. It is startling, however, to see there at Camp Funston the transformation in the men of the Middle West where a year ago a wrist watch

was a crime and a cane something approximately equivalent to a prison record. It is startling and encouraging, because quick adaptability to the radically altered standards that war has set up is a character asset to be valued.

## The Training of Men

ELEVEN miles north of Des Moines, Iowa, is Camp Dodge. It was built to house 45,000 men, drawing its personnel from Iowa, North Dakota, Minnesota, and a middle belt of Illinois. The camp lies on both sides of the Des Moines River and occupies about 3,500 acres. The camp cost the Government \$5,970,000. Last summer corn, Iowa's greatest crop, was growing where the camp now stands. The whole site was a cornfield. The first work of the laborers was to cut down the grain. There is something moving and significant, something terribly typical of the effect of war, in the destruction of that growing crop to make way for the training of men.

An electric road, several bus lines, and innumerable jitneys connect the camp with Des Moines, the capital of the State and a city of more than 100,000. There is a great deal of civilian welfare work done in the camp. One organization of between three and four hundred women, known as the Camp Mothers, visit the camp daily and do personal work in the barracks.

In Des Moines there is the Army Club; run under the auspices of the local War Recreation Board in connection with the Fossick Commission at Washington, where dances are held three nights each week, partners being provided for the soldiers by patriotic women's clubs of the city. An item in the "Camp Dodge," the cantonment paper, informs the wide world that at a certain dance there were so many more girls than soldiers that the situation was embarrassing, and asks a better turnout of men next time. Certainly no soldier at Camp Dodge is given any spare time to himself in which to brood. Some few of the men are unkind enough to declare that they are not given any spare time in which to do anything. There is much acrimonious discussion as to the value of the civilian social welfare work. It seems to me to be an excellent work, somewhat overdone in the case of Camp Dodge.

There is a regiment at Camp Dodge that probably has a larger percentage of farmers than any other regiment in the United States army. It is the 352d Infantry. Nearly all the men in that regiment are from farms in Minnesota and North Dakota, a section where the farmers are supposed to have been very lukewarm in their support of the war. Up to a period in January that regiment had had no court-martial proceedings. In recognition of its record it was cited in orders from Washington, and Colonel Hawkins, commanding, was publicly complimented by Secretary Baker. The spirit of these men is worth careful nursing, not only for the good they'll do on the firing line, but for the missionary work they will do at home. One old German farmer in the Middle Northwest was very skeptical about the potential military power of the United States.

"I don't stand up for der Kaiser," he was wont to say, "but I know dat he iss got a great army an' it iss a useless waste of human life dat ve got into it, because der Kaiser he vin anyhow."

The old German farmer's boy was among those selected, and sent to Camp Dodge. The old man was pessimistic. "It iss no goot he shoul't go," he declared. "Vot's der use? Ve can't lick der Kaiser."

## Growing Stale

AFTER a few weeks the boy came home on a short leave. When he had returned to camp the old man came downtown singing a new tune that ran something like this:

"Did you see dot boy o' mine? Ain'd he a fine looker in his uniform? You bet he's a soldier, an' dere iss thousands schust like him in der army. Yes! You bet ve got a great army! Ve show dot Kaiser vot for, eh? You bet!"

The Mr. Middle West who is in the army is a splendid missionary of patriotism. But, again but—

They'll have to send Mr. Middle West to France pretty quick if they want him to go with the best spirit. Mr. Middle West is growing stale in training. He's an earnest, intelligent fellow, and he's learned about all he's going to learn in a training camp in this country. He was willing to quit his civilian job to fight in France; but he's not keen on



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remaining away from that job to train any longer in America. Mr. Middle West wants to do one of two things: He wants to fight or go home. He's not unwilling to lay down his life. He is willing to go over the top, but he's not keen on going round and round and round in an endless grind of training.

## An "Authoritative" Tip

A COMPANY officer at Camp Dodge told me of the splendid spirit the men of his company had shown the first four months of their training.

"Then all of a sudden the pep seemed to go out of the whole outfit," he said. "During the first month of training, I'd have sworn that bunch of mine, properly trained and equipped, would lick anything two-legged and stay in a scrap down to the last man. They were hogs for work, full of pep and ginger. Then all of a sudden they went bad on me. They weren't open and rebellious, or anything like that, but they were sore and sullen and lifeless. I got so I hated to pass a man, because when he'd salute me he'd do it in a mean, sore way. I began to think that I either had a bunch of dogs that couldn't keep their tails up after the first few miles or that I was a bad captain and they'd found it out. But, sir, about a week ago the whole outfit turned out as bright as a dollar's worth of new dimes. They buckled into drills as enthusiastically as a lean pup with a fat piece of meat. They're singing in the barracks and on their hikes, and everything's lovely. I'd like to know what happened, because if they ever go bad on me again I want to make sure that the happening is repeated."

A few days later that officer came to see me.

"I found out what brought my outfit back to life," he said abruptly. "My sergeant got what he thought was an authoritative tip that we were going to France within a few weeks, and he spread it. That's what bucked 'em up! I guess that's a bad outfit! I guess I'm going to worry over a bunch that can feel that good just because they think they're going to be in the fighting soon. I guess not! Why, man, there isn't a thing in the world the matter with that outfit o' mine, except that they're just r'arin' to go!"

That officer had Mr. Middle West right. He's r'arin' to go! He's wild to get into the fighting; not because he likes war, but for the good and sufficient reason that he hates it. He hates war and all its ways so bitterly that he wants to go where he's going, do what's got to be done, and get to whatever the end of the matter may be for him, as quickly as possible. Fighting is not Mr. Middle West's business, and because it is so alien to his training and instincts he wants to get it done as thoroughly and quickly as possible. He's r'arin' to go!

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Volume 61 Number 3  
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## Ruby Crosses the Rubicon

Continued from page 22

Ordinarily young people of sound nerves and digestions would not have minded these persecutions, but coming on top of the disappointment of the car these antics began to wear upon frazzled nerves. Zinnia was thinking up some tactful device for sending Hartley away when her caller saved her from this trouble.

"Well, Zinnia," he said, "I think I'd better be running along. I have to"—the young man was not ingenious upon short notice—"I kinda promised to meet a fella—"

"Of course if you just came for the ride—"

Zinnia was frankly angry. It is one thing to send your young man from the presence and quite another for him to go as a volunteer. Perhaps, for once, Hartley did seem to have something else on his mind.

"You know that isn't true. There is nothing I'd rather do than stay here, only—". Hartley had stopped one word too late.

"Only what?" There are several unpleasant ways of saying those two words. Zinnia chose one of these.

"Well, now, of course a person doesn't have such a good time when these children are butting in all the time."

"Oh, I suppose my family ought to be locked up when you call?"

This was no time for brutal frankness, so he evaded this question.

"Just to show you—I won't go. I'll stay right here."

Zinnia pretended to interpret "here" as the semiprivate shady nook in which they were holding this unpleasantness.

"Well, I hope you have a good time. I'm going to the house."

"Now, Zinnia, I didn't mean—"

"No, Hartley. It's just as well we found out before—before it's entirely too late. I—good-by, Hartley. I hope we shall always be good friends. We can never be anything more."

"Mebbe you'll feel different about this some day. To-morrow mebbe."

"Good-by, Hartley." Zinnia darted through the shrubbery toward the house. The termination of the interview was so sudden that it surprised a young thing lying upon her stomach under a bush, as if deep in study of the insect world. The mutual discovery was more embarrassing to the older sister than to the younger.

"Who you goin' to have for a fella now?" asked Ruby. Grass stains and good brown earth now added to the richness of her color scheme.

"You go to the house and clean up before the Board of Health sees you!"

Ruby went—but not as a galley slave. She moved with the majestic calm of one who is sure of one's position. "We can never be nuthin' but friends," she misquoted.

ON her way to the house Zinnia encountered the other banes of her existence. "Did that guy go away?" asked Ned innocently.

"If you should see Hartley Winters coming in here any time, you are at liberty"—here Zinnia adopted the crude speech of her audience—"to bounce anything off his head."

"All right," said Ted. "Now we can get some bricks here, Ned, in case—"

"Yeah, we can have several piles of 'em around here. Anybody else?" The red-headed Janus had taken up the old job of guarding the gate.

Zinnia drew her brothers in at each side of her. For all the great gulf of years between them the red heads were almost as high as the brown one. The thing would have made an impressive family group. "You'll protect me against all the world, won't you?"

There was no hypocrisy in the fine glow of brotherly love which enveloped these boys. They, who had done what they could to ruin their sister's afternoon, now, so complicated is the mind of youth, were glad to bounce bricks off the heads of all her alien enemies.

"Walk in front of me," said Zinnia, "like a football interference."

Nedanted should have been warned by the change in Zinnia's speech and manner, but all unsuspecting they took their places as directed. The next they knew was skyrockets over the face of nature, for Zinnia had raised that good tennis arm and knocked their heads together. This was no sisterly love pat, but a resounding, teeth-shattering, skull-jarring blow. They turned in fierce defense, but Zinnia, with a fine coordination of footwork and fist work, rained

uppercuts and side swipes upon her dear brothers' freckled faces. Moreover, she took an unmaidenly joy in this low pursuit.

Some young women who in one afternoon had lost a beau and discovered the hollowness of human nature would have gone into a weepy decline, affected solitude, and become apathetic in the presence of food. But Zinnia's reaction was that she was a failure as an adult. So she turned back the hands of time.

Mrs. Brazelton, attracted by the shouts of triumph and the shrieks of human anguish, looked out the window to see her daintily clad daughter engaged in mortal combat with her difficult sons. There may have been in the back of her mind disquieting thoughts of laundresses and seamstresses, but what she said was: "Well, that's over." She intimated as much to Mr. Brazelton when he came home for supper.

The actual fighting was of short duration, but there was a lot of hilarious chasing about the place and throwing of various loose articles, including water—the latter during a sketch "washing up" at the kitchen sink before supper. At this aquatic carnival Phelia handed in one of her famous resignations.

TO Nedanted this getting back of a long-lost playmate was an occasion to be made the most of while it lasted, but by the iron law of compensation this gain was not to be without its corresponding loss. Just as five members of the family were pulling out chairs for the evening meal there appeared in the doorway a vision in white—a bathed-looking, combed-looking person, bridling with ribbons. Coming as it did just as the family was seating itself, this entrance showed an instinctive sense of dramatic values.

Ruby had done her work with characteristic thoroughness and attention to detail. Throughout the day's activity of causing unhappiness and acquiring oil, rust, and real estate she had put her whole soul into her efforts, so when she cleaned up she did so to a surprising, almost painful, extent. The boys had a suspicion that she had voluntarily taken a bath all over. Her equipment was one commonly used only at birthday parties of a high order. Her tow-colored hair, which ordinarily tried to be inconspicuous in a commonplace braid, had been laundered and combed out loose so that it followed her around like a well-trained cloud. Her hands showed signs of conscientious endeavor, and a close student of complexions would have noted that her face had paid a recent visit to Zinnia's dressing table.

Some time had passed since this dress had made its first appearance—at a Sunday-school entertainment. It had shrunk while its owner had lengthened; it no longer came between the general public and Ruby's knees. Yet she had an illusion of sweeping into the room like a movie actress with a long train.

The twins and Zinnia indulged in ill-bred guffaws at her approach, but the apparition only elevated her stubby nose a fraction of an inch and made it clear that she did not associate with the lower classes. Her surprising remark was: "Good evening, father."

"Good evening," said the uneasy real-estate man. He now found that, since he had not seen his youngest child since noon, he was expected to shake hands. Ruby raised her hand to an abnormal height and treated her father's fingers to a jerky, sidewise motion. She had once seen a stylishly dressed lady shake hands that way and had never got over it. She was convinced that high handshakes were inextricably involved with high society. The boys had seen this high-handed business before, but it was new to father. Before Mr. Brazelton had got used to what was happening to his hand it was surprisingly let go. It gave a wag or two before it discovered that it was alone.

"Well, now that you two have got acquainted," said mother, "suppose we have a little supper."

MRS. BRAZELTON'S good intention was to restore normality to the evening meal, but the situation was beyond even her diplomatic powers. A queen on the way to the ball had dropped in for supper with this humble family, and it was no time for mirth or laughter. Where Ruby sat was ipso facto the head of the table. What a few minutes before had promised to be rather a riotous per-



formance now became something of a social function. Father fidgeted nervously as if he expected to be called upon for a speech. Mother tried to be casual and homelike, but the general tone of manners and morals was perceptibly raised. The refining influence even soaked through to the proletariat, and Ted was once almost distinctly heard to say please.

As Zinnia looked across at the promising young actress she got a renewal of the suspicion that had once or twice before entered her mind at moments when Ruby was taking one of her famous trips across the Rubicon into cleanliness and civilization. Mr. Brazelton would come to admit it some day the twins probably never would—but neither had known about it for quite a while. This hoyden, whose richest pleasure was groveling under a rose bush like a human garter snake, whose appearance was normally so unsanitary and whose conduct was so impeachable that brothers associated with her on terms of perfect equality—this superbomboy had potentially, dawningly, almost certainly, the fatal gift of beauty.

At last the solemn festival managed to pull through as far as dessert. Ruby, without appearing in a hurry, had succeeded in emptying her cup of custard before the others had got more than half through theirs.

"Mother," she asked sweetly, "may I have another cup?"

"I'm afraid there isn't any more, dear," Mrs. Brazelton replied.

"Never mind, mother," the empress said. "Ted will give me the rest of his."

"Huh?" Ted hastily made sure of what was already in his spoon, and reflected an instant. He may not have been an intellectual giant, but he knew a day of reckoning when he saw one.

"All right," he said gruffly.

His brother was now observed to slide an arm protectively about his cup and eat with renewed activity.

"Ned-ee." The tone was saccharine, yet full of barbed wire.

"Well, you can have mine too," said the victim.

WHAT forthwith passed between the two young ladies of the Brazelton family was managed entirely without the vulgarity of words. Ruby's look seemed sisterly enough, but her lips moved lightly, and Zinnia's guilty conscience conjured up the burlesque version: "We can never be nuthin' but friends." Zinnia surrendered without firing a shot.

"Won't you have mine too?" she said sweetly.

"Well, what's going on here?" asked Mr. Brazelton. "What's the matter with everybody? You must know something about 'em all." Ruby looked quite pained at this low suggestion. "What's it—"

"Oh, father, by the way, that reminds me," said the slack-wire artist, Mrs. Brazelton. It evidently didn't remind her very hard, for she needed a moment for meditation. "I wonder if we couldn't do something now about those aundry tubs."

This was obviously weak, but there was not one of the children who cared to have the subject reopened. The titular head of the family gathered that the mysterious blackmailing that was going on had something to do with the Hartley Winters deliverance and that his well-informed wife, for her own good reasons, had decided to call it a day.

"Yes," he said, referring to the aundry tubs, "I'll look into it to-morrow."

Ruby sat at the receipt of custard and smiled maddeningly upon her victims. She showed more relish for her lessert than was absolutely necessary. The boys, with that spiritual sympathy before mentioned, often thought the same things at approximately the same time. What they now thought, all but audibly, was: "Darn 'er." They wondered what Ruby knew about Zinnia that was so delightfully damaging. Zinnia wondered what Ruby knew about them. They would never know, for Ruby always stays bought.

Perhaps a perfect lady would not have scraped four custard cups quite so clean, but Ruby finished upon a high plane. This show was to remain a polished performance to the final curtain. The family had been waiting with an obvious display of patience for Ruby to finish, yet she managed to catch them napping and leave the boys open-mouthed and baffled.

"Mother, dear," said Ruby, "will you excuse me?"

She arose gracefully and glided majestically from the room.



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## Those Browning Guns

Continued from page 17

In the tests at the Springfield armory the Browning heavy-type gun fired 39,500 shots without a break. That means it used up just about \$2,000 worth of cartridges in one run. In another test 20,000 shots were fired in 48 minutes 18 seconds. There were only three stoppages, and each of these was due to a defective cartridge.

The heavy-type gun looks a good deal like the Colt machine gun which Brown-

in his back pocket. The theory was that the bullet would go through the hole while the gases were

## A Wind That Blows from Picardy

By Paul Scott Mowrer

Black-eyed girl in the garden close,

Hemming the sheet so fine and white,

Why do you start when falls a rose?

The full-blown rose was his delight.

Brown-haired woman, tired and lean,

Pressing a babe to the heavy breast—

The breast he loved to slumber on—

Why do you stir with vague unrest?

Gray-haired mother, kneeling alone,

Plucking the weeds from the pansy bed—

The gentle flowers he called his own—

Why do you pause and lift your head?

A wind that blows from Picardy—

From Picardy, where lie the slain—

A wind that blows from Picardy

Is breathing low beside the lane.

ing previously devised, and even more like the Vickers-Maxim gun which the British are using. It is lighter than the Vickers-Maxim. It weighs 34½ pounds with the water jacket on—a jacket that holds about a gallon. It is fed ordinarily with a web belt holding 250 cartridges, although belts of as many as 1,000 cartridges can be used. It fires at the rate of 450 to 600 shots a minute, as preferred. For airplane use the water jacket can be dispensed with—a 100-mile breeze cools the barrel.

There is something pleasing to the imagination in the fact that these guns, apparently destined to play a great part in the immediate future, are the work of a man without theoretical knowledge or training. Nobody knows where Browning got his knowledge or how he does his work. Mechanisms for guns "just come" to him. Any graduate of West Point knows more about ballistics than he. Hundreds of amateur rifle shots know more about the fine points of special loads. But Browning is the master mechanic—the Yankee handy man for whom things come right. He had a theory when he was working on his original automatic—the pistol of which the Fabrique Nationale in Belgium manufactured 2,000,000 before the war, the pistol the Germans are now manufacturing in quantity with the tools and factory of the Fabrique, the pistol the Kaiser carries

rounding the muzzle would exert back pressure on the board. What they did. The kicked the gun across the room. Browning proved his theory.

Then he went to work to devise a mechanism which would steal some of the surplus gases from the barrel, at a point near the muzzle, and use them to operate the breech mechanism, throwing out the empty cartridge case and inserting the fresh cartridge. And he has used very much the same principle in his new light machine rifle—where is gas-operated an air-cooled. (In the heavy type of machine gun he has used a recoil-operated mechanism.)

And if it is pleasing to know that a man without any special training became the world's greatest inventor of small arms, it is even more pleasing to find that he belongs to that West which is almost gone—what with fences and dry-farming and the I. W. W.

He has those eyes—the eyes that may be an accident of temperament, or may be produced by living in a country where the air is clearer and one can see farther than anywhere else on earth—at any rate, the eyes of the man who can shoot. Yes, Browning belongs to that West which flowered for the last time in that famous regiment of 1898, the Rough Riders, just as truly as he belongs to that long list of Yankee inventors, of handy men, for whom machines "come right."

## The Adventures of Colin O'Rell

Continued from page 16

back so that it would not flap, she forgot the complexion that spoke of too much indulgence of the appetites, and the mean eyes. She only knew that she was in the presence of the man who was one of the immortal heroes who had helped to stop the Hun at the Marne.

They were in the parlor of Dufresne's suite at the Regent. Whoever of the Marquis's adherents had been spying upon her could have followed her only to the door of the hotel. Within Dufresne's room she was safe from espionage.

"You have, of course, credentials?" asked Dufresne.

Colin looked at him through blurred eyes. The Dufresne before her disappeared; in his place appeared another Dufresne who wore the uniform of France, who braved the horrors of a battle field that the invader's line might be turned. She never thought to ask for his credentials; his empty sleeve was enough.

She knew at last the headquarters of the Marquis. She was face to face with a French patriot. The menace that the Marquis constituted to America and her allies would be done away with in a short time now. And this man was of a race that idealized the relations of man and woman. Colonel Dufresne would not heedlessly, by hasty action, endanger the life of Fernald, who was

imprisoned, to all intents, by the Marquis. "Credentials?" she echoed. She turned away from him a moment. From the lacy hiding place at her breast she brought forth a tiny gold badge. Wordlessly she handed it to Dufresne.

The Frenchman's eyebrows raised. "But this, mademoiselle, is the badge of the Secret Service of the United States!"

She laughed. "And I," she said, "am Colin O'Rell."

Dufresne stared at her. "Not Mlle. Fourès?"

Colin shook her head. And then words of explanation poured from her lips. Dufresne listened. Twice impulsively he started for the telephone, interrupting her relation, but each time she called him back. She finished.

"But, mademoiselle, what you say is incredible!" He raised his hand. "I do not mean that I doubt you, but this monster who betrays America, who sells France for the gold of the boche—we cannot wait a moment! Even as we sit here he may be planning some new treachery! We must notify your Government at once!"

"Please," cried Colin.

Dufresne stared at her. "But, mademoiselle, to delay a moment when we know where this vile Marquis is—it is impossible!"

But Colin was fighting for the life of





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the man she loved. She laid her fingers on the wrist of Dufresne.

"But Mr. Fernald deserves better of his country than death," she cried. "If men are sent directly to the Marquis's house, Mr. Fernald will be killed."

Dufresne ceased walking up and down the room. He made with his one hand a gesture of hopelessness.

"But what can be done, mademoiselle?"

"The Government wants the Marquis," said Colin. "But it would not wish the capture of the Marquis to endanger Mr. Fernald."

"But the Marquis will be suspicious," objected Dufresne. "How would it be possible to rescue Mr. Fernald?"

"I can go back there," declared Colin. "Together Mr. Fernald and I can think of some way of escape."

**DUFRESNE** looked at her. "And if you cannot think of that, then you can die together? That is it?"

Slowly the color ebbed from the cheeks of Colin O'Rell. Her eyes glowed. She was young and life is precious to youth. But Fernald had risked his life for her, and in the risking had forever won the heart and soul of her. Slowly her head bowed in assent to Dufresne's words.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. He bowed. "C'est magnifique, mademoiselle, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!" he quoted.

The color flowed back into the cheeks of Colin; it stained her forehead, her throat.

"C'est l'amour," she answered.

She had not yet, in so many words, told Fernald that she loved him; somehow it seemed sacrilege that this open confession of her love for Fernald should be made to ears other than his. And yet the love that burned in her bosom was as the flag is to the soldier who goes forth to certain death. Not to have retorted to Dufresne's quotation would have been, she felt, almost to deny Fernald's place in her heart. She had reached the end of service to her country; if delay would have jeopardized that service, she would not have asked Dufresne to wait; but the few moments of grace for which she asked could do no harm. Dufresne's mean eyes seemed to brighten with chivalry as he granted her request.

"You may go back to M. Fernald," he told her. "Within an hour men will be there. God guard you until then, mademoiselle."

**IN** the same automobile that had conveyed her to Dufresne's hotel, Colin rode back to the warehouse on West Street which the Marquis had converted into his headquarters. There were guards there posing as clerks in an apparently busy wholesale fiber business, and once out of the automobile Colin knew that she could not turn back. But there was in her heart no desire to turn back. In her hand bag was a small revolver, and with that she would make the last stand with Fernald one not too easy for the Marquis. Yet it was bitter of Fate so to involve her and the man she loved that in the moment of their victory they should face death. But honor and love both told her that no other course had been open to her save to return. The moment the Federal authorities arrived bloodshed would begin. The Marquis was not the sort tamely to submit to arrest. He would prefer death, she knew. And of that bloodshed Fernald was destined to be a victim. There was no hope of surprising the Marquis; of that she felt certain. A while ago she had believed in the justice of God and had felt that Fernald would win clear. But God's justice works in ways not always understandable to the human mind. Only a miracle could save Fernald, and she did not hope for that. But love and honor had spoken to her, and she had heeded their speech. The old martyrs who begged for death at the hands of the infidel were no more exalted than was Colin O'Rell as she entered the lair of the Marquis. Across the water men gave their lives for the Yankee flag. She could do as much as they. And death by the side of Fernald—

She was smiling as she walked down the corridor on which was the office of the Marquis.

She had had little hope of reaching Fernald before the Marquis saw her, and what she had expected came true. For the Marquis's door was open, and he called to her as she would have passed. She entered his room. There was no use in refusing; to temporize, to lull his suspicions that she felt were



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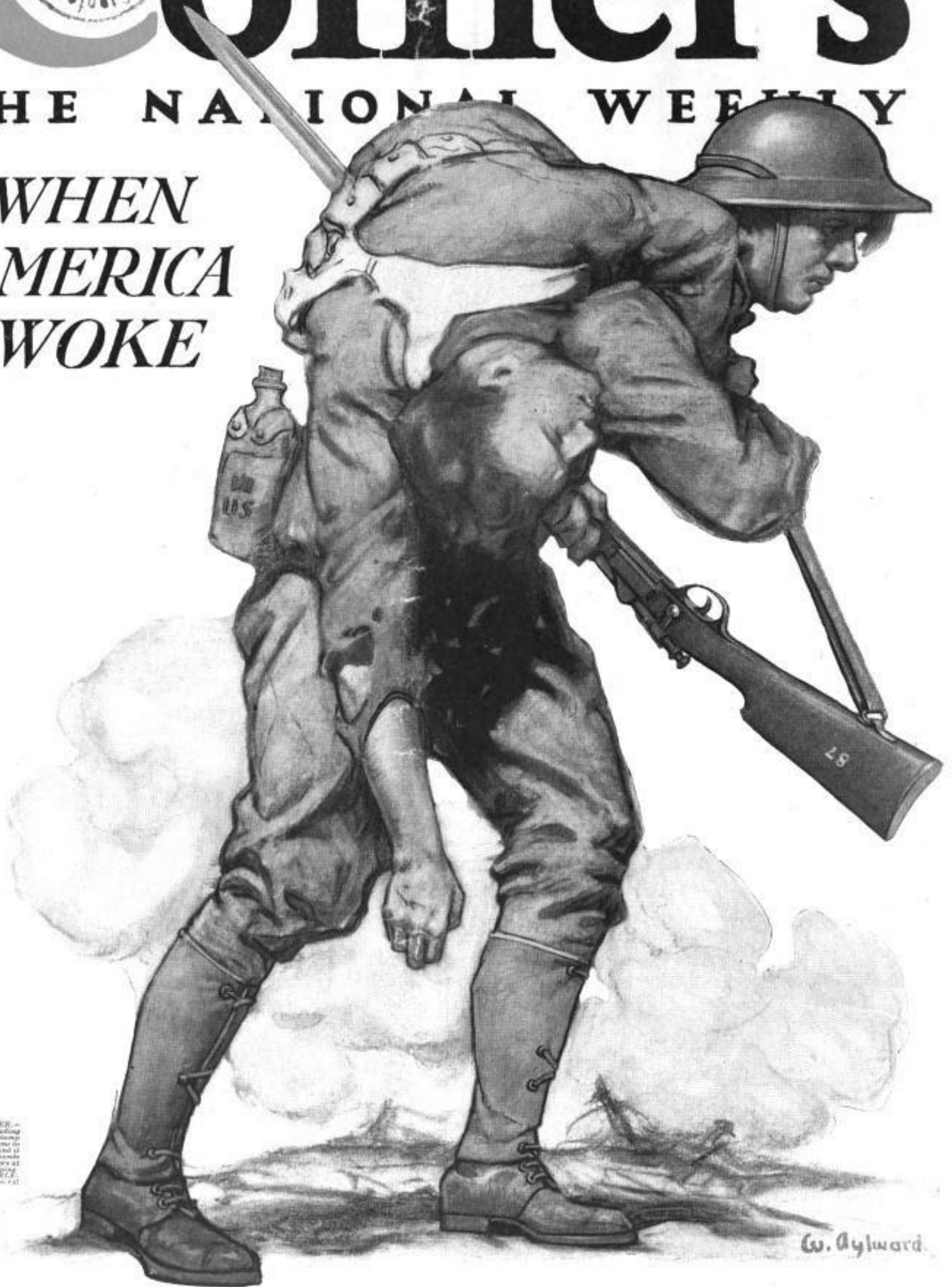


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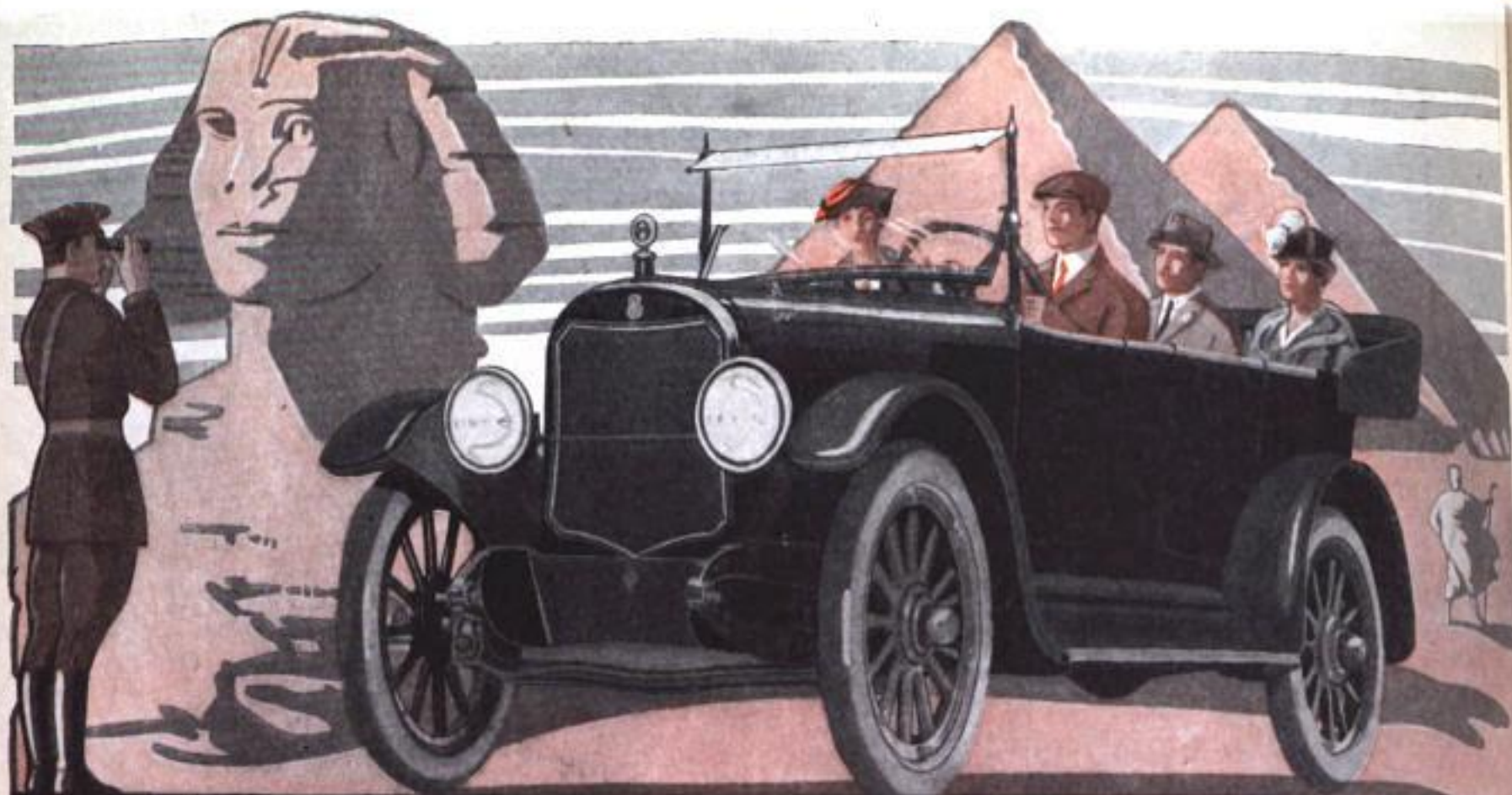


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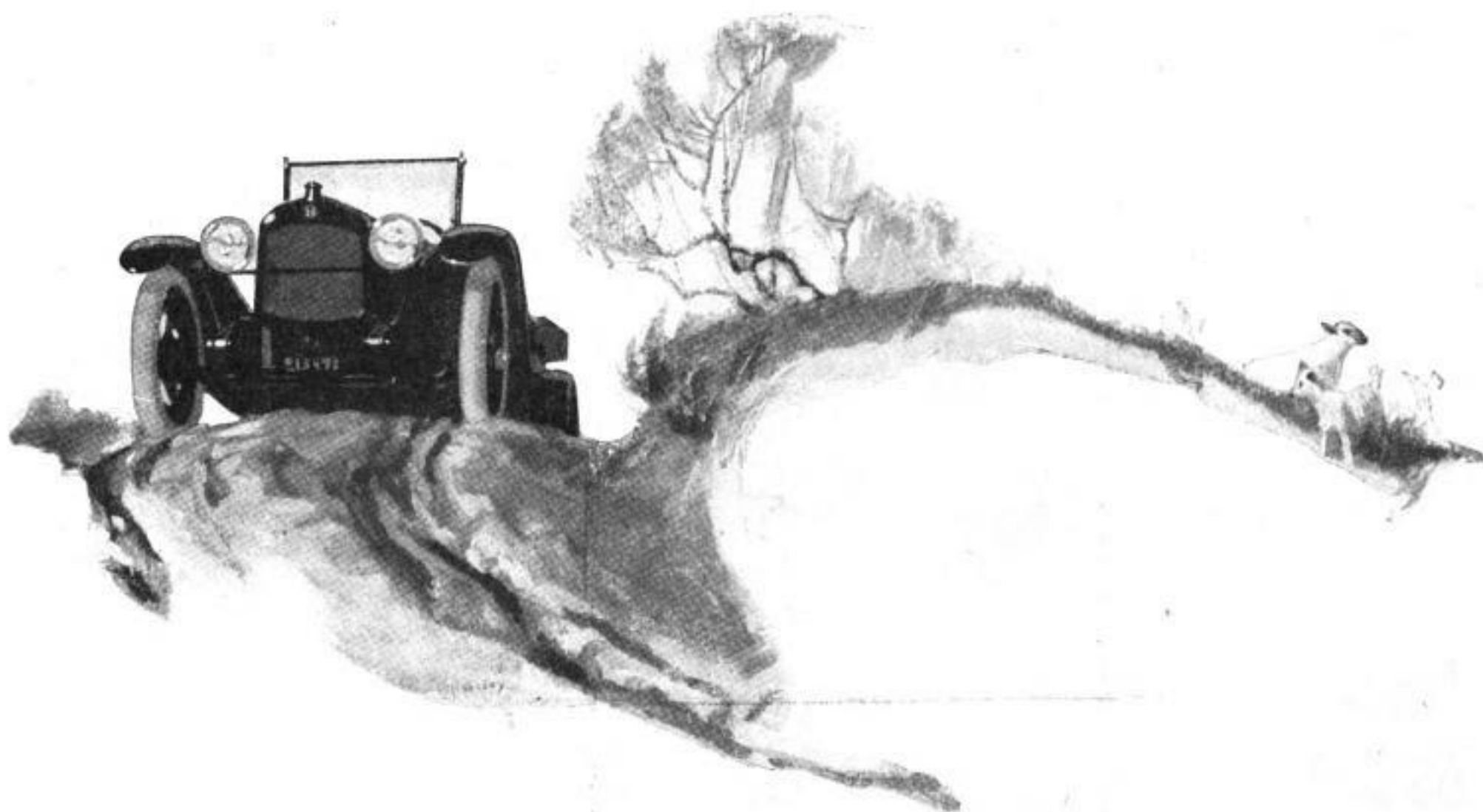
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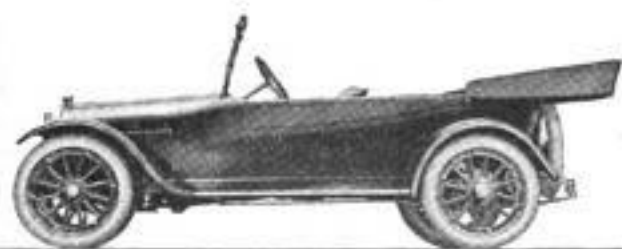
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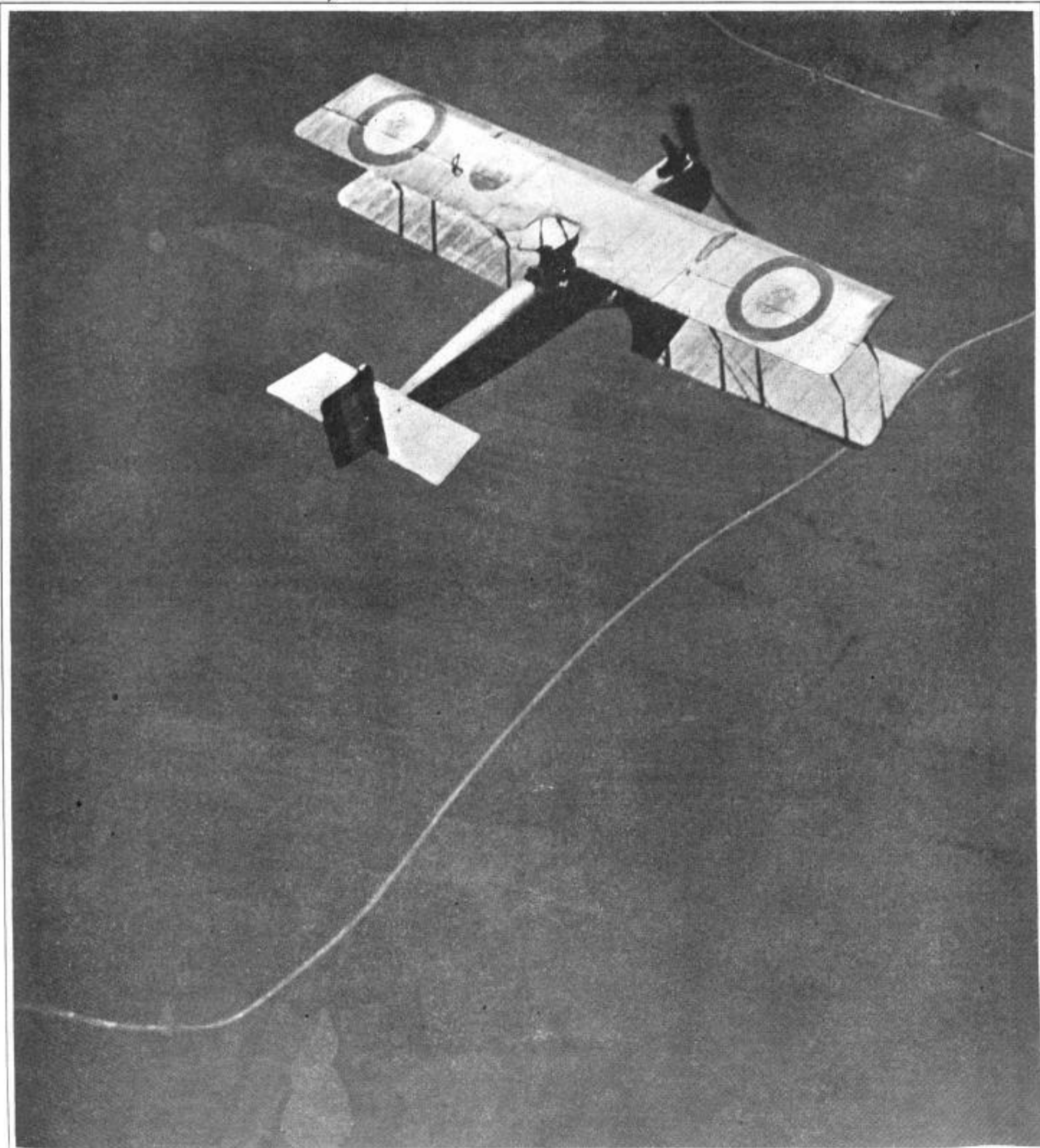


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P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

APRIL 6, 1918  
VOLUME 51 NUMBER 4



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## OVER THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

*A remarkable photograph, made by a French aviator, showing a second machine in mid-air, its body and wings illuminated by the afternoon sun*





# WHEN AMERICA WOKE

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—England's first year of war was completed a long time ago, on August 4, 1915. But what a different first year it was from ours! On that first anniversary England held a solemn service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Solemn it well might be. She numbered her dead in hundreds of thousands. The wounded, the wreckage of war, thrust themselves on England's eyes in every street and country road. The enemy had been literally at her throat. England had been in the fire. She had passed through Mons and Ypres and the second Ypres. She had seen new forms of death, ingenious, monstrous. She had tasted horror—as we have not. For we have not come to apprehend the day that brings the week's casualty list, nor learned to cover with silence the fresh draft on our fortitude. When we pick the day's paper up, we have not had the occasion to cover grief with serenity, as a duty to our neighbor with a similar grief. Not yet! The spiritual gain of war is sacrifice. We have not reaped. But all in good time! The London "Times" was able to say of that first year: "The people face the remote end with a rising courage."

## America Wills to War

THERE is a theory about the present status of the war, held by some thoughtful men in Washington (if this theory is not sound, the disproof of it will probably have come by the time this article is printed). The theory, to state it in the simplest way, is this: That the present war is at an end, or, at least, that the first stage of the war is over, and that we shall now have, for about a year, an interlude, without a formal general peace—such an interlude as used to come in the Napoleonic wars; that the Germans will make no offensive in the west during the coming year, but will merely hold the line, using the resting spell to consolidate and organize their great gains in Russia and the East; that in about a year the second stage of the war—or, if you choose to call it so, a new war with a somewhat changed alignment—will begin, in which the United States will have to bear the principal burden. (The reasons which are given to back up this theory are many, intricate, and plausible. But for the purpose of making the present somewhat immaterial point, it is enough merely to state the theory.) If you accept the theory, you can well imagine the Kaiser, as he finishes cleaning up the crumbs in the East and comes toward the end of this breathing spell, calling in Hindenburg and Ludendorff, to survey the situation, to cast the balance, and make estimates of what is ahead. And in such a conference you can easily imagine the Kaiser asking his aids: "What of America?" Hindenburg may bluster and bluff; but Ludendorff is a man of thought; Ludendorff would say: "A thing has happened, Majestät, a thing that is like the pulling of the lever of a great machine. At first the wheels turn quite slowly, but they gather great momentum. America

has taken a step. It was for her a very strange step, an unfamiliar step, but having decided to take it, she has taken it all, and whole-heartedly. She has willed to war. She has turned herself for the time into a war machine, and that machine has been gathering momentum for now two years already. A very great democracy, the greatest of democracies, has organized for war, to 'make the world safe for democracy,' as their President Wilson says. They have adopted what we always assumed such a loose democracy would never adopt—the draft, as they call it. We did not count upon that: we counted on these Americans adopting their traditional system, the volunteer system. It is a thing to be considered, Majestät. It is a serious thing, not merely for now and for you, but for the future, for your son and your dynasty and for the system of autocracy that is the concern of us all. They have registered ten million young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. About a third of them they are drilling, and the rest they will drill also, as the machine gathers momentum. And each year will add a million. That army, man for man, will average higher, physically and mentally, than any other soldiers in the world. When that machine reaches the maximum that ultimately it must come to, automatically, it will be by far the most powerful war machine in the world, and it will be dedicated to the destruction of autocracy. It is a thing most menacing to your dynasty and to our system of government.

Moreover, this new system of national service will make of America a nation. It will give her what she did not have, and what we assumed she could not have; it will give her compactness, solidarity. It will give her common ideals and common purposes. It will give her a national consciousness. It will give her that same homogeneity that has made us ourselves so strong. You know, Majestät, we

And you can imagine Von Hindenburg summing it up: "Ja, that America will now a nation be. No longer is she a Babylonian boarding house."

## First—the Draft

IN any summing up of our first year's war achievements, the draft is the first and most important. Our enemies thought we could not do it. Our friends thought we could not do it. Many of us, ourselves, believed we could not do it. Many of our leading men, in office and out of it, up to a week before we did it, dismissed the idea as too improbable. Those who believed in conscription, and hoped for it, thought we should only come to it after years of bungling compromise with the volunteer system, as we did in the Civil War. They recalled that in the Civil War we clung to the volunteer system for two years, varying it, as we got deeper into the system's vices, with bounties for enlistments, which ran as high as \$300, before sixteen months of the war had passed—a device which led to more than a hundred thousand desertions; they recalled that when Lincoln finally did get around to the draft system, there were riots throughout the country, the rioters in New York getting control of the city for some days. It was predicted that we could not have the draft system in this war without riots.

Any betting man, a week after the war began, could have made a fortune by making bets against our adopting the draft with congressmen and senators who, when the time came, voted for it, staring at each other in surprise as they did so. The great majority of Congress did not believe it was practicable, and a vast majority of the people had deep convictions against it. But they accepted it with complete and whole-hearted good faith, as only rarely do we accept things against our convictions. It was due partly to the spell of war, partly to confidence in President Wilson. Perhaps that was the compensation for his two years of costly waiting. Possibly that long exhibition of patience, of effort to remain out of war, was necessary to convince our people that war was inevitable, to the degree that would make us willing to adopt conscription. They say that the President is weak on the material side of making war, the practical, physical side. And the criticism is true. But the most material and practical thing we did was the adoption of the draft. That is the foundation wall of everything else.

We have adopted a system which, with supplementary legislation from time to time, will turn out such an army as the world has never known, such an army as no other existing nation can have.

Quite aside from its military value, the draft system is going to give us other benefits which will be valuable national assets. The other day a captain in our new National Army told a story of his experience in teaching a squad to shoot. There were eight men in the squad—men from Youngstown, Ohio. These eight men spoke eight different languages—

## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ONE YEAR

	April 6, 1917	April 6, 1918	Ratio
Trained soldiers under arms.	160,000	1,400,000	875%
National budget	One billion	Twenty billions	2,000%
Personnel of the navy	84,000	343,000	400%
Personnel of the Signal Corps	1,400	140,000	10,000%
Annual production of merchant ships	250,000 tons	1,500,000 tons	600%

counted on her lack of solidarity, her lack of discipline, her looseness, her lack of homogeneity—so much so that we relied upon the several millions in America of our own German blood to keep her out of the war. All that, Majestät, is of the past. America has taken a step which will result in unity of character, of spirit, of purpose. And that unity, now or very soon, will express itself by organizing all her material resources and energies into one common purpose. And that purpose, Majestät, to be blunt, will be the elimination of your dynasty."



none of them English, which was the reason they had been put into a special squad. The captain spoke English, but no other language. And it was his special task to teach men none of whom could understand his language and none of whom could understand any of the others.

And while this instance is not really typical of America it is one of the extreme cases which make dramatic a national defect of ours which the draft is going to cure.

### A Year's Expansion

WE have officers. That is a brief sentence of three words, but the fact it expresses is of supreme importance. If we were to set down our present military assets in the order of relative value, close to the top of the list would be those 50,000 selected and trained men physically and mentally able to lead and direct soldiers on the fighting front. They are literally "picked men." The War Department's official phrase describes them as "selected after observation and training."

Old-fashioned statesmen used to speak of our little force of regulars as "the nucleus of an army." Now, the fact is that a small army is not the nucleus for a large army. The real nucleus of an army is a body of officers. Once you have officers, you can make an army, and the size of the army you can make is in direct proportion to the number of trained officers you have, in the relation of about thirty soldiers to one officer.

Our Civil War lasted two years before either the North or the South had an appreciable body of officers who knew their business. The Civil War was a four years' struggle between armies that were learning the soldier's trade while they fought—teaching men in actual war in order to teach more men in actual war. In the present war one of England's greatest handicaps was the tragic wiping out of her trained officers in the first shock. England had to begin at the bottom with little or nothing but retired majors to train a new body of officers.

In the same way Russia, in the first and second years of the war, lost months of precious time by the difficulty of replacing the officers who had been killed, so that at one time it was proposed to bring in Japanese officers. (Russia's plight in this respect was made worse by the fact that so large a proportion of her soldiers were illiterate and therefore incapable of being made into officers.)

Officers the United States now has, in numbers that are adequate for the present and capable of automatic expansion to any requirements that the future may bring. For this adequate body of officers we must thank Plattsburg and the other officers' training camps which came into being, not merely as an event of our year of war, but largely before it and independent of it—and largely independent, also, of our War Department; largely independent of our formal preparation for war. It is not the War Department nor the Administration that primarily is to be thanked for the extraordinary body of officers we now have. The Plattsburg idea was conceived by General Leonard Wood two years before we entered the war, and carried out by him, with the aid of a small group of earnest young civilians, not merely without any help from the Administration, but rather in spite of its discouragement to preparedness. When we finally did enter the war, there were twenty thousand Plattsburg graduates, and the whole Plattsburg machinery was turned over to the War Department. That was what has enabled the department to be forehanded about officers, to a greater degree than in any other of its functions.

Do you recall, by the way, how narrowly we escaped the political colonel, the system of officers appointed by State governors, on a basis of forty-eight varieties of political pull? That plan, in the discussion that preceded our present preparedness, was put forward with much pressure, chiefly from old-fashioned State rights advocates and politicians who see every national expansion primarily in terms of patronage. That had been our way in our previous wars. In the Spanish War Bryan was the political colonel of a Nebraska regiment. We have got away from all that, and the betterment is not merely military. It is moral as well.

Yes, when Germany, in her present pause, surveys the world to analyze the present facts and determine her future course, she will take earnest account of the fact that America to-day has more than 50,000

officers, 50,000 line officers (distinct from the other 50,000 officers who do not figure in the line, who are doctors, quartermasters, and the like)—50,000 young men, lean men, fighting men, "selected after observation and training"—capable of automatic expansion to any number that may be needed for as big an army and as long a war as our spirit may endure.

The navy is a little farther ahead in preparedness than any other department. George Creel gets a good deal of satisfaction out of this. He has long been a friend and partisan of Secretary Daniels, and when George likes a man, he approves of him highly. Two or three years ago, when everybody else was on Daniels's neck, Creel was saying to all who would listen, and writing in every paper he could cajole his stuff into, that Daniels was a most unappreciated man. To Creel, Daniels is the greatest secretary of the navy that this country ever had. He is also the first real democrat (democrat with a small "d") the navy ever had as its head. Per contra, he is the greatest disciplinarian the navy ever had. When Creel is for a man, he is for him. To him Daniels is a greater seaman than the Ancient Mariner and a greater strategist than Admiral Nelson. He is at one and the same time a greater fighter than Von Tirpitz, and a greater pacifist than Trotsky. Creel is strong for Daniels. When the furore of investigation was on a few weeks ago, when the Senate was calling Mr. Baker on the carpet and holding hearings over the Shipping Board, Creel used to go grinning around Washington, saying to all the former critics: "Anybody page Mr. Daniels? Anybody want to investigate the navy?"

As a matter of fact, Daniels did hump himself a

was much smaller than the expansion demanded of the other departments. Mr. Daniels, being first on the job, was able to grab all our shipbuilding capacity. Many of our shipbuilding plants will be busy for months ahead with Mr. Daniels's work. That is one of the reasons our building of merchant ships is in such extremely bad shape. Then, too, the navy didn't have to expand more than about 400 per cent. The army, on the other hand, had to expand at least 500 per cent in the smallest of its departments; in other departments as much as 5,000 per cent; and ultimately it will expand in the bulk of its activities as much as 10,000 per cent. The navy's expansion could be accomplished without any change in organization. It just spread out, doubling on itself twice in one year.

### In the Air

WHEN you express the expansion which we have had to attempt during the past year in terms of percentages, the figures are huge. In the matter of flying, for example, it has been not less than 10,000 per cent. When war was declared we had perhaps seventy-five officers in the Signal Corps. Of these a few could fly. We had a few airplanes of modest power, suitable for elementary training purposes. We had no airplanes suitable for work in battle—no airplanes armed with guns. A little earlier—when we went after Villa in Mexico—we were able to muster a single aerial squadron. There were twelve men who could fly and about eight 90-horsepower planes. Of these planes, every one was lost in the Mexican sands. An appropriation of half a million dollars provided a dozen planes of 160 to 200 horsepower.

When we went into the war the personnel of this branch of the service numbered 1,400 men. Now it numbers, all told, 100 times as many.

When war began there was no real airplane industry in this country. We were not producing engines or planes on a par with those which had been developed in Europe. Speaking by and large, we knew nothing about air fighting. We didn't know what sort of equipment was required. We didn't have the factories for making the equipment.

The Aircraft Production Board went to work to produce an engine—an American engine. In the past year it has had designed, built, tested, and redesigned a twelve-cylinder airplane engine which, while weighing only 800 pounds, develops from 400 to 450 horsepower. (The nearest rival of this engine, the English Rolls-Royce, weighs 930 pounds and develops 380 horsepower.)

There is a powerful appeal to the imagination in this Liberty motor. Compared to the horse, for which Richard III offered his kingdom, the Liberty motor is a small piece of machinery. It has half a horse's weight and a fifth of a horse's bulk, but it has the power of 400 horses.

The Signal Corps insists that this engine is the best engine for the purpose in the world. It represents a pooling of all the ideas obtainable in this country and abroad. Granted that it is the best—and in Washington there is

general agreement about this—there is no question that it can be produced in quantities hitherto unknown in the industry. For military reasons, the exact figures are not permitted to be printed; but it can be said that we are now making ten Liberty motors a day and that within a year we shall be making fifty a day. Our production of training planes has gone so far that we are now storing them against breakage of those in active use; we are producing, all told, nearly 500 airplanes a month, and it is going higher every month. We are actually producing a battle plane of a type for use on the western front—not merely a machine for the training field—a fighting machine.

### June—on the Western Front

THIS branch of the service is accustomed to express the quantity of its activity in terms of hours in the air. The other day, at a field in Texas, the day's total of flying was 857 hours, done by 137 machines which had been in the air during the twenty-four hours. This record has already been broken, but it is interesting to note that all the military flying done in the United States before war was declared would not equal in number of flying hours the record of this one field in one day. And there are eighteen such fields now in use. There is a picturesque detail which illustrates how fast we are expanding in the field of flying, and how quickly we become accustomed to the new. One (Continued on page 21)



America—"Is my hat on straight?"

little earlier than the others. The first real "big navy" appropriation came through in August, 1916. That bill laid down a program for battle cruisers, for twenty destroyers instead of the usual six, for double the former number of battleships. Other emergency and regular appropriations came through in February, in March, and in April. They aggregated about three billion dollars, as much as the navy spent from its foundation in 1794 to the time the war began. Daniels got very busy. There was an American fleet in the war zone within a month after our declaration of war. Our merchant ships were armed. Destroyers were built, and are still building in very large quantities. The greatest destroyer plant in the world is now at Squantum, Mass.; the navy has cut the time schedule of destroyer building from twenty-four months to eight months; it is building more destroyers than England and the United States together had before the war started. As the special necessities of submarine chasing developed, new types of vessels were devised to meet them, and they are being made in huge quantities. All in all, nobody seems to find much fault with what the navy has done. Its personnel has been brought from 84,000 to 343,000, as high a figure as is judged to be desirable, for the present at least.

On the whole, everyone seems to agree that Creel's pride in Daniels is justified. To be sure, there is this to be said: The expansion demanded of the navy



# ADVENTURES WITH RUSSIAN ARMY



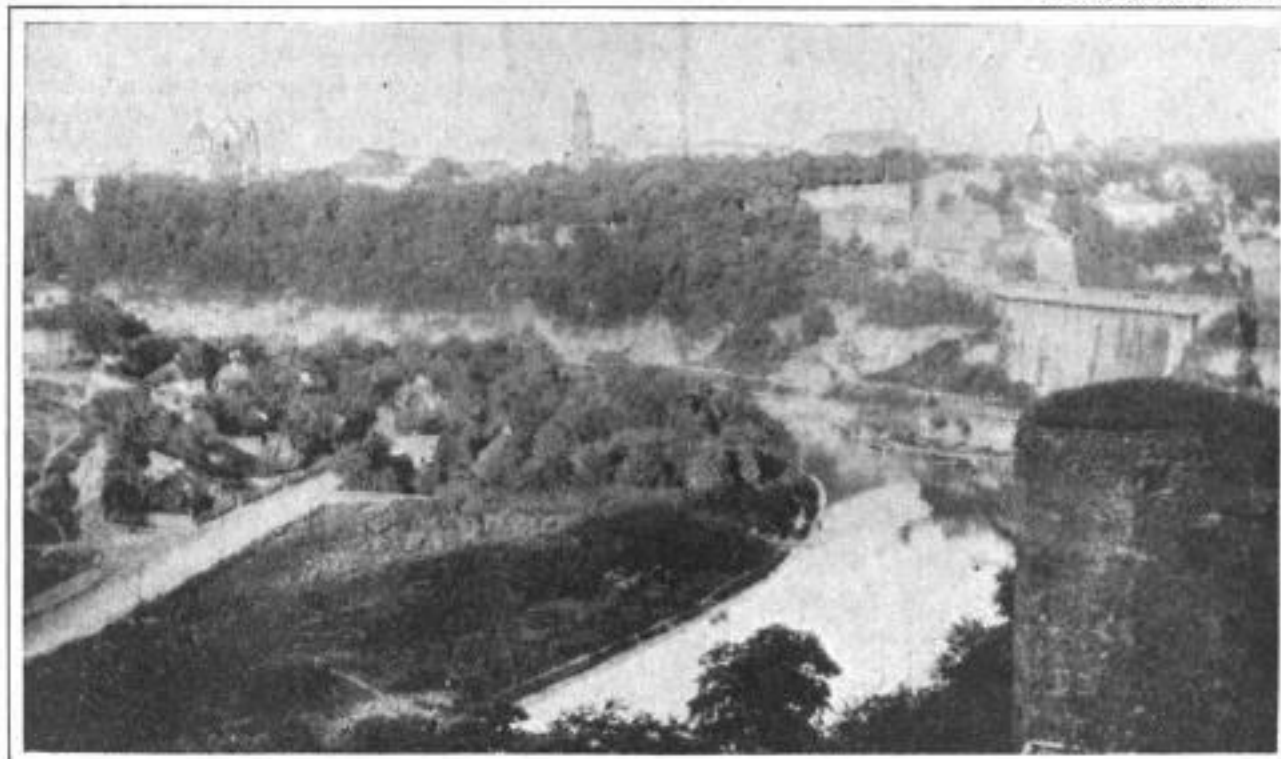
*She was one of those who make the world a smaller and more friendly place*

THE Kiev express rolled out of the crowded Petrograd station, away from the never-ending talk of "all power to the Soviets," and "peace without annexation or tribute"; away from the capital's whirling rumors, its dirt, disillusion, and despair, and down into the clean and quiet country. Again the friendly Russian plain, the little white churches in the distance with their clusters of beet-shaped domes in gilt and green and blue, and the jolly peasant girls working in the wheat; the soft dirt roads between fields without fences, and the ponds with their frames of black pines and wistful white birch. And again that feeling of escape, of getting away from the world into some easier century, where nobody bothered much about "getting on." The very train seemed to feel it, and stopped amiably, now and then, for the passengers to tumble out for tea. It became a Russian train, and we got back into Russia again. It was in these late summer days after the first Bolshevik uprising and before the Kornilov "counter-revolution" had flared up and failed. . . .

## "Just Peasants"

THE new order began to show itself next day at Mogilev—a little more than halfway from Petrograd to Kiev. When I had passed the Great Headquarters a year before, civilians could not go farther than the station lunch room without a military

*Photographs by the Author*



*The district covered by this headquarters extended, roughly, along the line of the River Zbrucz, southward to the Dniester and the quaint old half-Turkish city of Kamenets Podolsk*



*It was one of those Jewish settlements not uncommon in this southern end of the Pale, where Russia, Galicia, and Rumania meet, with here and there a lingering touch of the Turk*

pass, but now we marched into the street without question and chartered a ramshackle cab for the usual mile-and-a-half ride which, for some mysterious Russian reason, almost always separates a railroad station from the town itself. That evening, while waiting for my papers to be prepared, I gossiped with a Canadian reserve officer who had just come up from Rumania and the southwest country.

He was a big, genial mining engineer and railroad man who had helped put in the narrow-gauge military railroads behind the French front and had now brought his experience and optimism to help here. At Tarnopol a few days before he had been in the thick of the rout, had jumped in and carried away wounded while the Austrian airplanes were bombing the railroad station, whacked lazy *tovarishi* into action, and, apparently, more or less run the place.

As we sat on the balcony of his little hotel, looking down on the cobblestoned street with its Jewish shops and the little park across the way, full of soldiers walking with peasant girls, he gave his impressions of the rank and file of the Russian army. Drawing a line across a sheet of paper, he made a mark a little way from each end: "About one-tenth of the soldiers are first-class—you couldn't ask for better men. They want to be good. They've come through from the old army mostly—they'll go anywhere and do anything. At the other end there are about 10 per cent bad. They are looking for trouble and making it every day. The most, however, the big mass in between, are neither one thing nor another, but just peasants, thinking mostly of getting home and ready to be swung this way or that by almost any strong man who gets hold of them."

## Russia—1917

THE Dnieper, rolling southward under the warm August sun straight down to Kiev, was not easy to leave, but there was no steamer for several days and then only a sort of enlarged tug, and after giving the river the tribute of a swim, I sternly turned my back and a day later was dumped out in the dirt and crowds and confusion of Kiev station.

Imagine, if you please, a sprawling series of sheds—the war struck Kiev with a new station just started—packed with human beings very much as a stockyard corral is packed with cattle: soldiers with rifles and trench shovels, peasant men and women in sheepskin coats, with their packs and teakettles and babies, asleep on floors or platforms; officers of all sorts and weary civilians, all milling about trying to get something that couldn't be got—trains when there were none, food when there was no food, and tickets when there were no tickets, or, at most, when a ticket meant only the chance for a hand-to-hand fight for a place.

For months almost no place cards had been sold on Russian trains. Except for the officers' cars, in charge of the station commandants, and an occasional car of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, sold out at fabulous prices weeks in advance, trains were merely so much cubic space into which human beings were poured.

The little compartments filled up—by some unwritten law whoever could first climb into the upper berth and lie down was generally allowed to stay there, although sometimes another would insist on climbing up and lying down beside him—corridors and vestibules filled, and so people stayed, not stirring often until their journey's end. Indeed, it was not infrequently impossible to get out, and people who had brought nothing to eat or drink with them had simply to sit tight and go without. On the way to Moscow one night, on a train jammed like this, we had ten people in our compartment. Next to me was a peasant woman in a sheepskin coat, with three little children, one a baby in arms, and a husband who sat on the floor with the usual pack: teakettles, pickles, sausage, bread, and so on. It was impossible to lie down or get out for anything to eat or do aught but sit bolt upright for sixteen hours on end. As it was chilly outside, every window and door was, of course, hermetically shut, Russian fashion, and in an atmosphere you could have cut, with water dripping down the windows even before we left the station, we sat and stewed.

You must imagine trains like this pouring continually into Kiev, for it is the junction point for all Little Russia, for Moscow, Petrograd, and the north, as well as the main feeding point for the southwest front. Although fighting had all but stopped at the front, and tens of thousands of deserters were beating their way eastward, yet, somehow or other, by that same left-over momentum which kept so many things going in Russia, troop trains with



# THE CRUMBLING

BY ARTHUR RUHL—PART ONE

COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

horses and guns and men kept shifting through Kiev. Things that ordinarily take minutes—tickets, baggage, and so on—now took hours. Coming off the Mogilev train, for instance, arms full of luggage, I started to check it while I went out to find a place to sleep, and ran into a queue, thirty or forty people long. One drowsy old man was trying to mark the checks and put away the baggage in a room already overflowing with it. Why, everybody knowing perfectly well what conditions were, should one old man be left to handle such a job? There must have been plenty of boys and idle able-bodied women in Kiev. No reason at all, except that this was Russia in the year 1917. After waiting in line for nearly half an hour, the old fellow struck altogether and sent the crowd away to another part of the station where the same performance was repeated. It was only after working up through a third line of people to a third window and wasting an entire hour that I finally got rid of my baggage and could begin to look for a room. And it was several hours later, after spending most of my substance in *izvoschik* fares, and trying in vain all the hotels and various lodging houses, that I threw myself on the mercy of a Russian family, friends of a friend of mine, and they, with the usual Russian hospitality, took me in.

Things like these—which do not happen to Root Commissions or even on the usual journalistic Cook's tours—repeated endlessly, pounded into your flesh day after day, are decidedly illuminating. Simply to put on one's hat and start for the front in those days was a good deal like jumping off a liner in mid-ocean and starting to swim ashore. For a correspondent who needed to cable home every night, it might have been useless, but as a means of working oneself into the psychology of the moment, there was a good deal to be said for it. I met the usual number of charming officers in the next fortnight, and enjoyed the usual hospitality, but between times was, as near as an outsider could be, one of the *tovarishi*—one of that helpless and hopeless mob which overflowed every station, disillusioned and embittered, at once defiant and ashamed. It is difficult to be patriotic when seasick or standing on a tack, and foreigners can scarcely understand Russian behavior in these days without remembering that the usual patriotic arguments are heard through the dragging weight of every conceivable kind of discomfort from the moment you get up in the morning and try to get breakfast until you find a place to sleep at night—a weight that becomes so unbearable that after a time people can think of little else.

## The Shooting Is Real

BUT there was more than mere discomfort here in the beautiful old city of Kiev. We were sitting at tea next evening in the cool apartment of my Russian friends, when suddenly, through the long French windows, opening on the balcony, there came the sound of shots and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. My hostess—her husband was away at a meeting, for Kiev, as the center of the Ukraine, was hot with separatist and antiseperatist talk—put her hands to her ears and we both ran to the balcony. She feared that the deluge had come at last, but I told her that we were used to such interruptions in Petrograd and thought little of them.

The shots, which seemed to come from the neighborhood of the railroad station, did, indeed, cease after a few moments, and when our host had telephoned that he was on his way, I found an *izvoschik* and started for the station. I had gone into the commandant's room to arrange about my pass for Berdichev, a night's journey farther on, and the headquarters of the southwest front, when, without warning, a regular fusillade of pistol and machine-gun shots began, apparently just outside the open window. I dropped down behind it, and the commandant behind his desk, and there we crouched for several minutes, not knowing what was coming next.

The noise stopped, and when I looked out, expecting to find a street full of dead and wounded men and cab horses, there was nothing to see—the shots, echoed by the walls opposite, had come from a little way down the tracks. The commandant made out my pass, and we pulled out for Berdichev without knowing clearly what had happened.

The trouble, it appeared later, had started over the sending of a Ukrainian regiment to the front. The agitation for Ukrainian independence had been growing more and more vociferous, the Ukrainians had called together in Kiev their Rada, or Congress, and it was now meeting daily and passing laws as if it actually had authority to do so. The feeling against Russia proper, "Great Russia"—Kerensky,

originally sympathetic to the Ukrainian movement, had recently talked of treachery and "thirty pieces of silver"—was growing more and more bitter.

The Russian story was that the Ukrainian regiment had mutinied and refused to go to the front. The Ukrainian story, or at least one of them, was that provocateurs had started the row, and that after shots had been exchanged and the regiment was aboard the train and moving out of the yards, Government troops, lying in wait a little farther along, had opened up on the train with machine guns. A score or more of Ukrainians, they said, had been killed.

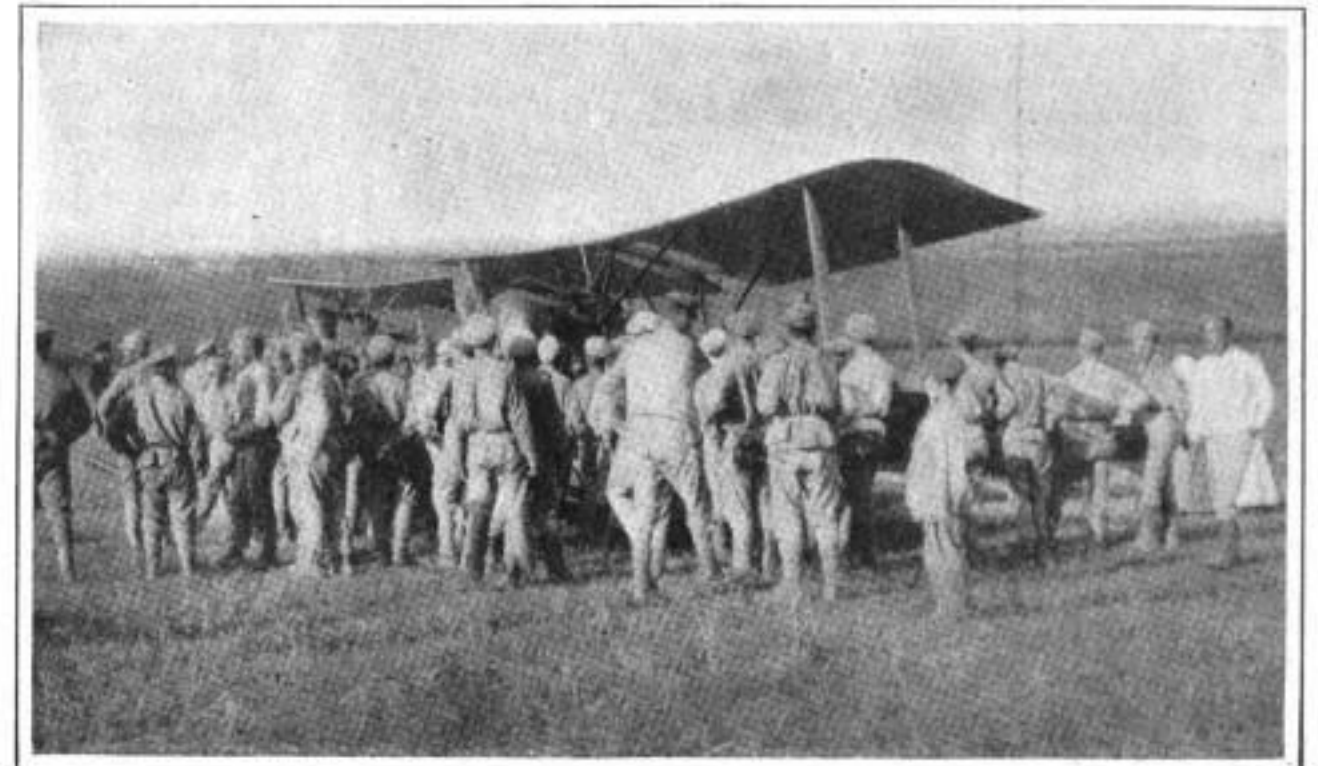
Both stories might have been true, depending on whether the Ukrainians were looked upon as rebels or as oppressed patriots. The shooting was real, at any rate, and suggestive of conditions all over Russia and the difficulties of army officers who had to act as if Russia were still Russia and the army a unit and ready to fight for it.

## Into the Armies' Zone

AT Berdichev next morning, on the border of Podolia, one left the civilian world and pushed into the zone of the armies. From here it was a case of either motor car or military train, and the amiable officer who made out my permission at the Front Headquarters advised me (Continued on page 24)



The commissaire was, in fact, a husky, good-natured, very "human" sort of person



And then, after the war had rumbled below the horizon for a couple of years, came the French flying men. They had all seen service on the west front and flew like swallows



"About one-tenth of the soldiers are first-class . . . there are about 10 per cent bad. The most, the great mass in between, are just peasants, ready to be swung this way or that"





# Collier's

## *The United States as a Nation*

IN those far-off days, that other age which preceded the Great War, we Americans were often asked to tremble for our future. Once it was the outraged American aristocrat who said: "Look here. We are altogether too generous to immigrants. All the nations of Europe are diluting our native population. We have now more Germans than we have original English, Scotch, and Irish. Soon we will have more Scandinavians, more Slavs, more Italians and Greeks. How are we transplanted Britishers going to maintain the free institutions for which our ancestors fought in the face of this influx? They are unaccustomed to edged tools like universal suffrage and free speech and public assembly. Why should we give them all votes they don't know how to use? Why should we reduce ourselves to an insignificant minority? These people have not learned to love liberty."

Our answer was that the love of liberty was common to mankind and America was the melting pot into which all the nations could be poured to make a new nation born to liberty and devoted to free institutions.

Again it was the cultivated son of that New England which produced LONGFELLOW, transcendentalism, and the "Atlantic Monthly" who arose to protest in this fashion: "Our language, our morality, and our social standards are disappearing under this flood of aliens. We no longer speak English undefiled. Indeed, large sections of our population speak and read no English at all. They take in newspapers printed in a foreign language; they send their children to schools conducted in a foreign language. Our sober and thoughtful Sunday has given way before the Continental holiday—we are degenerating from a God-fearing, churchgoing people into one which supports Sunday baseball, beer gardens, and public dance halls. Our standard of living is going down. These people do not bathe, they sleep ten in a room, they feed their children beer instead of milk."

And our answer was that the aspiration toward a better life was common to all mankind and America was the melting pot into which all the nations could be poured to produce a new nation born to plenty and devoted to education.

Again it was the student of world politics who said: "Some day there is going to be a great war. All Europe will be engaged in a death grapple. We will be inevitably involved in this struggle. Our native stock, our English, Irish, and Scotch, will be drawn to the mother country by the strongest of all ties—the ties of a common blood, a common language, and a common tradition. So our Germans will be drawn to Germany, and our Swedes to Sweden, and our Russians to Russia, and our Italians to Italy, and our Austrians and Hungarians to Austria and Hungary. What are we going to do? Fight on all sides at once? Eventually we may have to defend our right to exist as a nation against half Europe! Do you imagine that our insignificant minority of native Americans can unite all these alien elements, half of whom must inevitably sympathize with the enemy, into a nation with one soul, one will, and one united front to the enemy?"

And our answer was: If the time ever comes when we must defend ourselves, we shall be united by our common love of liberty, our common aspiration toward a better life, by our common home. For America is the melting pot into which all the nations have been poured to produce a new nation, stronger, freer than any other.

Yet if this was our invariable answer to the charge that we were not a homogeneous and united people, but a mere polyglot of the nations, it was not an answer based on a tried and tested knowledge. It was our hope and our conviction. But we had our doubts and our fears. A year ago we were all talking about hyphenated Americans, and the more we talked the more we feared. What if we had been wrong from the beginning? What if it was all a dream?

To-day, on the first anniversary of our declaration of war against Germany, we know that our answer was the true answer. We know that the only dream was the bad dream of our fears, the dream that we were not a nation. We know that we are a nation.

## *Crime Calls for Justice*

AT a more or less international labor meeting held at Nottingham, England, recently, the Prussian acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine was spoken of as a "brutal crime of conquest," and resolution passed that the public opinion of the provinces must

April 6, 1918

be ascertained! Isn't that rather overdoing the logic? Crime should be made right without waiting for any elaborate plebiscite. The trouble about Alsace-Lorraine is that Prussian greed wants its wealth, Prussian tyranny hates its ideas of freedom, and Prussian militarism has made those two provinces the symbol of Potsdam's glory. Those who sympathize with the Allies, but are not willing to face the three facts just stated (and the bitter conclusion that follows therefrom), had better keep still about Alsace-Lorraine.

## *Food That Costs Less*

ONE real service that we can all render this year is to buy so as to help new products get into the market rather than to help raise the prices of well-known things. Fish (any kind) is practically a new food for nine-tenths of us in this country. The average American does not eat enough of it in a year to fill a tin lunch pail. Why not get better acquainted? What do you know about grayfish or sable or tile and the rest of the new varieties, and have you put in an order for some canned whale? No doubt there are numerous other sorts by this time, and every live market man is keeping posted on the finfish situation. That is about as much as the individual can do, but enterprising communities can do more. Nearly all our towns and villages are on or near water (sometimes unpolluted), and fish culture is about the easiest, cheapest, laziest way of growing food that has ever been practiced. It would be no bad thing if inland regions, especially, made some effort to find out what can be done by farming their waters. The Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, D. C., is anxious to help in the matter, and many of the States have similar agencies. The offshore and deep-sea fisheries in this country have yet to be organized and run so as to give fishermen and consumers alike the whole benefit of Neptune's riches, but local effort need not wait on that development. The typical townsman may and probably never will hatch anything but mosquitoes in the maritime areas of his back yard. Nevertheless, fish is food, and those who know how in the fin and scale business will have more to eat later on. What are you doing about fish?

## *April Eggs*

AS a city friend always and dolefully puts it, this is the time of year when the eggs all taste alike and not much of any taste either. April's half-open buds and thin grass do not put such flavor and tang into things as do the later months. So our friend says, and seemed to cheer up when assured that the storage companies would probably do something to relieve the situation if not interfered with too much.

## *The Small-Town Mind*

EVERYBODY knows that little towns are full of people who believe everything they hear, especially everything that sounds awful. Isn't it the little town that is the home of the silly sort of clacking we have had occasion to refer to in these columns? For instance. Here are the first three paragraphs of a letter sent out by the neighborhood association of Yorkville:

As a patriotic duty we save food in our homes and public eating places; through lack of patriotic vigilance, \$30,000,000 worth of food is destroyed right at our doors within thirty days.

We defend democracy by sending men and supplies to the front, but we imperil the cause by failing to supply them with ammunition. This is because of disloyalty and destruction within our shops.

Over 2,000 of our boys intrusted their lives to our care on the *Tuscania*. Why were these lives endangered and lost? The enemy at home furnished information that resulted in torpedoing the boat. Other boats are to follow. Are they to be torpedoed?

Three awful stories—and every one a canard—in three brief paragraphs. And what does Yorkville propose to do about these horrors of its own invention? It proposes "Americanization."

Americanization from this standpoint is as vital as the work of sending men, supplies, and relief abroad or subscribing to Liberty Loans and War Stamps at home. Washington cannot do this Americanization for us. It has to be done in every neighborhood and home in this city. Yorkville has a large enemy alien population—it has a long water front, city gas houses, bridges; it is a strategic point.

Well, we suppose Yorkville is a strategic point. It is one of the most closely populated sections of Manhattan Island. In short, this small-town stuff comes from the middle of New York City.



# Editorials



## *The Desirability of Not Rushing the Russians*

IN the eminently practical business of winning a war, one is likely to encounter many more unpleasant duties than the occasional need of swallowing one's pride. In this respect we might well learn from WILLIAM II. Having a very definite object in view, he did not disdain to go to Brest-Litovsk and talk business with the rough and unmannerly Bolsheviki. As long as it suited their purpose, the Kuehlmanns and the Czernins found it quite easy to remember that if fine words butter no parsnips, harsh words break no bones. They listened with perfect good breeding to TROTSKY's fervent little travelogues about the iniquitous Teuton bourgeoisie and their far from perfect Imperial master. Only when Bolshevik oratory had talked itself precisely into the corner where they wanted it, the Teuton delegates acted. After all, a couple of hundred thousand square miles of territory was worth a dozen frank allusions to infamous Junkers and criminal Hohenzollerns.

Consider, on the other hand, the injured vanity, the futile scoldings about spilt milk, the empty satisfaction of calling names, that have entered into so much that we have said and written about the unhappy Russians. It is true that they have made a dismal failure of their war against German imperialism and seem in a fair way to lose their revolution. It is true that the Bolshevik nightmare has piled up heavier burdens on our shoulders and a bitter price to pay. But since when has it been the American habit to sit down and wail instead of plunging in to put out the fire and save what can be saved out of the household assets? For the Allies and Russia it is not a question of grin and bear it. It is a question of smile and wait—wait for that return of the Russians to common sense and the enlightenment of hard fact, which is as sure to come as the hard knocks which must come before Germany is beaten. Suppose it were a question of winning an ally which, after a year, say, might put a million men into the field against Germany. Would it be worth while making the attempt? Russia may offer a million men in the field against the Kaiser within a year.

The Russians are learning already. Give them time. Let them try to work out their revolution in the eviscerated territories which the Kaiser has left them. Let them find their revolution hampered and hamstrung and strangled by the Kaiser and his merry men. They will learn the distinction, which they formerly refused to recognize, between German capitalism and Allied capitalism, between German imperialism and Allied imperialism. With regard to America, the Bolsheviki have already discovered that we are not as bad as they thought. The Kaiser can be counted upon to facilitate the education of the Russian democracy. Give him time.

## *Potatoes: Thirteen Cents Per Bushel*

UNLESS wonders are done between now and the time of need (and farm miracles are scarce!), there will be fewer people to raise our food this year and more raising to do. The answer is to make every stroke count. That means cooperation. The "New England Homestead" has a mighty interesting article on how they did just that up in Bennington County, Vermont, last year. F. C. SHAW, the agricultural agent of that county, got after the farmers to form defensive associations against the potato blight, bug, etc. They figured the thing out carefully, got the machinery and materials, and laid out a route for the sprayer to follow. Three such working groups were organized, and they certainly obtained the results desired. In the larger association, which had the higher costs, for example, the spraying outfit was hauled about 125 miles during the season in doing its work on twenty-nine farms. These potato patches averaged rather small according to Middle-West notions, and the total number of acres sprayed (about three times each) was fifty-three, at an entire cost of \$329.91. This included machinery, labor, materials, and incidentals for the spraying outfit, but did not include anything for time spent by the owner in assisting when the work was being done on his place. If this were reckoned in, however, it would not add much of anything to the average cost of around \$6.25 per planted acre. For this expenditure the members of the association got in fifty bushels more per acre than were gathered on the unsprayed fields. The potato pests were badly beaten, and it is worth noting that most of these patches had never been sprayed before, as one farmer could not afford the equipment. Work together that way and use your brains and we'll whip the Kaiser just as if he were a potato bug.

## *Blocking a Useful Road*

THOSE who study such things say that in the old Indian times peace pipes from stone quarried in the Minnesota country were traded south to the Mexican Gulf and that copper ornaments from around the Great Lakes added to the social distinction of the early Virginians. Even then there was trade across what is now our nation. How it came about, in spite of ignorance and hostility, and by what devious ways of barter and sale, is impossible for us to imagine. The means of such far-flung exchange are ready to anyone's hand to-day in our postal, railway, wire, and newspaper services, and are most enormously used. It seems a partial return to savagery, then, that the Postal Zoning Act should set out, as it does, to cripple one of these services. Nation-wide advertising in periodicals of extensive circulation has done much to bring our buyers and sellers into conference, and a deal of sound business has grown up in consequence. As far as we know, the good of all this has never been questioned. Why shouldn't a consumer have some regular, easy way of finding out who wants to serve him in various lines of trade and what it is they have to offer? That is precisely the function of nation-wide advertising as it has been developed in our country. And now the Postal Zoning Act purposes setting up barriers along certain district lines, piling up the publisher's postal costs and making the advertising service which we have described either difficult or impossible. The United States is supposed to be devoted (and perhaps overdevoted) to business, but in this instance a rather important aid to commerce is to be sacrificed to the blind philosophy of provincialism for provincialism's sake. Even an averagely clear-headed Iroquois would have known better than that. Keep the paths of trade open!

## *Rhetoric*

A FRIEND of our school days defines rhetoric as the art of adapting what you have to say to the time, place, person, etc., concerned with your saying it—in other words, of making your meaning real. Old DON MARQUIS of the New York "Evening Sun" got stirred up about poetry the other day and offered this epigram:

Poetry is the chinking of a couple of unexpected coins in the shabby pocket of life.

Can you imagine sixteen words doing any more than that to put the nature of poetry clearly before the soul's eyes of this generation?

## *The Silence of the Farms*

IN WASHINGTON'S day, when more than ninety of every hundred Americans lived on the farm, the thinning out of the noisier ones had hardly begun. A few of the most genial had drifted into keeping the village inn; there were lawyers and preachers, sea captains and politicians with divers gifts of speech, each after his kind, but the farmer's hardly less than theirs. Machinery is what did it. Industrial civilization has ten thousand sorts of jobs for the voluble, everything from auctioneering to yodeling, with interviewing, salesmanship, and vaudeville thrown in. Some left the farm to announce trains and others to coach in baseball. Those who stayed to grow the crops had fewer associates to talk with and less inclination. No one ever sang the husbandman's songs of sowing in chorus with a tractor and a seed drill. The isolated farm system of agriculture spread people apart, and so did THOMAS JEFFERSON'S scheme of rectangular surveys as it gridironed the Western lands. A rural banjo was significant of shiftlessness only; country dances and folk songs became subjects for instruction in city high schools; and the old silence came back to the farming places. Summer boarders break the hush where they frequent, and so does the horn of an all-around farm motor car, but neither the landlady nor the person at the wheel has much time for idle chatter. Everybody takes the city paper, and the news is all in it; everybody has a telephone, and all personalities go over it direct to the other party. What is there left to talk about? Modern agriculture is improved by observation and study in somewhat the same general way as astronomy, and the process is just about as jolly. When our war-retained soldiers come back to the open country we hope they will bring with them the soldier habits of comradeship and of joy in it. Otherwise we may have to have a national commission on the alleviation of rural silence. Even the deepest life can be a little too still.

April 6, 1918





*Part of the winter quarters of the Union Army, Brandy Station, Va., February, 1864*

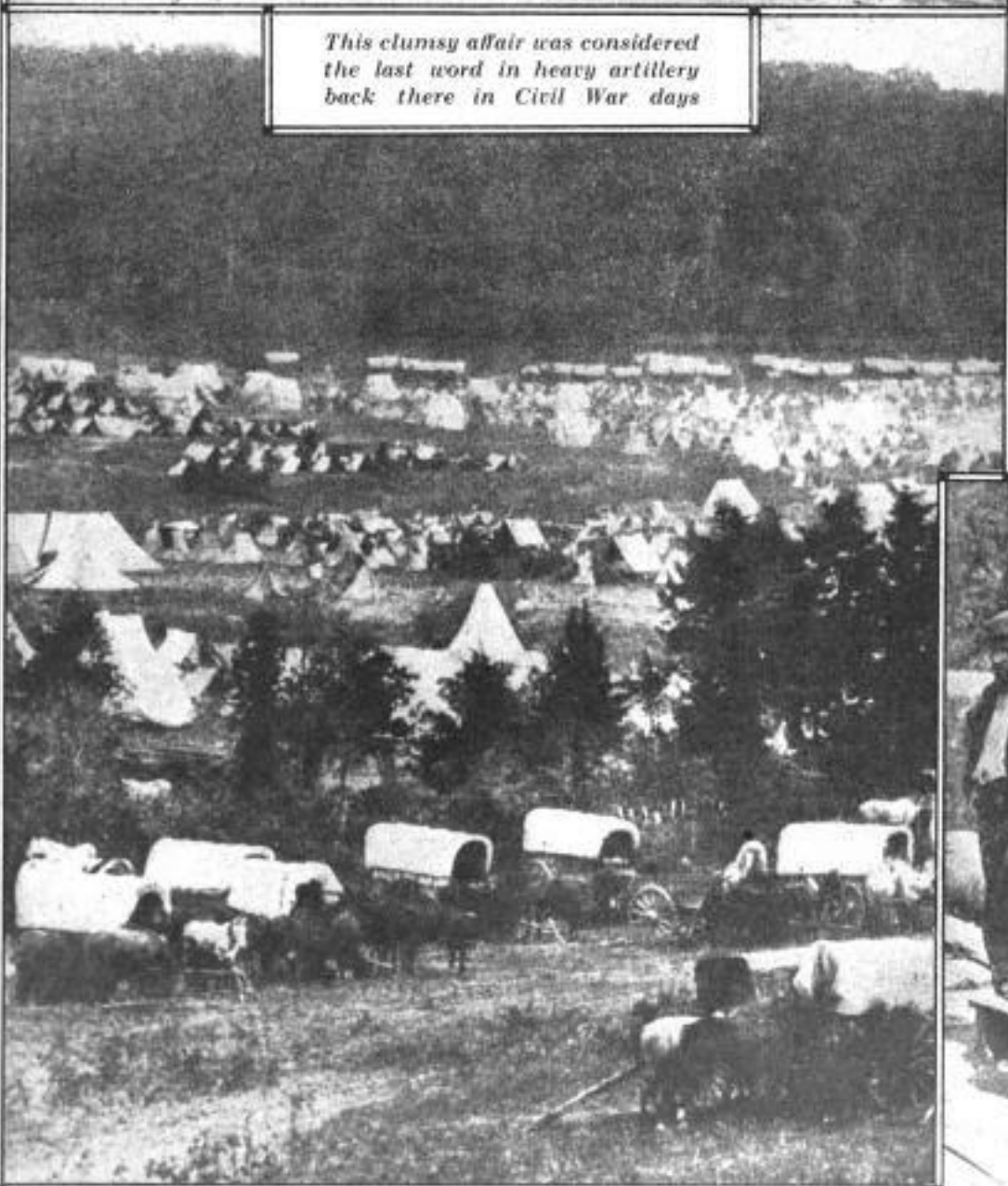


*This clumsy affair was considered the last word in heavy artillery back there in Civil War days*

## HALF A 1864

IT means a good deal more to go to war now than it did in the well-known days of '61. Warfare in those times was still more or less of an informal affair, and uniforms and equipment were often sketchy to a degree that would never, never do to-day. The log huts in which the Union army spent its winters have given way to the less picturesque but more satisfactory huge cantonment buildings in which our present National Army is housed. The clumsy cannon that hurled its round shot upon Petersburg and Richmond seems puny beside the modern coast-defense rifle or heavy field

Photographs from International Film Service



*Some of the wagons that supplied the camp at Cumberland Landing, Md., May, 1863*



*A 13-inch mortar opposite Petersburg, August, 1864*

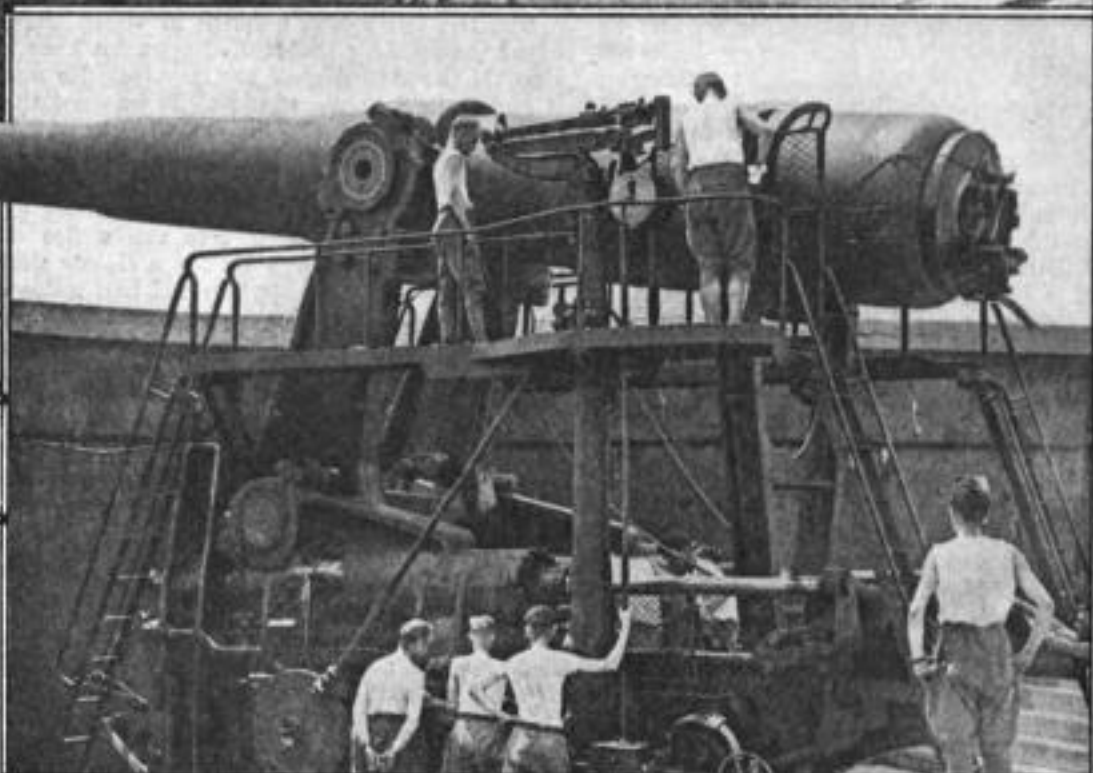




*Part of the winter quarters of the National Army, Camp Travis, Tex., February, 1918*

# CENTURY 1918

gun. The picturesque, canvas-topped wagons that carried supplies for Grant and Lee have been replaced by fleets of huge gray motor trucks. The price of war has changed too. The total cost of the Civil War was approximately ten billion dollars. According to recent estimates, the total cost of this war to date is not far from ten times that sum. Our appropriations for the first year of our participation amount to twenty-three billions. In other words, in our first year of this war we are preparing to spend more than twice as much as the Civil War cost both sides in five years!



*This huge 12-inch disappearing coast-defense rifle helps to guard a great Atlantic port in 1918*



*A 13-inch mortar opposite the Atlantic Ocean, 1918*



*A few of the scores of motor trucks that bring supplies to Camp Travis, Tex., 1918*



# THE ADVENTURES OF COLIN O'RELL

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## SIXTH ADVENTURE—THE LAST BULLET

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

**DISHEVELED**, panting, Fernald stared into the blinking eyes of the Marquis. The sudden attack had been unexpected; he had been seized and his automatic pistol taken from him before he could move a finger. Too late he had begun to struggle; then, realizing struggle's futility, he had ceased.

The Marquis smiled blandly. "You are not trustful of us, Lord Fred," he said.

Fernald shrugged his shoulders. "Suspicion breeds suspicion. If you had asked me for my gun—"

"You would have used it, eh?" The Marquis's smile was still bland, but his voice was chilled. "I am not used to doubts of those about me," he said. "And when I have doubts I try to set them at rest. These men here"—with a wave of a plump hand he indicated the men who had overpowered Fernald—"insist that you are Lord Fred Jevons and that last night you killed the man Fernald who has intruded into my affairs."

"And hasn't Lady Beth assured you that I am Jevons?" asked Fernald indignantly.

The Marquis's smile grew blander. "She has," he stated, "but even Colin—I am not so sure of her as I will be within half an hour. Things have gone wrong. Whether by accident or design, I cannot tell for certain now, but I have sent her to talk with one whom she believes to be a French officer, in this country on a military mission. If Colin has been honest with me, the man with whom she talks will know it, but if she is dishonest, if she is really an agent of the American Government, then she will betray herself to him."

Fernald fought to keep a quaver from his voice. "Absurd! She is Lady Beth," he said.

"I hope so," said the Marquis, "as I hope that you are English Fred."

"Why do you think that I am not Jevons?" demanded Fernald. His simulated indignation sounded convincing to his own ears. But the Marquis shook his head.

"Last night a man apparently was killed in Colin's apartments. Those of my men who were there were certain of the killing. But I—I do not trust too blindly when suspicion has been once aroused in me. This morning I have learned that the body of the slain man has disappeared from Colin's rooms, and yet I know for certain that there has been no report to the police of a homicide. But there need be no recriminations now. There may be explanation for the disappearance of the body. When French Gouraud has finished talking with Colin, then I will know where she stands and where you stand. In the meantime, if you are faithful to me, this little affair will mean nothing to you. But if you are an American spy, then I would commend to you the uses of meditation. You have half an hour or so in which to prepare yourself for whatever hereafter in which you may chance to believe."

His voice was almost benevolent in its gentleness; it was hard to believe that this grotesque fat man was the merciless criminal that Fernald knew him to be. His tones were almost a benediction. But Fernald, as the door closed upon the master spy, knew that the end was close at hand. For a moment the

wild impulse to leap upon the man left behind to guard him almost overpowered him.

But the significant manner in which the guard lifted the revolver that rested upon his knee taught Fernald the absurdity of the impulse. He mastered it and walked to the window. It was not the window which looked out upon West Street and its docks and the river teeming with life and the Jersey shore beyond. It was a window which looked upon a blank wall. Fernald's eyes lighted. It was not entirely blank. Diagonally up its side ran a fire escape; its nearest platform was outside a closely shuttered window twelve feet below him and half a dozen feet to the right. And the distance between the two buildings was only about eight feet. For a man in the prime of youthful strength and agility the leap was not too great. Of course there was the danger of missing the platform and tumbling thirty feet to the brick courtyard between the buildings. But that risk was negligible. The real risk was that of being shot like a fleeing rabbit as he made the leap.

Something of his quivering excitement communicated itself to his guard. "Come away from that window," he growled.

Fernald stared at the man. It was absurd to think that he could cross the room before the man could fire the weapon so ready in his hands. But if he could make the man cross the room to him? Un-

It followed that the man left to guard Fernald would not shoot except in self-defense. And if Fernald could feign an attempt at suicide—Over his shoulder he returned his guard's belligerent glare.

"I suppose you think I am going to stay here to be killed at leisure," he cried. He threw open the window and had one leg across the sill when his guard grappled with him.

His ruse had worked! A man so crazed by the fear of death that he would anticipate it was not the sort upon whom it was necessary to use a weapon. The guard was big and burly; had Fernald attacked him, he would probably have used his revolver; but he disdained to use it upon a maniac attempting suicide. Moreover, Fernald had guessed the Marquis's thoughts. The guard would suffer the extreme penalty if Fernald dashed himself to death before the Marquis had an opportunity to wring from Fernald's lips what information the prisoner might possess.

**FERNALD** smiled grimly as he turned to meet the other's charge. If only the army doctors who had refused him admission to his country's service because of a murmuring heart could know the various adventures that he had passed through in the last two days! There was no question that his guard was a good rough-and-tumble fighter, but there are tricks taught in college gymnasiums that are much superior to those practiced in the brawls of the barroom.

His guard had been too surprised; the need of haste had been too great for him to waste time in calling for help. The struggle was brief and soundless.

Shaken, breathless, Fernald clung to the trembling platform of the fire escape to which he had leaped. He glanced upward and over his shoulder. There was no hue and cry raised behind him. For a moment at least he was safe. The noise of his landing had passed unnoticed. He glanced below him. The fire escape went down to within a few feet of the ground, and his first impulse was to descend to the brick courtyard. Then he remembered that men loitered outside this building, that the doors that led into the courtyard were open. The chances of being observed were too great. He looked upward; instantly he mounted the narrow ladder. A dozen feet above was a platform; he reached it and lay upon it, for through an open window came the voice of the Marquis. Fernald could not distinguish his words, but daring to lift his head he saw that the sinister crook spoke into a telephone. It was Fernald's chance. The Marquis's back was to the window. Had Fernald in the excitement of battle thought to possess himself of his guard's revolver he could have ended now, once and for all, the menace of the master spy. But he had not done so. And while

he had been able to gain a lower platform by leaping from a window it was impossible for him to leap from this platform through the narrow opening of the window. Even had he been confident of his ability to do so, the noise that he would make would be ample warning for the Marquis. The Marquis would kill him as he struggled for balance on the window sill.

But the Marquis's absorption at the telephone gave



*He stepped to one side that he might cover Fernald with his revolver*

doubtedly the Marquis would kill Fernald as soon as his suspicions were verified; and those suspicions would be verified very shortly. But the Marquis, cool and merciless though he was, was not the man to act on murderous impulse. There was not a shadow of doubt that the Marquis would postpone Fernald's death if he thought that his prisoner might be forced to surrender information.





One of the two—he could not be sure which—

him a chance to further his escape. Catlike, he crawled across the platform and mounted the next ladderlike slanting flight. In less than two minutes he had gained the roof. They were minutes that seemed like hours in the passing. And he was breathing heavily as he ceased climbing. No last quarter of a football game had ever been so strenuous as this easy climb, for fear had ridden on his shoulders weighting him down, holding him back—not fear for himself, for now he felt safe, but fear lest Colin's true identity be exposed to the Marquis before he could take the measures that would save her. There was a skylight upon the roof, and to it Fernald made his hasty way. Swiftly he opened it and began descending a narrow flight of stairs.

He proceeded cautiously. For all he knew the Marquis might be entrenched in this building as well as in the one from which Fernald had escaped. Yet caution deserted him after a moment. He moved quietly, but his wits were not alert. This, the final adventure (for it was certain that wherever the paths of himself and Colin O'Rell might lead, whether to death or safety, these two would never again pose as treacherous associates of the Marquis) of the many that had been crammed into the past few days was so like their first in one particular—that first day on which he had met Colin! They had escaped the espionage of "Snap" Berwind, the dishonest little plain-clothes man, by means of a fire escape. But they had been together then, and fear was not really in the heart of either. Love had been in their hearts, and both had been exalted by its first recognition.

His eyes dimmed for a moment. Brave Colin! Sweet Colin! Colin who never faltered when facing danger! Colin who had been brave enough to admit her love, who had not been pettily conventional in withholding that admission until time should have elapsed! Fernald's lips twisted in a whimsical smile as he remembered how impetuously he had wooed her, and how the storminess of his own passion had awakened response in her. And, bless her heart, she had a sense of humor. She could laugh at love as she could laugh at death, and—well, she was Colin O'Rell, the only girl in the world, and in a few minutes, God granting, the Marquis would be captured, and—

HE had been quiet, but the building was so evidently deserted, and thoughts of Colin, the violet eyes of her, the blue-black hair of her, had been so enticing, that he had been proceeding with a caution that was mechanical. And mechanical things cannot cope with the unexpected. He turned a corner in a hall, three flights down, and stepped right into the spread arms of a burly watchman.

"Gotcha," grunted the watchman. "Thought I heard some one coming—you would, would you?"

The ejaculation was brought forth by Fernald's desperate movement.

And years ago the watchman had been a wrestler. His grip was too powerful to be broken.

"Listen!" pleaded Fernald.

Rapidly he sketched the outline of the events of the past few days. The watchman grinned.

"I rang the police alarm on the floor below the minute I heard ye," he grinned. "I suppose ye don't know that this is a warehouse stored with cotton, do ye? I don't suppose y'ever dreamed of anythin' like that? Wasn't intendin' to look it over and plan out how to run a few trucks up here some fine night, give me a wallop on the back o' me dome, and make a haul, eh? Certainly not," he jeered. "And tryin' to put over a yarn about the Breen Brothers next door. Them! Spies!" He spat contemptuously. "There's the wagon now," he exclaimed.

THE door to which the police automobile came was on a side street. Fernald was not visible to any possible watcher from the building of the Marquis as he was hustled across the sidewalk by the watchman and two officers. There was that much to be grateful for. And the watchman rode with him to make the complaint at the station house. He could not visit the "Breen Brothers," and tell them of the cock-and-bull yarn spun by a burglar. If only the sergeant at the station-house desk would grant him the credence that the watchman and the policemen refused!

But it took time—precious time! It took five minutes to reach the police station. It took ten minutes to convince the doubting desk sergeant that he was neither crazy nor a liar. It took five minutes more to get the ear—by telephone—of an extremely busy deputy commissioner of police. Twenty minutes gone! It took ten minutes more to reach headquarters. True, policemen had been detailed to go to the Marquis's lair immediately Fernald had ceased talking with the deputy commissioner, but they returned to headquarters while Fernald was still convincing the deputy that he spoke the absolute truth. And they reported that the building was empty!

And now the deputy believed absolutely, but it was too late. The Marquis had discovered Fernald's flight, and—Colin O'Rell was gone!

IT was late at night when Fernald was dismissed from a gathering that comprised Richard Hassager, the multimillionaire as whose secretary Colin had posed in order that she might make the Marquis think her able to gain access to vital industrial information, and various police, Federal, and military officials. It was a despondent group. True, Colin had checkmated the Marquis more than once, but as long as the master spy was at liberty, menace remained to threaten the nation.

And there was no trace of Colin. The Regent Hotel, where she had gone to confer with the pseudo Colonel Dufresne, was visited, but its employees could only state that a young woman, answering her description, had been there in the morning and had left soon after. As for the one-armed impersonator of Colonel Dufresne—he was gone.

There was commendation for Fernald for the part he had played, and a tactful withholding of censure for any of the clumsiness of action of which he felt guilty. Moreover, Bigbee, city editor of the "News," called in to identify Fernald, offered his cub reporter a permanent place on the staff at a hugely advanced salary.

No, materially Fernald had suffered no loss through the adventures of the past few days. Indeed, his stories—if he chose to write them—on German intrigue in America were almost certain to make his journalistic reputation. But these matters, praise from high officials, offers of unlimited space in the "Morning News," rebounded from Fernald's consciousness unnoted. His whole brain and heart seethed with but one idea—the life of Colin O'Rell had depended upon him and he had failed her.

Had he been less of a moonstruck youth! Colin had thought that she loved a man, a man of decision, of action. And he, who should have put her safety above the thought of his love, even—he had permitted a stupid watchman to overpower him and keep him prisoner while Colin was made away with by the Marquis.

Had it not been tragic, it would have been humorous. He had coped with the best of the brains that Germany could purchase in the United States, and had not come out any the worse. And then a stupid, fat old man, endowed with no brains, but merely a huge strength, had brought to naught all that Colin had done in the past.

Dreadfully he went to his apartment near Gramercy Park. He tried to solace himself with tobacco, but could not. Here, in this apartment, he had made love to Colin, had sensed the response to his lovemaking in her heart. And now—not only had the Marquis escaped, but Colin was his prisoner—or worse.

Well, he should have known better than to think that he, James Fernald, could have been of assistance to Colin O'Rell. Had he let her attend to her own affairs, had he not intruded into Government business, Colin might be safe now, and the Marquis



emerged from the building, half carrying the other

imprisoned or dead. He hated himself as he restlessly walked up and down his little living room. And then, midway in his pacing of the room, he stopped and stared at the door. He made no sound as it softly opened.

THE Marquis, or one of his followers, undoubtedly, come to wreak vengeance—softly he fingered the revolver that the deputy commissioner had given him. He hoped that there were several of them; it would make a better fight, and—he wanted to be certain of losing in the end. He did not wish to live. But he lowered his revolver as English Fred Jevons, a finger on his lips, tiptoed into the room.

"Sh-sh," whispered Jevons. "Don't know that anyone's about, but—"

Fernald seized him by the shoulder; he shook the Englishman savagely. "What do you want?" he whispered. "What do you want?"

Jevons grinned at him. "Money, mostly," he said. "I know where the O'Rell girl is; and the Marquis too."

The deputy commissioner's revolver pointed at English Fred. Fernald's voice was very soft.

"If you think, Jevons, that this is the time to make bargains—"

"Easy," counseled Jevons. "And point that thing somewhere else; I don't like it. Be sensible, Fernald. I'm on your side. I proved it well enough last night, didn't I? I was sent into a room to kill you, and—I let you come out alive. If I hadn't been with you, you'd been a goner; you know that."

Fernald lowered the revolver. But now his voice was no longer gentle; it was vibrant with excitement. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"And where do I come in?" queried Jevons. He met Fernald's glare unflinchingly. "I'm up against it, Fernald," he said. "What with you having me pinched instead of yourself—I'm a marked man. The police have nothing on me, but they've got their eyes on me. I can't pull a trick in this city."

"Come in? You?" Fernald smiled. "You have the clear conscience that comes with having done the decent thing."

Jevons laughed. "That'll pay the rent, you think? Guess again. Money is what I want; and if you haven't it—nothing doing."

Fernald's smile grew broader. The man must be insane to think that he could withhold from the man who loved Colin O'Rell information as to where she was held prisoner. He weighed the gun in his hand; it fitted beautifully against the heel of his hand.

"Jevons," he said slowly, "I've never killed anyone; I've never expected to kill anyone. But if you don't tell me at once—"

"And you'll find the girl by yourself, eh?" jeered Jevons. He had the whip hand and knew it. He could not be bluffed.

(Continued on page 31)



# NED'S PANCAKE GAL

BY RICHARD FISGUILL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

THIS story is largely the question of a soldier's stomach, on which the greatest of captains said an army crawled. And Private Clagget's crawling wasn't much. If he'd been a quarter of an inch taller, the War College would have objected to his length and left him in peace down there on his daddy's farm, which was good for but two blessed things—sweet potatoes and longevity.

Ned had been raised to say "taters," for the Claggets had been raised, not reared, nor brought up. They also pronounced where "whar" and there "thar," in accordance with an old phonetic law that still obtains in certain parts of Great Britain, and in the speech, I'm informed, of two of England's proudest noble families.

Ned Clagget looked like an aristocrat. He was lean and bony. He seemed to have about twice as many vertebrae in his back as an ordinary seeker after happiness. And up and down this noble neck an octagonal Adam's apple moved with all the hitchy, zigzag motion of that curious elevator in the Tour Eiffel—which means that Ned went about talking with precaution. He brought you up a good, for instance, from somewhere down about the base of his tower, and after you'd duly received this consignment Ned would lower his God upon your waiting consciousness, and you felt right off the weight of a wrong-going world.

He started out attributing goodness to the Divinity when they informed him that his time had come to die for folks in general. And he stuck to his assertion all through the dusty training camp. Ned had never seen any dust before. Nothing but a tornado could raise dust on the Clagget farm; and when that came, why, they all retired to the cellar and went to sleep.

But Ned got rid of his camp dust on the army transport. He also got rid of everything else that could possibly be detached. Never had his Adam's apple made so many trips in the same length of time. He was passing away, he felt sure. But all he remarked to the wind and the waves and the smell of tar was: "Good . . . God!" Every time a dolphin shot out of the water Ned was sorry it wasn't a torpedo bent on an errand of cultural mercy. And the usual thing happened. Three days before Private Clagget saw France he was hungrier than he'd have ever thought a white man could possibly be. His seasickness was gone. But his hunger was worse than seasickness, and this was due to his raising.

Before sallying forth to die for the heavy-laden, Ned had never tasted any canned food in his life. One day he'd watched a drummer eat oysters out of the tin, and waited round the country store to see what would happen. That will give you a pretty fair idea of the Clagget dietetics. Ned's turkey had always been wild turkey. His chicken had been of the kind ma took an hour to select—shut up with her flock in the henhouse long before daybreak, so she could feel them all over and choose with wisdom the right sort of parson's nose. As for rabbits, Ned caught them in a bee-gum trap. And when the Clagget family felt inclined to fast on fish—well, that's where Ned's noble sire came in.

OLD man Clagget could button up his beard in his vest (so he wouldn't leave it round on the bushes for orioles to make their nests out of) and go down to the creek and bait there a hole with such unerring science that when he sent his son over to catch a mess all Ned had to do would be to stick a worm on his hook, spit on the worm, and then drop her in. Out came black perch, suckers, trout, and occasionally a catfish that had swallowed the sinker. It was old man Clagget's secret. But he put something in the dough he baited the hole with—"bitters," he claimed—that just made fish tired of staying in the water.

As for bread, the Claggets didn't believe in baker's bread. Ma had once brought back from the store a loaf of baker's bread, thinking that possibly she'd



"What kind of nonsense is this you're hiding in your curly little numskull?"

found a short cut to leisure. The whole family inspected the loaf, smelled it, cut it open, and then voted unanimously: "Nosirree!" And they were afraid to give it to the chickens. Ned stuffed the poison down into a hollow snag on the edge of the woods where an old coon lived that sucked eggs—an old four-legged raccoon.

Nor had the Claggets a better opinion of Irish potatoes. There "wasn't but one kind of potatoes" for them, and that was "taters"—sweet potatoes. Irish potatoes didn't taste right. They'd tried the weeds one spring; did their level best. But the bloom of the Irish potato was too much like nightshade to please old man Clagget. And, after the family had got sick off of the Early Rose variety, ma rolled out on the back of a plate a supply of calomel and rhubarb pills, piled them up in the clock on each side of the pendulum, and then Ned and his pa removed from the garden and from their systems every vestige of those Irish potato vines—that weren't anything, anyhow, but some more of those Yankee notions which were spoiling the South. The Claggets said "spilling." And I fancy that by this time you have a pretty fair idea of how desperately good God got when Ned ran up against the cold-storage flavor and the tincan taste of an army transport. The training camp, to be true, had broken him in a little. There, however, he'd been so stopped up with dust that he'd never felt really hungry. But now—

"Good . . . God."

He swallowed the transport stuff all right and begged for more between meals. But down in the bottom of his heart he knew what he was eating: "pisen—jes' reg'lar pisen!" And he used to climb up in the crow's nest and gaze back over the sea toward that Eden the Government had jerked him

out of—toward that paradise of fried chicken and barbecued rabbit, spareribs and cold chine, egg bread and hot biscuit, hoecakes and—and, please, sweet potatoes.

"If I jes' had one single good ole tater!"

That's the way you are on ship-board if you haven't traveled much. Some one single article of food rises up before you day and night and seems to synthesize all your past joys, all your present needs, all your future hopes. And, what made matters worse for Private Clagget, he happened to hear an officer say that sweet potatoes were practically unknown in France, and that they took up so much room in proportion to their food value that they wouldn't be shipped over to the men. That was the last straw on the camel's back. And when they pointed out to Ned a strip of horizon that looked as straight and black as a bayonet, and told him it was France, all he did was to swallow his elevator down as far as it would go and then let his soul off at "Taters—if I jes' had one single ornery one!"

And, noticing that the other fellows were all writing home for this, that, or some other thing—chewing gum, chocolate, peanut brittle—Private Clagget applied to his earthly father and mother for a sweet potato.

"Jes' one," he wrote. "But a whopper, for Heaven's sake!" . . .

NOW this is the story of a girl named Yvette, whose universe was a little French valley and whose world was a farm about twice as

big as an ordinary American back yard.

Ever since doll days Yvette had believed in marriage, and when she got to be twenty she picked out a mate with all the care of a motherly robin that had reached April latitude. That is, Yvette became engaged. And she and her gars billed and cooed together just before daybreak every morning, after the manner of French peasants who don't like to let birds beat them to the fields.

Yvette and her gars also went to Mass together, played dominoes with the curate every Thursday evening, and finally, after very careful calculations, decided that the next St. Martin's should be the day of all days for them.

One reason for their choosing November 11, St. Martin's Day, was that Yvette's mother always killed

the pig just before St. Martin's—not a pig, but the pig. And Yvette knew that her marriage dinner would be a much bigger affair with fresh pork and hard cider than with hard cider and ordinary ragout.

Then there was a spiritual reason for picking out St. Martin's. Nine days before St. Martin's came All Souls' Day, which in France is called the Day of the Dead, and that's the most solemn event in the whole French year. On that day, the 2d of November, you remember your dead, go to see them, talk about them, pray for them, and resolve that you're going to do your very best to come up to your ancestors. Yvette and her gars, therefore, with that deft combination of the spiritual and physical which constitutes the secret of French life, harmonized hog killing with the high resolves attendant upon ancestor worship, and picked out the next St. Martin's as being just exactly the right day for the filing of their claim.

But St. Martin's never came. The Day of the Dead didn't



He and his "tater" talked to each other about times when it was good to live



wait for the 2d of November that year, but started in August. And when the date for St. Martin's did finally come round, that grim festival of the dead was still being celebrated—that unending Jour des Morts. Yvette was not only without a betrothed, but without even a single hope of ever finding another one. They were all gone that would have married her—all but one, Alain Brinbajoue, who, armless now and legless, stayed in a box full of straw on the church steps, chanting out monotonously the cries of rage, the curses, and the prayers of his comrades who, in his mutilated memory, were still falling about him, one by one, "for the sake of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and France."

YVETTE put a clean sou in the cripple's box every Sunday morning, and then ate a little less ragout at dinner to make up for her charity. And the war wore on. It was like a winter night that wouldn't end. Ragout was precious now. A full-grown hog sold for three hundred francs. Instead of killing her pig just before St. Martin's Day, Yvette's mother sold it. Instead of beating out her wheat with a flail, and then standing up on a barrel to let the wind do the threshing as she slowly poured the grain down into her dishpan, Yvette's mother sold her crop as it stood in the field to Government agents who were moving about the country equipped with an American steam thresher.

Yvette and her mother also sold the potato crop. But they still ate their own turnips and leeks, their carrots and artichokes, their string beans and parsley, their cabbage—all that wasn't needed absolutely for the feeding of that splendid little new white pig of theirs, which the mayor (who had sold it to them) pronounced as being the most noble animal that had ever been born on his farm.

"If you treat him right," the mayor told Yvette, "and if the war keeps on, I wouldn't be surprised if your mother were to sell that pig next fall for as much as five hundred francs. You see, child, that's not an ordinary hog; it's a pig of vast capacity!"

The first thing Yvette did was to choose a name—such as would ward off the various forms of bad luck that usually waited on pigs. And she called the animal Christopher, the curate pronouncing this a most excellent name for either folks or hogs. Then she crawled into the sty and scrubbed it as clean as a stewpan.

Just before sundown every day Yvette let Christopher out to stretch his legs. And the best breed of French hogs have legs that are astonishingly long. Christopher belonged to the nobility. And the shines he cut up of an evening when they let him out—jumping over the tub, rearing up, racing about, curling and uncurling his tail, and emitting the most amazing little squeaky grunts of joy—suggested a sort of combination colt and kitten with the instincts of a puppy. There wasn't any doubt about his being a pig of a vast capacity, just as the mayor had said. And with lukewarm water Yvette gave her pig a bath in the washtub every Friday afternoon, using strong kitchen soap that made his red skin glow. And she always kissed Christopher after his bath.

In fact, there happened what I don't believe could possibly happen to anybody else except a French peasant girl. Yvette solved her life problem with the pig—got her dreams out of Christopher, put her dreams into Christopher—and gradually evolved many excellent reasons for living, working hard, and believing that somehow, somewhere, everything would turn out all right in spite of that awful litany of death cries which was still trickling like blood from the chapped lips of Alain Brinbajoue, who stayed in a box full of straw on the steps of the Church of the Sacred Heart:

"And René Chamberton, the one with black eyes, here's what he said— And Adolphe Touardel, who sang in the choir, when a shell splinter stuck through him, he— And Pierre Granvier, who had a neck like a lull, he just doubled up and hissed— And Victor Lemanoir, with those crazy eyebrows; oh, look at him, God, standing up there like a target full of holes, bleeding out his *France—Fran—Fra—*" For not only did Alain Brinbajoue give all the curses

and prayers, but even the death gurgles of those dead comrades of his, and he imitated their voices as best he could, ending up eternally with: "For the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and France."

But Yvette's heart heard something else—something that throbbed on in spite of that everlasting Jour des Morts. And with a queer, far-away look in her eyes one day she told the curate:

"Father, you know Christopher is promising me a great many things—a wonderful husband and an automobile!"

But Father Rassec was a very practical man who had sprung from the peasant class himself. And the thing about the war that worried him most was that they wouldn't let him join his regiment. He was too old. Father Rassec didn't want to say Mass; he wanted to use a bayonet. And, frowning at the dreamy look that crept out of Yvette's eyes and overspread her face, he remonstrated:

"Now, look here, Yvette Boubanec, don't you go and be a fool! It's bad enough for all our boys to get killed without you girls getting flighty. You and your mother have a fine pig, and that's all there is to it. If you sell him for as much as five hundred francs, it will be another one of St. Eloi's miracles. Your mother will then buy a Government bond, you'll start in with another pig, and I'll be just that much older. So there you are, and that's all there is to it. What kind of nonsense is this you're hiding there in your curly little numskull, Yvette? I'm not in the confessional, daughter, but out with it."

Yvette laughed, took the priest's hand and kissed it—biting him a little just to show she wasn't crazy, and then went down the road, singing:

*Le mariage est doux comme une fleur nouvelle,  
Le mariage est doux,  
Filles, mariez-vous!*

And Father Rassec, who was like most fighting men and had the heart of a child, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and swore out loud in Latin.



"Enter and git outside the damfine pancake the mother make"

sulted in very hard multiples for American arithmetic. In that chill, damp air, after a twenty-mile hike, seven, eight, or even nine pancakes felt to the American stomach like a gossamer lining only. But that unnatural seven times four, eight times four, nine times four— There's where arithmetical cramps began that changed for the worse into well-nigh logarithmic agony when a bank note was given in payment and the change had to be worked out in accordance with those scrappy little twenty-cent francs which were worth but seventeen cents and a half.

Dare-devil young lieutenants who were making the first money of their lives, and expected to get killed anyhow, refused to fool with French change, and told Yvette to stuff it in her stocking. That was the first English phrase she ever learned. Sergeants imitated their lieutenants, as did most of the corporals. But privates soon learned they couldn't shoot up the French kitchen with thirty dollars a month. And there's where the trouble began—disputes, quarrels, accusations of cheating lodged against Yvette and her mother.

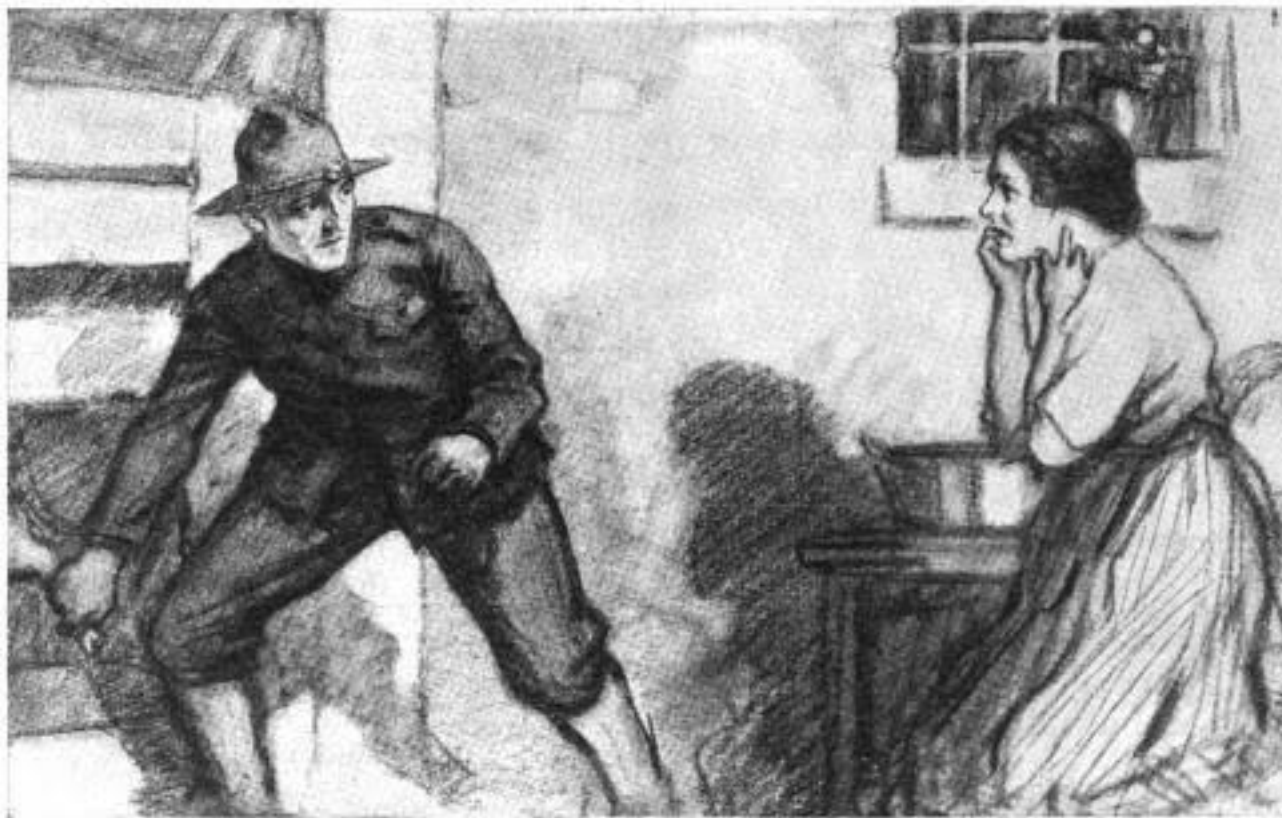
Father Rassec decided that there was but one way out of it. Yvette just had to learn English, so she could count out loud with her customers. And the old priest, who knew only his Breton, French, and Latin, bought grammars and dictionaries, and started out giving Yvette lessons in the structure of English, leaving her to learn pronunciation from her customers.

YVETTE didn't sleep much. She sold pancakes by day and worked on English at night. It wasn't long before she learned that Americans pronounced "curse" as if it were written *churr*, "girl" as if it were *gal*, while, instead of Father Rassec's literary "very," she noticed that her customers preferred the dialectic form *dam*. So in the sweetest tones she could command Yvette cried out her wares to the passing troops:

"That sirs approach themselves, enter in, and git outside the damfine pancake which the mother make before the eye! But four cent one, one but four cent! Step lively, men, when hot! Attention!"

Father Rassec was delighted. He could readily understand Yvette's English, and he used to stand there for hours at a time, watching Americans eat pancakes, taking off his hat to all the officers, blessing the privates with a sign of the cross, and praying silently for all those American bayonets that made such pretty hatchwork for France's fields.

Yvette soon became so fluent in English that she didn't have to study at night. Nothing to do now, in the evening, but squat in the kitchen with her mother after the shutters had (Continued on page 34)



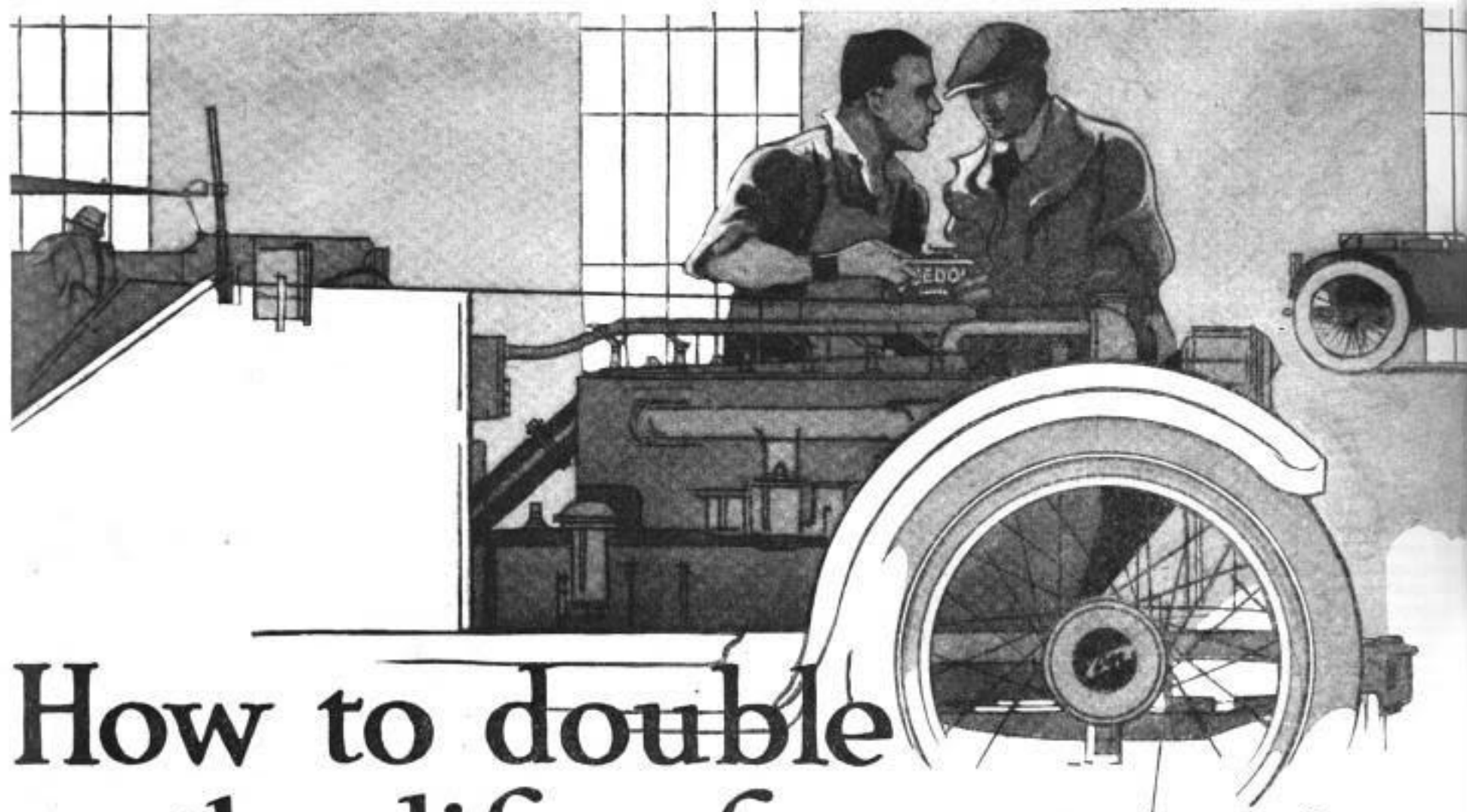
She dropped on the ground and sobbed: "O Edouard, mon Edouard—he starve to death!"

Now this is the story of a French pig and an American sweet potato. The fourth year of the war had begun—the fourth year of the Jour des Morts. And it was November, especially in France.

Christopher had reached his majority, but his appetite hadn't stopped growing. Instead of playful antics, this pig of a vast capacity now utilized his daily half hour of exercise in scouting hither and thither, up the road and down, under this hedge and that, in search of any American canned food that American soldiers had chanced to bless and throw away.

The valley was full of Americans. And what had been a community of French peasants, bent over





# How to double the life of your engine

**T**HE life of your engine depends on the lubrication it receives.

This fundamental fact has been proved by hundreds of scientific experiments carried out in laboratory and road tests by leading automobile engineers.

Any well-built engine can run, after a fashion, for weeks, sometimes for months, on inferior oil—but with rapidly decreasing efficiency. And then come troubles, in endless succession; worn and broken parts, requiring costly replacements, and eventual relegation to the scrap heap.

Do you want this to happen to your car?

Year after year the properly lubricated engine will give good, steady, efficient service, both operating cost and wear on the parts being reduced to the minimum.

## Sediment in ordinary oil causes wear

The use of ordinary oil results in rapid wear because it breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine, 200° to 1000° F., and forms large quantities of black sediment. Sediment is the greatest cause of friction and consequent shortened

life of the parts in automobile engines. It crowds out the good oil that should form a protecting film between moving metal surfaces. As sediment has no lubricating value, these metal parts grind together, producing friction and wear.

## The tiny teeth of friction

Suppose you could examine a bearing, wrist pin or other working part of an engine through a strong magnifying glass.

You would find its apparently smooth surface literally covered with millions of microscopic teeth.

When sediment crowds out the cushion of lubricant that separates two such moving surfaces, these tiny teeth grab and tear at each other.

*Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running*



## How the sediment problem was solved

Hundreds of laboratory and road tests were required to solve this sediment problem.

After years of labor and research by prominent engineers and chemists, a new method of refining lubricating oil—the Faulkner Process—was discovered. By this process—exclusively used by this company—was produced Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

## The famous Sediment Test

The advantage of Veedol over the average oil is strikingly shown by the famous Sediment Test—illustrated in the two bottles at the bottom of the page.

In the bottle to the left is a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase after 500 miles of running.

The right hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol taken under identical conditions.

## What airplane engineers learned about lubrication

During the past two years, airplane engineers have learned that their greatest problem is one of lubri-



cation, so intense is the heat in airplane engines, and so rapidly does it cause lubricating oil to break down and sediment to form. They have proved the great value of the Sediment Test and of a lubricant that resists heat.

By showing that the use of ordinary oil will reduce the life of a high-powered airplane engine from 500 hours to two or three hours, airplane engineers have demonstrated what happens to an automobile engine after weeks of running with ordinary oil.

### Be sure you know what kind of oil goes into your engine

Experienced motorists are rapidly coming to insist on knowing what kind of oil goes into their engines. They find out exactly what oil is best for their particular engines, and stick to that oil.

Uniformity of lubrication is of the utmost importance.

No matter when, where, or how you buy it, you will find every gallon of Veedol the same.

### Try this road test with your car

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine very slowly for 30 seconds and then clean out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and level straightaways.

You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

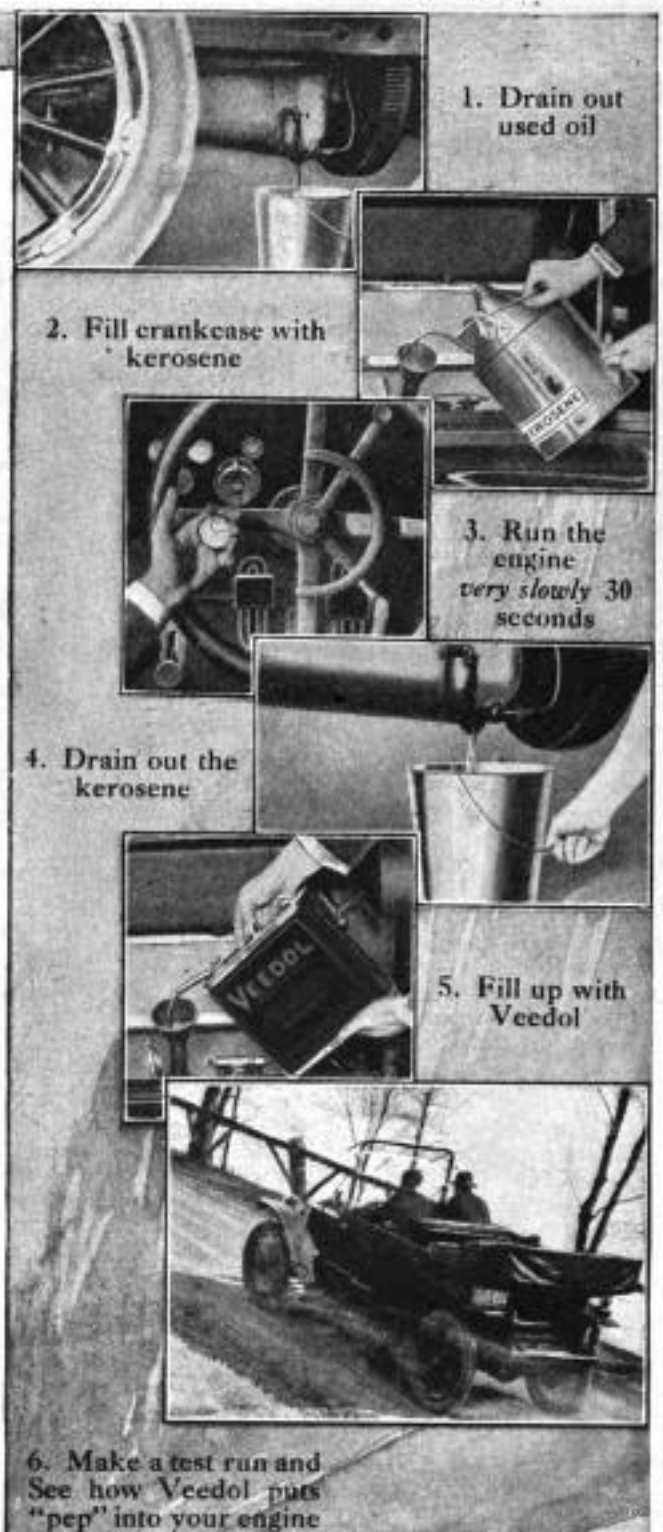
Users of Veedol find that, besides increasing the life of their engines, Veedol greatly reduces their operating cost.

### Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

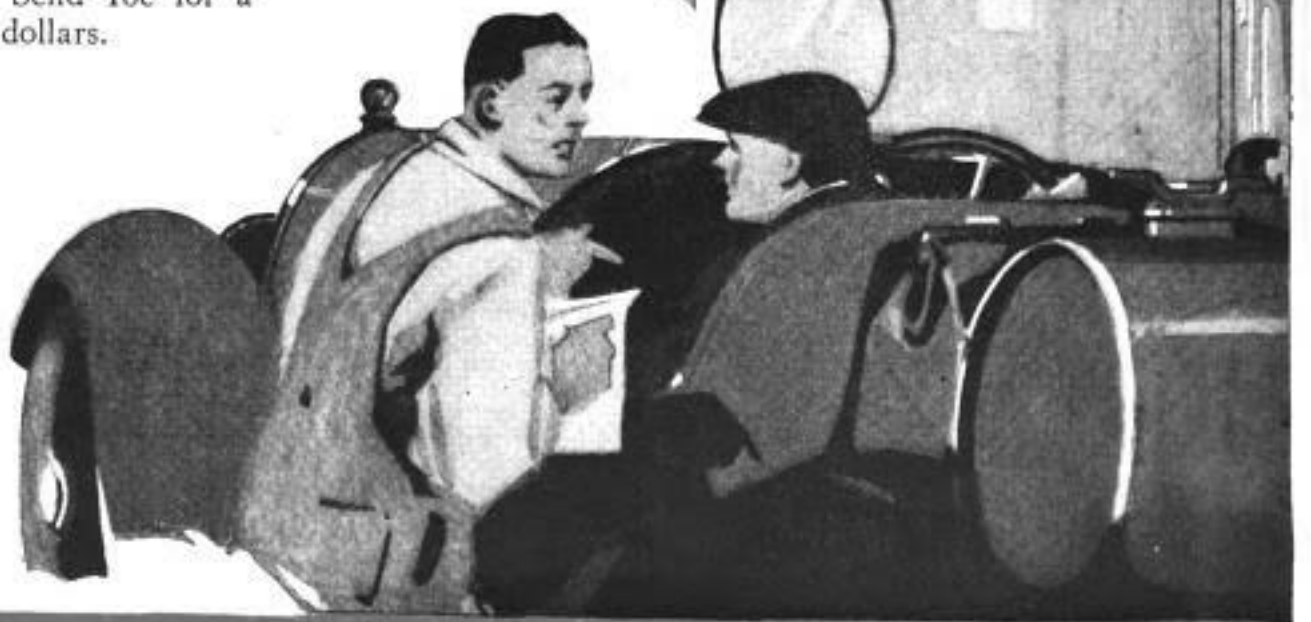
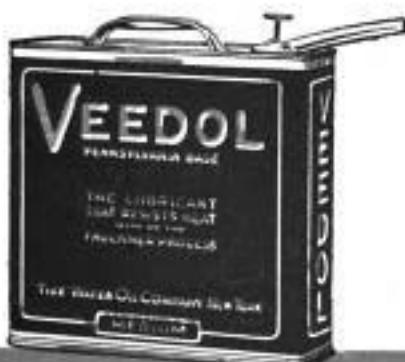
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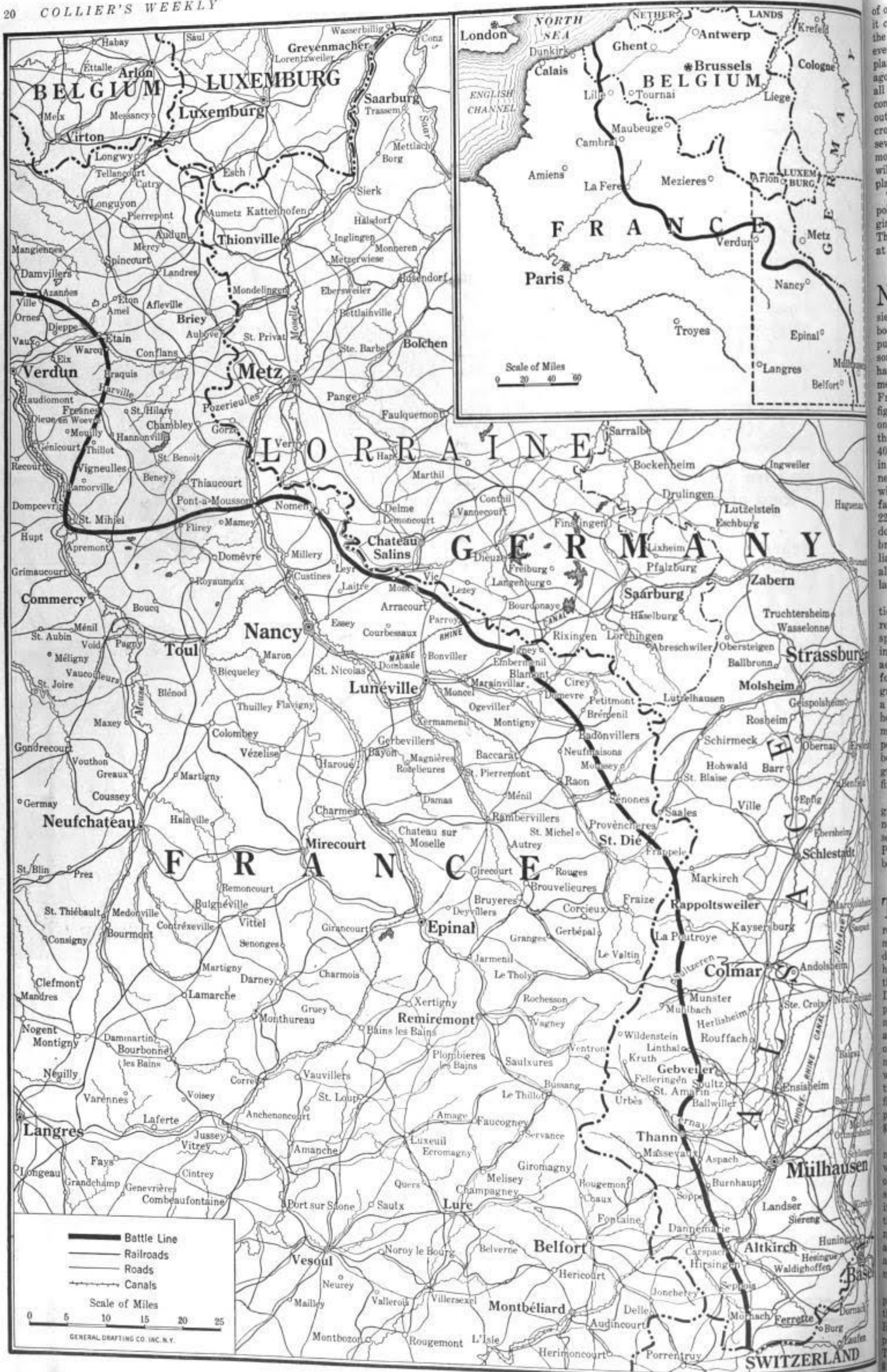


### An 80-page book on lubrication for 10c

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as a text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.







# WHERE WE STAND

The heavy black line shows the battle front along part of which American troops are now fighting



of our aviation fields is in Texas. Like all the others, it covers several square miles. It was bought, and the hangars were erected within the past year. Like everything that Mr. Howard Coffin has done, this plant was made for the future. But a few weeks ago several accidents happened at that field. They all happened during the hour when the students were coming in at evening from their flights. It turned out that the air over Texas had literally become crowded. And so the authorities are now buying several other fields, distant about ten miles from the mother field; and the aviation camps of the future will be arranged according to this system, a central plant surrounded by a circle of smaller fields.

The result of the Aircraft Production Board's policy is that we shall go on the western front, beginning in June, with a single-type airplane engine. The British and French between them are using at least six times as many types as the Germans.

#### Airplane Needs

NEITHER the Aircraft Production Board nor the Signal Corps has done what it was freely prophesied it would do in the first year of war. Like everybody else, the service oversold itself. And then the public doubled the figures. And so an impression has somehow got abroad in this country that we should have 100,000 airplanes on the western front this summer. Well, in the experience of the British and French, it takes forty-seven men for every active fighting plane, and four machines in reserve for each one active. To put 100,000 fighting planes in France this summer we should have had to produce over 400,000 planes and enlist more than 4,000,000 men in the Aviation Service. Actually, there have never been more than 2,500 planes active in the whole Allied army on all fronts. As a matter of fact, our original hope was to build from 20,000 to 22,000 planes all told by next summer. We shan't do that. Nevertheless, our achievements in this branch of the service have been fair. What we are liable to realize very soon is that we should revise all our views about the airplane, that we should enlarge this branch of our activity enormously.

There is one department of our year's preparations that cannot well be reduced to figures. Director Gifford of the Council of National Defense speaks of it as "the creation of relations." It really includes most of the intangible things in the way of adopting policies and getting the country mobilized for war along the lines of those policies. In the one great field, labor, we have been slow about getting a policy. Six months after war began England had her workers and her great employers in an agreement by which no strikes were to be called during the period of the war, an agreement acceptable to labor because on the one hand previous standards were guaranteed by the Government and on the other four-fifths of the employers' profits went to the empire.

One year after we have declared war we are beginning seriously to talk about a labor policy, and now only because we have been forced to it by the serious curtailment of man-power in the shipyards. Policies ought to precede events; they ought not to be improvised in the hurrying of meeting events.

#### Prices and Food

TWO other policies which were adopted with reasonable promptness were price fixing and the regulation of food. There are plenty of persons, many of them economists of high standing, who don't believe in these policies. But, the policies having been adopted, there can be no doubt that they have been put into effect with obvious results. Director Gifford of the Council of National Defense put on record before the Senate Investigating Committee an itemized statement showing that the amount saved to the Government by the price fixing of supplies is approximately \$3,112,000,000. At the moment we entered the war, prices in this country were rising very fast, due to the urgent buying of the Allies. Coffee was about 30 cents a pound; price fixing made it 23½ cents. Lead was 11 cents a pound; price fixing made it 8 cents. Pig iron was \$55 a ton; price fixing made it \$33.

As to food, when Mr. Hoover received his appointment wheat was selling at \$3.50 a bushel; sugar was actually sold in one place at 5 cents an ounce or 80 cents a pound. Mr. Hoover subsequently said that sugar would have gone to 25 cents a pound if it had not been for prompt action on the part of the Food Administration. Experts in the sugar business say 50 cents a pound. Sugar went to 35 cents a pound in the Civil War, when there was neither a national nor a world shortage of sugar. Flour might very well have gone to \$35 a barrel.

Mr. Hoover started in with none but advisory powers and no appropriation. His principle was that nobody should make money out of this war. His first object was to encourage production and proper distribution—lest the Allied world starve. The sugar refiners agreed to a differential of \$1.30. This meant that whatever raw sugar cost and however high the price of refined sugar went they would not charge more than \$1.30 per hundred pounds for manufacturing it. It meant that the refiners had no financial interest in the price of



Judging the landslide by a pebble

either raw or refined sugar; they were agreed to a \$1.30 differential, or 54 cents less than they had previously been getting. And when Mr. Hoover got his powers in August they were licensed on this basis.

The net result so far as prices are concerned of the Food Administration's efforts is a reduction of 14 per cent from the figures of May 17, 1917. The net result so far as the conservation of food is concerned is more difficult to compute. One specific task Mr. Hoover set out to accomplish was to reduce our consumption of wheat in favor of corn. We produce approximately 600,000,000 bushels of wheat a year and consume nearly that much. Our per capita consumption in the form of wheat flour alone is four and a half bushels. But we must, Mr. Hoover says, eat no more than three and a half bushels of wheat per capita this year, using corn instead, and releasing 100,000,000 bushels of wheat for our allies. The Food Administration is accomplishing this purpose almost wholly by persuasion. Within a year after our declaration of war we, a nation devoted to white bread, to eating wheat and only 60 per cent of the grain, are eating war bread.

#### The "Neck of the Bottle"

IF you ask the question: "At the end of the first year, just where are we—how well have we done?" the answer is not easy to express, for there is no standard of comparison. In trying to get something definite I put to a dozen men in the high posts of responsibility the question framed in this form: "Compared to where you yourself expected to be, judged by the standard you set up for yourself at the beginning, just what percentage have you been able to accomplish of what you expected to accomplish?" An average of the answers indicates that we have done about 75 per cent of what we hoped to do; that it will be July before we reach the degree of preparation we expected to achieve by the first anniversary of war.

But the measure of the nation's preparedness as a whole is determined by the preparedness of that one of the departments which is least well prepared. For the nation fights as a whole; the necessity is for the nation to become a single great war machine. And it so happens that the department in which—after three years of warning and a year of preparation—we have done most badly is that which is of the first importance. No matter how situated, the first concern of a nation and of an army is its transports, the line of communications that joins the army with its base. To every professional soldier this is A, B, C. Its maxims are drilled into him from every textbook. Napoleon put it compactly: "The secret of war is the secret of communications." All the standard military writers put it as strongly: "Any organization intended to maintain the efficiency of armies in the field must depend on communications with home being properly maintained," says Von Schellendorff.

"It is an axiom that no army in the field can exist for a long time in an efficient condition unless it has safe communications with the base," says Furse. "The lines of communication should be made clear before everything," says Von der Goltz.

A phrase frequently heard at Washington just now is "the neck of the bottle." The neck of the bottle is shipping. And that neck is much too small. There are in this country to-day supplies which cannot be delivered to our army in France for two years, even granting that the most optimistic forecasts about our ship program are made good. There was a good deal of justification for the cynic who remarked one day when the morning's news included a message of sympathy from President Wilson to Russia and a new loan to England, that there are two commodities which we are able to send in unlimited quantities, talk and credit; they don't consume much shipping space.

#### Equipped with the Best

TO a certain extent you are always compelled to make a choice between speed and thoroughness. Some of our slowness has been without adequate justification; at the same time mistakes of speed can be made which are disastrous in the long run.

In the providing of equipment we have been slow. We haven't yet any quantity of machine guns—we won't begin to have quantity until the coming summer. We haven't got field guns. And many a man in the National Army drilled the first weeks with a broomstick instead of a rifle. But our equipment, however slow, will be of the best when it comes. No nation has a better rifle than ours. No nation will have better machine guns. No nation will have better ammunition. In the Spanish War a regiment of Massachusetts volunteers were using ancient single-shot rifles, weapons ridiculously inferior to the Mausers of the Spanish. They were loaded with black powder, and the black powder so plainly marked the position of our attacking troops that the volunteers had to be withdrawn in order to save the regulars who were shooting smokeless. In that same battle of El Caney we had four field guns, a number so small that they did more harm than good, for the smoke of their black powder betrayed their location immediately to the Spaniards, and the shells they were able to fire were too few to count.



# KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

# 2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

## PRESERVE THE LEATHER

In addition to giving a quick, brilliant, lasting shine, 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes keep the leather soft, help to prevent cracking and thus make your shoes last longer. The use of 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes will best offset the present high cost of leather.

Liquids and Pastes.  
For Black, White, Tan,  
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BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Spanish-American War lasted not much over six months. If you are old enough to recall, or if you look up the history of that six months, and compare it with our year just past, you will find much to cheer you. In the Spanish War you will find a record of epidemics of typhoid in the camps. You will find that volunteer soldiers went into battle in tropical swamps on the Fourth of July wearing the same heavy clothes in which they had left their homes in Montana and North Dakota at the end of winter; and you will find that the War Department of that day got around to furnishing light summer clothes to the soldiers just as they arrived at Northern camps, their active service done, at the beginning of autumn. You will find the record of a famous "round robin," signed by the principal officers in the field, demanding that the army be taken out of the field to escape disease. And you will find the scandal that put into our American vocabulary the phrase "embalmed beef." Against this it is good to balance the testimony of one of the leaders of the criticism of our present War Department, Senator Wadsworth of New York:

"Another thing that we ought to remember at this time is that the American army has been fed as well as, if not better than, any other army on the face of the earth during this period; and the credit for that great task, the training of soldiers' cooks in the quartermaster's cooking schools, and putting them to work in the cantonments in time to serve a hot meal, the first meal, to the soldiers as they arrived in the cantonments—the credit for that ought not to be denied. It is one of the things in which foresight and organizing ability were shown, and we ought to be grateful for it, and I am glad to pay tribute to the officers and men who accomplished that great feat."

At the same time, although his speech was in the main directed at the defects of the War Department's year, Senator Wadsworth covered another point, the main point of all, with quite sweeping praise:

"When one considers the mental attitude and psychological condition of the American people at the time we went into this war, then considers the revolutionary character of the Selective Draft Law, and then follows down and traces the operation of that law, I think everyone will gladly admit that the operation of that law and the working of its machinery have been a remarkable and conspicuous success, far beyond the expectations and hopes, I think, of a great majority of the men who sit in this Chamber."

If you take our preparedness situation as of the day we entered the war, April 6, last year, and compare it with our situation to-day, the enlargement has been very great. But as in many cases of the use of statistics, you can make a good showing by starting from a very low point. In taking the day of our entrance into the war as the standard of comparison, you are being very generous to the Administration. You are in effect creating a statute of limitations on that date, and forgiving all the sins of commission and omission that happened before. We had had nearly three years of warning. We had the benefit of all that the Allies had learned through experiment and mistake. And, as to the turning out of munitions and supplies by our American factories, we had the benefit of the hundreds of millions that had been spent here by our allies. Our allies had taught our factories how to make war munitions, and had paid for the installation of equipment and the erection of new buildings.

### A Policy of Thoroughness

A PART of the delay, of course, has sprung from inefficiency. Another part has been a matter of conscious policy. We have sacrificed speed to thoroughness. That feature has been largely the personal equation of Secretary Baker. Whether this was expedient under all the circumstances is a subject for honest difference of opinion. It is the basis of much of the complaint and recrimination that we have gone through. It may or may not have been best; but I, at least, get pleasure out of reflecting on it. It may not make for accomplishment in the present, but the thing it does reflect is *determination for the future*. And this war has now taken a form in which determination for the future is of prime importance. The anniversary of our entrance into the war is exactly the low point of the Allies' fortunes. But this has happened through causes that the United States is not responsible for. Of course, if we had entered the war one or two years earlier, the situation might well have been different. But it does not seem to me that anything we could have done since last April in the way of speed would have ended the war victoriously, and if that be admitted, then it is good to feel that Germany, as she now looks over the field, should have it borne in upon her that from the first, as the normal and spontaneous expression of our state of mind about it, we had a policy of thoroughness independent of time, a policy which aimed steadily and confidently at ending the war victoriously.

## A CITY OF REFUGE

*Something Our Troops Are Doing  
in the Orient*

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

ANYONE who has occasion to observe the United States army in the field—in any field, anywhere—is immediately and immensely cheered. No accounts of red tape or bad management in Washington can alter the obvious fact that our men are competent, self-reliant, capable, responsible—gifted, in short, with exactly those qualities that free institutions should develop. Common sense and responsibility in the officers, responsibility and common sense in the men—those two qualities can do more than any other to make the world yearn for democracy.

A certain United States regiment of infantry, whose number I shall withhold for the censor's sake, happens just now to be stationed at Tientsin, China. Why we keep a regiment of soldiers at Tientsin is a long story. Here I can only say that other nations also keep troops in China, to protect their respective national interests, notably since the Boxer trouble. The legation guards in Peking are comparatively small bodies; Russia, for instance, at this moment, has only seventeen Cossacks there; the United States has something less than three hundred marines. These and the guards of other nations could, perhaps, hold the quarter until the troops at Tientsin could come up.

There, in any case, the regiment is, and it is by no means lying idle merely waiting for trouble. It is busy at this moment saving thousands of Chinese lives as a regular part of its day's work.

Everybody has heard of the Tientsin floods of last autumn, when a great number of villages and farms, hamlets, and homesteads in the region of Tientsin were suddenly swept away and some 15,000 square miles became an inland sea. The floods were caused by the rising of the Peiho and other rivers in the flatlands surrounding Tientsin, which means near to Peking, for the cities are only ninety miles apart.

How many thousands of lives were lost no one will ever know, since nobody has as yet succeeded in keeping any vital statistics in China. Nor is it known how many refugees drifted into Peking and into the surrounding country. It is known that nearly 100,000 came into Tientsin during the first days after the floods.

When I was there at the beginning of the winter, I still saw box cars of families clad in rags and gunnysacking on railway sidings, headed in the direction both of Peking and Tientsin. Sampans, junks, barges, and even tubs were navigating among the tree tops of this inland sea, and every hilltop was a little island, with here and there a thatched mud hut perched upon it, and Chinese life going on somehow.

For the Chinese may be described as masters of misery. No one can be so miserable as a Chinaman or show it so little. He can put up with anything, and generally does. If what is there is a thousandfold worse than nothing, he puts up with that. If his children have





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clothes, they wear them. But even in the crisp, early winter weather of northern China, I saw some of them go nude, and, whatever the parents may have felt, their faces betrayed no signs of emotion.

### The Army Takes Hold

IT was to mitigate some of these conditions that the American Red Cross asked the War Department authorities to assume the care of some thousands of these refugees, and promptly the regiment at Tientsin was ordered to undertake the work.

The first thing the army did was to lay out a camp in the German concession. Tientsin being a treaty port, the various nationalities, including Japan, have portions of the town assigned to them as concessions. Every concession is really a little piece of its particular nation in the midst of China. The English concession, for example, looks like the Bayswater section of London, the French looks like provincial France, and so on. The United States never took advantage of China's offer of a concession, although recently we have acquired some new barracks there. But, strictly speaking, we do not contribute to the crazy quilt of concessions that makes up Tientsin. All the same, it is very cheering to see the American khaki in the streets, even though our particular architecture is not represented.

The German concession, which has the newest and most imposing buildings, is just now denuded of its goose-stepping troops because Germany and China are at war. There are still plenty of thick-necked Germans in Tientsin, but it is the United States which dominates that concession, and there the city of refugees was laid out. It is laid out in streets and cross streets, military fashion, just as though it were an army camp.

### All Work but No Duties

A CHICAGO architect, Mr. Henry Hussey, who happens to be in China building the \$2,000,000 Rockefeller medical school, volunteered his service in designing a species of hut peculiarly adapted to Chinese needs and Chinese building materials. One thousand huts were built in blocks of twelve on streets twenty-one feet wide. The materials are mud and reeds, with just enough of lumber to support them. They all face south and, being built in the form of the quadrant of a circle, the rear of the ceiling and the floor touch and meet in the most affable manner. The sun, moreover, shines on the ceiling. It took just three weeks, from September 25 to October 16, under the supervision of the soldiers, to complete these residences for 4,000 people, and every hut costs something less than \$15 Mex. apiece.

Space and sanitation have probably never before received such scrupulous attention in China as our army officers gave to these refugee shelters. There are no dark corners or crannies so beloved of the Oriental, and as much as possible outdoor life is made compulsory. Every hut is supplied with a *kangue*, or brick stove, for both heating and cooking purposes, and Chinese women, who do things in the way of three thousand years ago, must suddenly adapt their pre-Biblical ways to military regulations. They look with surprise at the great pains being taken by the engineers and the doctors in the matters of water supply, hospital facilities, and preventive measures, and seem to ask themselves as in a dream: "Are our lives, then, so very dear?"

The American soldier's answer is yes, and boys from New England and Middle Western farms, where the only Chinaman they ever saw, if any, was the mysterious laundryman, are governing several thousand Chinese, to the great delight of the Chinese.

"How do you like this work?" I asked the rookie who was conducting me through these strange streets, among the swarming yellow children and trousered almond-eyed women.

"Oh, we like it fine," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "You see it relieves us of all duties!" Colonel Sigerfoos, who was in command of the regiment when this work was begun and who organized the work, has since then been ordered to other duties and was succeeded by Colonel Edward Wilder. The work, however, is proceeding just as satisfactorily. It is the American army way rather than the personality that counts.

To begin with, everything is done with immense good humor. With good humor a private from Kalamazoo or a sergeant from Missouri, without a word of Chinese, can exercise perfect author-



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**Ingersoll Radiolites**

ity over any number of Chinamen or Chinawomen, and no one dreams of questioning it.

Idleness is not encouraged. There is a complete system of government with an executive department, police, purchasing, and supply departments, and even an employment department. For the unorderly Chinese no better object lesson could be devised than an orderly little city like this camp, with practically no loose ends. It is as good as a liberal education for them. Broad as is the government once they are settled in the camp, so in proportion is it strict and rigid at the gates. Nobody is refused admission, of course, but every man, woman, and child has to undergo a rigid examination and a purification. And, being a matter of army discipline, sentimentality does not enter into the conditions.

Every arrival, man, woman, or child, is bathed, washed, carefully shampooed—queues and all—examined, and vaccinated. When they first began to pour into Tientsin from the surrounding country there were many cases of small-pox going freely about in the streets. The American army doctors soon put an end to that. After vaccinating the new arrival, new clothes are given to him or her, the old clothes are fumigated, packed into a bundle, and put away in a godown, or storeroom, to be returned to the owner when he leaves the camp. Owners, however, are not anxious to leave the camp since their village homes have in many cases been completely swept off the map of China. They want to remain, and the employment department

sees to it that able-bodied men have employment, and the supply department, thanks to the American Red Cross and Mr. Roger Sherman Green, its representative in China, sees to it that the women have fires in the kangues and food boiling in the pots.

Every inhabitant of the camp is catalogued, not only as to ordinary vital statistics, but even as to skill, capacity, and characteristics. Inhabitants of the camp are employed on camp work before labor is sought anywhere else, and whenever an employer needs workmen or workwomen the employment department knows how many it can give him for each particular job.

All this is only a sort of side job for a regiment of our infantry which, as the rookie said, is "relieved of all duties." But the common sense and ability with which that work is done, to my mind, deserves recording as a sample of the versatile capacity of our troops in the field. We all feel that they possess this capacity, but there is nothing so convincing as a concrete case.

Yet the night I left Tientsin on the Peking-Mukden express two boys of the regiment were doing military police duty at the railway station, and I asked them how long they had been there.

"One year three months seventeen days," said one.

"Don't you like it here?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "it's fierce!"

"Where would you rather be?" I queried.

"Where do you think?" he answered. "Where there's something doing of course—in France!"

## With the Crumbling Russian Army

Continued from page 9

to get a motor if possible. That way—possibly some of the British armored motor-car people might be going down to Army Headquarters—the trip would be a matter of a few hours. Zigzagging round the map on military trains might take a couple of days.

The Britishers had no car, unfortunately, and there was nothing for it but to camp out in the station chief's office and wait for him to put me on a train. It was wilting hot. I had tramped over the shabby little town, like so many of these towns in the Pale, all Jews and jargon and dust, with an overlay of Russian officers and—quaint suggestion of how matter-of-fact the war had become here—Austrian prisoners still in their blue-gray uniforms driving the little horse cars with the bored air of old inhabitants. Bored too, and weary, I sat down on a leather sofa opposite the station chief's desk and waited for something to turn up.

### "Right Away"

HE was a youngish officer who combined the usual good nature with a complete lack of interest and concentration in his job. Scratching matches, drinking tea, hunting for cigarettes, he proceeded by a series of rapid zigzags, as it were, through his afternoon's work. A good deal of his time was spent in ringing one or another of two telephones, neither of which seemed to have any central. All sorts of irrelevant people kept calling him. His sister wanted him to get her some bread. A friend wanted to know if he didn't have a way of getting some vodka—"How in Heaven's name," he groaned, "would he have any vodka?" Then, running his hands through his hair desperately, he suddenly announced, apropos of nothing, that he wanted to go to America—"the *tovarishi* made too much work for him here!"

The place was hot and full of flies; there was nothing to read, no one to talk to—it got on one's nerves after sitting there hour after hour. He must have had some general notion of the time the Preskurov train would be starting, but although it was nearly sundown before it did start, every time I ventured to inquire he flung back the usual petty official's "*Skoro budit!*" "*Sichas!*"—"Soon will be!" and "Right away!"

Many officers came and went; once a soldier who whacked his heels and saluted. The station chief didn't see him apparently, and the soldier, a rather short and stocky oldish fellow, much awed by his surroundings, stood at attention, the heels of his clumsy boots held tight together, his eyes watching every movement of the young officer as if his life depended on it.

Here, plainly, was one of the "10 per cent who wanted to be good." The very tone of his "*tak tochno*"—a sort of "Aye, aye, sir!" a good deal neglected

in these *tovarish* days—and his book of doglike trust showed him a soldier of the old school. He had that peculiar dignity often seen in the unspoiled Russian peasant, something in comparison with which education seems shallow and man-made—something of the all-there-ness of rocks and trees.

As he stood there, minute after minute, like a statue, while the young station chief smoked and fussed and fumed (you remember Kropotkin's story of the Grand Duke Mikhael in Nicholas I's time, who after keeping a regiment for an hour at "Present arms" said: "Very good—only they breathe!"), one thought of the generations of Russian patience and long suffering, of the millions of serfs and soldiers of the old days, whipped and driven as something rather less than cattle, of the hundreds of thousands like this man, gone down in Polish marshes or fed to the cannon and machine guns like straw to a furnace.

Where was it now, that old Imperial army, that came rolling down from the eastern horizon in 1914, a sand-colored flood, as if it had no end? To treat men like this thoughtlessly was like deceiving children, and yet how many—in spite of the splendid young officers who matched the devotion of their men with an almost medieval gallantry—had been sent on fool errands, or kept senselessly waiting, as I was waiting there that afternoon, not for any purpose or reason, but simply because some one was late, or forgot, or didn't take the trouble to carry things through!

It was near sundown when I finally got away, and at the last minute, when it seemed likely I should miss the train altogether, the station chief all at once bethought himself and in true Russian style proceeded to break every rule in my favor and overwhelm me with kindness.

He shouted for an orderly to carry my luggage, himself led the way—not without first shooting past the first-class coach car to the third-class coach at the end of the train and then shooting back again—insisted that the guard should open up a compartment reserved apparently for officers, and put a sign on the door that the place was for the exclusive use of the *Amerikanski attaché*, who was on no account to be disturbed. Then, clicking his spurs and saluting as if I were commander of a corps at least, and with the most charming and undoubtedly sincere smiles and good wishes, he left me master of a whole compartment while a corridor full of civilians who had not even a place to sit glared in and wondered who on earth this exalted foreigner might be. For so things happen in Russia. And crowds of people suffer for necessities while individuals are being overwhelmed with

(Continued on page 26)





**What town will be next?**

JUST think back. How often has your newspaper, fresh from the press, cried out the news of another fire and for days after, fed you piecemeal the whole tragic story of death, loss, privation and distress?

Fate seems to time these shocks by some weird schedule so that ere one horror dulls in memory, it strikes again.

What town will be next? Who knows? It may be a quiet hamlet, or a busy factory town helping to build America. It may be a great city.

But the day is coming when we shall not consider what town will be the next, because roofs will be fire-safe. Buildings will no longer be topped with tinder, and when that day comes, fire's path will be blocked. You can see this working out in your town.

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hospitality, and men continually neglect their public duty while putting you into a private debt.

Tales of travelers' difficulties in war time are as tiresome as those of bridge hands or automobile accidents, and I have no intention of detailing mine. That afternoon at Berdichev was so characteristic, however, and repeated in various forms so many scores of times during the next few weeks, and altogether they ground into one so definite an impression of what might be one of the contributing causes to the army's collapse, that I have ventured to recall it.

One could describe hours of unnecessary waiting, days lost because somebody was late or didn't do what he said he would, or, in the blandest fashion, forgot the next minute what he promised this, and all mixed up in so bewildering a way with personal charm and hospitality that the despairing outsider began to wonder whether there was much choice in being killed by Prussian thoroughness or driven to suicide by Russian lack of it.

### "There Was No Plan"

AN Englishman may be as arrogant as you please, and rub one the wrong way, as Englishmen often do, but if an Englishman asks you to go hunting with him in Africa and says that he will meet you six months from now in latitude 3° north, longitude 37° east, you can go right along getting your outfit ready. The natural assumption on both sides is that he will be there. If General Hindenburg should tell you that you had broken Rule 772 and would be shot at sunrise, there would be no chance of escape because the commandant overslept or forgot it, or got a present of ten thousand rubles, or was told by some soothsayer overnight that capital punishment was wrong. And this ruthlessness is undoubtedly disagreeable. But if Hindenburg should tell you to attack at sunrise and that you would be supported by the 165th Landsturm Regiment, undoubtedly the 165th Landsturm would be there if there was any way to get there, blow high, blow low, hell's bells and Donnerwetter to the contrary notwithstanding.

This particular kind of dependability is something largely lacking in Russians. If a Russian says ten o'clock to-morrow morning, neither you nor he necessarily expects him to be there—he merely approves in a general way of the ten-o'clock idea. I do not use the word "dependable" in a moral sense, but merely as a measure of practical efficiency as you might use it in speaking of a watch that did or did not keep time or a machine that does or doesn't "work."

In the things in which Russians are great this quality is not important. When you are reading a Tolstoy novel or watching a Chekhov play or looking at Levitan's landscapes or Riepin's portraits, it doesn't enter in. Dostoevski, for all one knows, may never have kept an engagement in his life. These men take you close to realities more vital and nourishing than those measured by clocks and foot rules.

But in the special and highly technical game of making war, dependability is indispensable. The whole structure is built on it. The only reason that it is a soldier's duty "not to reason why" is because some one in whom he can trust has weighed and considered and done his reasoning for him. There is a plan. But suppose, after three years of war, the cumulative effect of all the times he had been sent on fool errands or brought up too late, or gone without ammunition or food without reason, should come flooding back over him until it smashed into his slow peasant brain the conviction that there was no plan, that the man he had obeyed and looked up to didn't know, or care, and couldn't be depended on. When people ask how it is possible that the good-natured, obedient Russian soldiers should turn on their officers and do the outrageous things they have been doing since the revolution, possibly part of the answer could be found here.

### Seventh Army Headquarters

SLOWLY, from one military train to another, we worked down into Podolia—splendid high-rolling country like the prairie seas of Kansas or Nebraska under a deep ground swell; long billows of rich farm land sweeping up and over the horizon, with the hard white line of the chaussée laid across their shoulders like a strip of tape.

No one bothered me for papers when, toward the end of another baking day,

the train pulled up at a station beset with soldiers and Red Cross cars, and after bargaining with a Jewish boy who drove a dilapidated cart held together with ropes, I started across the prairie toward a cluster of trees and a church a couple of miles away—the headquarters of the Seventh Army.

It was one of those Jewish settlements not uncommon in this southern end of the Pale, where Russia, Galicia and Rumania meet, with here and there a lingering touch of the Turk. A pleasant prospect of trees and thatched roofs at a distance, within it was as square as Central America. Hogs wallowed and snoozed in greenish mudholes in the middle of the streets, and arm motor trucks and staff automobiles flung a more or less continual cloud of dust over one-story houses and frashops, patched, propped up, and leaning at angles as incredible as if they had been struck by a cyclone.

An army headquarters is not, of course, a place where an army is fought; but an executive center for the corps division, and regimental headquarters farther up toward the front. The district covered by this headquarters was that part of the front extending, roughly, along the line of the River Zbrach on the frontier between Russia and Galicia from a point about thirty miles due east of Tarnopol, southward to the Dniester and the quaint old half-Turkish city of Kamenets Podolsk.

An American military attaché, whom I had been pursuing for several days as he fitted about like a rabbit in special cars and automobiles, was ahead of me, and there was no good reason why, after finding out where he was through the headquarters telegraph, I shouldn't have overtaken him that same day. But the headquarters was a mass of clacking typewriters and telegraph instruments scattered through the village houses and commandeered barmans, and it was part of the general jumble of things that the gentlemen of the "political cabinet"—a new, semicivilian group of advisers to whom, for some reason, I was referred—should know nothing of local geography and send me off on a four days' wild-goose chase to Kamenets Podolsk.

### Sonia

IT was too late to start that afternoon, however, and after an hour or two of waiting an orderly led me to a cottage on the outskirts of the village where a group of French aviators had been living—I was to go down with them next day—and where, as the grave old Jew who owned the place was told, not greatly to his joy, I was to be made comfortable for so long as I chose to stay.

He was a patriarchal old gentleman in a black skullcap, with a long beard and mild blue eyes, who sat most of the day on the veranda of his clean little house, very like an old-fashioned farmhouse at home, and gazed calmly into space. He owned a bit of land somewhere and lived, it appeared, by renting it, and was evidently, according to the village standards, rather a distinguished personage. Sometimes, in the evenings, other old Jews came to see him, trooping in gravely in single file, to sit around the low hanging-lamp in the dining room with their hats on, Hebrew fashion, and try, in their throaty Yiddish, to borrow money of him.

I had just taken a sort of bath in the kitchen washbasin—the old patriarch and his wife considerably mystified by this unusual performance—dressed and started through the dining room, when I found myself confronted by a solid young woman, rather oddly attired in a white boudoir cap and sacque, generously revealing a robust throat and plump arms covered with freckles, white skirt, and white, high-heeled low shoes. Her straight, thick, dark reddish-brown hair was cut short about her face and reminded one a bit of Du Maurier's pictures of Trilby. And she stood squarely in the way, with much the air, if one might not ungraciously say so, of a cow in a meadow path, and showed no more inclination to get out of it.

This was Sonia, the patriarch's daughter and only child. I slid past, somewhat disconcerted by that slow, determined stare, and not recalling that the village was a long way from the world and an American as curious and unexpected an animal as a kangaroo. It was not until after dinner that evening, as I was returning from the officers' mess, that I passed her again as she sat in the path of the dining-room lamplight, on the little low vine-covered veranda, listening to two young Frenchmen—aviation mechanics, it later turned



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out—who were lounging on the sofa where I was presently to sleep.

Scarcely had I gone inside when Sonia followed and, sitting calmly down and fixing me with that same look of elephantine archness, asked me if I spoke French. She asked what I thought of the Frenchmen, if I did not find them very "beau," and after a few more phrases, what was my opinion of French "amour." There was no beating about the bush with Sonia. She had the persistence of her race, although her way of putting it was that "Russian girls always said just what they felt." And "amour" was the one thing that then absorbed her.

### "Je Souffre"

SHE had gone from that squalid village to the gymnasium at Kamenets Podoisk—which is as pretty as some old town in southern France or Italy—and there learned what she knew of the world outside of books, and a little French. Then she had come back to the ramshackle houses and dirt of her native village—their own house was better than the rest—where the boudoir cap stood out like a searchlight and there was nobody to practice French with but the girl who kept the post office. And then, after the war had rumbled below the horizon for a couple of years, came the French flying men. They had all seen service on the west front, flew like swallows, and were as perfect young knights as ever stepped out of a storybook. The most elegant of them all, a young captain with a "de" to his name, had been quartered in their house. Sonia's room had gone to him, and she had slept on a couch in the dining room, and there he had lived, with his smart uniforms and his silver knickknacks and the photograph of his pretty young wife in Paris. Now he had gone to Kamenets, and the whole escadrille was soon to follow, and she no more than the paper on the wall, but to her he was a being so perfect and beautiful that even to talk of him to somebody else, especially if she could tell her troubles in French, was a pleasure and almost a sort of pride.

She had never told him how she felt, but that was not necessary—he could see it in her eyes. These Frenchmen were the most intelligent men in the world—they knew everything at a glance. The very fact that he didn't notice her and was gone away forever, perhaps; that he had that pretty young wife in Paris, so that, as Sonia gravely explained, she "had no right to love him," possibly made the whole experience more romantic and complete. She would come out on the veranda—for I got to know the village well in the next few weeks—and clasp her capacious bosom with her rather ample hands, with their freckles, and say "Je souffre" with a tremendous sigh. To be asked whether her sufferings were lighter to-day than yesterday, or to receive a mournful nod of sympathy when she replied that they were, if anything, even worse—all this delighted Sonia beyond words. It became, indeed, a sort of play with us, with certain rules and etiquette, and was most restful and comforting after hours of waiting and wrangling for motor cars that were not ready and messages that never came.

In her absurd French Sonia talked of other things—books she had read, and even things she had tried to write herself, sitting under an apple tree in the garden; cities she had never seen, and the world beyond them. There was something a little comic about her—that slow persistence, her Didolike sighs, the white shoes in the village dust, the big-boned arms with the short sleeves that showed her freckles. But underneath was something unmistakably "nice"—something fine and generous and true. She was one of those who make the world a smaller and more friendly place, and when people tell of the Pale and its filthy Jewish villages, I shall remember the little veranda, and Sonia coming down to the gate to wave good-by, and the last we saw, across the dust and hogs and mudholes, of the boudoir cap and white shoes.

### Officers—from the "Nobility"

THE detour to Kamenets, of which I shall speak later, was completed finally, and, on the right road at last, we hurried westward, past green beet fields and yellow wheat, past a position they were intrenching in case the retreat carried still farther, and finally down a hill to a mill and a pond and the headquarters of the Second Guard Corps. The house looked like the country place of the typical Polish landlord of these parts who gouges his peas-



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ants in order that he may live pleasantly at Kiev and Petrograd and Paris, although it was, as a matter of fact, a hunting lodge for the wild-boar hunts that took place near by. Miles of good land had been set apart for this and covered, except for the long straight runways cut through them, with small trees growing as thickly as bristles in a brush.

There were the usual amenities of a corps headquarters: orderlies who combined soldierlike quality—they all wore service medals—with the tact of well-trained club servants, young officers with charming manners who spoke every language under the sun, and promptly invited me to a pavilion under the trees and ordered coffee.

The officers of the Guard regiments under the old régime were all from the nobility (which, in Russia, does not necessarily mean a title), and in spite of war and the revolution a staff of this sort retained a good deal of its original quality. The one who acted as a sort of host was a young Bessarabian prince, but the one who later proved most practically helpful was not noble at all, but the son of a Petrograd merchant of the class known in Russia as "honorable citizen." He spoke English easily, had come into the army, I think, since the revolution, and in his frank and amusing comments still retained something of a civilian's detachment.

The pavilion on the lawn was pleasant, the coffee delicious, the obvious interest and curiosity in a strange guest flattering, and one promptly sank back into that soothing sense of security and well-being which easy manners, polite surroundings, and plenty to eat and drink engender, after one has been knocking about on the loose without food or sleep for a few days, among strangers, in a strange land.

### Behind the Mask

THE tragic sickness of the Russian Army lay close behind this pleasant mask, however, and I had, as it happened, landed in the midst of it. The night before the colonel of one of their regiments and one of its captains—and the Guard regiments are, of course, supposed to be corps d'élite—had been murdered by their own men.

This episode—the stupid naïveté with which it had begun, the helplessness of the young guardsmen, who began to talk of it as soon as we had exchanged greetings, the final disposition of the case—was typical of what was happening along the front, of what might break out at any moment anywhere.

A medical officer had been sent out to requisition grain. All over Russia there was difficulty in getting peasants to sell their grain because the rubles in which they were paid were worth so little that they could buy little with them. The things were not there to buy even if they had had enough money. If you could have taken cotton cloth down to the country, it would have been an easy matter to barter it for wheat, but as it was they preferred to keep their crops. Already hostile to the general idea, they got the notion from the doctor's accent that he was a German, and when they demanded his papers it appeared that he had a German-sounding name. The rumor flew across the countryside, as such rumors do fly in these days in Russia, that their grain was to be seized and sold to the Germans.

The peasants held the doctor, soldiers sided with the peasants, and the doctor was put under arrest. When the general heard of it he had him released. A dispute followed. The general drew his pistol, and whether he had shot himself when threatened by his men or was shot accidentally in a scuffle was not clear. The sight of blood evidently finished the matter, for the soldiers clubbed him to death with their guns. The captain was killed while trying to prevent other soldiers from crossing a bridge, which spanned a little stream flowing through the camp, to join their comrades. The crime seemed the more inexcusable inasmuch as both men were said to have been especially good officers. Our military observer had been boar hunting with the murdered captain only a day or two before, and had been particularly impressed with his interest in his work, his seriousness and enthusiasm.

### The "Commissaire"

IN any army in the world, under normal conditions of discipline, there would have been but one thing to do. The ringleaders would have been shot or hanged at once. Even though all were not equally guilty, even though innocent men were to suffer, the ortho-

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view would have been that the indispensable thing was to strike while the iron was hot, make retribution follow so swiftly that there should be no mistaking it. Whatever happened, soldiers must understand, once and for all, that they could not murder their own officers. Yet this, under the new democratic régime, was precisely what could not be done. Aside from the fact that the death penalty as a means of discipline had been abolished, they must first send for the commissaire—the half-civil, half-military official who acted as intermediary in disputes between officers and men. The commissaire was at Army Headquarters. He did not go through Corps Headquarters until that afternoon, and nearly twenty-four hours had passed before he got to the scene of the crime.

When he returned the next morning on his way back to Army Headquarters, without, apparently, having accomplished anything, it was not unnatural to accept the orthodox point of view, that the situation was impossible and the commissaire himself a meddling meddlesome intruder whom all sensible men would like to see the last of. It was not thought desirable for strangers to attempt to visit the regiment then, and here we were obliged to leave the matter and set about our rather futile visiting of various front-line positions where things were about as enthralling at the moment as the average city park.

It was not until a fortnight later, and after another trip to Kamenets Podolsk and some of the front-line positions along the Dniester, that I was able to see the commissaire himself and get his side of the story. He could not change the fact that the situation was impossible, but he was not at all the long-haired fanatic one might have fancied. He was, in fact, a husky, good-natured, very "human" sort of person—quiet, simple, and direct, with the air of a man trying hard to do his best. He had been mixed up in politics and journalism, and had his term in Siberia with the rest, and it was the evolution and the new world he hoped it would bring that obsessed him now.

#### Rebuilding an Army

THERE was an interesting lack in his greeting of any bureaucratic or militaristic "side"; he listened intently to my questions, and instead of replying at once asked what I, as an American, thought they should have done. I repeated what our military observer had said, that the important thing, plainly, in such a case, was to strike hard, and at once. That was true, he said—and he then gave his version of the beginnings of the affair as I have repeated it here—but it was not so easy to act quickly as one might think. The thing had happened in the middle of the night. The troops were scattered through a village, only those immediately concerned knew the facts, and neither they nor any of their comrades would tell.

It was all very well to talk of hanging, hotfoot, guilty or not, twenty or thirty men, but just who could be got to do it? In the army's present state of mind it was doubtful if any such order would be obeyed. And was it, after all, certain that that was the best thing to do? There was, he thought, a limit to what could be beneficially done with the iron hand. Remember what the Russian soldier had endured. He had unheard-of patience. He had cheerfully put up with living conditions that perhaps no other troops in the world would have stood. He had had much less leave of absence than soldiers in the other armies—many had not only not been home since the beginning of the war; they had not even been in Russia. They had fought without artillery, without guns or ammunition—fought with clubs sometimes. There was a point, a sort of saturation point, beyond which you couldn't drive any animal—when whips and blows were of no avail. The Russian army had, to a large extent, reached this point. The reason men like himself were thought to be necessary was because the men had so frequently lost confidence in their own officers. They needed some one in whom they could trust. I recalled that according to report even the men had admitted that the colonel and captain were good officers. "The men said that they were brave," corrected the commissaire; "they did not say they were good."

I asked him what he had done finally. The regiment had been withdrawn, he said, from its original position. After every attempt had been made in vain to get some one to tell the names of those concerned in the killing, they had



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## Colin O'Rell

Continued from page 15

Fernald dropped into a chair. "I've a few thousands in the bank, Jevons," he said. "I'll give you a check."

"Fair enough," commented Jevons. "And something else: the police, as I've said, have nothing on me. I don't want them to get anything on me. I'm to be left out of any story you tell them after you've found Miss O'Rell?"

"I'll guarantee that there'll be no prosecution of you if that's what you want," said Fernald.

"Fair enough again! Just let me have that check."

Fernald turned to his desk. His fingers shook as he opened a drawer. His check book was half withdrawn from it when something struck him just above the nape of the neck. He tried to rise, but pitched forward. He lay quite still when Jevons, sweat dripping from his forehead, bent over him. . . .

HE awoke from unconsciousness to meet the nearsighted eyes of the Marquis. The grotesquely fat man was smiling at him.

"Awake? That is well. It is quite true that English Fred shrinks from killing. He does not strike too hard. Also, he shrinks from being killed." The Marquis's voice grew harsh. "So you thought that once you had gone to the police all would be ended for me, eh, Fernald? You never thought to distrust Jevons? Because he had failed me once he would fail me always, was your reasoning. Fernald, you are not so clever as I had begun to think."

Fernald could make no reply. He hardly heard the Marquis's words, was barely conscious of the gloating triumph in his eyes. He only knew that once again he had shown himself mentally incapable of coping with the Marquis, and that the last chance—if there had been any at all—for Colin was gone.

"You wonder, perhaps, why I should have been anxious for your quick recovery, why I did not wish Jevons to kill you, eh?" He raised his voice. "Come in, my Colin!"

For a moment Fernald closed his eyes. Although he knew that there would not be the faintest shadow of reproach in the eyes of the girl he loved, he had failed her so utterly, so completely, that in very shame he could not at once look at her.

But when he did! Between him and Colin O'Rell could never be shame, could never be censure. He should have known it; indeed, he had known it, but the knowledge had been submerged in the recognition of his own ineptness. But as he met her eyes the message that he read in them made him forget his own failure, made him forget even that his failure meant the end of life for both of them. For she cared for him more than for life, and death with him, her eyes told him, would be sweeter than life without him. The Marquis broke the silence that ensued upon her entrance.

"Love is a marvelous thing," he sighed. "I envy you, Fernald. Were I twenty years younger, there would be more than simple necessity behind my intention to end your earthly troubles. I would feel that I would be removing a most dangerous rival from my path. But, alas, I am old and fat and—gaze on each other, my dears, and let us hope that in the next world true love flows smoothly and unitedly."

He sighed again. "Ah, if only you two could have been content to labor with me, to accept the rewards that I should cheerfully have given you! Had you possessed that individualistic philosophy so essential to success! But you prefer the philosophy that is taught by fools: the good of the many. And so—you clash with me. It is sad, for we could have done so much. You see to what your patriotism—you call it that, I presume—has led you?"

"And soon enough you will find where treachery leads," said Colin.

THE Marquis laughed. "You are stilted, my Colin. Why try to preserve a calm that you have lost? Within, you are raging at me; you would like to dig your pretty finger tips into my throat. And I am not at all certain that that would be too unpleasant, by itself. Only that it might interfere with certain other joys I contemplate. Colin, you realize that this is the end of your game?"

She met his glance, suddenly venomous, coolly. "Well?" she asked.

The Marquis brought his fingers

# Why miss the Super-Pleasures of Life?

Why not enjoy yourself as others enjoy themselves who are more highly alive and who have super energy, super health, super vitality and super powers of every character? Why deny yourself the keenest of pleasures? Why miss the extreme joy of life? Why miss the super pleasures?

IF you cannot exert your greatest possible brain and body power for long stretches at a time; if you cannot complete big tasks without feeling the need of rest afterwards; if you cannot be just as alert, as quick, as vibrant, as energetic at bed time as you are in your freshest morning hour; if you cannot resist and throw off the fatigue elements so that you are never compelled to rest or even let down in your activities of mind or body—if you cannot do these things you do not know what it is to LIVE! You are sacrificing golden treasures and golden pleasures, you are giving up at least one-half of your rightful proportion of joy, happiness, pleasure, health, energy, vitality, strength and success—you are missing at least fifty per cent. of what you could easily secure out of life simply because you are so easily overpowered by negative elements.

## Are You Only One-Fourth to One-Half Alive?

If you are inclined to lean up against something when standing—if you are inclined to let your shoulders droop when sitting—if you want to go to bed early—if you are tired upon arising—if you feel that you must "be careful" not to do things that you would like to do—afraid to eat what you like, or work late and hard; or if you have a pet list of mental and physical "don'ts"—you are missing at least three-fourths of what life holds for you!

You are only one-fourth to one-half as alive as you think you are! The billions of tiny cells of which your body and brain are composed, are of varying degrees of activity—some are alive, some are weakened, some are practically lifeless and some are totally dead. The activity of your body and brain, their resistant powers against fatigue, their ability to think, create, accomplish, are entirely dependent upon the degree of activity of all the cells. Most people have a predominant quantity of antagonizing, non-alive cells, which master and overpower the live elements, making them easy victims of "averagitis."

## Are You Suffering from Averagitis?

Averagitis is the disease of being only an average, or below average person instead of an exceptional person. Most people are only average in health, average in wealth, average in mental capacity, average in every-

thing instead of being exceptional in health, exceptional in wealth, exceptional in mental capacity, exceptional in everything.

Perhaps you think there is no hope for you—that Nature has made you what you are—that it is natural for you to get tired—that Nature governs your destiny—that nothing you can do will change your position or prospects. The truth is that Nature makes us only as great, as mentally alert, as physically powerful as we compel her! We hold in our hands our own fate. One man molds clay into ordinary nothings while the sculptor molds the same clay into magnificent masterpieces. So do some of us mold our own material into ordinary nothings while others make of themselves locomotives of energy, power, activity, and giants in mental equipment.

You are Nature—Nature is You. The material with which you have to work is the billions of cells in your system. By cultivating and developing these cells through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION you can become as exceptional as you desire in every department of the body, including the brain, mind and personality. Conscious Evolution can make you wish for a hundred hour day and no night! Conscious Evolution can so develop the brain and nervous system, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the muscles, the stomach, in fact every organ and part of the body so that you will not know what it is to feel tired or listless, you will not know what it is to have indigestion or any of the ailments or complaints that sufferers from

"averagitis" must have! Conscious Evolution will make you look better to others and to yourself. Conscious Evolution will so supply you with reserve energy that you will not suffer from over-eating or over-exertion,—you will be able to withstand excesses, break Nature's laws,—make your own laws of Nature. And the most remarkable thing about Conscious Evolution is that no drugs, medicines, appliances, apparatus, cold baths, violent exercise, or any other dangerous or disagreeable element is required—there is nothing to give up, nothing to do that you will object to, it requires an average of less than fifteen minutes a day, and the beneficial results are noticeable after the first five minutes!

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Conscious Evolution can make your brain so quick-acting, so powerful in thought, so fatigue-proof, so eager to grapple with problems that your material success will amaze you! Conscious Evolution will make you so great in health and mind power that it will never be late enough for you to feel sleepy, or early enough for you to want to remain in bed, and no task will ever be dreaded. You will not be handicapped by detracting physical disorders or mental inefficiency because you will have left them behind. You will not know there is such a thing as failure. Without the knowledge of how to Consciously Evolutionize every cell, tissue and organ of the body, you are depriving yourself of pleasures and advantages for which you have been wishing all your life—you are living an inferior life, you are denying yourself the success that can easily be yours. Why deny yourself the super-pleasures and super-joys, the real and substantial happiness? How long will you let your negative elements rule you?

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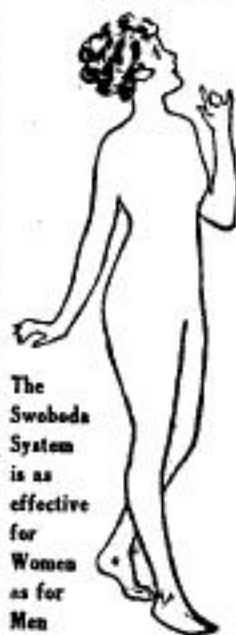
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close together. He let them interlace. "It might also have been the end of my game," he declared. "But my destiny is no slight thing; I have not achieved all that I have achieved to have my plans wrecked by a girl, accomplished and beautiful though that girl may be. It is as I have always maintained: love is for the losers in the game of life. The strong, the victors, have no time for petty passion. The great passion—the passion to win—must be all-consuming. You, Colin, had you played the game alone, had you not let love creep into your calculations—you might even have beaten me, the Marquis. But love crept into the game, and—you have lost."

"Well?" said Colin again.

FERNALD was silent, lost in admiration of the girl. Not by a tremor of her voice, not by the twitching of a muscle, did she show fear of the man who held them both at his mercy.

"But love," went on the Marquis, "when it has made one person lose in the great game, should not be ignored by the victor. The weakness on the part of his opponent has helped him to win; he should pursue the advantage given him by that weakness to the end."

"You would know what I mean, eh? Listen carefully to me, my Colin!" His gross features hardened, became more clearly defined as muscles showed through the soft flesh of his face.

"You have betrayed me; you have almost wrecked my plans. Indeed, some of them you have wrecked. I demand payment, and the payment is death. But—before death there sometimes comes unpleasantness that I will not dwell upon, my Colin. You are a woman, and the Marquis does not torture a woman. But this Fernald—you love him, Colin?"

The girl's face grew pale. "Well?" she said for the third time.

"You are not voluble, my dear; it is another of the many traits that have endeared you to me, that make me look almost leniently upon your treachery. But you do not deny that love of which I speak. Well, then, my Colin, what you have loved has been a man. But how will you like to see that man whom you have loved turn into something less than a man? To see him grovel and beg for mercy, to hear him whine like an animal trapped in a burning house—"

"Quite a job you've set for yourself," said Fernald.

The Marquis eyed him speculatively. "You think so? Perhaps. And yet I have known some very strong men, Fernald. They had courage too. And yet—they have been as I have said—things, not men."

"But why?" cried Colin. And now her voice shook, and her nostrils twitched, surest sign of mental distress.

"Why? Do I need to tell you, my Colin? You are not so unintelligent as that, my dear. Why? Because"—and his tones were menacing—"I wish to know exactly how much the American Government knows of me and of my plans. You, Fernald, may think that you can endure anything without speaking. It may be so. I shall honor you greatly if it is so. But you, Colin, will you talk when I am at work upon the thing that once was a man, or will you—"

"Colin," said Fernald, "it doesn't matter in the least what happens to me. I may be the sort the Marquis thinks me—I may quit and whine. But that won't be the real me talking; it will be a thing. And never mind that thing. Just remember what I say to you now: don't surrender a bit of information that will help him."

She made no answer. Her eyes were wide and horror-filled, and the convulsive movements of her throat hurt Fernald. If only Jevons had struck a wee bit lighter, if only his muscles were more responsive to his nerve impulses! To sit here, letting Colin suffer—he hardly thought of what lay ahead of himself.

The Marquis called aloud; the room filled with men. At a word from the master spy they advanced upon Fernald.

"SNAP" BERWIND, plain-clothes man, listened to the words of the deputy commissioner. He was suspended pending trial. This man Fernald, whom he had at first thought to be English Fred Jevons, the confidence man, had told, in the course of his story, of the attempt of the plain-clothes man to blackmail him. Berwind was disgraced; if he avoided jail, he would be fortunate.

But in his heart, as he slouched away from the deputy's office, was noth-



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ing of remorse. Instead, he was filled with a black hatred of Fernald. Further, not knowing all the details of what Fernald had told the deputy, he refused to believe that Fernald was the innocent person that his superior believed him to be. If he only had something on Fernald! If he could "get" something on him!

It was in pursuance of this highly audacious design that he lurked outside of Fernald's rooms near Gramercy Park. From a corner he saw English Fred Jevons enter the old-fashioned house that had been remodeled into bachelor quarters.

**I**MMEDIATELY Berwind felt justification of his suspicions of Fernald. If Fernald was innocent of criminality, despite that the whole police force had been looking for him, why did the notorious crook Jevons sneak quietly into the house? Undoubtedly he intended visiting Fernald. It was with this intention, despite the fact that he was under suspension, of arresting the two that he advanced toward the apartment.

But while he was still fifty feet away, one of the two—he could not be sure which, so much alike were they, and both were wearing dark clothes and soft gray hats—emerged from the building, half carrying the other. In amazement, Berwind paused a moment. As he did so an automobile at the farther corner sprang into life. Before the plain-clothes man could attempt to stop it, the two men whom he suspected were inside the car, and the car was bowling away.

But Berwind scented something; he knew not what it was, but, pursued, it might prove something to his advantage. On Irving Place he hailed a passing taxi; the automobile containing Fernald and English Fred was still in sight; Berwind's taxi kept it in sight for the next fifteen minutes, at the end of which time it stopped before a house on over on the lower West Side.

Berwind watched the two men enter, one still carrying the other. The automobile drove off. His own taxi had topped at the corner. In indecision Berwind waited. He could not decide what to do: whether to telephone headquarters or investigate further. Suddenly had gone from him all hatred of Fernald. The matter was impersonal now; there was some sort of mystery, and Berwind, after all, was a capable policeman, interested in his work. Moreover, there was the chance of reinstatement in the good graces of the deputy.

But, as he hesitated, decision was taken from him. He saw one of the men emerge from the house. And as he approached Berwind drew his revolver.

English Fred was frightened. The Marquis's emissaries had located him; he had been told that his one chance of escaping vengeance for his betrayal of the Marquis was by capturing the man whom he had pretended to kill last night. He had trapped Fernald. He had been permitted to leave the house of the Marquis. But, for all that he knew, that permission might have been granted because the master spy preferred to have Jevons killed somewhere else. And at Berwind's sudden leap before him the nerves of English Fred gave way. He would not have been driven by fear or remorse to the police, but saw that the police had come to him—he told Berwind all that he knew.

**T**WENTY minutes later the neighborhood swarmed with plain-clothes men, and Berwind had been told over the telephone that the charges against him were dismissed. The gorilla-armed detective was the first to batter through the doors of the final lair of the Marquis. The Marquis's ears, perhaps because of his nearsightedness, were more acute than those of his followers. Whether or not he would really have let Fernald to torture would never be known, for the men who advanced upon the wounded prisoner were halted by their chief's command.

The Marquis waited a moment. Then a crash of wood upon the outer door told him that his ears had heard rightly a first time. He was the last to leave the room, and he slammed it shut after him. Colin leaped to it, but the turning of a key was accomplished before she reached it.

Outside, below stairs, in the hall, it reigned. Revolver shots, the curses of fighting men. . . . The door opened; ceding, the Marquis stood before them. He shut the door; he smiled at them.



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“Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done I believe anyone can do. I am only an average man—not ‘brilliant’—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—and their earnings probably average less than \$50 weekly while my income is over \$1000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

“What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

“One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

“I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me*. Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to ‘put it over’—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to demand and command *what I wanted*.

“With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something

more about will power and in my investigation I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, ‘The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!’ My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

“It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. You already know the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

“People sometimes worry because they cannot remember or because they cannot concentrate. The truth is, will power will enable them to do both. The man who can use his will can not only concentrate and remember but can make use of these two faculties. And I want to leave this one word with you—no knowledge, no plan, no idea, is worth a penny unless it is used—and it cannot be used unless someone's power of will does it!”

Prof. Haddock's rules and exercises in will training have been placed in book form, and I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that “Power of Will” is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised “Power of Will” are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 27-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life as it has to so many others.

“Two shots,” he said. “One for myself, and the other—shall it be you, my pretty cat, Colin, who have betrayed me, or shall it be Fernald?”

The girl moved stealthily in front of the limp form of Fernald.

Fernald touched her; vainly he tried to push her aside.

“Don't, dear,” he cried. “Let me—”

“That is better,” cried the Marquis. His great body shook with wrath; the blood that flowed from a wound on his scalp made him demoniac in appearance. “To be a widow before ever you have been a bride, my Colin! That is better.”

He stepped to one side that he might cover Fernald with his revolver. And then, with a scream, Colin sprang for him, her fingers widespread, clutching

at him. The Marquis slid aside; for all his bulk, for all his loss of blood, he was active still. Colin crashed against the wall. Against the door something battered. Voices cried encouragement. And suddenly the Marquis's face lost its look of fury. He smiled, the blood rendering his smile grotesque.

“After all,” he said, “to lose gracefully is the part of one well-born, and I—I am the Marquis. My Colin, I give you this man.” He bowed toward her.

He was dead before the door gave way. And there was still one filled chamber in his revolver. And above his body, forgetful already of tragedy, the eyes of the girl and the youth met. For life is love, and love laughs at death.

THE END

## Ned's Pancake Gal

Continued from page 17

been closed, sort out the money that had been showered upon them, count it, look up and thank God, and then crawl, both women, into their kitchen beds that were built into the wall, one over the other, like berths on a ship.

And into Yvette's berth there began to steal with her the mental image of an American private that reminded her of Christopher, the pig. Yvette still loved Christopher. She'd stopped kissing him, as she no longer had time to wash him with strong kitchen soap. But Christopher retained his noble appearance in spite of his need of a bath. French hogs are esteemed for the flavor of their meat, not for lard-making properties, and Christopher was still lean as a race horse, long-legged as a pony colt, and agile as a goat.

**N**OW, there was one American soldier—one single one out of all those thousands—that reminded Yvette of her Christopher. He was as slender as the shadow of a lamp-post, but so tall that Yvette's eyes were only on a level with the third button of his coat. And his appetite had all the vast capacity of a Christopher. Yvette felt perfectly sure he would have eaten every pancake her mother cooked had he only had the money to pay for them. And once or twice she dreamed in her kitchen bed that she and her mother were rich and had nothing in the world to do but make pancakes all day long and feed them to that poor tall hungry love of a boy who was starving to death—yes, starving. Yvette knew full well—but who was ever and eternally insisting that his God was good.

At first Yvette thought Ned was some sort of American Mohammedan, and she asked him one day about his religion. Ned said he was a Hard-Shell—his mouth being full of pancake at the time. And Father Rassee is still ransacking dictionaries, trying to locate that faith.

But Yvette didn't mind about Private Clagget's untraceable religion. She felt merely that he belonged to her caste, that he and his people, like hers, lived and had lived for centuries very close to the ground among the whispers of things that grew. In short, Yvette recognized Ned just exactly the same way one robin recognizes the other in April. And Ned recognized Yvette. But Private Clagget had been so disturbed by such things as ocean waves and bayonet exercises—he had been driven so far from that paradise of a sandy American farm—that he felt justified in being certain of but one single mortal thing: a hunger he couldn't satisfy. He knew Yvette was the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth, and that she got mighty close up to him as she sprinkled sugar on his pancake, but he forced himself to suspect that she was flirting only and that she did the same thing with everybody else.

“In French thy name is Edouard,” she told him one evening, and if Private Clagget had only known enough French to measure all the heights and depths of Yvette's inexpressible sweet lipped *thg*, both he and Christopher would have been saved considerable trouble—to say nothing of the loss of the biggest sweet potato that had ever been raised on the Clagget farm.

For it got to France all right, that “whopper of a tater,” thanks to the maternal instincts of the American eagle for her fighting young. And when Ned saw it—held it in his hands—he made out he wasn't well and sneaked off to a sheltering hedge where he and his “tater” talked to each other about times when it was good to live.

The sweet potato smelled to Ned like his birthday, felt like the first time he went barefoot in the spring, and its color reminded him of the pond where he had learned how to swim. A sort of crystal sphere—that's what his big “tater” was. And Ned got to laughing and crying, hugging his sweet potato—as none could possibly understand who hadn't, like him, been snatched from the still small peace of tremendous solitude and dropped as so much human timber into all that swirl and whir of apparently inhuman soldiery.

He made up his mind he wouldn't cook his potato for a while—just keep it, bury it there under the hedge, and then the boys wouldn't kid him—couldn't steal it. Ned was digging a hole with his bayonet. And he made a nice bed of dry leaves for his treasure in the bottom of the hole, put the dirt back, covered the place over with the prettiest moss he could find, took a good look at that part of the road, so he'd be sure of finding the spot again—took a second good look, and perceived, coming his way, the lean form of a very tall pig. Christopher was grunting hopefully, curling and uncurling his tail, saluting snails with his snout, pausing at every tin can.

“Now, I jes' wonder,” Private Clagget mused, “what sort of grub that kind of a shoat is looking for.” And he decided to wait and see.

Ned didn't wait long. The rapidity with which Christopher unearthed the sweet potato, once he'd reached the freshly made hole, reminded Ned of an American hog killing a garter snake—reminded him of that as he jumped at Christopher to save the potato. But Christopher was something of a jumper himself, and, evading the first onslaught, proceeded leisurely to lunge homeward—leisurely for Christopher—crunching Ned's “tater” as he went.

Private Clagget's fastest running kept him only in sight of Yvette's noble pig. But he saw the thief enter his sty. When Ned got there he was completely out of breath, so without a word he merely reached in, caught a hind leg, and pulled. But Christopher was not out of breath, and the squealing he emitted would have drowned a bugle corps.

“On vole mon Christophe! On vole mon Christophe!” And Yvette's cries were also pretty loud and clear. She thought it was theft. But when she got to the sty and saw who was after her pig, all she could do was to drop on the ground and sob: “O Edouard, mon Edouard—he starve to death!”

**N**OW this is the story of a parting—and wars have many of these. The Americans were leaving for the front, trains panting, and corporals too. Ned and Yvette were on the platform. One minute and no more, the corporal had warned them. And the lovers made thus their will: “Now, Yvy, there's going to be a whole lot of other Americans coming here to this camp.”

“Not for me, Edouard.”

“You're going to keep on selling them pancakes.”

“Not kiss them, Edouard.”

“And when I come back, if I ever do—”

“Oh, what thou mean?”

“I mean if I don't git killed I'll sure come back, and maybe you—you won't be nowhere round here ‘tall!’”

She smiled an instant, her face close to his—for she'd pulled his head down to her. “Forever I wait, Edouard, I wait, widow. I wear the black, and the black wish say: ‘Already she love sufficient!’” Then, opening her eyes, Yvette added: “Ah, voilà, the corporal who cuss!”

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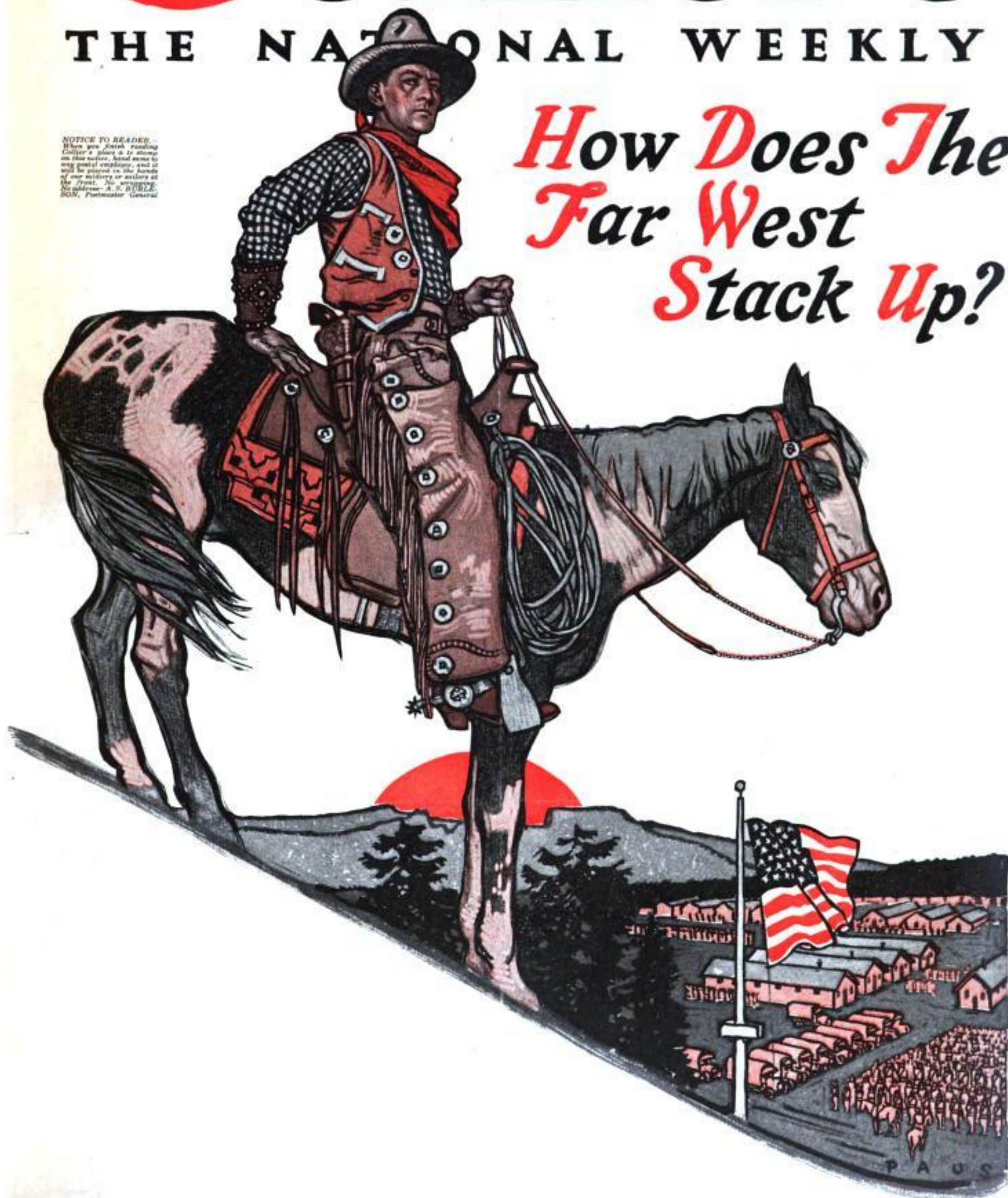
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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## The Roads Must Help the Railroads

Roads were never so vital as now  
—they will help us win the war

**P**RECIOUS shipping is waiting in the harbor because cargoes are clogged on the railroads.

Factories are laying off their labor and closing because they cannot get raw materials through the railroad embargoes.

The whole internal commerce of the East is in a snarl, and it will be so intermittently till the end of the war and after.

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But they *are* clogged with mud or with neglect in various sections of the through-routes and the great swarm of motor-trucks traverse them slowly and with difficulty.

*Clear those roads, the nation needs them!*

Make your town, your country, keep up its part of the great arteries.

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impassable mile puts the whole interurban route out of commission.

Don't wait for the next county to act first; they may be waiting for you!

It is no time to be building roads for mere beauty or comfort.

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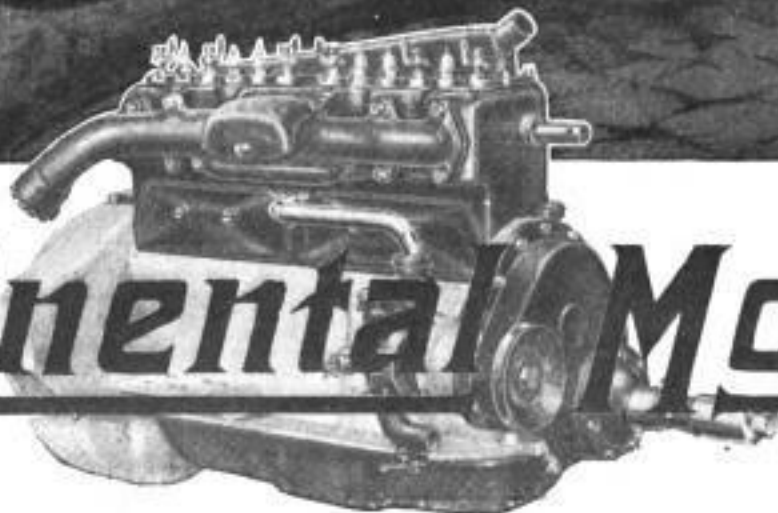
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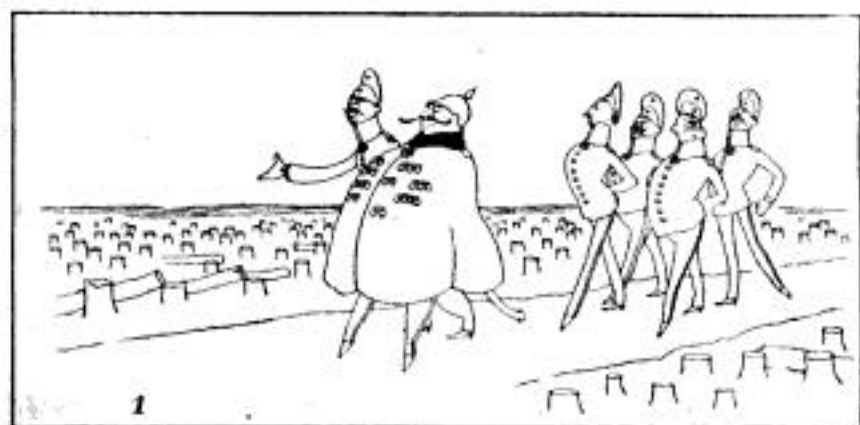
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APRIL 13, 1918  
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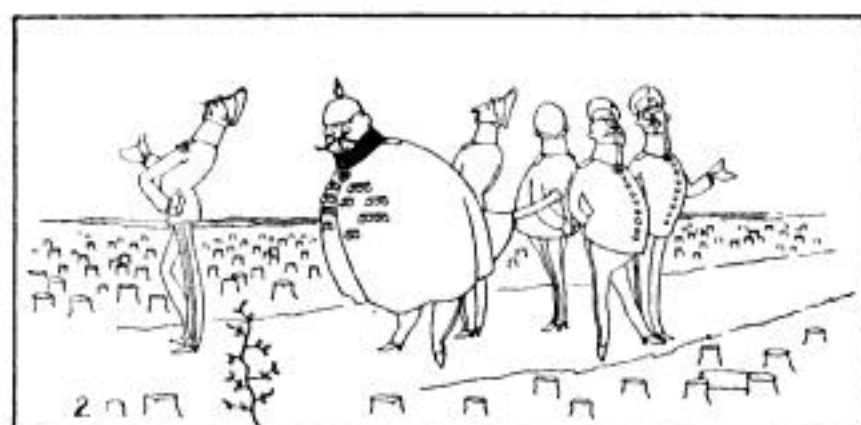
## AN IDYL OF OCCUPIED FRANCE

VERSES by WALLACE IRWIN

DRAWINGS by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



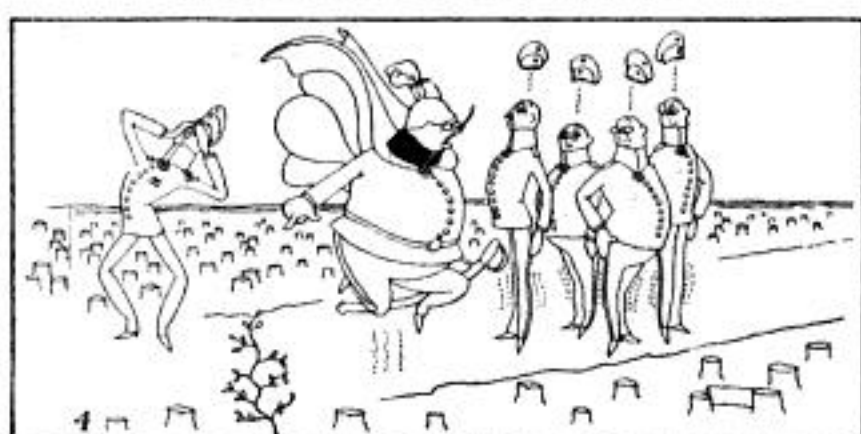
*Quite habby makes der Cheneral yet  
Ven all der offsawed trees are met.*



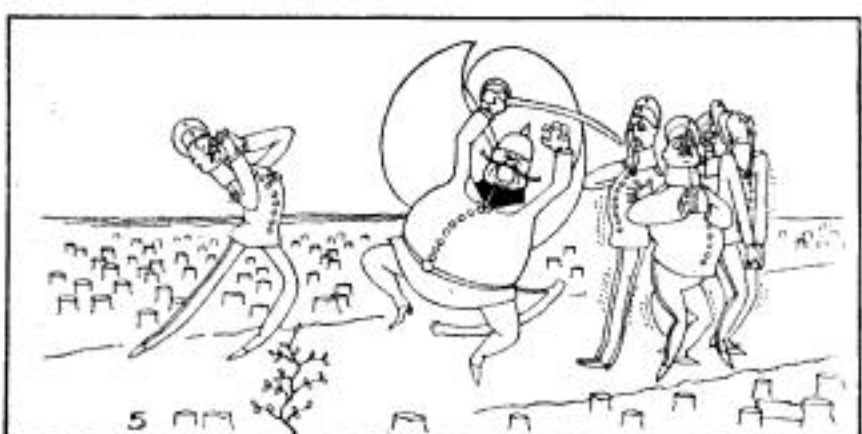
*"Ach, Himmel! Vot iss dot aboutd?  
Vy should it yet dot branch upsproutd?"*



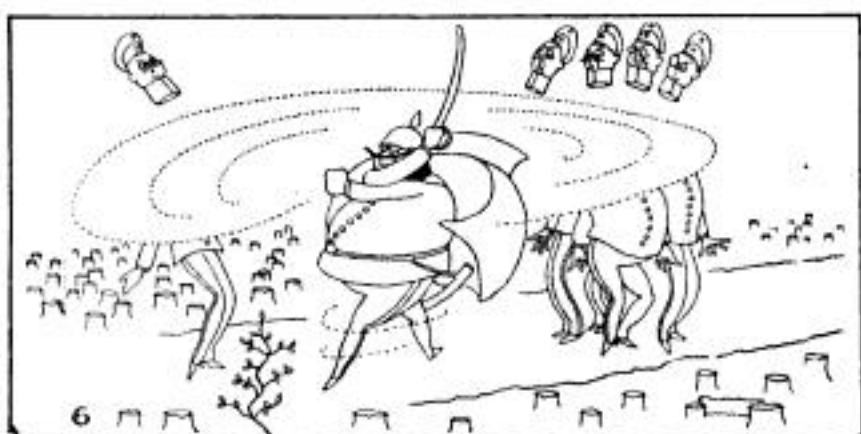
*"Ven down to cut all trees vas plain  
Der orders made, vy should remain*



*"Dot Rosenbaum? Sooch undersight  
Disgrace should be to Schrecklichkeit.*



*"By all der Hohenzollern line,  
Me, Vilhelm und der right divine—*



*"Dummkopf! On you der sword I draw,  
Choost like der tree you did nicht saw.*



*"Und so upstandts Effizhency  
To aid Imperial Chermany."*

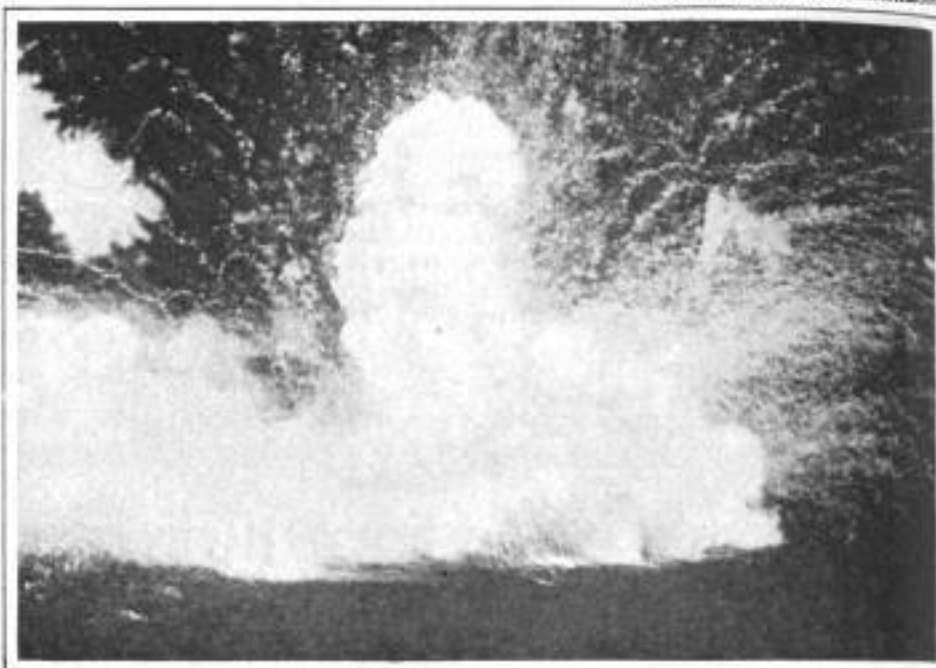


*Den off he strides—he has ein date  
Ein Russian peace to agitate.*





*They smell like the middle of a hospital, look like the face of a prehistoric monster, and are gas masks*



*But when gas bombs explode on the western front the men from the west "are goin' to do somethin' besides die"*

## HOW DOES THE FAR WEST STACK UP? BY WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

**D**RAW a line north and south through the geographic middle of the United States, up through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and on to the Canadian border. Directly on or east of that line there are fifteen National Army camps. West of that line there is one National Army camp, and one only—Camp Lewis, the great cantonment at American Lake, Wash., about 1,800 miles distant from its nearest military neighbor, Camp Funston.

There in that great cantonment, far on the yon side of the Rockies, beyond the desert wastes and the Cascade snows; there in the brilliant wet green of a Puget Sound prairie, the men of the entire West are learning war. The men training at Camp Lewis come from Washington, Alaska, Oregon, California, Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Montana. Some of them traveled 2,000 miles from their homes to camp.

There in that National Army camp one finds every remaining human element of that which gave magic to the pen of Bret Harte and the brush of Frederic Remington—the cowboys from all that's left of the storied range; prospectors and miners drawn clear from the Arizona deserts to the Arctic snows of northern Alaska; timber cruisers and loggers, river drivers and construction workers; hard-rock men and a powerful leaven of world wanderers, adventure lovers, from the four corners of the globe, to whom the West has ever been a magnet.

The men at Camp Lewis have no near-by military neighbor wherewith to measure themselves. They want to know how they stack up with the other divisions. Everybody remotely connected with the division asked me that question: privates and officers, correspondents and civilians at work about the reservation, the janitor at Division Headquarters, the newsboys and the boot-blacks, business men in near-by cities, and just people whose names and occupations I don't know. Their desire for knowledge of how the division at Camp Lewis compared with others was as unanimous as Belgian opinion of the Kaiser. The men out there from one-third of the entire territory of the United States want to know how they stack up with the other divisions, and the people of the remaining two-thirds of the United States want to know the same thing.

Let us first con-

sider the geographic equipment of the Far West in training for the fight. Western and superlative are practically synonymous terms. The West has the biggest apples and the highest mountains, the swiftest rivers, the most valuable town lots, the coldest places and the hottest.

In keeping with Western tradition, Camp Lewis is the biggest cantonment in the United States. It took more lumber, nails, electric wiring, water pipe, energy, character, tar paper, oratory, window sashing, and printer's ink to construct it than went into the building of any other cantonment. It is built to accommodate 50,000 men.

You see? Superlative! Can't be dodged. The reservation encompasses something like 102 square miles of territory. It offers a greater variety of terrain for training purposes than any other camp in the country. It has a huge parade and drill ground, as flat as a billiard table; it has rolling prairie and dense forest, mountains and rivers, salt-water inlets and fresh-water lakes. The magnificent camp site was a gift to the Government by the people of Pierce County. The county voted a bond issue of \$2,000,000 to buy the site and turned it over to the Government gratis.

Camp Lewis is the healthiest cantonment in the United States. The figures show it. The death rate in Puget Sound cities is always exceptionally low. Seattle, at various times, has had the lowest death rate of any city in the country. The death rate at Puget Sound ports has always been close to the minimum. With more than 30,000 men in camp, the division medical report for the week

ending February 16 contained the following significant statement: "There have been no deaths during the last two weeks." The latest report from the surgeon general's office shows Camp Lewis below the average of all camps for admission for disease to the hospital and the noneffective rate. And there is another point. The Washington climate is best suited for the training of American soldiers for work in France because it most closely approximates the prevailing weather conditions of the western front.

It rained on the day of a division review. A cowboy sitting hunched up on his horse in the down-pour, watching the marchers pass, said sadly: "I knew it was goin' to rain to-day. The sun set in the west last night. That's a sure sign in this country."

### *That Snappy, Smart Salute!*

**O**F course you don't expect to find a very strict observance of discipline in a division made up of men from the Far West. That is, you don't expect to find them saluting quite as smartly, standing as stiffly at attention, or making as frequent a use of a ceremonial "Sir," in addressing an officer, as the men of some of the other divisions. You don't expect to find the men of the Far West excelling in all those niceties of military courtesy; but that is precisely what you do find. I found a more general and marked observance of all forms of military courtesy at Camp Lewis than at any other cantonment I have visited. Not only that, but I found the cowboys out in the Remount Depot rendering a salute more smartly and standing more stiffly at attention in

the presence of an officer than the men of any other unit in the division. Out there in that great Remount Station, covering over 500 acres, and capable of accommodating 15,000 horses, where chaps and spurs are working togs instead of curiosities, and the shrill cry of "Ride him, cowboy! Stay with him!" is familiar, I saw men time after time exceed the demand of regulations in rendering a salute. I went over the depot with the commanding officer, Captain Jackson, a ranch owner of Williston, N. Dak. Cowboy soldiers passing us at a tangent on horseback, much farther distant than thirty paces, would twist in their saddles as they went by, watching the captain



*Powder River Teich and Sandy Hilton from Croix Reservation—the entire West is learning war*



eagerly; and if it so happened that they caught his eye, they would snap off a salute smart enough to win praise from a Prussian drillmaster.

Some years ago I was busy picking up a few of the most honest dollars I ever earned, doing long-shore work at a mining port in southeastern Alaska. Working with me at that time was a slim, blond, blue-eyed young hellion, whom for purposes of identification I shall call Jim Jones. Jim was originally from the Michigan timber country, but he had spent most of his young life adventuring up and down the Pacific Coast, working at everything from faro to longshoring, tending bar to hard-rock work, and riding the range to halibut fishing. He was one of the most actively pugnacious human beings I had ever seen. He was easy to start and hard to stop. I used to put in most of my spare time trying to convince Jim that no *casus belli* existed. It was a hopeless job. Jim believed himself to be just as good as anybody else, and he insisted on other people sharing his opinion. He was always on the lookout for those who might doubt his status and ever ready to argue them around to his way of thinking. Jim's idea of argument was not oratory. No! He believed in converting a man to his viewpoint, and the only method he understood was the evangelism of feet and fist.

The last week I was in Alaska, I was longshoring a freighter with Jim. Her winches were disabled, and the men aboard were passing lumber over the side to us on the dock. The mate of the freighter, a big, red-mustached Irishman, decided that we were not packing it away fast enough; and, storming down to the rail, he proceeded to give a peppered imitation in the manner and tone of William J. Bryan speaking of booze. He had just stopped to get his breath for a fresh bellow when Jim walked briskly back down the dock, stopped at the ship's side and, looking up at the rail, drawled out: "Say, young fellow, who you talking to? Me, or some o' the hired help around the place?"

### Playin' the Game Right

THE mate said something that mates often say. I heard a yip, and saw a thin streak of activity disappearing over the ship's rail. The streak was Jim, going to work at his chosen profession of proving that he was just as good as anybody else, and a little shade better. He had to work fast because the second mate and the captain and some of the crew came to the mate's assistance. Jim was no hog. He liked a lot of trouble, but enough was plenty. When reinforcements arrived, he let loose of what was left of the mate, vaulted over the rail, grinning happily, and together we took it on the run, followed by remarks from the captain and such stray ship gear as he was able to lay hands on and heave.

"I didn't have much time," Jim said regretfully when we stopped for breath in the timber above the

Recently I was standing in regimental headquarters at Camp Lewis, when Sergeant Jim Jones of the National Army came in with a message for a captain.

He didn't see me. He saluted and came to heel before the captain as rigidly as any Prussian goosestepper. He monotoned his message in the third person, saluted again, snapped around on his heel as smartly as a whiplash, and went out. I followed and called to him, and we had a reunion in the lee of a company barrack.

"Whatever you doin' now, bo?" he asked me. "What's the C on your arm stand for?"

"Correspondent," I told him.

"Oh, you're writin' us up, are you?" he grinned. "Soldier boys make merry at Camp Lewis, and all such like."

"I'm surprised to hear you speak up in meetin' an' try to josh anybody, Jim," I kidded him. "When I saw you steppin' around up there at headquarters, stiff as a little ramrod, I figured they had you too well tamed to try to kid anybody."

The minute I had said it I was sorry. His face went tired and stern, and he drew a long breath.

"They ain't nobody got me tamed out none, bo," he said very gravely, squinting into the distance.

"Not me! I never did hate nothin' in all my born days as bad as I hate this thing o' steppin' high when somebody says 'Hep!' an' whippin' my arm up to my forehead every time I see a gold hat cord with anything alive beneath it, an' sayin' 'Sir' to many a guy that I wouldn't stop on the street to slap if we was both civilians; but we ain't both civilians now, bo; we're both soldiers. Get me? An' all this salutin' an' other stuff is a part o' the soldier game; see? An' because I hate it all so damned bad, I want to play it well so it'll be over sooner. Do you get me? Them Germans have got the jump on us, 'cause all that stuff comes natural to 'em. It don't come natural to me, bo, and never will. But as long as I have to learn it to help lick the — Germans that started this mess, you bet I'm goin' to learn it well. I ain't goin' to pass up any bets that may help out; see? Nobody ever put anything over on me before I came into the army, and there ain't nobody ever put anything over on me since. I don't salute these officers because they're better men than I am; they ain't. I salute 'em because salutin' is a part of this military game, an' 's long as I got to play it, I'm goin' to play it right."

There, as I understand it, spoke the voice of the Far West. The Far West doesn't like the military business; it doesn't like discipline; but it is willing to play the game according to the rules clear down to the last ceremonial bat of an eyelash, in order to win the war.

While we're on the subject of military discipline, as it worked out in its application to the freedom-loving men of the Far West, let me explain the necessity for the absolute social division between officers and men in the American army. I find so many good Americans who think that the insistence on that division is snobbish, that it is the result of an attempt to place the officer on a pedestal and the man in the pit. Not at all! That absolute division must exist in the American army for the protection of the American soldiers. Suppose the captain of a company let down the bars and associated with some of his men socially, in town, at dinners or balls, or wherever it might be. He couldn't associate with them all. If he were a college man,

he would naturally associate with the college men in his company. What would the rest of the men think about it? They'd think: "Why, we've got a fat chance of getting to be noncoms with this outfit. Why, we saw the captain eating dinner down at this or that hotel last night with private So-and-So and private Such-and-Such. What chance have we got with them?"

© Committee on Public Information



Nesqually salmon add variety to the camp menu — catching them means mighty good sport for the men

And, quite frankly, what chance would they have with them? If a captain associates socially with some of his men off duty, the probabilities all are that that captain would be influenced to a certain extent in favor of those men, his social friends. Even though he be absolutely unswayed by sentiment, the other men of his company, the men with whom he does not associate socially—he can't associate with them all—will feel that they are being unjustly treated and that they haven't got a fair chance. And when they begin to feel that, the fighting value of the company is on the wane. Just remember that, Mr. Democratic American. Remember that that division between officer and man in the American army is absolutely necessary to insure a maximum of justice to the American soldier. And you, whoever you be, who are worrying about the possibility that men may be bloodthirsty after this war as the result of their experience, remember this: The effect thus far of military training on the average American has been in many cases an absolute reversal of expectation. I refer you to the excellent discipline among the men of the Far West as an example of this. I give you another instance—I don't attempt to explain it or draw from it a moral. I simply mention it: Picturesque profanity has always been a characteristic quality of the average men of the West. In Western lumber camp and mill, in mine and on railroad grade, I have heard profanity so skillfully expressed that it ceased to be a string of oaths and became an outpouring of Art. I had been at Camp Lewis among the men of the entire West for nearly two weeks when it came upon me with a shock that in all that time I had not heard a soldier, officer, or man utter an oath. I'm not mentioning the abstinence from profanity as a virtue. I simply mention the fact. It's a reversal of expectation. Think it over.

### Typical of the West

THE men of the Far West are training not only with the idea of doing their duty. They're keen on doing some damage. A nosey civilian, poking around camp last fall, got into conversation with a big Oregonian logger.

"And are you willing to die for your country, my man?" he inquired.

"I am not!" the big logger declared emphatically. "I want to make some German die for his."

At Camp Lewis one finds Captain Resher W. Thornbery, a world wanderer and adventure hunter. Captain Thornbery taught jujutsu to the Japanese police. He studied the art for several years under the greatest masters in Japan, and was graduated as the master of them all, thereafter being engaged as an instructor by the Japanese authorities. You will find him in an open park in the fir forest on the hill, busily teaching all he knows to the men of the Far West for use at close quarters in the German trenches. At Camp Lewis you will find Lieutenant Allen Duncan, a graduate of Oxford and the Saint-Cyr Military Academy in France, who hasn't missed a war for the last fifteen years. He got the V. C. for gallantry at

(Continued on page 35)

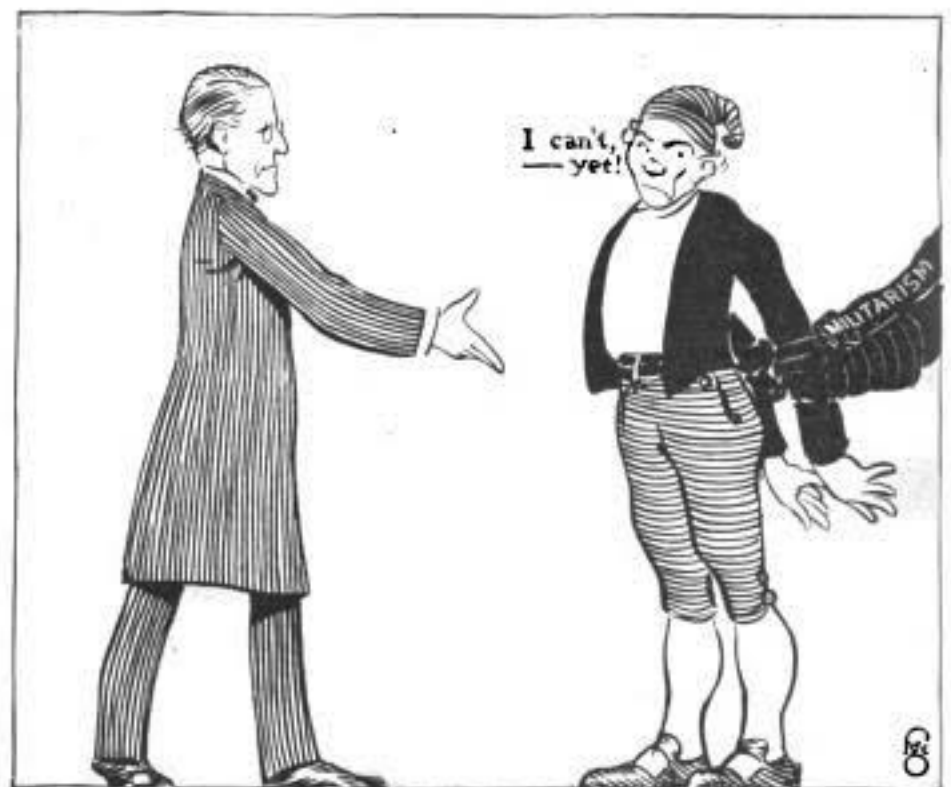


A battery of the 347th composed entirely of scrapers from the Mission District in San Francisco

beach, "but I bet I taught him a part o' the alphabet. I bet he won't figure he's better'n the next man that happens to be buckin' lumber on some dock where his ol' seagoin' fryin' pan's tied up. I wasn't with him long, but I bet I taught him not to think he's a better man'n I am just because he's got himself a salt-water job and a blue coat with brass buttons on it, like an elevator boy. Let's you an' me get our time an' go to town."

We got our pay and went to town. A few days later I "came below," and Jim was only a remembrance.





# WILSON AND THE ENEMY

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

I HAVE asked the Administration officials in Washington two main questions and for additional evidence to support the answers I have gone to the bureaus of the State Department. I suppose the American people are asking these questions. They are of real consequence:

1. What are the chances of reaching the German people with an appeal which at last will affect even the German army, the controlling factor, and will thus result in breaking, from within, the German military ring?

What does the President know of the facts?

2. What are the dangers of trying to do it?

Will the attempt weaken our national war spirit? What is to be said of the propaganda of hate?

## "The President Knocks and Speaks"

SEVERAL months ago, before I had any idea that I should ever be presenting a part of the evidence upon which the President bases his attitude toward the German people, I was talking in Peking with the Russian minister to China.

"Your President is the world's greatest propaganda maker," he said. "Unlike the Germans, he spreads his propaganda openly and frankly. The Germans slip their message under the door and hide; the President knocks and speaks."

Many Americans believe that the President's voice is becoming stronger and stronger as the voice of the Allied peoples, and that unless we accept the theory that the people of Germany are biologically different from other human beings, as some persons think, the day may come when the President's voice—filtering through the steel bands of Germany's battle fronts and slipping in between the fingers of her censorship—will interpret the population of Germany to themselves. From them the President's voice might reach the German army.

The close advisers of the President understand that the crushing of the German military power is the objective of the war, but that (1) it is not proposed to exterminate the Germans or blow up the scenery along the Rhine, on the one hand; or (2) on the other hand, to hope for any honorable or permanent peace as long as the German military ring leads the German people.

Suppose, however, the German people were able and willing to crush the autocracy, abolish the military ring, and so make a durable and just peace possible.

The President has encouraged them to do so, and will continue to encourage them. No one whom I have found close to him believes that he will easily relax his efforts to make constantly an open appeal to the German people to overthrow the present policies of German leadership.

The President is perplexed that Americans understand him so badly that they do not accept the fact that he believes victory from within Germany is to be considered as well as victory from without, and that he is making a drive, not for immediate peace, but for both kinds of victory. He would say that he was desiring and attempting to use against the enemy not one weapon alone, but every weapon he can lay his hands on.

"The grim job before the world is to wipe out the German military structure," he might say. "Can't you understand that I know as well as you do that

a peace with that ring would be a property the title to which would be about as valuable as a title to a school of herring in the North Sea? But if the German people are awakened and do the grim job? The German people will have bought their peace and their democracy at a price which will give peace and democracy a value which it might take years for foreign victors to interpret to embittered and apprehensive souls."

So far the people of America have had at their disposal a very slight knowledge of the basis for the President's position. He has tried to make his policy clear in the midst of changing events which distract attention from his fundamental purposes. In speaking to the American people he has been speaking to an audience which is educated none too well in international politics, and which, except for Colonel House, has not produced a single man who has the "feel" of intimate contact with European politics of to-day and to-morrow rather than the politics and policies of yesterday with all their junk pile of old-fashioned diplomacy.

Finally, facts gathered from overseas have not been set forth clearly in order to make a background for American opinion. Consequently many Americans wonder whether the President is not paying too much attention to his campaign of education and too little to campaigns for gunfire. They even wonder what are the real value and the real opportunity for success in the campaign of education. They want the facts the President has at hand.

## A Rising Tide of Revolt

ONE man in Washington has access to the most complete collection of facts and testimony bearing upon this question: Are the Germans growing stronger in their belief that their Government is leading them astray? He summarized these facts as follows:

"To be sure, testimony of our representatives who were in Germany before we were in the war is that we must not count now on any revolt, either peaceful or violent, from the army, or even from the civilian population. But it must not be forgotten that these representatives drew their opinions from those they saw the most and knew the best—that is, the governing class. Furthermore, the tide of revolt, no matter what its stage, is rising—not falling. The evidence of that is conclusive."

The State Department information, a part of which has been opened to me, bears out this opinion. It is information gathered from five principal sources: (1) Military and naval intelligence, including examinations of prisoners. (2) Reports of diplomatic officers stationed in Allied or neutral countries. (3) Secret reports from Allied sources, including Russia. (4) Reports made by Germans, neutrals, or Americans who have come out of Germany. (5) Published news and opinions in the German press.

First, then—have general discontent, active liberalism, and the Wilson doctrine reached the hearts of the masses of the German army?

They have not. That is the short answer, but there is in Washington ample evidence tending to qualify it.

For instance, it is known that inactive fronts and sectors are recognized as places where discontent in the German army has in fact taken a hold. Where there is activity, fighting, wounds, blood, death, the

military machine is complete master of men's minds. Elsewhere discontent and disheartenment grow up like weeds; consequently, as we learn from British secret sources, the German leaders take cognizance of the dangers of giving men time to talk and think, and there is positive knowledge that drives are dictated by social as well as military strategy.

## Breaking the German Machine from Within

ONE of the most recent reports shows that another exception is the case of the German army which has been on the eastern front. The very fact that the military autocracy fears that this army had, through contact with Russians, been permeated with revolutionary doctrines is a measure of the spread of those doctrines. To such an extent did this fear go, as reports from Germany show beyond a doubt, that army units sent from the east front to the west front were disbanded. The men were sent to their homes, and were at once gathered in again and scattered among divisions and units of undoubted loyalty. And this was because the military leaders were afraid of mass revolt in units which had learned liberalism in the East.

\* In fact, the summary of reports from Allied and American sources, drawn from interviews with prisoners and with individuals coming out of Germany, is in extraordinary parallel with a report I brought back on the condition of the Russian army after I had been at the Russian Staff headquarters and various army posts and hospitals in Russia in the winter of 1915-16:

"The rank and file are not clear as to the reasons for their fighting. They fight for no aim except for the supposed defense of their nation—for the belief transmitted to them that safety of home, race, community, welfare, family are at stake and that the enemy are ruthless in hate. There is no intelligent pleasure expressed in the giving of service—no such attitude as one finds among British and French regiments. But those who deny that there is will to fight are wholly mistaken. To be sure, there is discontent with the autocracy. As usual, this is not with the Emperor as much as with the ring around him, which really has the power. On the other hand, the opinion is general that during war there is no time for reform."

"The peasant soldier, however, by being moved back and forth from home to training post and from there to front and from front to hospital, is continually in a state of education through new contacts. There is a growing determination to remedy evils of autocracy—when the war is over. For the seeds of revolt the army is now a soil being fertilized every day. But that is the most which can be said, and no revolutions will gain headway without the army, for it is the army power which at first, ruthlessly and with the voluntary assent of the privates, will suppress any attempt to weaken the service rendered, by industry and by the civilian population, to the army's support. The doctrine of 'The people at home must stand behind you' is preached constantly by the officers."

That was Russia. The morale of the German army now, as Washington knows it, would be no higher if it had to lean upon a bureaucracy corrupt, complacent, idle, and delinquent.

The immediate spread of the revolt in the German



army is not a prospect upon which we can rely. Information which holds out that immediate prospect has been shown me. But it comes in small, sensational doses; there is not much conviction in it. The real barometer of future possibility, however, is the amount of fear of weakening of morale as expressed in the actions of the German military and secret-service machine.

For instance, it is a fact that the German Secret Service, foreseeing the release of German prisoners in Russia during and following the Bolshevik carnival, has gone to great lengths in sending agents among the German prisoners in Russia so that estimates could be made of what "corruption" these men might spread if returned to the German fighting fronts! In other words, at the very moment that American newspapers were bemoaning the fact that some hundreds of thousands of Germans and Austrians would be released to bear arms again for the Central Powers these powers were estimating whether these prisoners would strengthen or weaken the fight.

If one can imagine the British or French fearing the return of released prisoners from Germany, one may estimate the comparative superiority of the Allied morale and see thrown into high light one of the things the President knows about the fighting chance to break the German machine from within.

### Strike Follows Strike

AFTER all, the road to the mind of the army is not direct. It is through the civilian population. The mere passage of time makes this road well traveled; men return wounded from the front and are released for a period from the intoxication of conflict; they absorb ideas and return as sullen disciples of liberalism. If a civilian population rises against the German war machine, the army is used to suppress the uprising; at first the soldier bears resentment that the civilians should fail to give him support. But strike follows strike, and after each one the army leans a little more toward the "home folks" and a little away from the military ring.

The evidence in the possession of the State Department and its agents, however, does not show that there is yet any general willingness, even in Germany's civilian population, to engage generally in acts of protest.

"The determination of the measure of discontent is best made by the circumstantial evidence," an officer of the State Department told me. "Perhaps the most disappointing evidence we get is direct; the testimony of those who come out of Germany, whether spies or not, and the interviews with prisoners are hopelessly conflicting. The War College has a mass of this information, and we have it. But it will not add up to any sum total. It is contradictory; it is loaded with personal viewpoints and rumors and lies and intentional deception. The circumstantial evidence, however, all goes one way. No one can manufacture it. It is drawn from the German press, from documents intended only for German eyes, and above all from the action of the German authorities, showing their fear of the first movements of a protest which might become an avalanche."

For instance, the public of the United States was informed over and over again by those who are pessimistic about breaking down the Prussian military ring that the strikes of German laborers at Berlin, Kiel, Hamburg, and northern ports were not serious. It was even insinuated that these strikes did not happen and that the news allowed to go out about them was German propaganda intended to raise false hopes and delay American military preparation. Others admitted that there were strikes, but said they were not political in nature.

What does the President know? There is available to him the same evidence which I have seen. He knows that such opinion is complete nonsense. He knows there is growing discontent with autocracy in Germany and must be amused when Chancellor Hertling says, as he did on February 24:

"With us princes and governments are the highest members of the nation as a whole, organized in the form of a state, the highest members with whom the final decision lies. But, seeing that they also, as the supreme organs, belong to the whole, the decision is of such a nature that only the welfare of the whole is the guiding line for a decision to be taken. It may be useful to point this out expressly to President Wilson's countrymen."

He knows that the Kaiser is not the real rock of autocracy in Germany; that the military and capitalist powers have even ceased to use him as a mouthpiece; have, in fact, been driven by the fear of discontent to use the ministers as their dummies. These are facts.

He knows that the strikes of January and early February were of great significance and that the franchise extension is delayed because the military ring fears the people.

Two years ago there were not so many secret revolutionary pamphlets and leaflets circulated in all Russia as there have been in the last months in Berlin and Hamburg. Here are extracts from two or three of these which have reached the State Department. It is to be noted that they are aimed directly at the very points of unrighteousness in the war policy of the German military machine which the President has been emphasizing:

From a leaflet sent out in various cities of Germany on January 10, 1918:

*"To the Men and Women of the Laboring Classes:*

*"We have reached a turning point in history. The Government's war aims are now brought to a head at Brest-Litovsk. It has been insisted in the past that the German Government only wanted to protect the empire's borders and had no intention of making annexations. No true-thinking man can longer believe this statement. If Germany should succeed in a peace of might against the Russian people, this would be fatal to the Russians and the Poles, the Lithuanians and Letts, but still more fatal to ourselves. The consequences would be a postponement of general peace, new threats and desires for revenge, increased armaments and intensified reaction in our country.*

*"This calamity must be avoided. The parties of the laboring classes are now excluded from the Reichstag. This was the only place where we could attack and explain the danger growing out of annexationist agitation. Thanks to the state of siege, our party and other adherents of a democratic peace have been brutally gagged, outside of the Reichstag. All efforts to end this suppression have been checked. All the Government's promises to mitigate this state of affairs have been idle words. Our peace meetings have been suppressed, and there remain no means of*

Indeed, the masses of the people think and feel differently. They want the bloody murder, devastation, sufferings, and hunger brought to an early conclusion. *This is only attainable upon the basis of a democratic peace. Only peace without annexations and compensations and upon the basis of people's self-determination can save us. It is time now to raise your voices favoring such a peace."*

This leaflet was concurrent with the outbreak of the strikes which later were suppressed by threats to draft all male workers and send them to the front as soldiers or trench diggers.

### 300,000 Workers in Revolt

SOME of the information coming out of Germany, perhaps stimulated by the German military party, was to the effect that the strikes were no different in character from the strikes going on in England or in the United States; i. e., that they were merely industrial.

The President knows better. The actual demands made by the strikers are available in documentary form. Here they are (translation):

"(1) Peace without annexations or indemnities on the basis of the right of self-determination. (2) Active participation by the workers of all countries in the peace negotiations. (3) Seizure of all food supplies in order to effect just distribution. (4) Removal of the state of siege and militarization of the factories. (5) Liberation of persons imprisoned for political offenses. (6) Democratization by the introduction of equal suffrage in Prussia."

Nor is that the most weighty of the evidence. Still more important is the positive information that the Pan-German herders of the people are not only driven back upon the policy of military suppression, but that the military machine is secretly behind the wide distribution of newspapers supporting its own policy and trying to stem the increasing discontent. One Berlin paper suddenly has begun to print four times the usual number of its daily issue. The increase was for distribution at the front and in the northern ports! Imagine the conditions which would be indicated if vast issues of London or New York daily papers were bought and circulated by the British and the American Administrations—especially if they were distributed among the British and American soldiers in France!

The information at the President's hand is that during the strike at least 300,000 workers actually laid down their tools, not in an industrial but in a political revolt.

Following the strike the whole press of Germany, radical and conservative, reflected the seriousness of the condition. To my mind one of the most interesting disclosures made by an inspection of this mass of material is that the German censorship has gone into a panic and the efforts of the military ring to make public opinion have become hopelessly disorganized. Half of the organs of the Pan-German crowd are holding out as bait the so-called German conquests of the Ukraine and Russia and Rumania to intoxicate the people with triumphs while the other half is clamoring for the people to put forth the utmost in loyalty and energy at a time when Germany's "power of resistance" is threatened—when her back is to the wall.

### Ample Evidence

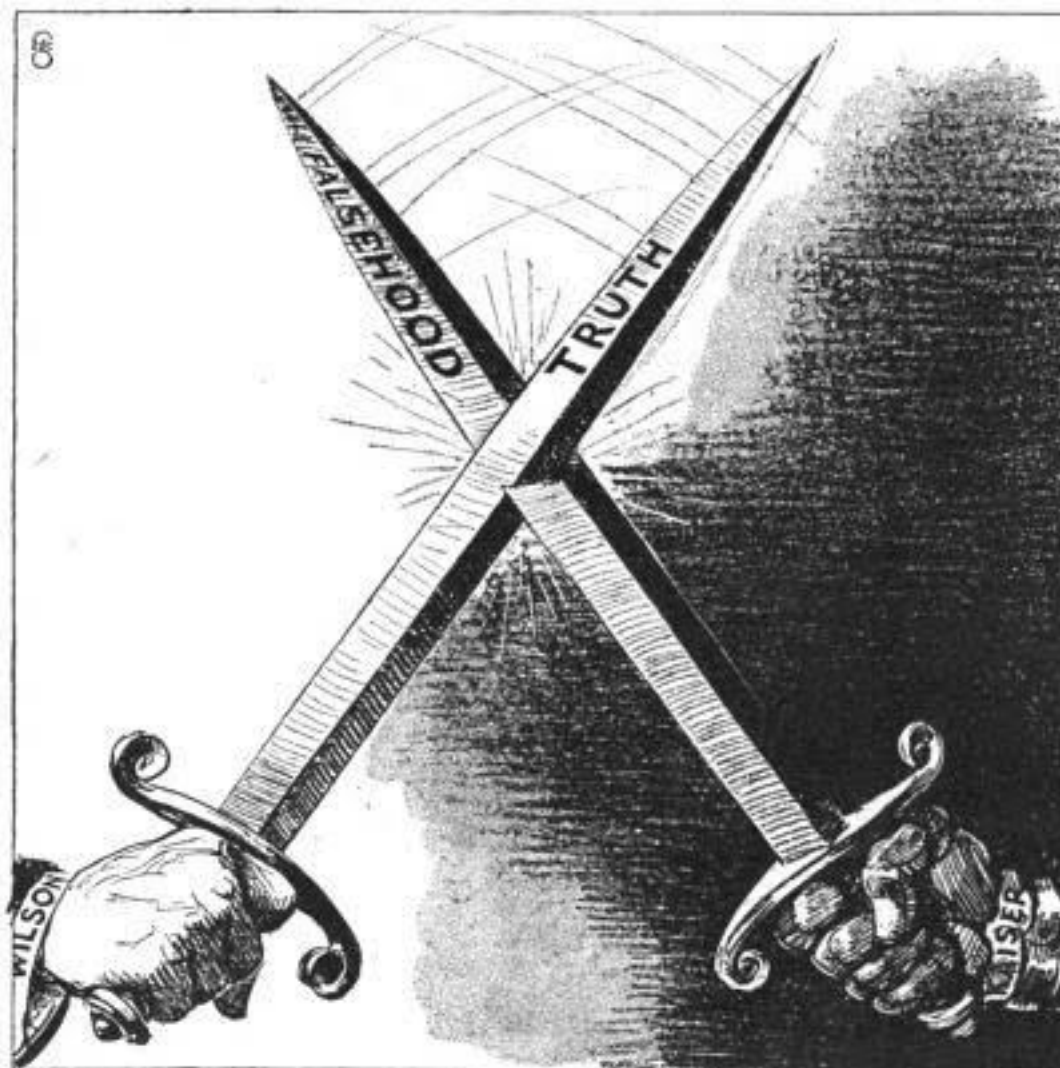
IT was following the strike that the story of the "Allied Propaganda Committee, composed of Senator Stone of Missouri, Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Reading," appeared in so many of the German papers, and yet it is evident from the reports in the State Department that this kind of inspired story is no longer absorbed by the German people. It was ridiculed in Germany just as it was ridiculed outside of Germany. For instance, one prominent writer said on February 3: "Charges

that enemy agents propagated the strike are best refuted by the fact that a strike at this time has less injurious consequences respecting the production of ammunition than a strike started at any other time would have had."

The suppression of free public opinion and the increasing eagerness of the people to express themselves are both reaching extremities.

A reprint from "Vorwärts," a socialist paper, is being circulated far outside socialist circles in Germany, and some of the following phrases are not without clear meaning: "We, who still live, have suffered the

(Continued on page 33)

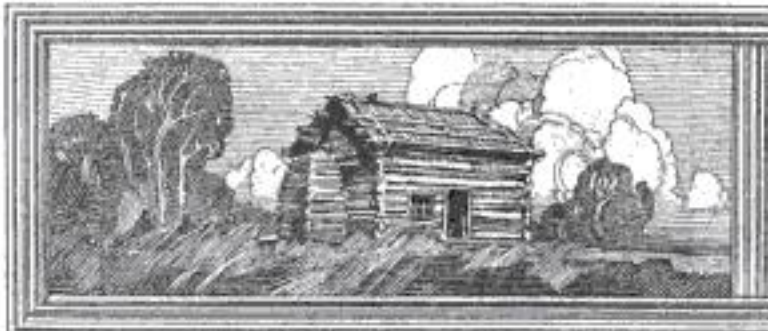


### WHICH WILL SEVER?

*Both blades are tempered in the fire of human nature.*

*setting forth our criticisms and persistent complaints. Anyone making himself disliked is condemned to temporary imprisonment or placed under the rule of the military authorities. The militarization of factories is being extended and the rights of laborers steadily restricted. Examination of houses, persecution by police and courts and draconian punishments are the order of the day. If the laboring classes now fail to emphasize their position, it will probably be taken as approval of this agitation, or it will be thought that the masses of German people are not yet tired of this terrible war and are willing to give support to continue the terrible war on a still greater scale.*





# Collier's

## Men Wanted!

**S**TATISTICALLY speaking, there is no shortage of labor in the United States. Every important industry in the country is short of men. But there is nearly as much unemployment as usual. In peace times, on the average of the years, there have been 6,000,000 wage earners idle one-third of their time. Or to put it in a less precise but more easily comprehensible form: there are, on the average, 2,000,000 persons out of a job in the United States. Moreover, there are at least 2,000,000 "floaters"—men who have become incapable of remaining in one job for more than a few days or a few weeks. The annual loss from unemployment in peace times has been estimated at \$2,000,000,000. There is no satisfactory evidence that in our effort to raise our production from the easy peace-time standard to the high requirement of war we have materially improved this situation.

Nobody knows how many men are out of a job in this country at the present moment. But we feel safe in saying that there are more than 1,000,000. The idle man is not one of our assets; he is one of our liabilities. We owe it to him, to ourselves, to civilization, to help him find a job. The idle machine is not one of our assets; it is one of our liabilities.

One of the most obvious needs of this situation is a national system of labor exchanges or employment bureaus. The first step, surely, in bringing the idle man and the idle machine together is to ascertain where the man is and where the machine is. Lacking the means for collecting and distributing this information, we are continually faced with the spectacle of an acute labor shortage in one community and an acute degree of unemployment in another. Such means have been devised in England. All we need to do is to borrow England's experience.

But our lack of any scheme for putting the man in touch with the job is only one aspect of our inefficiency. It is conservatively estimated that many of our new undertakings are not over 70 per cent efficient. The product of our machines is, say, three-quarters of what it ought to be. The labor turnover, always high in this country, is running beyond all bounds in the new war work. Factories in which the turnover is from 10 per cent to 15 per cent a month, or from 120 per cent to 180 per cent a year, are usual. We know of one factory which has hired in the last twelve months 22,000 men in order to keep an average of 1,700 men on the job, and we are reliably informed that, while this is exceptional, it is by no means unparalleled.

What does it mean when a large factory hires—and fires—a dozen men in order to secure one reasonably competent workman?

It means a heavy increase in the first cost of the product; it costs money to hire men; it costs money to fire men. It means a profound injustice to the men who are hired and fired. It costs the workman money to get a job; it costs him more money to lose a job. Often the cost is so terrific that it cannot be measured in money.

## Hiring and Firing

**W**HAT'S the secret of this high turnover—so expensive to employer and employee and consumer? Why are so many men hired only to be fired?

Employers say that there are just three types of labor now to be found in the open market. First, there is the high-grade man, the type of man who has worked many years for a single employer, but who now lays off in search of what he has heard is a similar job at a great increase in wages. This is the best type—and the scarcest. But it should be noted that such a man is necessarily less efficient in his new job, with a new machine to handle, than he was at his old. Second, there is the man whose trade has gone dull under war conditions and who seeks work at a munition factory—work for which he lacks training. Third, there is the poor workman—the floater—the man the employer is willing to lose.

In a word, they say the quality of the labor in the market is poor, and they have evidence to support this view.

The New York State Employment Agent at Syracuse reports that of 2,500 reputed machinists who were laid off there by two factories temporarily, the majority were so lacking in adaptability that they could not be employed successfully in other near-by machine shops short of hands. The agent in another city says that

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one in ten of reputed skilled machinists make good in the new job. The rest cannot. In one month 10,866 skilled union wage earners applied for work at the Massachusetts State Employment office. There were bartenders, boot and shoe workers, bottlers, locomotive engineers, stonecutters among this 10,866; but only 288—a little less than 3 per cent—were machinists. Probably one man in three of those out of a job applied to the State for work. Probably there were more than 32,000 skilled men out of a job in Massachusetts. (At \$4 a day average wage, these 32,000 men were lost \$128,000 a day.) Other States report a similar condition. Our 7,510, mostly skilled, men who applied to the New York State Employment Bureau in November, only 172 were machinists.

The traditional American system for dealing with this kind of labor supply is to advertise for more men than are needed, the 10 or 20 per cent who look most capable, and send the rest away.

A well-meaning employment manager, new but more able than the average, recently boasted: "When I came here six weeks ago we had about fifty men at the gate each morning looking for work. Now we have 200 at the gate each morning."

This man needed thirty men. He ignored the effect of bringing 170 men to his gate only to turn them away. He ignored the fact that of the thirty he did hire, ten would be fired the next day and five more in the next week. He was dealing with the labor problem in the usual American way—according to the hire-and-fire system.

Our typical large employer of labor says to a new man: "There is your machine. Make good or quit."

Sometimes a man picks up enough from his neighbors in the machine room to make good; sometimes he doesn't. If he doesn't, out he goes.

## Training Machine Operatives

**E**XPERT opinion insists not only that this system is bad, but that there is a remedy for it. Mr. H. E. MILES, chairman of the section on industrial training of the Council of National Defense, has been traveling from one industrial center to another persuading factory managers that machine operatives can be trained. One factory which makes time fuses for shells is becoming famous as an example of what can be done with a training room. Mr. MILES reports:

Six thousand inexperienced operatives have recently been taught to run machines efficiently. The management estimates that after from three to eight days in the training room and three weeks in regular production these operatives are from 20 per cent to 50 per cent more efficient than the old-time self-taught operatives. The turnover in this factory is practically nil. On the completion of one order it was compelled to lay off 2,200 operatives for six weeks. At the end of that period it secured the return of more than 2,100 means of a single advertisement in the daily papers. There is no hiring problem in this factory. There is no wage problem—the efficiency of the plant is so high that it can and does pay its operatives high wages.

The method used in this factory is of the simplest. Machines of the type used in the factory are set apart in a training room. Picked operators are instructed in the best methods of operating the machines and in the training of new workers. The machines were then used by the beginners in actual production, but under the superior direction of these specially trained and specially skilled operators. The training machines produced as much or more than the regular machines in the factory. The operatives so trained at trifling expense were better than the operatives formerly secured by the hire-and-fire, trial-and-error method.

That's the answer to the problem of unemployment, of labor shortage, of the expensive turnover in our industry. Train the men.

We are not so sure as Mr. MILES is that factory training of machine operatives is a panacea. But in the present emergency it offers vital relief.

## A Vest-Pocket Summary

**T**OWARD the end of the fourth year of Europe's war and at the beginning of the second year of our own war, the general reader has one great advantage over the general reader of the last three years and three-quarters. The war map—physical, economic, and moral—is much easier to follow. Through the joint efforts of LENINE and HINDENBURG the eastern front has been eliminated. Through the joint efforts of SCHEIDEMANN and HINDENBURG and CZERNIN, what may be called Germany's domestic front has been eliminated. We need no longer worry over interior lines versus encircling lines. We need no longer worry over wedge driving as between



# Editorials



Germany and Austria, or as between the German people and their rulers, or as between the German appetite and the German food supply. The situation has been enormously simplified.

Subject to immediate cancellation by events uncharted at the moment of writing, this is the strategic situation in a nutshell: Germany and the Allies are facing each other along a simple straight line from the North Sea to the Adriatic. Everything else—Saloniki, Palestine, Mesopotamia—no longer counts. There is no longer the slightest chance of the game being won by thrilling runs around the end or heart-compelling forward passes. There is no longer any chance of Germany's being driven to surrender by famine, or by a revolt of her socialists, or by the desertion of her allies. It is only a choice of a try for a break-through by either side now, or six months from now, or a year from now.

Two things Germany has won in Russia—men and food, of which the second for the moment is the more important. Two things America has brought to the Allies—men and food, of which for the moment the second is the more important.

It is Kansas wheat against Ukrainian wheat, with certain advantages for either side. The Ukraine is nearer to Berlin than Kansas is to Paris, and at first sight there are no Allied U-boats on the road from Odessa to the Spree. But conditions in Kansas are somewhat more stable than in the Ukraine, and we may take it that Germany will have to put in as much effort convoying her food through the newly conquered Slavland as the Allies across the Atlantic. When it comes to quantity, it is a fairly safe bet on the United States as against the Ukraine.

But that quantity will not come by merely taking thought. Germany's conquests in the Russian wheat fields must be met with a counterdrive from American farms and shipyards. That would seem to be the heart of the present strategic situation.

## Tarkington's New Stories

AFTER all, the lives of editors have compensations. We have just read in galley proof six new stories by BOOTH TARKINGTON. We read them all in a single evening, pausing only to chuckle. This was greedy. But most anybody who is human would do the same if he had the chance. Mr. TARKINGTON understands the American young person better, and presents him with more humor, than any other writer. Sometimes in reading these stories it seemed he was at his best with the belle of twenty and the enamored youth of about the same age. That was when we were reading about NOBLE DILL, who was in love with JULIA ATWATER. Again it appeared Mr. TARKINGTON was at his very best in telling about a boy and a girl of thirteen—the age of mischief. That was when we were reading about FLORENCE ATWATER and her cousin HERBERT. And then there came a passage in which one colored maid discoursed with another colored maid over the dinner dishes, and we thought Mr. TARKINGTON ought always to write about persons of color. The truth is, Mr. TARKINGTON was a natural-born storyteller who served a real apprenticeship. But where did Mr. TARKINGTON acquire his knowledge of thirteen, of seventeen, of twenty? Most of us can remember just enough of ourselves at these ages to recognize the truth of Mr. TARKINGTON's pictures. He stirs long-buried memories in the adult reader—compelling a happy reminiscent smile between chuckles. His stories ought to be read aloud—and, of course, one at a time. Nobody should be permitted to read six of these stories in one evening, gorging himself on their delights as the present writer did. Accordingly, COLLIER's will present these six stories one at a time. The first one will appear next week under the title of "Too Gentle Julia."

## Carleton Parker

IT is a truism, of course, that the death roll of this war is by no means confined to the fighting fronts. The men who die of disease in our training camps, the boys who went down on the *Tuscania*—men such as these are recognized as deserving, equally with those whose names appear on PERSHING's casualty lists, of the thanks of the nation. But there are victims of this war who have never worn a uniform. CARLETON PARKER, professor in the University of Washington, at Seattle, did not enlist. But from early last summer he flung himself into the task of keeping labor in the Northwest in line. He gave, as a Federal mediator, all his

unparalleled knowledge and understanding of labor and its point of view. That knowledge, that understanding, he gained, not by academic investigation, but by working in mines and woods, in shops and on farms. He had the trust and confidence of both sides in disputes between capital and labor; his services were called in whenever trouble was brewing. For months he worked almost literally night and day, traveling constantly, several times from coast to coast. Thanks to him, strikes were averted; war work of the most vital importance, threatened by misunderstandings and smoldering discontent, went on. In the middle of March, weakened, exhausted, he was attacked by pneumonia, and died without a chance to make a winning fight. We submit that CARLETON PARKER, fighting on the economic front, lies in a soldier's grave.

## Beating the Germans

THE family of a reserve officer in the American army who lived in France before the war occupies a flat in Paris. His wife recently gave birth to a son. The officer was anxious to inform his mother-in-law of this happy event by cable. He wrote as follows:

Robert M——, Jr., eight pounds, arrived safely.

The censor was adamant. "I cannot pass that," he said. "The rule is specific in forbidding mention of the names of Americans arriving in France." The officer rewrote the message as follows:

Robert M——, Jr., eight pounds, born safely.

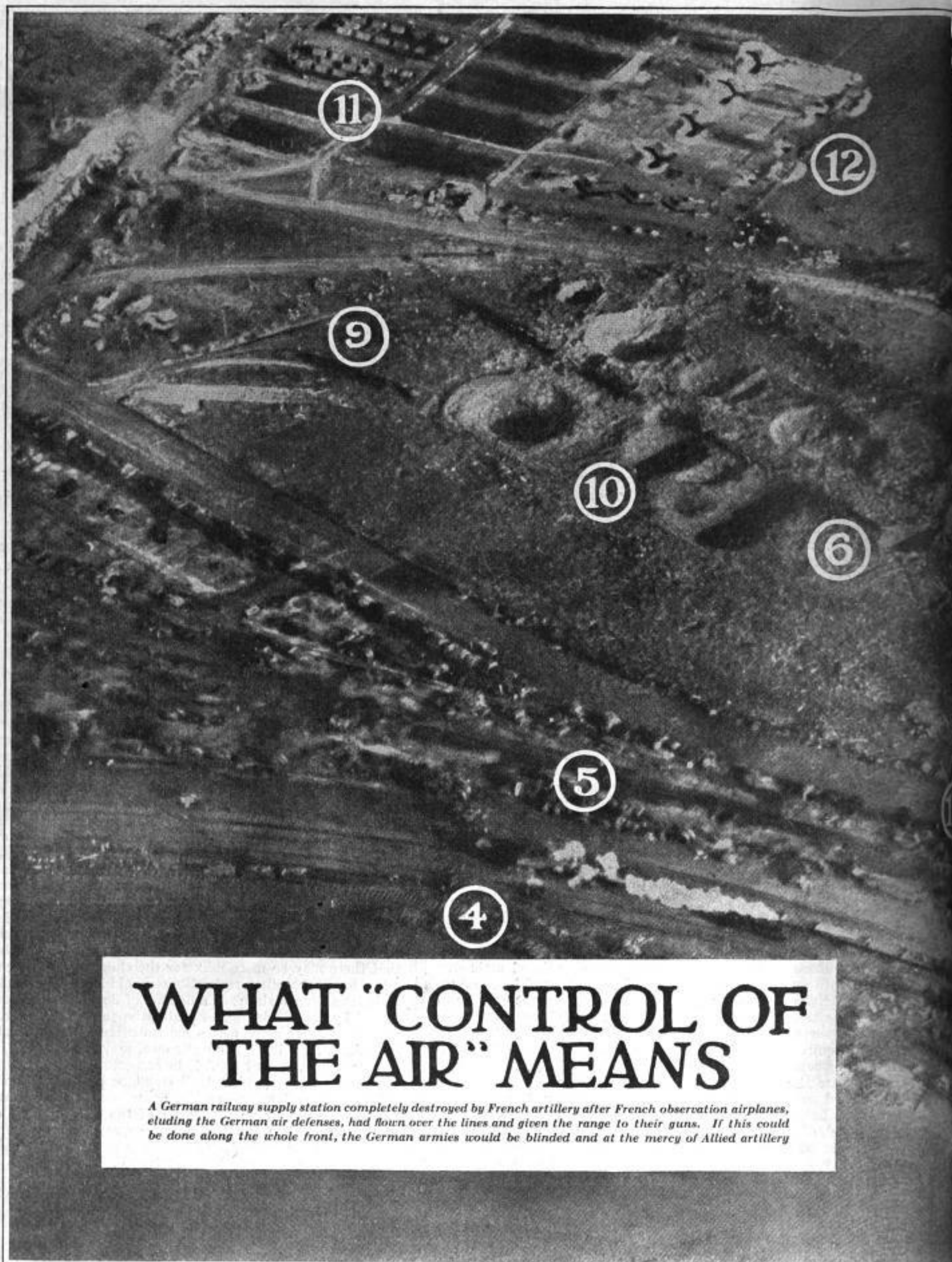
Whereupon the censor beamingly wrote his "O. K." The German Intelligence Department was baffled.

## What They're Learning in Paris

PARIS may suffer, but we refuse to think that these food restrictions of which one hears have hit Paris very hard. We have various friends there, and some of them have written their gains in weight, and others have sent photographs. The purse of the diner in Paris suffers to-day much more than his stomach. If his purse holds nothing but police papers and postage stamps, then, of course, he may really suffer. There is undernourishment for many a poor citizen and for many a child; otherwise, we hardly fancy the American Red Cross would be establishing school luncheons in the poorer sections of the capital as an act of preventive medication. But as for the Parisian of circumstance, or the American of occasion, food restrictions in the Ville Lumière (but we forget: in the age of the Gotha it is the Ville Lumière no more!) are far less severe than in New York, in this the consulship of HOOVER. There is even something for a gourmet to be thankful for in such regulations as do rule the dinner card. True, one is denied the crème d'Isigny and the double-crème; the "little Swiss" of CHARLES GERVAIS is denied the epicure that there may be more milk for the children of France. On the other hand, the other restrictions should bring back table joys to their true French status as a fine art of fine arts. Gluttons had replaced by the abundance of plates the judicious choice, the wise eclecticism, which alone give a menu distinction. Two "plates" and two alone, says the Paris ordinance, may the diner enjoy. Does a hungry man suffer? Not if he can afford to begin with oysters or hors-d'œuvres (which don't count as a "plate") and can end with desert and coffee—which, again, don't count. And as one may have a vegetable with each of the two "plates" of fish or eggs or meat, one has really four courses, or six—counting the oysters and the dessert. Our officers on leave at Paris are not suffering—nor yet our boys of the Y. M. C. A., so heroically bent upon saving the morals and physique of our transplanted army. Indeed, food restriction in Paris will help to educate our sons and brothers and cousins, speaking gastronomically: they must now study the *carte du jour* with discretion and not leave those vital choices to a waiter—for who would use up his "two plates" without effectively balancing the ration and stretching it wisely and well to its fullest proportions? Knowing something of Paris, we would warn the wives, mothers, and sweethearts of the A. E. F. that when their husbands, sons, and lovers come marching home they will demand both more and better cooking than they used to put up with. No more will canned stuff serve our American youth! Get out your cookbooks, mothers and future mothers of America—get out your cookbooks and learn art from Paris, as well as economy from HERBERT HOOVER.

April 13, 1918





## WHAT "CONTROL OF THE AIR" MEANS

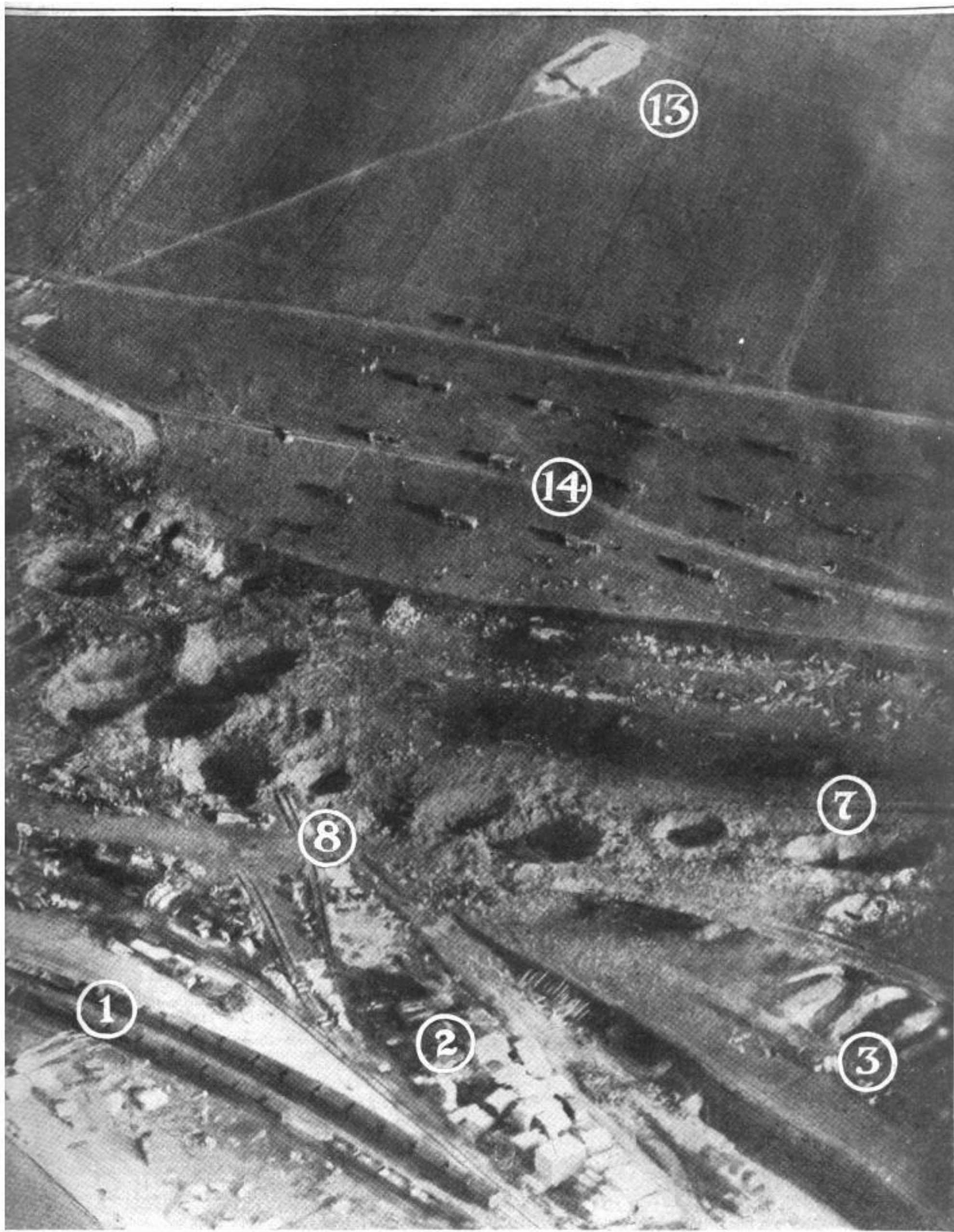
*A German railway supply station completely destroyed by French artillery after French observation airplanes, eluding the German air defenses, had flown over the lines and given the range to their guns. If this could be done along the whole front, the German armies would be blinded and at the mercy of Allied artillery*

FOR the reader's convenience the important details of this remarkable photograph have been numbered. First of all, it is well to point out that either during or following the shelling of the station the Germans built a new spur of track, shown in the foreground, and piled the supplies out in the open. Two loaded freight trains are shown at 1, running on the newly laid tracks, the smoke of a locomotive being plainly visible to the left of center. At 2 are

heaps of building material, chiefly cut and squared timbers for use in constructing dug-outs. Some rolls of barbed wire appear at 3, while at 4 is seen a pile of the iron stakes upon which the wire is to be strung. Curved steel roofing for underground shelters and machine-gun positions appears at 5. At 6 is the site where the railway station stood before the French shells destroyed it. There is nothing left except a series of huge shell craters, many of them overlapping. These

craters are from twenty to sixty feet across, and are probably the work of 420 mm. (18-inch) shells. This view illustrates strikingly the uncanny accuracy of modern artillery. The station was presumably six or eight miles back of the lines, so that the French guns must have been fired from a distance of at least ten miles. Yet so accurate was the range obtained by the airplane observers that of the twenty or thirty shells fired not one missed its mark. At 7, 8, and





9 may be seen the remains of the railway tracks that entered the station. A row of uprooted ties appears at 10. At 11 are more piles of supplies, the perishable goods being covered with tent cloth. No. 12 is a battery of four guns. Notice the emergency trench in front, and the "funk holes," or shelters for the artillerymen, at the right. A commander's headquarters dugout is seen at 13, its earth roof being plainly visible. No. 14 is of especial interest, as it shows a

common method of storing ammunition at the front. The boxes are stacked in square piles which are covered with tarpaulin and spaced about fifty feet apart. The spacing is done so that in case one pile is hit and exploded by a shell or bomb, the other piles remain comparatively safe. Notice the groups of German soldiers standing near by. One group is especially distinct to the left of the next to the last row. There are other soldiers in the road, to the right of 15,

watching the French airplane. The aviator who took this picture had about one chance in a thousand of getting back safely; for at the low altitude at which he was flying (not over 800 feet) he was a good mark even for a machine gun. The existence of the picture, however, is proof that he did get back. It is probable, also, that the French artillery, using this photograph as a guide, was not slow to make the destruction of the depot and supplies even more extensive.





# LIKE A SINGING BIRD

HER name was Melissa. She was fourteen, going on fifteen; and the world was a fascinating place. There were people who found Cherryvale a dull, poky little town to live in, but not Melissa. Not even in winter, when school and lessons took up so much time that it almost shut out reading and the wonderful dreams which reading is bound to bring you. Yet even school—especially high school the first year—was interesting. The more so when there was a teacher like Miss Smith, who looked too pretty to know so much about algebra and who was said to get a letter every day from a lieutenant—in the Philippines! Then there was ancient history, full of things fascinating enough to make up for algebra and physics. But even physics becomes suddenly thrilling at times. And always literature! Of course "grades" were bothersome, and sometimes you hated to show your monthly report to your parents, who seemed to set so much store by it; and sometimes you almost envied Beulah Crosswhite, who always got an A and who could ask questions which disconcerted even the teachers.

Yes, even school was interesting. However, summertime was best, although then you must practice your music lesson two hours instead of one a day, dust the sitting room, and mind the baby. But you could spend long, long hours in the summerhouse, reading poetry out of the big Anthology and—this a secret—writing poetry yourself! It was heavenly to write poetry. Something soft and warm seemed to ooze through your being as you sat out there and watched the sorrow of a drab, drab sky; or else, on a bright day, a big shining cloud aloft like some silver-gold fairy palace and, down below, the smell of warm, new-cut grass, and whispers of little live things everywhere! It was then that you felt you'd have died if you couldn't have written poetry!

It was on such a lilting day of June, and Melissa's whole being in tune with it, that she was called in to the midday dinner—and received the invitation.

Father had brought it from the post office and handed it to her with exaggerated solemnity.

"For Miss Melissa Merriam," he announced.

Yes! there was her name on the tiny envelope. And, on the tiny card within, written in a painstaking, cramped hand:

Mr. Raymond Bonner  
at home  
Wednesday June Tenth  
R. S. V. P. P. M.

With her whole soul in her mouth, which made it quite impossible to speak, she passed the card

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

to her mother and waited. "Oh," said mother, "an evening party."

Melissa's soul dropped a trifle: it still clogged her throat, but she was able to form words.

"Oh, mother!"

"You know you're not to ask to go to evening parties, Missy." Mother's tone was as firm as doom. Missy turned her eyes to father.

"Don't look at me with those big saucers!" he smiled. "Mother's the judge."

So Missy turned her eyes back again. "Mother, please—"

But mother shook her head. "You're too young to begin such things, Missy. I don't know what this town's coming to—mere babies running round at night, playing cards and dancing!"

"But, mother—"

"Don't start teasing, Missy. It won't do any good." So Missy didn't start teasing, but her soul re-

mained choking in her throat. It made it difficult for her to swallow, and nothing tasted good, though they had lamb chops, which she adored.

"Eat your meat, Missy," adjured mother. Missy tried to obey and felt that she was swallowing lumps of lead.

But in the afternoon everything miraculously changed. Kitty Allen and her mother came to call. Kitty was her chum, and lived in the next block, up the hill. Kitty was beautiful, with long curls which showed golden glints in the sun. She had a whim that she and Missy, sometimes, should have dresses made exactly alike—for instance, this summer, their best dresses of pink dotted mull. Missy tried to enjoy the whim with Kitty, but she couldn't help feeling sad at seeing how much prettier Kitty could look in the same dress. If only she had gold-threaded curls!

During the call the party at the Bonners' was mentioned. Mrs. Allen was going to "assist" Mrs. Bonner. She suggested that Missy might accompany Kitty and herself.

"I hadn't thought of letting Missy go," said Mrs. Merriam. "She seems so young to start going out evenings that way."

"I know just how you feel," replied Mrs. Allen. "I feel just the same way. But as long as I've got to assist, I'm willing Kitty should go this time; and I thought you mightn't object to Missy's going along with us."

"Oh, mother!" Missy's tone was a prayer.

And her mother, smiling toward her a charming, tolerant smile as if to say: "Well, what can one do in the face of those eyes?" finally assented.

AFTER that the afternoon went rushing by on wings of joy. When the visitors departed Missy had many duties to perform, but they were not dull, ordinary duties; they were all tinted over with rainbow colors. She stemmed strawberries in the kitchen where Marguerite, the hired girl, was putting up fruit, and she loved the pinkish-red and gray-green of the berries against the deep yellow of the bowl. She loved, too, the color of the geraniums against the green-painted sill just beside her. And the sunlight making leafwork brocade on the grass out the window! There were times when combinations of color seemed the most beautiful thing in the world.

Then she had to mind the baby for a while, and she took him out on the side lawn and pretended to play croquet with him. The baby wasn't quite three, and it was delicious to see him, with mallet and ball before a wicket, trying to mimic the actions of his elders. Poppylinda, Missy's big black cat, wanted to play too, and succeeded in getting between the baby's legs and upsetting him. But the baby was under a charm; he only picked himself up and



No wonder the girls and boys gathered round her



ughed. And Missy was sure that Jack Poppy also laughed.

That night at supper she didn't have much chance to talk to father about the big event, for he had brought an old friend home to supper. Missy was rather left out of the conversation. She felt glad for that; it is hard to talk to people; it is hard to express to them the thoughts and feelings that possess you. Besides, to-night she didn't want to talk to anyone, or to listen. She only wanted to sit immersed in that soft, warm, comforting deliciousness.

Just as the meal was over the hall telephone rang and, at a sign from mother, she excused herself to answer it. From outside the door she heard father's friend say: "What beautiful eyes!" Could he be speaking of her?

THE evening, as the afternoon had been, was divine. When Missy was getting ready for bed she leaned out of the window to look at the night, and the fabric of her soul seemed to stretch out and mingle with all that dark, luminous loveliness. It seemed that she herself was a part of the silver moon high up there, a part of the white, shining radiance which spread down and over leaves and grass everywhere. The strong, damp scent of the ramblers on the porch seemed to be her own fragrant breath, and the black shadows pointing out from the pine trees were her own blots of sadness—sadness vague and mysterious, with more of pleasure in it than pain.

She could hardly bear to leave this mysterious, fascinating night; to leave off thinking the big, vague thoughts the night always called forth; but she had to light the gas and set about the business of undressing.

But, first, she paused to gaze at herself in the looking-glass. For the millionth time she wished she were pretty like Kitty Allen. And Kitty would wear her pink dotted mull to the party. Missy sighed.

Then meditatively she unbraided her long, mouse-colored braids; twisted them into tentative loops over her ears; earnestly studied the effect. No; her hair was too straight and heavy. She tried to imagine undulating waves across her forehead—if only mother would let her use crimpers! Perhaps she would! And then, perhaps, she wouldn't look so plain. She wished she were not so plain; the longing to be pretty made her fairly ache.

Then slowly the words of that man crept across her memory: "What beautiful eyes!" Could he have meant her? She stared at the eyes which stared back from the looking-glass till she had the odd sensation that they were something quite strange and alien to her: big, dark, deep, and grave eyes, peering out from some unknown consciousness. And they were beautiful eyes!

Suddenly she was awakened from her dreams by a voice at the door: "Missy, why in the world haven't you gone to bed?"

Missy started and blushed as though discovered in mischief.

"What have you been doing with your hair?"

"Oh, just experimenting. Mother, may I have it crimped for the party?"

"I don't know—we'll see. Now hurry and jump into bed."

After mother had kissed her good night and gone, and after the light had been turned out, Missy lay awake for a long time.

Through the lace window curtains shone the moonlight, a gleaming path along which Missy had often flown out to be a fairy. It is quite easy to be a fairy. You lie perfectly still, your arms stretched out like wings. Then you fix your eyes on the moonlight and imagine you feel your wings stir. And the first thing you know you feel yourself being wafted through the window, up through the silver-tinged air. You touch the clouds with your magic wand, and from them fall shimmering jewels.

Missy was fourteen, going on fifteen, but she could still play being a fairy.

But to-night, though the fairy path stretched invitingly to her very bed, she did not ride out upon it. She shut her eyes, though she felt wide-awake. She shut her eyes so as to see better the pictures that came before them.

With her eyes shut she could see herself quite plainly at the party. She looked like herself, only much prettier. Yes, and a little older, perhaps. Her



"I didn't want to leave them out there all night"

pink dotted mull was easily recognizable, though it had taken on a certain ethereally chic quality—as if a rosy cloud had been manipulated by French fingers. Her hair was a soft, bright, curling triumph. And when she moved she was graceful as a swaying flower stem.

As Missy watched this radiant being which was herself she could see that she was as gracious and sweet-mannered as she was beautiful; perhaps a bit dignified and reserved, but that is always fitting.

NO wonder the other girls and the boys gathered round her, captivated. All the boys were eager to dance with her, and when she danced she reminded you of a swaying lily. Most often her partner was Raymond himself. Raymond danced well too. And he was the handsomest boy at his party. He had blond hair and deep, soft black eyes like his father, who was the handsomest as well as the richest man in Cherryvale. And he liked her, for last year, their first year in high school, he used to study the Latin lesson with her and wait for her after school and carry her books home for her. He had done that although Kitty Allen was much prettier than she and though Beulah Crosswhite was much, much smarter. The other girls had teased her about him, and the boys must have teased Raymond, for after a while he had stopped walking home with her. She didn't know whether she was gladder or sorrier for that. But she knew that she was glad he did not ignore that radiant, pink-swathed guest who, in her beautiful vision, was having such a glorious time at his party.

Next morning she awoke to find a soft, misty rain graying the world outside her window. Missy did not mind that; she loved rainy days—they made you feel so pleasantly sad. For a time she lay quiet, watching the slant, silvery threads and feeling mysteriously, fascinatingly, at peace. Then Poppy, who always slept at the foot of her bed, awoke with a tremendous yawning and stretching—exactly the kind of "exercises"

that young Doc Alison prescribed for father, who hated to get up in the mornings!

Then Poppy, her exercises done, majestically trod the coverlet to salute her mistress with the accustomed maternal salutation which Missy called a kiss. Mother did not approve of Poppy's "kisses," but Missy argued to herself that the morning one, dependable as an alarm clock, kept her from oversleeping.

She hugged Poppy, jumped out of bed, and began dressing. When she got downstairs breakfast was ready and the house all sweetly diffused with the dreamy shadows that come with a rainy day.

Father had heard the great news and bantered her: "So we've got a society queen in our midst!"

"I think," put in Aunt Mattie, "that it's disgraceful the way they put children forward these days."

"I wouldn't let Missy go if Mrs. Allen wasn't going to be there to look after her," said mother.



"Mother, may I have the hem of my pink dress let down?" asked Missy.

At that father laughed, and Aunt Mattie might just as well have said: "I told you so!" as put on that expression.

"It's my first real party," Missy went on, "and I'd like to look as pretty as I can."

Something prompted father, as he rose from the table, to pause and lay his hand on Missy's shoulder.

"Can't you get her a new ribbon or something, mother?" he asked.

"Maybe a new sash," answered mother reflectively. "They've got some pretty brocaded pink ribbon at Bonner's."

After which Missy finished her breakfast in a rap-ture. It is queer how you can eat, and like what you eat very much, and yet scarcely taste it at all.

When the two hours of practicing were over, mother sent her downtown to buy the ribbon for the sash—a pleasant errand. She changed the black tie on her middy blouse to a scarlet one and let the ends fly out of her gray waterproof cape. Why is it that red is such a divine color on a rainy day?

Upon her return there was still an hour before dinner, and she sat by the dining-room window with Aunt Mattie, to darn stockings.

"Well, Missy," said Aunt Mattie presently, "a penny for your thoughts."

Missy looked up vaguely, at a loss. "I wasn't thinking of anything exactly," she said.

"What were you smiling about?"

"Was I smiling?"

Just then mother entered and Aunt Mattie said: "Missy smiles, and doesn't know it. Party!"

But Missy knew it wasn't the party entirely. Nor was it entirely the sound of the rain swishing, nor the look of the trees quietly weeping, nor of the vivid red patches of geranium beds. Everything could have been quite different, and still she'd have felt happy. Her feeling, mysteriously, was as much from things inside her as from things outside.

After dinner was over and the baby minded for an hour, mother made the pink-brocaded sash. It was very lovely. Then she had an hour to herself, and since the rain wouldn't permit her to spend it in the summerhouse, she took a book up to her own room. It was a book of poems from the Public Library.

The first poem she opened to was one of the most marvelous things she had ever read—almost as wonderful as "The Blessed Damsel." She was glad she had chanced upon it on a rainy day, and when she felt like this. It was called "A Birthday," and it went:

*My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than mine,  
Because my love is come to me.*

*Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys,  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come; my love is come to me.*

The poem expressed beautifully what she might have answered when Aunt Mattie asked why she smiled. Only, even though she herself could have expressed it so beautifully then, it was not the kind of answer you'd dream of making to Aunt Mattie.

THE next morning Missy awoke to find the rain gone and warm, golden sunshine filtering through the lace curtains. She dressed herself quickly, while the sunshine smiled and watched her toilet. After breakfast, at the piano, her fingers found the scales tiresome. Of themselves they wandered off into unexpected rhythms which seemed to sing aloud:

*Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys . . .  
Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes . . .*

She was idly wondering what a "vair" might be when her dreams were crashed into by mother's reproving voice: "Missy, what are you doing? If you don't get right down to practicing, there'll be no more parties!"

Abashed, Missy made her fingers behave, but not her heart. It was singing a tune far out of harmony with chromatic exercises, and she was glad her mother could not hear.

The tune kept right on throughout dinner. During the meal she was called to the telephone, and at the other end was Raymond; he wanted her to save him the first dance that evening. What rapture—this was what happened to the beautiful belles you read about!

After dinner mother and Aunt Mattie went to call upon some ladies they hoped (Continued on page 26)



She loved the pinkish-red and gray-green of the berries



# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—FIFTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I got them cigarettes and newspapers to-day, and I must say that you have made yourself solid with me for life. I split the pills fifty-fifty with my squad, and I'll betcha them guys would pay more attention to me right now than they would to Pershing. They is a waiting line from here to Milwaukee for a flash at the newspapers, which was close to a month old when they got here, and I am the envy of prob'ly half the American army.

You know, Joe, that my heart was always bigger than Boston, but them doughboys will have to gnash their teeth and wait till I get through readin'. Why, I have barely gone over them newspapers a dozen times, so far, givin' nothin' but a scant day to the baseball dope.

I see they was a case of intoxication come to light in New York. Is that on the level, Joe?

Well, I am out of the hospital now, with nothin' but a couple of scars on my back and a couple of stripes on my sleeve to show I was among them present when the Germans pulled off that raid on us. Joe, Rockefeller is just \$2.75 shy of havin' enough money to buy any part of 'em!

The French guys is tickled to death at the scrap we put up the first night the squareheads come over. Even the English officers which is here, and which wouldn't get excited if the Kaiser committed suicide, gives us credit for bein' able to take a punch without slowin' up. But, Joe, they is somethin' else us doughboys can do besides bein' able to take it, and that's bein' able to deliver a wallop, which same we will do the minute we go to bat against them birds. They grabbed a few hits off us in their half of the innin', but when we play a return date with 'em and pull off our raid, we'll make 'em holler for the cops, believe me!

Why, Joe, us doughboys which form'ly looked on this brawl over here as a kind of tick-tack-toe tourney is goin' around like lions at the zoo ten minutes before they bring the meat on. We ain't gonna be satisfied with just lickin' these tramps, we wanna tear 'em apart and throw 'em away! Alongside of us, a Belgian is madly in love with the Kaiser, and if we don't get a chance to use up this fightin' blood on them squareheads pretty soon, we'll be manglin' each other, and that ain't no lie!

Well, our captain presented me with ten days' leave on account of me gettin' beaned in that raid and naturally enough, as newly married guys will, I beat it back to Jeanne, which same I wed in my last letter to you. As they ain't no way on earth of lettin' anybody know anything over here in advance, I was a complete surprise when I blowed into her home. She's sittin' in what passes for the parlor in France, talkin' to her brother which is an "ace" in the French Aviation Corps. An ace in the Aviation Corps means the same as it does in stud poker, and this guy has got more medals than Sousa ever seen. He's been poison to the German flyers, Joe, and any squarehead which will bring him down will be give a pocket full of iron crosses and allowed not to eat them German hot dogs for a week.

The two of them is sittin' there, and Jeanne is cryin'. My dare-devil brother-in-law is patten' her on the shoulder.

"What's the idea of them weeps?" I says, comin' into the room. "Has Napoleon escaped from his tomb or is the butcher holdin' out for cash?"

Well, I found out what a sensation was anyways, Joe. I was it!

Jeanne takes one flash at me and give a yell that

must of woke up half Camden, N. J. Then she leaps from the chair and drapes herself around my neck like a collar. "Mon Dieu!" she says, huggin' me tight, "I thought the boche have kill you!"

"They ain't enough of them!" I says, liftin' her up and kissin' her. "Why, I had this Hindenburg guy

"You'd be a sucker if you tried it!" I says. "Love and let love, as whatsthis says."

Well, he blowed, Joe, and there was Jeanne and me all alone for the first time since I got wed and hadda dash right away to the front. The last scene in any of them ten-reel movies, Joe, will give you a line on what took place. Yours truly,

ED HARMON.

(Don't forget you gotta chance to enlist before they take you by hand in the draft!)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I am back at the ring-side again, my ten days' leave havin' come and gone like the Twentieth Century Limited. The worst part this time, of course, was leavin' Jeanne, and I must say I had a tough case of the blues for a while after I went away. But, Joe, this dame has got more stuff from the ears up than a foreman at Yale or one of them college joints, and she didn't make no wild scene or nothin' like that, which wouldn't of helped matters a bit. I fled outa here on one of them little trick trains, and she come down to the station with me as bright and full of pep as if she was in the front row of the Winter Garden, and a disinterested stranger would of thought I was on my way to get elected King of Arizona or somethin', instead of goin' to the

trenches. We tried to get done with all the good-byes at the house, but when the train come in it turned out they was a few we had overlooked, and all the French doughboys which was goin' back leaned out the windows and yelled encouragement to us like guys at a prize fight. Anything sentimental is a riot to the French, Joe, and we went big with this gang, believe me!

I am sendin' you a picture of Jeanne, and if she ain't the best-lookin' member of the fair sex you ever seen off a magazine cover, I'll devour your chapeau, as we say in France. Don't let none of them moving-picture guys see the photo, because I don't want her bothered with no cables whilst I'm away. I wished I knowed how Windy Haskins is makin' out since them guys took him prisoner in the raid. It certainly is lonesome without him, because me and him was pals, and now they ain't nobody to fight with but the Germans. All I know is that if them squareheads ever get mussy with Windy, they'll wish he had never enlisted, and that's a cinch!

I have got to cuf this letter short, Joe, for reasons that is between me and the censor. But I have just heard we're gonna move to some new trenches, so I gotta tear myself away from the ink. The guy that said the pen was mightier than the sword never seen no battle field durin' the rush hour, and that's no camouflage; heh, Joe?

Yours truly,

ED HARMON. (The Avenger of Belgium.)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, I guess you must be thinkin' by this time that the boches have fin'ly got me, it is so long since I have wrote you. But such is not the case, Joe, and anybody that claims I'm dead is a liar, and I can prove it!

Since last I took pen in hand and let it run wild over some clean white paper, I have had more adventures than the handsomest movie hero which ever bravely faced a battery of cameras, also I am now a sergeant and when you write to me you wanna say "Sir," and no familiarity goes! No doubt by the time you get this, if so, I will be a vice general, or somethin', and Pershing (Continued on page 24)



"What is the name of your regiment?" barks one of them in English

throwin' away his uneyform, and half the German army has threatened to resign unless the Alleys keep me outa the trenches!"

"Que je suis heureux de vous!" remarks Jeanne, splittin' the laughs, tears, and kisses three ways.

In butts friend brother-in-law. "Edouard!" he hollers. "It is then of the indeed you!" Before I can raise a hand, Joe, he has gone to work and kissed me his self!

"But they have wound you, mon chéri!" says Jeanne. "I hear you—"

"Ssh!" I says. "Just a little blood poisonin'. I got it chokin' the Kaiser—my hand scraped against that trick whisker of his!"

"Ah! They have make you an officer!" chimes in the wife's relation, pointin' to the stripes on my sleeve. "You are then the captain?"

"Captain?" I says. "I got that beat eighty ways—I'm a corporal!"

"Ah!" they both says, rollin' their eyes and shakin' their heads like they'll tell the world I'm there!

"How many of the boche pig have you kill, then?" asks he.

"After the first few hundred I stopped countin'," I says. "They was a guy supposed to be with me with an addin' machine, but he overslept."

"Ah!" says Jeanne. "Sooch a brave homme!"

"Ain't I?" I admits. "Has anything happened here outside of the rain since I left?"

Her brother is still thinkin' about me. "By the George!" he says, "France will give you the Croix de Guerre, with that palm!"

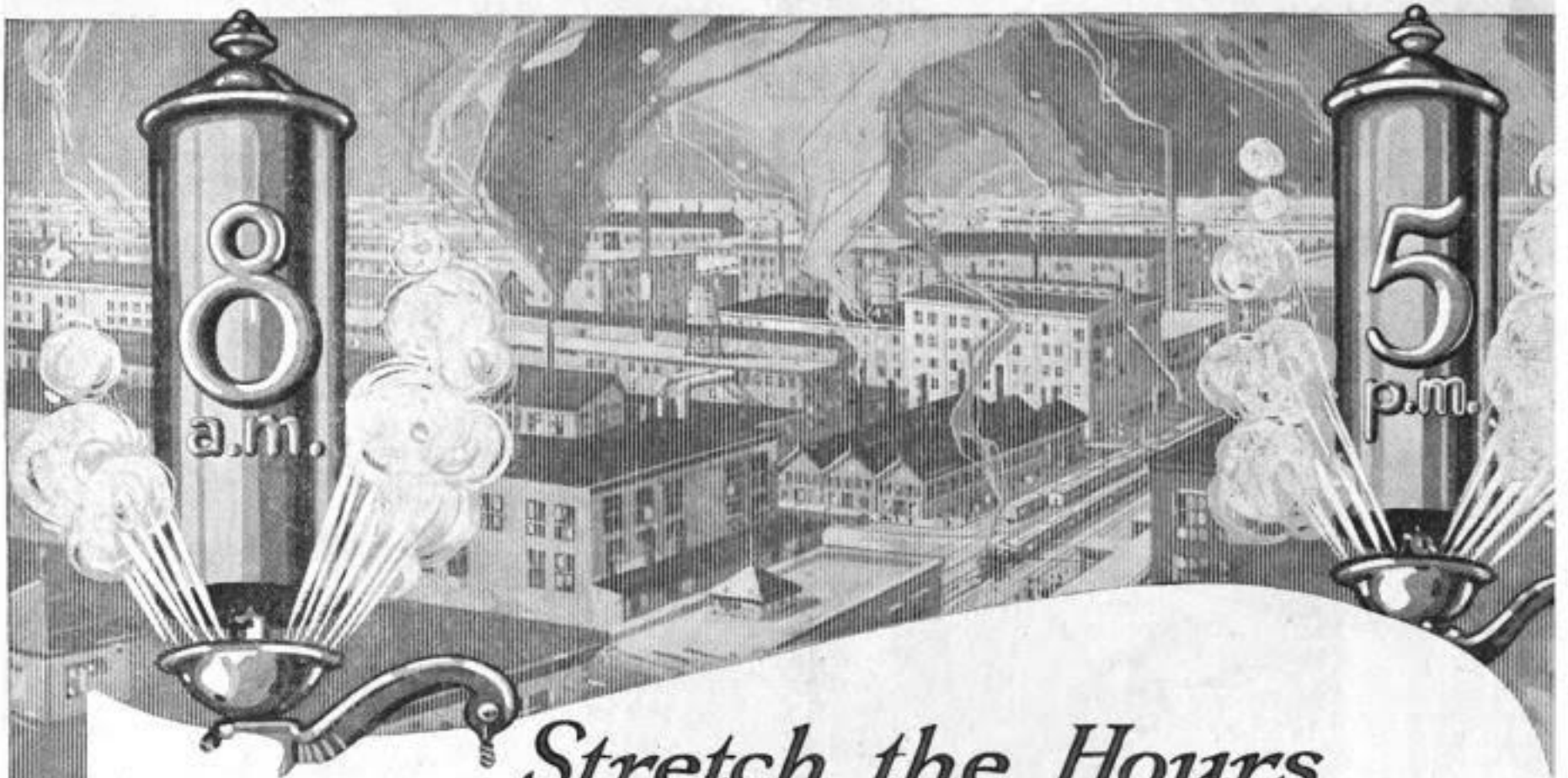
"I couldn't eat a thing!" I says, "but—"

"Tell all to me of the fight!" he interrupts. "I die of the excitement!"

"Listen!" I says, drawin' Jeanne a little closer. "The wire's busy right now. If you wanna make yourself solid with me, you'll go out and take a nice, long walk, so's me and Jeanne can talk over the high cost of chocolate sundaes in Crimea, without bein' disturbed."

"Parbleu!" he remarks, givin' me a look at his gold tooth. "I well understand—I go!" He give a sigh that liked to blowed my hat off. "After all," he says, "who am I to stop the young from loving?"





## Stretch the Hours Between Whistle and Whistle!



THESE are the days that must yield a bigger output than ever before. Increased production is demanded of you from all sides, in spite of man-shortage, despite scarcity of equipment, in the face of a coal shortage. How can it be done? By a bigger, better and easier day's work from everyone in your organization within the usual working hours. Overtime means increased cost without increased profit. It means a worn out staff—so time must be saved. The hours between whistle and whistle must be stretched. How?

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them into orderly, standardized performance.

Lamson accomplishment isn't a theory. It's a hard, cold, practical fact. Lamson Pneumatic Tube Systems carry papers and cash in thousands of huge manufacturing plants and department stores, every day. They shoot letters, job cards, time tickets, orders and requisitions to just the place you want them to go. They are speeding up production in a thousand different firms. They carry incoming and outgoing mail for Montgomery, Ward & Co. and the Otis Elevator Co. They carry requisitions or orders for tools and supplies for Endicott, Johnson & Co.—and deliver them with telegram accuracy. They never hesitate nor stop on the way. They never lose their message or package. They are never tired and can't get overworked. If you think your plant can't go faster with the equipment and the force you now have, a look into the Lamson Idea will throw a new, strong light on the subject—to your advantage. A Lamson man is on call at your request. He won't try to tell you your business but he will intelligently explain a basic principle of organization.

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# CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AS I issued from the red brick Grand Trunk Terminal, Montreal looked strangely bright and gay. Men in khaki, new recruits, marched briskly by me, headed by regimental bands which drummed and blared. They had hardly the physique of the earlier volunteers whom I had seen. Among them there were many French Canadians, from the towns no doubt, whose pallid faces and lack-luster eyes told of long toiling in unwholesome stores and offices. They kept pace with the more robust Anglo-Saxons. But it was plain that they were neither pleased nor happy.

The streets were plastered here and there with war posters. On some a Canadian artisan clasped hands with a young soldier bound for France. "Bonne chance, mon garçon. Nous te soutenons!" helped to explain. And, on the posters, the young soldier beamed content.

But were those pictures true or false? Had conscription been forgiven in Quebec? We had read stories in New York of unrest caused by the Conscription Law; of resistance to that law by indignant habitants; of secession preached in Catholic homes and pulpits. It was to sift the facts and falsehoods in those tales I had come

to the ultra-Loyalists. But the bare hint of an approaching split with the Dominion had been interpreted by the Anglo-Saxon Canadians as evidence that a nasty streak of yellow soiled the blood of their French-speaking neighbors. Thanks largely to a timely speech of Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, M. Francœur with good grace withdrew his motion. But the ill feeling on both sides which led to it is not yet dead. Nor will it be for many a day to come, if the restless group or party known as Nationalist can keep it burning.

On the face of it, there was more pique, more petulance, than sedition in the motion. It was introduced less as a suggestion of secession than as a rebuke

to the ultra-Loyalists. But the bare hint of an approaching split with the Dominion had been interpreted by the Anglo-Saxon Canadians as evidence that a nasty streak of yellow soiled the blood of their French-speaking neighbors. Thanks largely to a timely speech of Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, M. Francœur with good grace withdrew his motion. But the ill feeling on both sides which led to it is not yet dead. Nor will it be for many a day to come, if the restless group or party known as Nationalist can keep it burning.



SIR LOMER GOVIN, Prime Minister of Quebec. He has held the reins of power for twelve years and is a disciple, friend, and confidant of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has the tenacity of a bulldog and the tact of a diplomatist.

to the ultra-Loyalists. But the bare hint of an approaching split with the Dominion had been interpreted by the Anglo-Saxon Canadians as evidence that a nasty streak of yellow soiled the blood of their French-speaking neighbors. Thanks largely to a timely speech of Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, M. Francœur with good grace withdrew his motion. But the ill feeling on both sides which led to it is not yet dead. Nor will it be for many a day to come, if the restless group or party known as Nationalist can keep it burning.

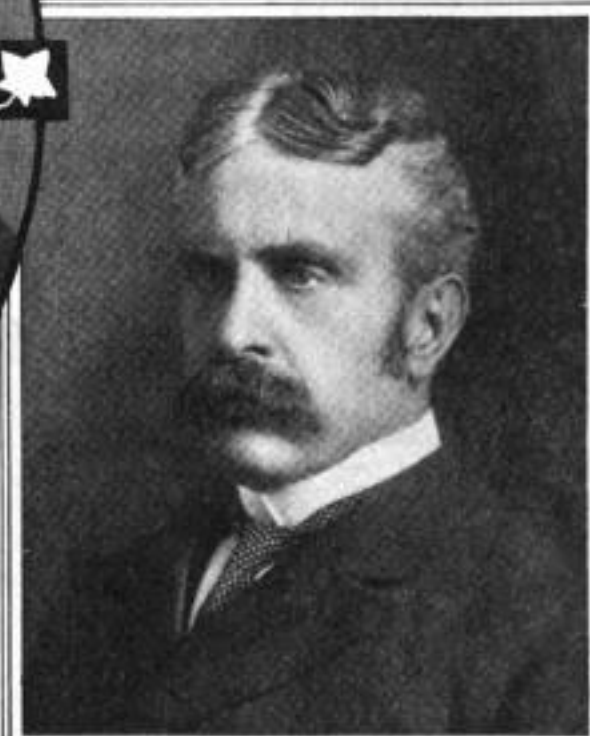
## Bourassa's Dream

THE Nationalists (French by origin and almost solidly Catholic) in theory want absolute independence. The most active and persistent of their leaders, M. Henri Bourassa, director and editor of "Le Devoir" of Montreal, is just at present not a member of either the Federal or the Provincial Parliament. But, thanks to his ownership of a newspaper, his admitted intelligence, and his rhetorical ability, he has much influence, not only over the masses of his own Province, but also over a large part of the French-speaking Catholic clergy. As a talker, M. Bourassa has few equals. He can talk one deaf and blind without an effort. If not convincing, he is certainly ingenious, in a Byzantine way, and he is often eloquent. He loves argument for the mere sake of argument. And next to that he loves to indulge in paradox. As to his courage, there can be no question. He is a D'Artagnan. Once at a public meeting in Quebec he roused his audience to such transports of hostility that he had stones and bricks and bottles hurled at him. The reporters, after getting a few knocks, ducked under tables. But, grabbing an overcoat from a bystander and wrapping it around one arm, as a kind of shield, M. Bourassa faced the storm and went on speaking till he had finished his address.

M. Bourassa was too clever not to make capital in turn out of the bilingual question and the Conscription Law. He has rung changes, many changes,

on those themes in his own newspaper. And he has done more, much more, than anyone in Canada to annoy the Government. By his opponents he is set down as a demagogue. But there was little to suggest a would-be Cade in the man who welcomed me, one bitter afternoon, in his sanctum at the "Devoir" building. I had pictured him, in my mind's eye, as a truculent pacifist; loud-throated, blatant, of the soap-box school. I was greeted by a courteous, polished man, of seigneurial birth, speaking French with the ease of a Parisian. M. Bourassa is fifty years of age. He affects a Vandyke beard and various other attributes which, as a rule, we associate not with demagogues, but with artists. As I have said already, he is—er—discursive. He crowds more words into one minute than most talk in two. His brain works quickly, eagerly, incessantly. His logic now and then goes all agley. But by his rushing speech, his earnestness, and his nervousity, he impresses till you analyze his phrases. Then, possibly, you will find—I thought I did—that he loves words at least as much as he does facts.

It would not be just to belittle M. Bourassa. He



SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, Premier of Canada, who said that there has been general acceptance of compulsory service since the measure was enacted and an entire absence of any serious disturbance in connection with its enforcement.

is quite sincere. He hates—and has a perfect right to hate—the doctrine of imperialism. To him England is a nightmare, a *bête noire*. In our interview he denounced the Conscription Law, first as unjust, next as uncalled for, and last as futile. What use was it, he asked, to tear a few thousand *habitants* from their native soil to swell the Allied armies? What service would they render if they reached the front? He professed no certainty as to the assertion of the Loyalists that they were fighting "against autocracy" and "to save democracy." He knew nothing, or cared nothing, as to the causes of the war—the immediate causes, or the older, deeper causes. Without casting doubt on the good faith of Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, and his colleagues, he was of opinion that, by forcing the issue of conscription, they had widened the gulf between French-speaking and English-speaking residents in the Dominion. When I suggested that the voluntary system had added only 8,000 French-Canadian Quebec volunteers to the Canadian forces, he said that, proportionately, this was an honorable contribution. Much as he loathed the M. S. A. (Military Service Act), it was now law, and Quebec must obey the law. He indignantly denied the frequent charge that he and his followers had resisted the enforcement of conscription. As to the uprisings, or the insurrection, at which the "New Republic" lately hinted, he was entirely skeptical. Such things could never be, and never had been.

Nor did M. Bourassa feel the faintest, vaguest sympathy with the idea of the annexation of Canada to the United States. To him the U. S. A. was Anglo-Saxon. His dream, his ideal, was Canadian inde-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, who is to Canada what Gladstone was to England—a symbol of that temperate Liberal force which keeps the balance between the extremes in politics. Of all the public men of mark in Canada none is more honored

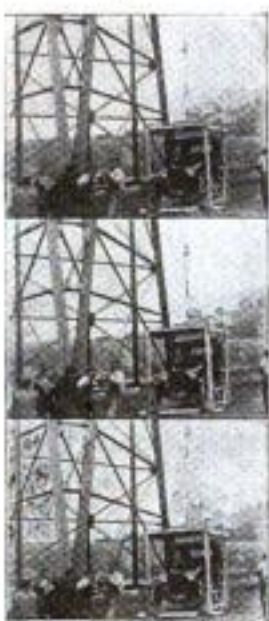
to Canada. In the morning I set out to look for uprisings. All I found was a procession of harmless citizens, clad in fur cloaks and queer pointed caps of beaver or astrakhan, who paced the sidewalks, halting at moments on their way to stare through shop-windows and weigh the advantages of the midwinter bargain sales. They scarcely glanced at the white headlines on the bulletin boards, announcing upheavals in Berlin, battles on the Piave, air raids over London. In Montreal it was still the fashion, then, to ignore the war; to pretend that, though it might concern Ontario, it was not Quebec's affair. And it was this attitude that the Western Provinces, largely Anglo-Saxon in sympathy, had resented savagely. The Westerners had cursed Quebec, the Province, as an abode of slackers. The old difference between West and East of which Kipling spoke, though without thought of Canada. And Quebec, the Province, had hit back at the elections by refusing to approve the Conscription Law. Of the sixty-five deputies it had returned to Parliament, sixty-two had been anti-conscriptionists. One other grievance, too, had rankled as much as the insults hurled at French-speaking Canada by a few foolish Anglo-Saxon preachers and writers—the earlier passage by the Ontario Legislature of the School Law, and especially of what was most detested in that measure, Regulation 17—devised, it was said, to restrict the use of the French language and to replace it soon or late by English.

Smarting under these wrongs, incensed by the taunts to which the French Canadians had been subjected, a week before I reached Montreal a promi-



# Penns AUTO TUBE

Guaranteed Tensile Strength  
1½ Tons Per Square Inch



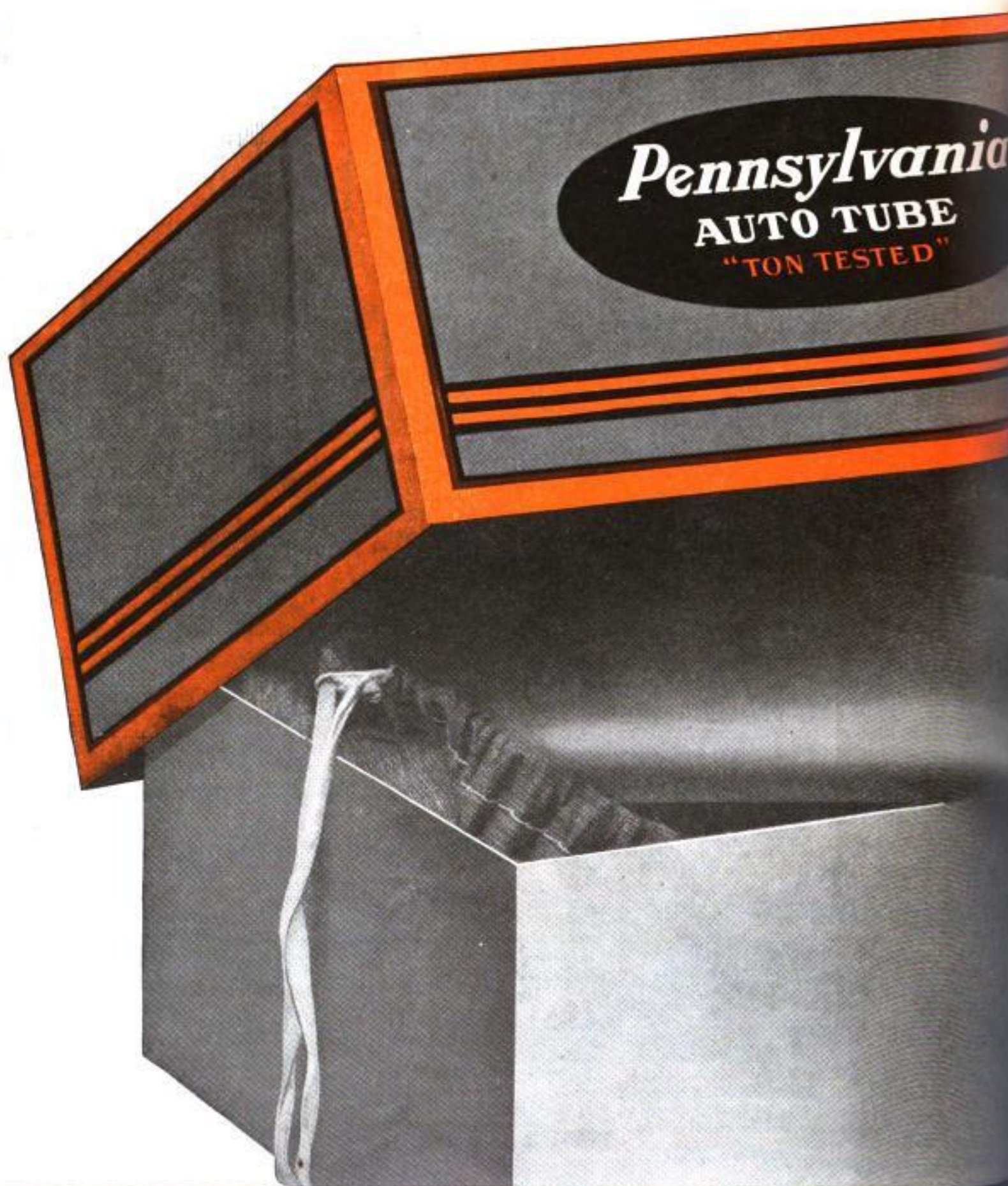
Moving picture test of "Ton Tested" tube lifting touring car. Tube attached to tackle and car platform.



Tube lifting car and platform from ground.



Tube holding loaded car and platform in complete suspension—total weight 2200 pounds—without slightest injury or loss of equilibrium.





# *Pennsylvania* **THE**

"TON TESTED"

**T**HE "Ton Tested" Tube possesses definite properties that eliminate all general tube shortcomings.

The effects of long and continuous wear and friction in the casing are especially withstood.

The tough, yet highly resilient, stock is uniform, tear-resisting. It sets new individual standards of strength, elasticity, heat-resistance, durability.

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Light and air exposure do not harm it.

It will not tear beyond the immediate location of a cut.

It will eliminate a large percentage of blowouts which follow the laceration of a casing.

It bears the name Pennsylvania—a positive guarantee of remarkable service qualities.

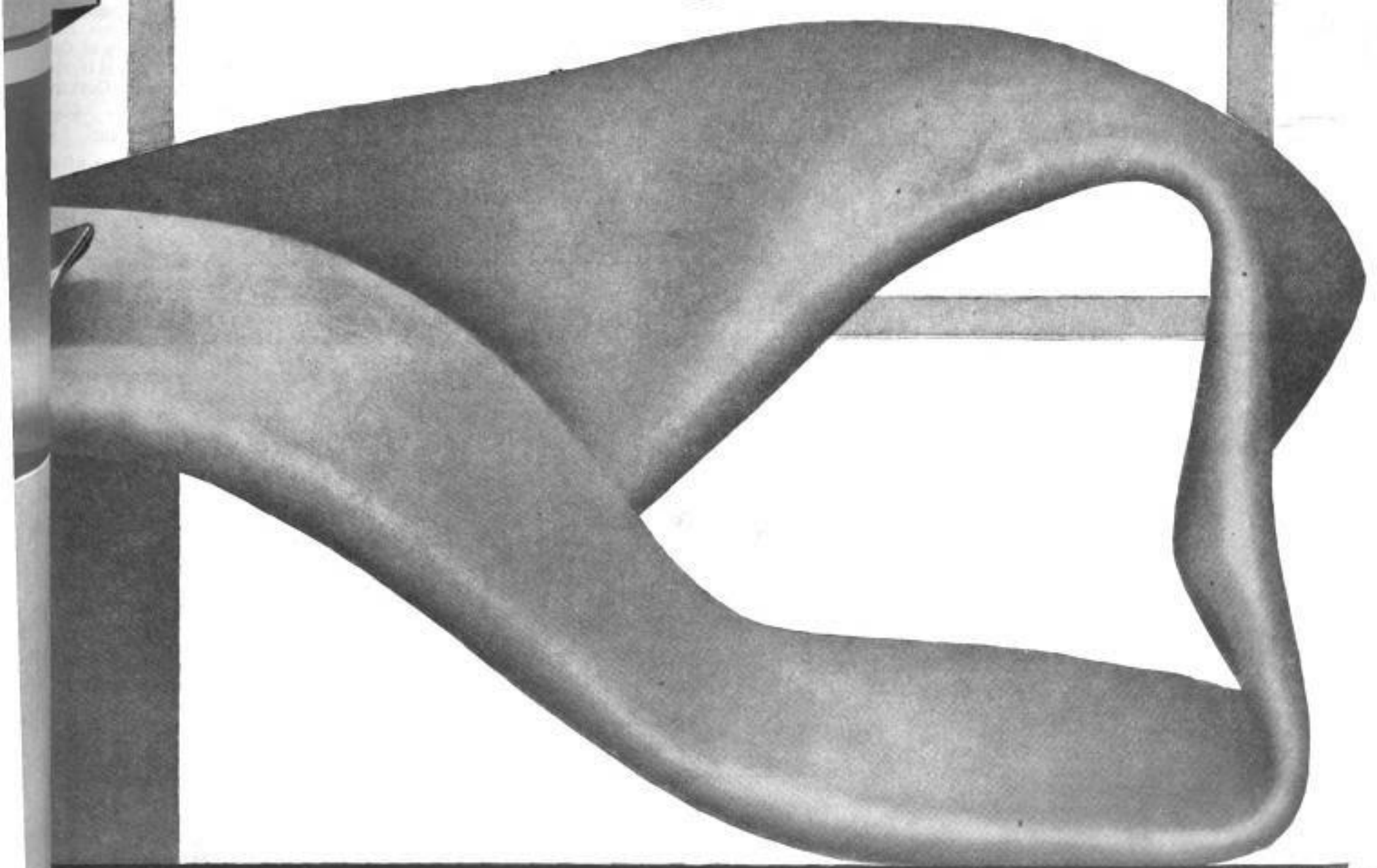
Challenge the assertion of any dealer who offers you a so-called "special" brand tube as the equal of the "Ton Tested." Ask him for the name of the actual maker of the substitute offered.

The "Ton Tested" Tube comes in the orange and gray colored box. The name is on every box. The price is the same as that of ordinary tubes.

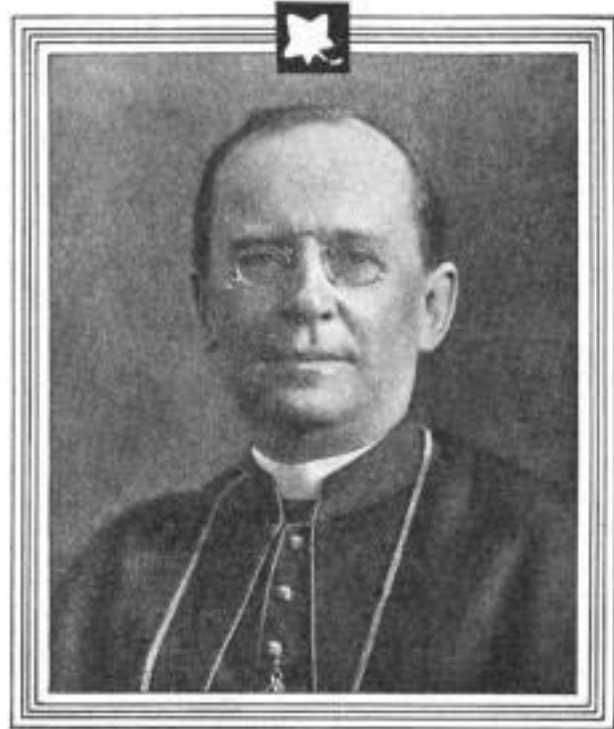
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MONSIGNOR BRUCHESI, Archbishop of Montreal, a priest reputedly of the most subtle intellect, great resourcefulness, and far-reaching authority, who was ordained in Rome with the now reigning Pope, and whose influence seems to affect many people in the Province

pendence, though it might be a long time ere that could come true.

"But," I put in, "is it not possible to reconcile the idea of imperialism with the idea of autonomy?"

"Perhaps," said he. "As an alternative to full and unhampered freedom, my first choice, I should not object to self-government for this Dominion and other British oversea dominions, with federation—in short, full partnership."

To be honest, let me add that what M. Bourassa most dislikes in British imperialism is that, no matter how sincerely the Loyalists advocate federation and self-government, at heart they always think of the dominions as British—not as free African and Australian and Canadian commonwealths.

"Moreover," said M. Bourassa, "till the Boer War, Canada—every part of it—agreed regarding the right, if not the duty, of the Dominion to maintain a policy of neutrality in British foreign affairs. Macdonald had refused to allow Great Britain to recruit troops for one war. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, later on, renounced neutrality by assenting to the enlistment, the voluntary enlistment, of Canadians for South Africa."

Still later there had been the incident of the three warships which Sir Robert Borden had promised Great Britain. And the recent election had confirmed this "self-abandonment."

"The fact that, of her own will, Canada gave up the principle of neutrality," commented M. Bourassa, "made her decision doubly painful. Had she been forced into conscription, she might have respected herself. But it was shameful to consent to slavery."

He could never quite forgive the habitual tendency of Britishers—and more especially the English-speaking residents or citizens in Canada—to despise the descendants of the original French settlers in Quebec as crude and ignorant. One more point. Without being asked, he told me of his devotion to Catholicism and especially to the person of Pope Benedict. The emphatic way in which he said this set me thinking.

### The Church's Attitude

NOW all, or nearly all, the five million English-speaking inhabitants of Canada are non-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic. By most it is unreasonably thought that Rome—or the Catholic clergy—has urged resistance in Quebec to the Conscription Law.

I took considerable pains during my stay in Montreal and elsewhere to ascertain what might be true and what untrue in this assumption. It is certain that the Ontario Anglo-Saxons really credit what they have heard of this alleged disloyalty. Some go much farther; they talk of a wild hope of the Canadian priests that, some day, at a time perhaps not distant, a Catholic and detached French-speaking State, virtually a theocracy, may be substituted for the Quebec Province. If that were true, M. Bourassa might have dreamed with them.

One very distinguished prelate could have enlightened me on this and other subjects. But, as I knew, he was unapproachable. That prelate was the Archbishop of Montreal, Monsignor Bruchesi—a priest reputedly of the most subtle intellect, great resourcefulness, and far-reaching authority, who was ordained in Rome with the now-reigning Pope.

Many people in the Province seem obsessed by Monsignor Bruchesi's influence. All I could learn of the archbishop I learned at second-hand, partly from men who admire him unreservedly, partly from others who dislike and distrust him. But I was able to dig up his pastoral utterances. In one of these

Monsignor Bruchesi said, among other things: "We Canadians are not strangers to the struggle beyond the seas. . . . It is the duty of us all to give our loyal and our generous support to England. If they must fight beyond the seas, our brave young men will be ready, and we shall find in them the valor of their forefathers. . . . We will pray the 'God of Armies' to protect England and her ally, France. We cannot separate one of them from the other in our affection. Let us pray that they may win the victory, but a victory which will redound to the glory of God Himself and to the long hoped for triumph of the Church of Jesus Christ. And let us not forget courageous Belgium."

### Allegiance to the Allies

BEFORE this, on the outbreak of the war, Monsignor Bruchesi had subscribed to, and indeed headed, a pastoral letter of the Canadian hierarchy which all the curés were required to read to their congregations. In a guarded way it proclaimed allegiance to the Allies.

Officially, at all events, the pronouncements of the Catholic Church in Canada have been plain and loyal. In a measure, Cardinal Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec, had set the example of deference to the Canadian Government by commanding the curés to exhort their male parishioners to answer the questions which were sent out some months ago to all Canadians of military age, prior to the introduction of the Conscription Bill.

"The request," then wrote the venerable cardinal, "seems just and reasonable. It is due to motives of public interest and merely appeals to the good will of citizens."

None the less, it is no secret that the Conscription Law is unpopular with the clergy, as a needless evil, a demand for useless sacrifices, and as a menace to the faith, health, and morals of the young conscripts.

What the curés may have done privately and unofficially, in talking or writing to the members of their flocks, I do not know. I pushed my inquiries in the highest places, without learning anything to convict the priests of disloyalty. One curé, to be sure, in a small Eastern township, did urge the French Canadians to resist military service, even by force of arms, giving as his reason that war was a judgment of God on "infidel France," and declaring it the duty of French Canadians to stay peacefully at home, give birth to children, and bring them up to the glory of the Church. But if one swallow does not make a summer, neither does the incaution of one overzealous curé make a rebellion.

There is undoubtedly some smoldering discontent among the priests of the Eastern Province. And it has not been hushed by the supposed efforts of the Ottawa Government to discourage—or, rather limit—the teaching of French in the Ontario schools. For, as one very important personage pointed out to me, in other days all Canada spoke French, and at this hour the 1,600,000 French Canadians of Quebec are bound by tradition, love, and habit with their 200,000 or 250,000 French-speaking brethren of Ontario. Personally I should say it would be a mercy if the authorities at Ottawa insisted on the teaching of French—real French. For the queer patois now affected by the *habitants* is the reverse of beautiful.

The passages in Regulation 17 of the Ontario School Law most obnoxious to the Quebec people tend to restrict the teaching of French by declaring that:

"(1) Where necessary in the case of French-



M. HENRI BOURASSA, director and editor of "Le Devoir" of Montreal, leader of the Nationalists, in whose opinion the gulf between French- and English-speaking residents in the Dominion has been widened by forcing the issue of conscription



CARDINAL BÉGIN, Archbishop of Quebec, set the example of deference to the Canadian Government by commanding the curés to exhort their male parishioners to answer the questions sent to all Canadians of military age, prior to the introduction of the Conscription Bill

speaking pupils, French may be used as the language of instruction and communication; but such use of French shall not be continued beyond Form 1, excepting that, on the approval of the chief inspector, it may also be used as the language of instruction and communication in the case of pupils beyond Form 1 who are unable to speak and understand the English language.

"(2) In the case of French-speaking pupils who are unable to speak and understand the English language well enough for the purposes of instruction and communication, the following provision is hereby made:

"(a) As soon as the pupil enters the school he shall begin the study and the use of the English language."

All this might seem quite proper in the United States. But the United States has not, like the Dominion, one great cleavage between French and English. And, as things stand, Quebec is hardly Canada. The fury roused in the Eastern Province by the Ontario School Law has now been intensified by the introduction of another law, compelling all immigrants in Ontario for the future to subscribe not only to the M. S. A. (the Conscription Law), but to Regulation 17 also, if they wish to hold tracts of land allotted to or purchased by them.

In passing, I may mention that Pope Benedict is taking an acute interest in the affairs of Catholic Canada. This does not mean that he is stirring up more trouble for the Canadian Government. It may mean the contrary.

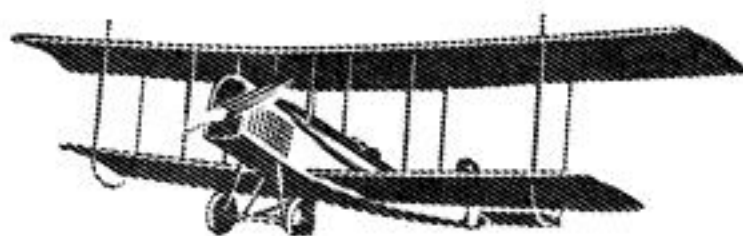
### Quebec Respects the Law

FROM Montreal I took an express one afternoon to the ancient city of Quebec. The train was filled with stolid *habitants*, all muffled to the ears in heavy furs. At last, thought I, the war will be discussed. But I was mistaken. Not once on the whole journey, in six hours, did I hear the remotest reference to the war. No one read newspapers. I had quite abandoned hope of spotting treason—on that train at least—and was pondering the vexed bilingual question, when I saw a poor, artless *habitant* trying to sell notebooks to the passengers. Each notebook was wrapped up in a neat envelope.

On one side was an affecting French inscription, entreating the merciful of heart to "buy the wares of an unhappy cripple. Price 10 cents." On the other the inscription read in English: "Being crippled, I am endeavoring to sell the inclosed package. Price 25 cents." I bought a package just to encourage honesty.

Quebec was wrapped in snow and strangely silent. The corridors of the stately Château Frontenac were almost deserted. A few weary-looking officers, some in khaki, some in the pale blue of France, lounged in the writing rooms or sipped Scotch and soda in the café. A cheerless band played ragtime in the ballroom. Outside the hotel the lights shone clear and cold on the many statues which adorn the public squares, on the imposing residence of the cardinal-archbishop, and the white surface of the broad St. Lawrence. Yet here, I had supposed, if anywhere, I should find those "uprisings." It was positively discouraging on the morning after my arrival to see that the only crowds were in the churches; at the "Basilique," listening with the enthroned cardinal to the admonition of a monsignor to save food and help the poor; or at Low Masses in the lesser Catholic fanes. (Continued on page 30)





## HOW MANY CYLINDERS?

The Secretary of War has announced that all Liberty Motors now being built are the 12-cylinder type.

The basic principles of design from which these engines have been wrought are embodied in the Packard Twin Six.

The Packard Twin Six gives to its owner these marked advantages:

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¶ The impulses of its 12 small cylinders blend in a stream of power—the most agreeable action known to Motordom.

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## PACKARD TWIN SIX

*Ask the man who owns one*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



## From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 16

will be askin' me daily if I think everything is bein' run O. K. I will try and put him at ease if he does, Joe, and not be stuck up as many a guy would be with less brains.

I am sorry to say I have not been wounded no more, only gettin' mauled up a bit and layin' in a hospital for three weeks, havin' suffered a bad attack of shell shock. But I ain't been layin' down on the job, Joe, because I been in a real sure-enough battle, which made that first German raid look like a warm session of pinochle; also I been took prisoner by the boches and then stole home on them—just like I done on Alexander that time in Philly.

WELL, Joe, on a certain night we was ordered to relieve a battalion of French guys who'd been holdin' a line of trenches a little to the left and a whole lot further toward the Germans than we'd ever been yet. The officers seen that all the guys that come outa the first raid was among them present, because we was frothin' at the mouth to get back at them squareheads, and also we'd been under fire and was everything on earth but gun shy. The relief come off as nice and easy as the skin off of a banana, and they wasn't as much as an angry look throwed at us by the Germans all night long. As is usual when they is a relief comin' off, we picked the darkest night in captivity and, as is usual under any circumstances over here, it was rainin' like Niagara Falls, so I don't think the boches even knowed the change had been made.

The next mornin' I stuck my dome up over the edge of the trench for an eyeful. Joe, don't tell me that a guy can't live if his heart don't beat, because mine skipped between eight and forty taps and I'm still here, or was whilst writin' you this. There was them German trenches no more than prob'ly a hundred yards away, and you could see their barbed-wire entanglements, and the like, without no glass or nothin' at all. While I'm lookin' over the scenery, thinkin' about everything under the sun—or, in other words, Jeanne—they is a plop! beside me, and I got some dust in my eye. The next thing I knowed our top sergeant has grabbed me around the legs and throwed me.

"You big tinhead!" he hisses, when I get up. "Ain't you got no brains at all? I ought to of let them get you!"

"Was that a bullet?" I asks him. "Oh, no!" he snarls. "That wasn't no bullet—them squareheads is prob'ly throwin' confetti at us!"

He chased me into a dugout, Joe. I ain't no more than got inside when the loudest crash the world has ever heard comes off right over my head! In another minute shells was goin' off fast enough to make an addin' machine lay down and quit like a dog. I didn't have to be no Sherlock Holmes to figure out that them squareheads knowed we was there and we was due for a warm and busy day. We all was wise by this time that whenever a sudden and heavy shell fire commences without no warnin', it's a sign that the Germans is comin' over in our midst as soon as they figure the guns has done enough damage to the dugouts. Well, Joe, we all get set for them, wishin' to Heaven they wouldn't be detained nowhere on the way. They kept bangin' away at us, Joe, for three or four hours, and you or nobody else ever heard such a terrible and continual roarin' and boomin' in all your life! I thought all the dynamite in the world had come over and gone nutty.

This time our artillery was ready for them babies, and pretty soon we cut loose with everything we had. Oh, boy! Joe, you had to scream to make yourself heard, and then you couldn't!

Well, me and about twenty other guys is down in a dugout with little or no air and nothin' but a piece of candle for light. We have been told to get set for an attack and, believe me, Joe, that waitin' stuff is the toughest part of the whole show! A guy's nerves becomes watch springs that keep windin' and unwindin' themselves, and you wanna yell your head off, just to get relief.

All of a sudden, Joe, we hear a gong bangin' somewhere, and they was a rush to get outa that dugout that would make a football game look like chess. We knowed what that gong meant, and we got our gas masks on in somethin' under half a second apiece. Then we pile out into what was form'ly our trench and bump into gangs of other doughboys doin' the same thing. If we

had stayed below, Joe, we would of died like rats in a hole because the squareheads was gassin' us, so's to make it as healthy as possible for them before they come over.

Well, Joe, as far as the trench was concerned, they wasn't none! The high-explosive shells had took care of that, and they was nothin' left but holes big enough to hide Paterson, N. J., in. We stumbled and milled around, cussin' or prayin' accordin' to our religion, and every now and then somebody would give a yell and fall down one of them shell craters. A coupla guys would drag 'em out, full of mud and fight. Joe, we was the awfulest mob you ever seen in your life! Between them gas masks, which makes a guy look like a bat from below, and the mud, we sure was a tough-lookin' bunch to go up against.

All at once the shellin' stops, and through the smoke that's driftin' away we can see the Germans pilin' outa their trenches and zigzaggin' this way and that toward us. We all give a yell of joy, and them officers of ours had their hands full keepin' us from goin' right out to meet them birds!

The first row of boches is carryin' little cans like fire extinguishers, and I'm wonderin' what they are for, when, Joe, streams of yellow flame comes bustin' outa them and shoots over to us. You never seen nothin' like this, I don't care if you go to the movies night and day! That burnin' stuff poured into us, Joe, and wherever it touched it cut to the bone. Well, it kinda surprised us for a minute, but we was there to show them German skunks that, no matter what they pulled on us, we'd raise 'em the limit, bein' Yanks, and, Joe, we went to it! A coupla machine guns opens up beside me, and the first line of squareheads just melted away like fried ice, with their cans of hell and all! These birds was what the Germans call the "shock" troops, which is the same as the Suicide Club, and the rest of them keeps comin' right on.

We got some kinda order in what's left of our trenches by this time, and we start lettin' 'em have it with hand grenades. We burnt them things over just as fast as we could throw 'em, and, Joe, they kept goin' down right and left like tenpins durin' a tourney. Then, without no warnin', our artillery opens up on 'em with a barrage fire, and we get the word to go over and get 'em, and to hell with their liquid fire and gas.

Oh, boy!!!

THIS is what we'd been waitin' for ever since we come to France, and, Joe, the yell we turned loose drowned out the artillery! We had made a bum outa their flame throwers with our machine guns, and before they could get set again we was on top of 'em and hittin' them boches with everything but Paris. I don't know what nobody else did, for I was the busiest guy in France for the next half hour. I can only tell you what I done, which was plenty!

The first stop I make is in front of a big squarehead which developed a case of stage fright and missed me with his gun. Then he come at me with a knife as big as Brooklyn, and I let him have the bayonet through the ribs, yellin' like a maniac whilst doin' so. I seen a doughboy go down near me, and two of them German tramps is so anxious to bayonet him that they collide with each other, head on. I got 'em both and I suppose that guy will never think of thankin' me for it! Joe, between the steady roar of our artillery, the crackle of the machine guns, and the yells of us doughboys—joy and pain mixed together—why, hell in full blast would be a whisper in a boiler factory alongside of it, that's all!

I fell down one of them shell holes, and a boche seen me go and jumps in after me, fiin' an automatic as fast as he could pull the trigger. He turned out to be the rottenest shot in the world, but a darned good wrestler, and we rolled around and gouged each other all over the bottom of that hole. Fin'ly I got out my trench knife, and for all he knowed the war was over. I had some trouble climbin' out of this mud, and when I did I seen I was through for the day, anyways. Joe, they was three boches on top of me before I can lift a hand, but instead of hidin' a bayonet in me, one of them whangs me over the dome with the stock of his rifle, and I resigned!

When I come to life I'm layin' on the floor of a dugout that don't look like home to me. The biggest German

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in the world is standin' guard over me, and I ain't no more than opened an eye when he prods me with his baynet and motions for me to get up. I took his advice, and after feelin' myself over I find that outside of a lump on my head as big as a basketball, I am O. K. except a little stiff. "How many of your trenches did we take?" I says.

"Shut up!" he growls in plain English. "You will be shot to-morrow!"

What d'ye think of that bird, Joe, tryin' to gloom it all up for me! Well, he tells me to walk ahead of him, and I do the same, goin' all the way down the trench. The squareheads all look me over like I'm some new kind of fish, and quite a few yells stuff at me in German which was no doubt knocks, if I only knowed what they was sayin'. It was all I could do, Joe, to keep from bustin' the lot of them in the nose!

**W**E wind up before another dugout, and my charmin' guide turns me over to a squarehead at the door. This guy pushes me inside, and there I am up before the Night Court, or somethin', of the German army. They is three guys sittin' behind a table which from their unctions must of been at least the Kaiser and a couple of the crown princes. They are hard-lookin' babies, Joe, and they glare at me like they're tryin' to assassinate me with a glance. I come right back at 'em and tried it myself. Neither of us had no luck. The bird that brung me in does everything in the way of a salute but get down and kiss the dirt, and then he opens up with a string of boche lingo. At a given point he stops, pulls that trick salute again, beats it—and I'm alone with these three guys.

"What is the name of your regiment?" barks one of them in English.

Joe, I hadda laugh to myself. As if I'd tell them bums anything! "The Lenox Avenue Assassins!" I says.

One of 'em writes it down.

"How long have you occupied your present salient?" is next.

"Sixty-four years," I says with a pleasant grin.

"Another incorrect answer and you die—pig!" bawls this guy, pullin' a gun. "Remember—I'll shoot!"

I figure he's four-flushin', Joe. If he was gonna shoot, he'd let the gun talk instead of warnin' me. I yanked a coin outa my pocket and throwed it on the table in front of him. "All right, stupid!" I says, "I'll shoot you a quarter! Who's got the dice?"

It goes over their heads like a airplane, Joe, and the third guy takes me in hand.

"How many of the American swine are there now in France?" he asks me.

"More than you Dutch rats can handle!" I says.

The guy with the gun shoots over my head. Can you imagine them guys tryin' to scare me, Joe!

"The next time you die!" he hollers, as red as catsup. "How many American troops are there now in France?"

"I'm the only one!" I says, grinnin' at him. "They sent me out here to look over the situation all by myself. I give you tramps a good fight, didn't I?"

Joe, they frothed at the mouth in German for a minute, and fin'ly I am led out, or rather shoved and mauled out, by the guy that brung me in.

"You die to-morrow, swine!" snarls one of the judges, shakin' his fist at me.

"Aw, go to blazes, you big stiff!" I bawls—louder than him!

The guard knocks me kickin' with the butt of the gun.

**W**ELL, I'm dragged to my feet again, Joe, and shoved back along the trench till we get to some steps, and up I go with the squarehead in back of me proddin' me along with the baynet. I am pretty well bunged up but, as usual, hopin' for the best. I see this guy is takin' me back of the lines, prob'ly to their guardhouse, and I got the old thinker workin' overtime tryin' to dope out a way to escape.

Heaven can't be so far away at that, Joe, because the Lord must of seen the jam I was in and decided to take a hand in the thing himself. From outa nowhere merry Hades busts loose again, and lookin' back I seen the boches millin' around in the trenches like a lot of scared sheep! Bang! goes a shell right in the middle of the place we had just left, and fare-thee-well, trench! Then our artillery opens up in earnest and, yellin' like fiends from below, our doughboys and the French comes swarmin' over for the counterattack.

Joe, I felt so good I let out a yell, and the squarehead which had me in charge swings around. He'd been lookin' over and seen our gang comin' the

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same as me, only his feelin's was a trifle different from mine! The minute he faced me, I put all I had left on a round-arm swing to the jaw, and he went down so hard he give one bounce. In a second I got his gun, knife, and automatic, and in another second he comes to. I yanked him to his feet, and that bird did everything but sob out loud for mercy, even goin' so far as to bring his wife and six children in Germany into it. Joe, I had no time to chat with this guy; I had just worked out a scheme in my head, and it hadda be done quick. I figured that if I could get this squarehead back to our lines, maybe he would cough up some information the same as his masters figured I would.

I told him where he was headed for, and he liked to kiss me! They ain't no doubt about it, Joe, from what he told me, them boches is fed up on the war! Not only he didn't try to get away, but he crawls along with me from hole to hole and hill to hill, even showin' me a short cut he'd been over before.

Joe, it was a tough job gettin' back, because shells was fallin' around us like hail, and at one place we hadda cut right around a German trench. But suddenly we come up out of a hole and run right into a squad of dough-boys. I never was so glad to see nobody in years! One of these babies all but run a bayonet through me before he seen who I was, but I worked my

way with the tame boche right into our communication trench, and kept on goin' till I had dragged him in before our captain.

"Here is a squarehead I have brung you, sir!" I says, salutin'. "Maybe he can be made to spill some dope about the rest of his gang."

I seen him jump to his feet, Joe, and that's all I know, except what was told me second-hand. They claim I fainted dead away, but you know that's a lie, Joe. I never done nothin' like that in my life. Anyways, I come to on a stretcher, and what they done with my pet squarehead I don't know. I do know that the captain come to see me in the base hospital and shook my hand like he was gettin' as much pleasure out of it as I was. Before he left he called me "Sergeant," and if I was gonna faint at all I would of done it then!

JOE, I am goin' back to the front-line trenches to-morrow and take on them guys again. I ain't got no more time to write now—I gotta fight! Anyways, I ain't gonna write to you no more, because if you ain't on your way over here, you ain't worth writin' to!

Come on now, Joe—batter up!

Yours truly,

SERGEANT EDWARD HARMON.

(I guess that's poor—that "Sergeant" thing, eh?)

To be continued in an early issue.

## Like a Singing Bird

Continued from page 15

wouldn't be at home—what funny things grown-ups do! The baby was taking his nap, and Missy had a delicious long time ahead in which to be utterly alone.

She took the library book of poems and a book of her father's out to the summerhouse. First she opened the book of her father's. It was a translation of a Russian book, very deep and moving and sad and incomprehensible. A perfectly fascinating book! It always filled her with vague, undefinable emotions. She read:

"O youth, youth! Thou carest for nothing: thou possessest, as it were, all the treasures of the universe; even sorrow comforts thee, even melancholy becomes thee; thou art self-confident and audacious; thou sayest: 'I alone live—behold!' But the days speed on and vanish without a trace and without reckoning, and everything vanishes in thee, like wax in the sun, like snow..."

MISSY felt sublime sadness resounding through her soul. It was intolerable that days should speed by irrevocably and vanish, like wax in the sun, like snow. She sighed. But even as she sighed the feeling of sadness began to slip away. So she turned to the poem discovered last night, and read it over happily.

The title, "A Birthday," made her feel that Raymond Bonner was somehow connected with it. This was his birthday—and that brought her thoughts back definitely to the party. Mother had said that presents were not expected, that they were getting too big to exchange little presents, yet she would have liked to carry him some little token. The rambler and honey-suckle above her head sniffed at her in fragrant suggestion—why couldn't she just take him some flowers?

Acting on the impulse, Missy jumped up and began breaking off the loveliest blooms. But after she had gathered a big bunch a swift wave of self-consciousness swept over her. What would they say at the house? Would they let her take them? Would they understand? And a strong distaste for their inevitable questions, for the explanations which she could not explain definitely even to herself, prompted her not to carry the bouquet to the house. Instead she ran, got a pitcher of water, carried it back to the summerhouse and left the flowers temporarily there, hoping to figure out ways and means later.

At the house she discovered that the baby was awake, so she had to hurry back to take care of him. She always loved to do that; she didn't mind that a desire to dress up in her party attire had just struck her, for the baby always entered into the spirit of her performances. While she was fastening up the pink dotted mull, Poppy walked inquisitively in and sat down to oversee this special important event. Missy succeeded with the greatest difficulty in adjusting the brocaded sash to her satisfaction. She regretted her unwaved hair, but mother was going to crimp it herself in the evening. The

straight, everyday coiffure marred the picture in the mirror, yet, aided by her imagination, it was pleasing. She stood with arms extended in a languid, graceful pose, her head thrown back, gazing with half-closed eyes at something far, far beyond her own eyes in the glass.

Then suddenly she began to dance. She danced with her feet, her arms, her hands, her soul. She felt within her the grace of stately beauties, the heartbeat of dew-jeweled fairies, the longings of untrammelled butterflies—dancing, she could have flown up to heaven at that moment!

A gurgle of sound interrupted her; it was the baby.

"Do you like me, baby?" she cried.

"Am I beautiful, baby?"

Baby, now, could talk quite presentably in the language of grown-ups. But in addition he knew all kinds of wise, unintelligible words. Missy knew that they were wise, even though she could not understand their meaning, and she was glad the baby chose, this time, to answer in that secret jargon.

She kissed the baby and, in return, the baby smiled his secret smile. Missy was sure that Poppy then smiled too a secret smile; so she kissed Poppy also. How wonderful, how mysterious, were the smiles of baby and Poppy! What unknown thoughts produced them?

At this point her cogitations were interrupted and her playacting spoiled by the unexpected return of mother and Aunt Mattie. It seemed that certain of the ladies had obligingly been "out."

"What in the world are you doing Missy?" asked mother.

Missy suddenly felt herself a very foolish-looking object in her party finery. She tried to make an answer, but the right words were difficult to find.

"Party!" said Aunt Mattie significantly.

Missy, still standing in mute embarrassment, couldn't have explained how it was not the party *entirely*.

Mother did not scold her for dressing up.

"Better get those things off, dear," she said kindly, "and come in and let me curl your hair. I'd better do it before supper, before the baby gets cross."

The crimped coiffure was an immense success; even in her middy blouse Missy felt transformed. She could have kissed herself in the glass!

"Do you think I look pretty, mother?" she asked.

"You mustn't think of such things, dear." But, as mother stooped to adjust a waving lock, her fingers felt marvelously tender to Missy's forehead.

EVENING arrived with a sunset of grandeur and glory. It made everything look as beautiful as it should look on the occasion of a festival. The beautiful and festive aspect of the world without, and of her heart within, made it difficult to eat supper. And after supper it was hard to breathe naturally, to control her nervous fingers as she dressed. At last, with the help of mother and



Aunt Mattie, her toilet was finished: the pink-silk stockings and slippers shimmering beneath the lengthened pink mull; the brocaded pink ribbon now become a huge, pink-winged butterfly; and, mother's last touch, a pink rosebud holding a tendril—a curling tendril—artfully above the left ear! Missy felt a stranger to herself as, like some gracious belle and fairy princess and airy butterfly all compounded into one, she walked—no, floated down the stairs.

"Well!" exclaimed father, "behold the Queen of the Ball!"

But Missy did not mind his bantering tone. The expression of his eyes told her that he thought she looked pretty.

Presently Mrs. Allen and Kitty, in the Allens' surrey, stopped by for her. With them was a boy she had never seen before, a tall, dark boy in a blue-gray braided coat and white duck trousers—a military cadet!

He was introduced as Kitty's cousin, Jim Henley. Missy had heard about this Cousin Jim who was going to visit Cherryvale some time during the summer; he had arrived rather unexpectedly that day.

Kitty herself—in pink dotted mull, of course—was looking rather wan. Mrs. Allen explained she had eaten too much of the candy Cousin Jim had brought her.

Cousin Jim, with creaking new shoes, leaped down to help Missy in. She had received her mother's last admonition, her father's last banter, Aunt Mattie's last anxious peck at her sash, and was just lifting her foot to the surrey step when suddenly she said: "Oh!"

"What is it?" asked mother. "Forgotten something?"

**MISSY** had forgotten something. But how, with mother's inquiring eyes upon her, and father's and Aunt Mattie's and Mrs. Allen's and Kitty's and Cousin Jim's inquiring eyes upon her, could she mention Raymond's bouquet in the summerhouse? How could she get them? What should she say? And what would they think?

"No," she answered hesitantly. "I guess not."

But the bright shining of her pleasure was a little dimmed. She could not forget those flowers waiting, waiting there in the summerhouse. She worried more about them, so pitifully abandoned, than she did about Raymond's having to go without a remembrance.

Missy sat in the back seat with Mrs. Allen, Kitty in front with her cousin. Now and then he threw a remark over his shoulder, and smiled. He had beautiful white teeth which gleamed out of his dark-skinned face, and he seemed very nice. But he wasn't as handsome as Raymond, nor as nice—even if he did wear a uniform.

When they reached the Bonners' they saw it all illumined for the party. The Bonners' house was big and square with a porch running round three sides, the most imposing house in Cherryvale. Already strings of lanterns were lighted on the lawn, blue and red and yellow orbs. The lights made the trees and shrubs seem shadowy and remote, mysterious creatures whisper over their own business.

Not yet had many guests arrived, but almost immediately they appeared in such droves that it seemed they must have come up miraculously through the floor. The folding camp chairs which lined the parlors and porches (the rented chairs always seen at Cherryvale parties and funerals) were one moment starkly exposed and the next moment hidden by light-hued skirts and by stiffly held, Sunday-trousered dark legs. For a while that stiffness which inevitably introduces a formal gathering of youngsters held them unnaturally bound. But just as inevitably it wore away, and by the time the folding chairs were drawn up round the little table where "hearts" were to be played, voices were babbling, and laughter was to be heard everywhere for no reason at all.

At Missy's table sat Raymond Bonner, looking handsomer than ever with his golden hair and his eyes like black velvet pansies. There was another boy who didn't count; and then there was the most striking creature Missy had ever seen. She was a city girl visiting in town, an older, tall, red-haired girl, with languishing, long-lashed eyes. She wore a red chiffon dress, lower cut than was worn in Cherryvale, which looked like a picture in a fashion magazine. But it was not her chic alone that made her

so striking. It was her manner. Missy was not sure that she knew what "sophisticated" meant, but she decided that the visiting girl's air of self-possession, of calm, almost superior assurance, denoted sophistication. How eloquent was that languid way of using her fan!

In this languishing-eyed presence she herself did not feel at her best; nor was she made happier by the way Raymond couldn't keep his eyes off the visitor. She played her hand badly, so that Raymond and his alluring partner "progressed" to the higher table while she remained with the boy who didn't count. But, as luck would have it, to take the empty places, from the head table, vanquished, came Cousin Jim and his partner. Jim now played opposite her, and laughed over his "dumbness" at the game.

"I feel sorry for you!" he told Missy. "I'm a regular dub at this game!"

"I guess I'm a 'dub' too." It was impossible not to smile back at that engaging flash of white teeth in the dark face.

This time, however, neither of them proved "dubs." Together they "progressed" to the next higher table. Cousin Jim assured her it was all due to her skill. She almost thought that, perhaps, she was skillful at "hearts," and for the first time she liked the silly game.

**EVENTUALLY** came time for the prizes—and then dancing. Dancing Missy liked tremendously. Raymond claimed her for the first waltz. Missy wondered, a little wistfully, whether now he mightn't be regretting that pre-engagement, whether he wouldn't rather dance it with the languishing-eyed girl he was following about.

But as soon as the violin and piano, back near the library window, began to play, Raymond came straight to Missy and made his charming bow. They danced through the two parlors and then out to the porch and round its full length; the music carried beautifully through the open windows; it was heavenly dancing outdoors like that. Too soon it was over.

"Will you excuse me?" Raymond asked in his polite way. "Mother wants to see me about something. I hate to run away, but—"

Scarcely had he gone when Mrs. Allen, with Jim in tow, came hurrying up.

"Oh, Missy! I've been looking for you everywhere. Kitty's awfully sick. She was helping with the refreshments and got hold of some pickles. And on top of all that candy—"

"Oh!" commiserated Missy.

"I've got to get her home at once," Mrs. Allen went on. "I hate to take you away just when your good time's beginning, but—"

"Why does she have to go?" Jim broke in. "I can take you and Kitty home, and then come back, and take her home after the party's over." He gave a little laugh. "You see that gives me an excuse to see the party through myself!"

Mrs. Allen eyed Missy a little dubiously.

"Oh, Mrs. Allen, couldn't I?"

"I don't know—I said I'd bring you home myself."

"Oh, Mrs. Allen! Please!" Missy's eyes pleaded even more than her voice.

"Well, I don't see why not," decided Kitty's mother, anxious to return to her own daughter. "Jim will take good care of you, and Mrs. Bonner will send you all home early."

**WHEN** Mrs. Allen, accompanied by her nephew, had hurried away, Missy had an impulse to wander alone, for a moment, out into the deliciously alluring night. She loved the night always, but just now it looked indescribably beautiful. The grounds were deserted, but the lanterns, quivering in the breeze, seemed to be huge live glow-worms suspended up there in the dark. It was enchantment. Stepping lightly, holding her breath, sniffing at unseen scents, hearing laughter and dance music from far away as if in another world, she penetrated farther and farther into the shadows. An orange-colored moon was pushing its way over the horizon, so close she could surely reach out her hands and touch it!

And then, too near to belong to any other world, and quite distinctly, she heard a voice beyond the rose arbor: "Oh, yes! Words sound well! But the fact remains you didn't ask me for the first dance."

Missy knew that drawling yet strangely assured voice. Almost, with its tones, she could see the languorously uplifted eyes, the provoking little gesture of fan



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### 3-in-One Oil

To make polish mop, cut the strands short (as here pictured) before pouring on the oil.

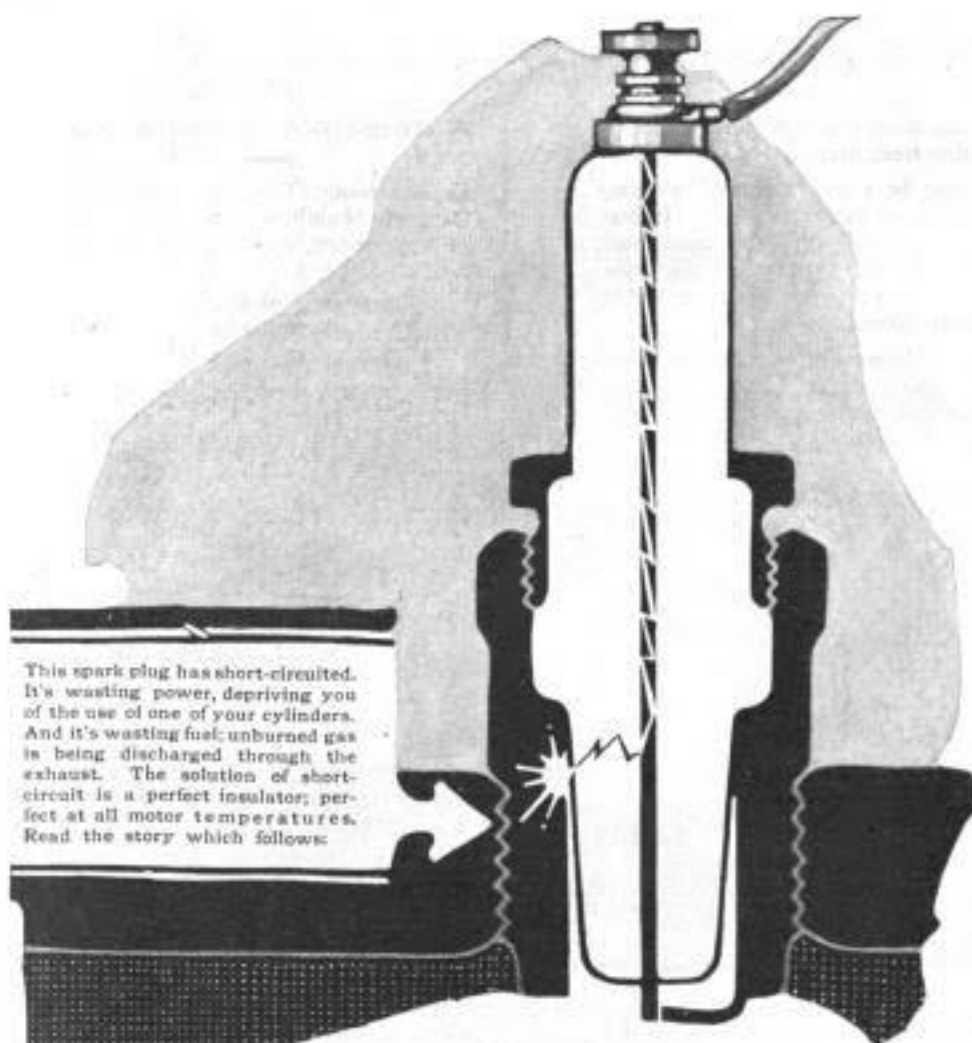
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**FREE** Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses sent free for the asking.

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This spark plug has short-circuited. It's wasting power, depriving you of the use of one of your cylinders. And it's wasting fuel; unburned gas is being discharged through the exhaust. The solution of short-circuit is a perfect insulator; perfect at all motor temperatures. Read the story which follows:

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*defeat short-circuit  
save power and gasoline*



**MULTI  
POINT**



**SINGLE  
POINT**

at lips. Before she could move, whether to advance or to flee, Raymond replied:

"I wanted to ask you—you know I wanted to ask you!"

"Oh, yes, you did!" replied the visiting girl ironically.

"I did!" protested Raymond.

"Well, why didn't you then?"

"I'd already asked somebody else. I couldn't!"

And then the visiting girl laughed strangely. Missy knew she knew with whom Raymond had danced that first dance. Why did she laugh? And Raymond—oh, oh!

**SHE** had seemed to grow rooted to the ground, unable to get away; her heart, her breathing, seemed to petrify too; they hurt her. Why had Raymond danced with her if he didn't want to? And why, why did that girl laugh? She suddenly felt that she must let them know that she heard them, that she must ask why! And, in order not to exclaim the question against her will, she covered her mouth with both hands, and crept silently away from the rose arbor.

Without any definite purpose, borne along by an inner whirlwind of suppressed sobs and utter despair, Missy finally found herself near the entrance gate. Fortunately there was nobody to see her; everyone—except those two—was back up there in the glare and noise, laughing and dancing. Laughing and dancing—oh, oh! What ages ago it seemed when she too had laughed and danced!

Oh, why hadn't she gone home with Mrs. Allen and Kitty before her silly pleasure had turned to anguish? But, of course, that was what life was: pain crowding elbows with pleasure always—she had read that somewhere. She was just inevitably living Life.

Consoled a trifle by this reflection and by a certain note of sublimity in her experience, Missy leaned against the gatepost upon which a lantern was blinking its last shred of life, and gazed at the slow-rising, splendid moon.

She was still there when Cousin Jim, walking quickly and his shoes creaking loudly, returned.

"Hello!" he said. "What're you doing out here?"

"Oh, just watching the moon."

"You're a funny girl," he laughed.

"Why am I funny?" Her tone was a little wistful.

"Why, moon-gazing instead of dancing, and everything."

"But I like to dance too," emphasized Missy, as if to defend herself against a charge.

"I'll take you up on that. Come straight in and dance the next dance with me!"

Missy obeyed. And then she knew that she had met the Dancer of the World. At first she was pleased that her steps fitted his so well, and then she forgot all about steps and just floated along, on invisible gauzy wings, unconscious of her will of direction, of his will of direction. There was nothing in the world but invisible gauzy wings, which were herself and Jim and the music. And they were a part of the music and the music was a part of them. It was divine.

"Say, you can dance!" said Jim admiringly when the music stopped.

"I love to dance."

"I should say you might! You dance better than any girl I ever danced with!"

This, from a military uniform, was praise indeed. Missy blushed and was moved to hide her exaltation under modesty.

"I guess the reason is because I love it so much. I feel as if it's the music dancing—not me. Do you feel it that way?"

"Never thought of it that way," answered Jim. "But I don't know but what you're right. Say, you are a funny girl, aren't you?"

But Missy knew that whatever he meant by her being a "funny girl" he didn't dislike her for it, because he rushed on: "You must let me have a lot of dances—every one you can spare."

**AFTER** that everything was rapture. All the boys liked to dance with Missy because she was such a good dancer, and Jim kept wanting to cut in to get an extra dance with her himself. Somehow even the sting of the visiting girl's laugh and of Raymond's defection seemed to have subsided into triviality. And when Raymond came up to ask for a dance she experienced a new and pleasurable thrill in telling him she was already engaged. That thrill disturbed her a little. Was it possible that she was vindictive, wicked?

But when she saw Jim approaching even while Raymond was receiving his *congé*, she thrilled again, simultaneously wondering, with a certain dramatic interest, whether she was, after all, but a heartless coquette.

Jim had just been dancing with the visiting girl, so she asked: "Is Miss Slade a good dancer?"

"Oh, fair. Not in it with you, though."

Missy thrilled again, and felt wicked again—alas, how pleasant is wickedness! "She's awfully pretty," vouchsafed Missy.

"Oh, I guess so"—indifferently.

Yet another thrill.

They took refreshments together, Jim going to get her a second glass of lemonade and waiting upon her with devotion. Then came the time to go home. Missy could not hold back a certain sense of triumph as, after thanking Raymond for a glorious time, she started off, under his inquisitive eye, arm in arm with Jim.

That unwanted arm-in-arm business confused Missy a good deal. She had an idea it was the proper thing when one is being escorted home, and had put her arm in his as a matter of course, but before they had reached the gate she was acutely conscious of the touch of her arm on his. To make matters worse, a curious wave of embarrassment was creeping over her; she couldn't think of anything to say, and they had walked nearly a block down moon-flooded Silver Street, with no sound but Jim's creaking shoes, before she got out: "How do you like Cherryvale, Mr. Henley?"

"Looks good to me," he responded.

Then silence again, save for Jim's shoes. Missy racked her brains. What do you say to boys who don't know the same people and affairs you do? Back there at the party things had gone easily, but they were playing cards or dancing or eating; there had been no need for tête-à-tête conversation. How do you talk to people you don't know?

**SHE** liked Jim, but the need to make talk was spoiling everything. She moved along beside his creaking shoes as in a nightmare, and, as she felt every atom of her freezing to stupidity, she desperately forced her voice: "What a beautiful night it is!"

"Yes, it's great."

Missy sent him a sidelong glance. He didn't look exactly happy either. Did he feel awkward too?

Creak! creak! creak! said the shoes. "Listen to those shoes—never heard 'em squeak like that before," he muttered apologetically.

Missy, striving for a proper answer and finding none, kept on moving through that feeling of nightmare. What was the matter with her tongue, her brain? Was it because she didn't know Jim well enough to talk to him? Surely not, for she had met strange boys before and not felt like this. Was it because it was night? Did you always feel like this when you were all dressed up and going home from an evening party?

Creak! creak! said the shoes.

Another block lay behind them.

Missy, fighting that sensation of stupidity, in anguished resolution spoke again: "Just look at the moon—how big it is!"

Jim followed her upward glance.

"Yes, it's great," he agreed.

Creak! creak! said the shoes.

A heavy, regularly punctuated pause.

"Don't you love moonlight nights?" persisted Missy.

"Yes—when my shoes don't squeak."

He tried to laugh.

Missy tried to laugh too.

Creak! creak! said the shoes.

Another block lay behind them.

"Moonlight always makes me feel—"

She paused. What was it moonlight always made her feel? Hardly hearing what she was saying, she made herself reiterate banalities about the moon. Her mind flew upward to the moon—Jim's downward to his squeaking shoes. She lived at the other end of town from Raymond Bonner's house, and the long walk was made up of endless intermittent perorations on the moon, on squeaking shoes. But the song of the shoes never ceased. Louder and louder it waxed. It crashed into the innermost fibers of her frame, completely deafened her mental processes. Never would she forget it: creak-creak-creak-creak!

And the moon, usually so kind and gentle, grinned down derisively.

At last, after eons, they reached the corner of her own yard. How un-

(Continued on page 30)









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changed, how natural everything looked here! Over there, across the stretch of white moonlight, sat the summer-house, symbol of peace and every day, cloaked in its fragrant ramblers.

Ramblers! A sudden remembrance darted through Missy's perturbed brain. Her poor flowers—were they still out there? She must carry them into the house with her! On the impulse, without pausing to reflect that her action might look queer, she exclaimed: "Wait a minute!" and ran fleetly across the moonlit yard. In a second she had the bouquet out of the pitcher and was back again beside him, breathless.

"I left them out there," she said. "I—I forgot them. And I didn't want to leave them out there all night."

JIM bent down and sniffed at the roses. "They smell awfully sweet, don't they?" he said.

Suddenly, without premeditation, Missy extended them to him. "You may have them," she offered.

"I?" He received them awkwardly. "That's awfully sweet of you. Say, you are sweet, aren't you?"

"You may have them if you want them," she repeated.

Jim, still holding the bunch awkwardly, had an inspiration.

"I do want them. And now, if they're really mine, I want to do with them what I'd like most to do with them. May I?"

"Why, of course."

"I'd like to give them to the girl who ought to have flowers more than any girl I know. I'd like to give them to you!"

He smiled at her daringly.

"Oh!" breathed Missy. How poetical he was!

"But," he stipulated, "on one condition. I demand one rose for myself. And you must put it in my buttonhole for me."

With trembling fingers Missy fixed the rose in place.

They walked on up to the gate.

Jim said: "In our school town the girls are all crazy for brass buttons. They make hatpins and things. If you'd like a button, I'd like to give you one—off my sleeve."

"Wouldn't it spoil your sleeve?" she asked tremulously.

"Oh, I can get more"—somewhat airily. "Of course we have to do extra guard mount and things for punishment. But that's part of the game, and no fellow minds if he's giving buttons to somebody he likes."

Missy wasn't exactly sure she knew what "subtle" meant, but she felt that Jim was being subtle. Oh, the romance of it! To give her a brass button he was willing to suffer punishment. He was like a knight of old!

As Jim was severing the button with his penknife, Missy, chancing to glance upward, noted that the curtain of an upstairs window was being held back by an invisible hand. That was her mother's window.

"I must go in now," she said hurriedly. "Mother's waiting up for me."

"Well, I guess I'll see you soon. You're up at Kitty's a lot, aren't you?"

"Yes," she murmured, one eye on the upstairs window. So many things she had to say now. A little while ago she hadn't been able to talk. Now, for no apparent reason, there was much to say, yet no time to say it. How queer life was!

"To-morrow, I expect," she hurried on. "Good night, Mr. Henley."

"Good night—Missy." With his gleaming smile.

Inside the hall door, mother, wrapped in a moment for mother to find further words. Then she continued accusingly. "I thought you were to come home with Mrs. Allen and Kitty."

"Kitty got sick, and her mother had to take her home."

"Why didn't you come with them?"

"Oh, mother! I was having such a good time!" For the minute Missy had forgotten there had been a shred of anything but "good time" in the whole glorious evening. "And Mrs. Allen said I might stay and come home with Jim and—"

"That will do," cut in mother severely. "You've taken advantage of me, Missy. And don't let me hear evening party from you again this summer!"

The import of the dreadful dictum did not penetrate fully to Missy's consciousness. She was too confused by her emotions, just then, to think clearly of anything.

"Go up to bed," said mother.

"May I put my flowers in water first?"

"Yes, but be quick about it."

Missy would have liked to carry the flowers up to her own room, to sleep there beside her while she slept, but mother wouldn't understand and there would be questions which she didn't know how to answer.

Mother was offended with her. Dimly she felt unhappy about that, but she was too happy to be definitely unhappy. Anyway, mother followed to unfasten her dress, to help take down her hair, to plait the mouse-colored braids. She wanted to be alone, yet she liked the touch of mother's hands, unusually gentle and tender. Why was mother gentle and tender with her when she was offended?

At last mother kissed her good night, and she was alone in her little bed. It was hard to get to sleep. What an eventful party it had been! Since supper time she seemed to have lived years and years. She had been a success, even though Raymond Bonner had said—

—that. Anyway, Jim was a better dancer than Raymond, and handsomer and nicer—besides the uniform. He was more poetical too—much more.

What was it he had said about liking her? . . . better dancer than any other . . . Funny she should feel so happy after Raymond . . . Maybe she was just a vain, inconstant, coquettish . . .

She strove to focus on the possibility of her frailty. She turned her face to the window. Through the lace curtains shone the moonlight, the gleaming path along which she had so often flown out to be a fairy. But to-night she didn't wish to be a fairy; just to be herself . . .

The moonlight flowed in and engulfed her, a great, eternal, golden-white mystery. And its mystery became her mystery. She was the mystery of the moon, of the universe, of life. And the tune in her heart, which could take on so many bewildering variations, became the Chant of Mystery. How interesting, how tremendously, ineffably interesting was life! She slept.

## Conscription in Canada

Continued from page 22

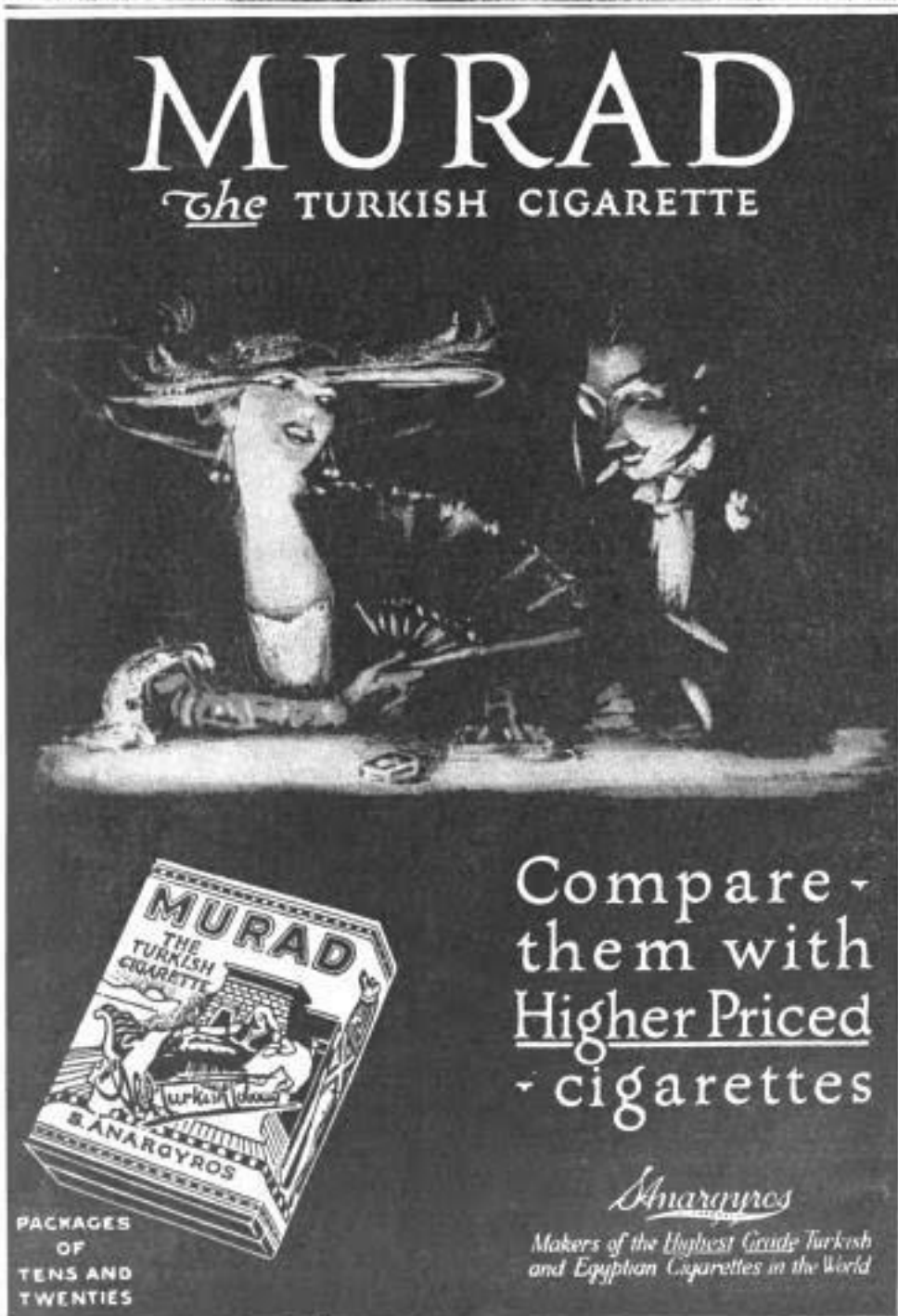
In Quebec I had the privilege of an audience with the venerable cardinal and enjoyed two meetings with Sir Lomer Gouin, the Prime Minister. Sir Lomer received me in his room in the vast Parliament House, and talked with frankness. He is one of the most important men in Canada. For twelve years he has now held the reins of power. He is a disciple, friend, and confidant of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His face and figure bespeak force and character—the tenacity of a bulldog and the tact of a diplomatist. The tact shines out of his kind, gray-blue eyes, surmounted by thick eyebrows and a massive forehead. The tenacity is shown in his rugged profile, his firm jaw, overhung by a rough gray mustache, and his pugnacious though small nose. I am not at liberty to quote all that he told me. In a general way, however, he permitted me to say that, while regretting some mistakes of Ottawa policy, he foresaw no danger of resistance to the Conscription Law, so long as it was sen-

sibly enforced by the war authorities. "The Quebec folk," he explained, "are peaceable citizens who respect the law and are fully as intelligent as Canadians elsewhere, if not more so. As for my views on certain other matters, I refer you to my speech some days ago on the Francœur motion."

### Agricultural Conscription?

IN that speech (which, by the bye, was a model of oratory) Sir Lomer poured much oil on troubled waters. He told his own people, in effect, that recriminations against Ontario and other Provinces could do no good, and that despite the insults which a few writers or preachers had hurled at the French Canadians in Quebec, the Canadian Confederation was the only system of government for Canada. His address was an appeal for peace and concord. It quoted the example of our own bloody Civil War, which had not prevented the reunion of North and South. It

(Continued on page 32)



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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.  
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There were so many duties crowded upon W. L. Douglas while he was "bound out" pegging shoes that he did not have much opportunity to play. On one occasion when he had completed all his tasks and was told to "play awhile," he went out in the yard and dug a hole in the ground—his idea of play was to work at something.



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Best in the World  
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showed how impossible the Province of Quebec would find it to exist and thrive if it were cut off from the Dominion. And it reminded not alone the deputies, who hung breathless on his words, but also those outside the debating hall, that Confederation had been a thoroughly well-considered scheme, not a caprice, as some seemed to imagine it.

Whether Sir Lomer approves, besides merely submitting to, conscription he best knows. But at least one member of his Cabinet, M. Caron, the Minister of Agriculture, whom I may quote, holds firmly that it would have been wiser on the part of Sir Robert Borden to propose a measure for agricultural rather than for military conscription.

There is something in that theory worth considering. All that conscription hoped to accomplish in Canada was the recruiting of 100,000 additional fighting men, drawn from a reluctant and already hard-pressed people. To raise even these, it may be necessary to drain the agricultural and industrial elements of the Dominion, which are badly needed for raising crops, building ships, and other purposes. At the end of January only 13,000 of the desired 100,000 had been enlisted. They will weigh little in the scale against the Huns. The new law is being administered very temperately by the authorities. Exemptions are numerous, and slackers are, of course, as common in the Dominion as in the United States.

## Strengthening the Confederation

THE imperialistic view of the situation was summed up on my return to Montreal by Lord Atholstan, the Quebec Northcliffe, proprietor of the Montreal "Star," who so nearly fell a victim of a fanatic a few weeks ago:

"Whatever the motives of the politicians who worked up the stormy agitation of protest against compulsory military service," said Lord Atholstan, "Quebec opposed this policy ostensibly on constitutional grounds and mainly in a constitutional manner. Now that conscription has become law and is being enforced by Government with a direct mandate and a strong popular majority, Quebec will continue to act in accordance with constitutional precedent and will peaceably acquiesce. . . ."

"Quebec is naturally pacifist. By his language and his placid indifference to affairs outside his own immediate vision, the French Canadian is cut off from the great currents of the world. He has lost his filial love for France, which has departed far from the religious paths in which the *habitant* is trained, and he has not yet acquired any personal devotion to British ideals, though grateful and loyal in the main to the British flag for generous treatment. It is argued with plausibility that it is natural that this people should feel and display less interest in the present war than the English-speaking Canadians. It is also natural that by reason of their aloofness and naiveté they should be easily misdirected by political agitators of their own race, of whom there are many. These have led them astray more than once. But Jean-Baptiste has a solid foundation of common sense in his make-up, and he will find his way back.

"The effect of the Military Service Act will hasten this rehabilitation by bringing a large number out of their isolation, placing them in direct touch with their English-speaking compatriots, and necessarily giving them a wider outlook. The ultimate effect will be to knit more closely the ties of the Canadian Federation and to strengthen Canada's loyal association with the British Empire. There is as little possibility of secession as there is of an uprising. . . ."

"It is a mistake to think of the French-Canadian problem as one pressing for 'settlement.' It cannot be settled, except by the gradual widening of educational currents which are steadily undermining the barriers between the two peoples and will, some day, in spite of foolish politicians of both sides, blend the two races together in a new nation which may be better than either alone could evolve."

Poor *habitants*! They are not eager for the melting pot. They wish to remain just what they are to-day, Canadian Catholics, speaking what they tell one is eighteenth-century French, but what I take to be a rude kind of Normandy dialect. As for the war, what do they know of the Bolsheviks, the Belgians, the Serbians, and the Rumanians? I even heard of one good *habitant* who, on dropping in at Montreal last year to sell furs or perchance to get a haircut, learned with

amazement for the first time of the war. Was he typical of thousands of excellent backwoodsmen? I wonder.

## Suddenly, Conscription!

THIS much is plain: The Canadians have to their credit a tremendous effort. The 420,000 men who have come over from Canada are, proportionately to the population of the Dominion (roughly 8,000,000), the equivalent of 5,000,000 who might be sent from the United States. That is their honor and will never be forgotten. Of the 420,000 it will also be remembered that most—all, indeed, with the exception of some 10,000 or, at the utmost, 20,000—were of English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish blood. The Britisher loves fighting for its own sake. The French Canadian prefers peaceful sports. He is not a coward. He can on occasion be a brute. Or he may be a fairly agreeable if not brilliant citizen, ready to defend himself at a pinch, but very unwilling to take part in outside quarrels.

Besides, this conscription was a sudden. For three years the Canadians—all Canadians—had been lulled by assurances that it was not even contemplated. On January 17, 1916, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said explicitly: "There is to be no conscription in Canada." And on the same day Sir Robert Borden, the Conservative Premier, said, meaning all he said: "I made it clear to the people of Canada that we did not propose any conscription. I repeat that announcement to-day with emphasis." Then came the *volte-face*. So hurried was Sir Robert to push conscription through last fall that he omitted to confer with even Sir Wilfrid who was quite naturally huffed and hurt in consequence. The M. S. A. may, and indeed must have seemed a necessity to the Canadian Government. The Duke of Devonshire, the Governor General, I know, thought so. But it was sprung on the Dominion rather brusquely. The recent elections roused Quebec in many ways. Some statesmen think that in places they were irregular. The jeers of hot-heads in Ontario deepened the objections of the Quebec folk to the new measure. Why should they be consulted for expressing their opinion constitutionally, as the Australians did? No one had insulted Australia for rejecting conscription.

## A True Statesman

BUT the keynote to the whole question was in Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government. So to Ottawa I went, hoping for audiences of Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Both statesmen have an aversion to "being interviewed." Thanks to a letter from an acquaintance of the Premier, however, I succeeded in seeing him. Before that I was also fortunate enough to be received by Sir Robert's most formidable political rival.

Of all the public men of mark in Canada none is more honored or more widely known than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. For many years he has been a commanding figure, popular not only with his own followers, but even with his adversaries. He is to Canada what Gladstone was to England, a symbol of that temperate Liberal force which keeps the balance between the extremes in politics.

Sir Wilfrid has long passed the allotted span. He is anxious to retire to private life. But, by his opponents quite as much as by his friends, his withdrawal from the leadership of the Canadian Liberals just now would be regarded as a calamity. It is he whom the Conservatives in power may thank for the checking of the Bourassa Nationalists, the moderation of the Catholic clergy, the submission of Quebec to the Conscription Law. But for his influence there might have been much disorder in Quebec. His very presence in the Dominion House of Commons lends dignity to that body. He is a survival of traditions which are dying; a gentleman, by instinct and by habit; a debater of authority; a true statesman. His experience in the conduct of affairs, both international and national, has won for him a quite unique position. His personal assets include tact and grace. A Canadian of Canadians, he has avoided offense to the Anglo-Saxon element without losing the affection of the French-speaking Catholics. Though, as his record proves and as his intimates would confirm, opposed to all tightening of the links which bind the Dominion to the Empire, he has by his attitude during the war, and, indirectly, by his stand against conscription, done much to prevent those links from being loosened.



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Sir Wilfrid did me the great favor of receiving me at his office, a large, plainly furnished room in the gray, castellated museum which, since the wrecking of the stately House of Parliament, has given shelter to the Senators and Commons. He talked with me for nearly half an hour, sometimes in French (which, oddly enough, he speaks with a slight English accent) and sometimes in English (which he pronounces like a Frenchman). He is tall and spare, and in appearance frail; smooth-shaven; with a fine and lofty forehead; fast-whitening hair, brushed back on either side; grave and observant eyes; a long and well-shaped nose; and a firm mouth. A man who knows his mind and yet can change it. There was something of the teacher in his bearing—a strong but not an overbearing teacher, willing to respect argument and to make concessions. Except at moments when his feelings moved him, his voice was low and very musical. He reminded me at times of Edwin Booth. The resemblance, which is real, lay in the set of his well-molded lips and chin and in a suggestion of romanticism.

### The Premier Sums Up

SIR ROBERT BORDEN was up to his eyes in work in the east wing of the old Parliament Building, conferring with munition makers and dictating letters to his typewriter. He seemed unruffled by his heavy responsibilities. A man over sixty-four, though he looks ten years younger, built rather stockily—physically the antithesis of Sir Wilfrid. He has much in common with the late Lord Cromer, whom I met in Cairo. His grayish hair, tinged with what had once been red or reddish brown, was carefully parted in the middle. An ample brow, clear eyes, a generous nose, and a firm mouth, topped by a thick mustache, completed the portrait which I took away of him. He obliged me with ten minutes, all he could spare, talked with precision upon several points, and condensed his words for me in this dictated statement:

"Sir Robert Borden said that, while there had been strong opposition in some parts of the country to the principle of compulsory military service while the bill was under discussion, there had been general acceptance of

the measure since its enactment, and there had been an entire absence of any serious disturbance in connection with its enforcement."

Colonel Biggar of the Military Service Council, to whom I was commended by the Premier, threw more light upon the workings of the Conscription Law. "The results," he said, "have up to now been admirable. And nowhere more so than in the Province of Quebec, where the registration has been much larger than we had hoped. Roughly it was 115,000; of whom, of course, a proportion not yet known, but probably considerable, will be exempted. There has been no resistance, and, by all accounts, the quality of the drafted men is excellent."

### Self-Government

AND now to sum up: There is assuredly some unrest among the French Canadians, due to the pin pricks of the School Law in Ontario and the much sharper stab implied in the Conscription Law. But it is still, and I believe it will remain, purely psychological.

The Conscription Law is regarded with disfavor and even with anger by the French-speaking Catholics of Canada. It has not stirred up any disorder in Quebec, nor will it provoke rebellion among either priests or laymen. While it is enforced with tact and care, it will be obeyed, though without enthusiasm.

No one, not even M. Bourassa, now wants Quebec to secede from Canada. No one, except the Nationalists (including a large number of town priests and country curés), wants Canada to cut loose from the British Empire. No one in Canada whom I met or heard of wants the Dominion, or Quebec, to join the United States. Everyone in Quebec does want either limited or unlimited self-government; to be let alone, wherever that is possible; and to be spared the sneers and insults of the westerners.

Should any foe attempt to invade their country—and the fatherland to them means their own Province—the pacifist *habitants* will fight back tooth and nail. But they will fight, of their free will, for three things only—their sacred soil, their Church, their own French tongue.

## Wilson and the Enemy

Continued from page 2

agonies of life and death doubly and trebly in one year. It was not material want alone that pushed us toward the brothers of a silent beyond; to suffer want is bad, indeed, but it is still worse to see the hyenas of war at home sneak from one door to the other among the poorest, deprive them of their last, and fill therewith their own worthless carcasses. We are anxious for a final and lasting reconciliation. The sound of the moving wing of a new world history becomes audible for the first time since the break of day!"

Still another leaflet says:

"Renounce a policy which delays peace. Accept the idea of an agreement between nations which alone can bring us the peace which will preserve us from the danger that revenge wars will follow. What the Pan-Germans seek can never be gained. Nothing will come of it but the sacrifice of more human lives."

The realization on the part of the discontented civilians that the army must be converted to their view appears in another secretly circulated and recent flyer: "The force of a peace with Russia will awaken also the western front," says this cautious statement, and it is only by the spirit of the rest of the text that the interpretation intended appears plain. The hint is that the army on the western front must be converted—weaned from the leadership of the military herders.

That the censor of the press realizes that the German people are not in accord with measures which tend to increase international hate is brought out by the following order from the censor's office which has come into possession of the State Department:

"Concerning the most recent bomb attacks by German flying machines on London nothing may be published."

If, however, following an air raid an expression of anger against the German people is hastily uttered by some English, French, or American speaker this "hate speech" is given the widest circulation in Germany to convince the people that their enemies are inhuman.

Another censor's order to the German press discloses the fear that civilian dis-

content will spread into the army: "It is not permissible for third persons to appeal to members of the army in newspapers, brochures, or pamphlets in order to call upon them to take up positions toward political news."

The fear that the liberalism of Austria may spread to Germany is expressed in another confidential order of the German censor: "The discussions in the Austrian Chamber may for the present be published only as sent out by — [certain press bureaus]."

The sum total of this evidence, and a vast amount which policy prevents publishing for the present, is that there is political discontent in Germany; that it is growing and may reach the army; that it has been given expression in daring words which have escaped or defied the machinery of suppression. That there has appeared anything in the nature of a general revolt is a notion not to be entertained, but that the German military ring is in a panic for fear the people may break away is too patent in the evidence for any denial. No one knows better than the President that such breaks come suddenly and that, in a cause of conscience and democracy, once fairly started, they become an avalanche.

The fear of their own people by the German autocracy, of which our State Department has ample evidence, is considered a significant answer to this question: Has the President a fighting chance to win by a frank, insistent, and repeated appeal to the German people?

### Our Danger?

THE second main question which perplexes the American people is this: What are the dangers of trying to win a victory over the military ring in Germany by enlisting the German people themselves?

Will the President's attempt weaken our national war spirit? The President thinks not. The evidence at hand will give us the answer to the collateral question: What is it that most provokes the war spirit?

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## How Does the Far West Stack Up?

Continued from page 7

Mafeking. You'll find him out in the forest teaching the men of the Far West all he knows of scouting and field skirmishing. These three are typical of the men the West attracts.

Clothes may not make the man, but a uniform often gives opportunity for the manifestation of manhood. There are many Asiatics in service at Camp Lewis. One, a Chinaman, was made sergeant because he deserved the place. Shortly after he got his stripes he was put in charge of a detail of recruits just up from California, with orders to have them dig trenches at a certain spot. He marched them to the spot where the trenches were to be dug; whereupon they sneered at him and lay down under the trees to smoke. They had no mind to work under the direction of a Chinaman. The sergeant stood very quiet for a little time; then he stepped over to the recalcitrant group and spoke in a voice that had an edge to it. "Nature made me a Chinaman," he said firmly, "but the captain made me a sergeant. You can dislike me because I am a Chinaman, but you'll obey me because I am a sergeant in the American army. Now you dig!"

It is a matter of record that they dug. In the early days of the camp they were in desperate need of blacksmiths to shoe mules. They searched the various units for men that could do the work. A company captain called in a man he thought might qualify, and asked him about it.

"You know something about mules, don't you?" the captain asked him.

"Plenty," the soldier assured him solemnly. "I know a guy that enlisted to shoe mules. He died 'fore ever he got to the front. He passed away in what you call—now—a rear-guard action."

As I said at the start, the camp offers a peculiarly fortunate variety for training grounds. It has rolling, open prairie; it has prairie dotted with evergreens; it has thick forest and steep hillside. It has hundreds of little parks absolutely walled in by fir and hemlock trees, where special details can be specially trained in private.

The instructors are taking full advantage of the natural resources offered. I was walking one afternoon through the fir and hemlock forest on the hill that flanks the camp on the south. It is a weird and mysterious wood. I could hear no sound except the demanding clamor of artillery on the far range and the syncopated squabbling of a machine gun not so far distant. I looked down a wooded hollow at my right and broke out into a rash of gooseflesh. There stood a bare-headed, blindfolded soldier—evidently awaiting execution!

"Teaching him to detect the direction from which sounds come," the officer with me explained. "Watch!"

I took a long breath of relief and watched. The blindfolded figure was surrounded by soldiers standing motionless at regular distances from him. At the sign of command from the directing officer, one of the soldiers would move toward the blindfolded man, stepping with infinite care in the attempt to creep up unheard. He would keep on going until the man he was approaching raised his arm and pointed in the direction from which he believed a sound could have come. There was no levity about that work. Those men were in grim and deadly earnest creeping over the moss and brush, in the weird light that leaks through the ragged roof of an evergreen forest.

### Scout Work

**I PASSED** on. The officer and myself were silent. There was an atmosphere in that deep forest that forbade speech. A scratching noise high in a near-by hemlock tree startled me. I looked up quickly and saw the olive drab of a soldier's uniform tucked in among the upper branches. Before I had time to ask an explanation of the officer with me, three soldiers burst out of the forest near by, crouched over with their guns held ready for business, hurrying, peering intently, through the wood. One of them looked aloft, spotted the man in the tree, and all three stopped.

"All right!" said one. "We got you." The man up the tree began to descend. An officer appeared and engaged the three soldiers in earnest conversation. "Scout work," the officer accompanying me explained. "Great opportunity for that stuff here."

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A little farther along a large number of soldiers passed me in open formation. As far as we could see through the forest in each direction we could make out the forms of silent, hurrying men. An officer appeared. "What's the idea, Al?" my escort asked.

"We're the rear guard of a battalion in full retreat," the officer explained, "falling back from the Nesqually River." Some hike! I could eat raw crow right now, and swear it was quail. Boy! If Hoover knew what I'm going to do to food to-night, he'd have me shot for the good of the service."

We walked that dim wood throughout the entire afternoon, and on an average of every five minutes came upon an example of some new phase of training, and for every phase of training the reservation offered some peculiarly favorable physical advantage.

## The S. O. S.

ON a misty morning, squatted behind a front-line trench starting across No Man's Land, pitted with shell holes and strewn with all manner of equipment and refuse, we looked at the enemy trench and wire a hundred yards distant. The trenches and the intervening terrain built under the direction of British officers in a green, mossy glade, absolutely walled in by firs and hemlocks, presented a faithful reproduction of an active bit on the western front. There were perhaps thirty of us in the party. Soldiers, noncoms, privates, and two lieutenants were students in what is known as the S. O. S.—the scouting, observation, and sniping end of the army-intelligence game. A hundred yards away five men of a reconnoitering party were crowded in a shell hole. They had but just wormed their way under the protecting wire of their own—the enemy—trench, and slid rapidly to shelter in the first refuge that offered.

They were operating in almost impenetrable darkness, and yet we who watched stood in the full light of early morning. A trick of training is the explanation. Each man of each patrol wore goggles with a glass so darkened by a special treatment that they literally turned day into night for him. The student scout operates in almost total darkness; the instructor stands in the light of day, watching his every move to criticize him.

Four men and a lieutenant eased themselves gently over the top of the trench directly before us, squirmed under and through the seeming confusion of guarding wire, and went groping out into the billowy desolation of No Man's Land, inching along on their stomachs at the rate of less than a foot a minute, feeling carefully of every can and stick and stump, memorizing every little bump and hollow with their exploring fingers. They were out to

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Volume 61 Number 5  
APRIL 13, 1918

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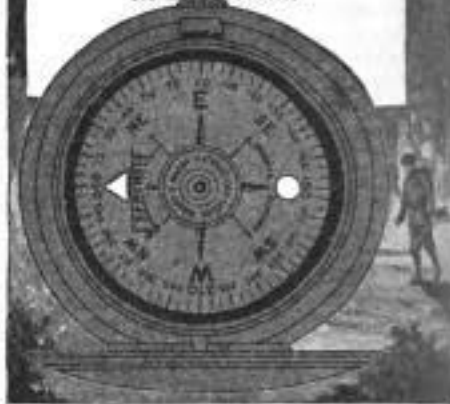
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ak up any reconnoitering party that might be around, to see that no enemy forces explored the secrets of their camp, and—if possible—bring in an enemy scout alive to be questioned.

### "I'm Tellin' You!"

NE of the enemy on the far side of No Man's Land lifted his head from the shell hole experimentally. From advanced and wonderfully camouflaged listening post a sniper's rifle angled its announcement of discovery. A sergeant near me swore under his breath. "He poked his head up out of there too fast," he muttered. "I stalked a flock of mountain sheep all one day up Alaska, and then I lost a chance for shot at 'em by pokin' my head over the top of a rock real quick. If I'd eased up slow just a fraction of an inch at a time, they'd never have noticed me, I'm sure. It's always a mistake to move it until you know that you're seen."

"You're right," another sergeant whispered, "but when you know that you've been seen, you don't let any tired yaks of lingering lightning, or sound waves that scare wolves, or anything else that, get in your path. You want to be free to show speed."

"Ain't it the truth!" a private whispered fervently. "If I was out there I'd knowed I'd been seen, I bet I could art ten seconds behind a ninety-mile an hour wind and be in plumb calm sather in about fourteen steps."

"If we started together, I'd have to sk around to see what was keepin' u," another declared. "With that reason for runnin' I could start at sundown, an' 'fore ever the folks that saw e leave could say 'There he goes!' d be more than dawn where I'd be, all 'fore daylight. I'm tellin' you!"

The group chuckled. "Shut up!" the sergeant growled. "Watch these guys learn something."

### Knowing More Than the Hun

THE leader of the enemy patrol poked his head over the edge of the shell hole that concealed two of our men, and could see his body stiffen. Very slowly he drew back, a fraction of an inch at a time. He reached out and pinched the man next to him. Our lieutenant rose, crouching like a football tackler, and whistled shrilly. Every man of both patrols rose abruptly. Two of our men jumped from the shell hole and bore down two of the enemy. Three of the enemy patrol were left. Two of them hesitated just for a second to get their bearings, and then ran for their trench. Both were tackled and thrown. One of the enemy patrol was gone. He was the lathy, light-haired fellow who found the break in the wire. Instantly on the sound of that alarm signal he had leaped to his feet, and the first leap had taken him toward home. When his comrades were being tackled, he was halfway across that No Man's Land, stepping it off like a ten-second man on a cinder track, and heading for the open lane in his own wire as straight as a well-aimed bullet for a bull's-eye! He couldn't see his way. I know. I put on his glasses later, and it was darkest night to me. He had come a circuitous route, this way and that, around shell holes and through them; but when it came time to go home he went without any fatal instant of hesitation. While his comrades were still struggling, he arrived at the break in his wire, ran through it, and rolled into his own trench. He had noted and memorized every twist and turn that he had made in that trip across, calculated the length of each movement, and constantly kept his bearings so that he could leap to his feet and run in exactly the right direction to reach home. He did reach home. Remember that.

The British instructor blew his whistle, and the snow was over.

"It's all a matter of knowing more than the Hun knows," the British instructor said in explaining the work to me. "You see, if you know more than the Hun knows, you live; and if you don't, why, the Hun lives. It's our business to see that the Hun doesn't live, isn't it? Yes. So we must be very sure to learn more than he knows. And then we must be very, very careful. Yes."

"How do these fellows here pick it up?" "Pick it up?" the British instructor exclaimed. "My dear fellow, they don't have to 'pick it up.' They carry it around with them. It isn't necessary to teach these fellows this work; you have only to tell them. Why, look at these chaps here. They've all had outdoor experience hunting, logging, something of the sort. Why, they're just made to order for this sort of thing, you know. You notice that chap who made straight for home when they tried to nab him? Most remarkable piece of work! Comes perfectly natural to him. He's been what you call a timber cruiser. He's trained to observe and remember what he sees. He's not alone. Plenty here like him."

He was silent for a moment, thoughtfully studying the soldiers at work about him. "Indeed yes," he went on. "All these fellows need is one little taste of actual warfare, and they'll be wonders. If they'd let me have my pick of 250 men from this division, and let me go on my own with them, just here and there along the western front, I promise you I'd have no cause to seek a separate peace."

### "We Can Lick 'Em"

CIVILIZATION has not yet disassociated the men of the West from experience with and knowledge of romantic action. This war has brought a romance of action back into the world—a greater romance than we have ever before known. Our grinning aviators contemptuously straddle the storm and tickle the tail of the angry blast with their whirling propellers. They sit the gale with insolent ease, ride it screaming past the startled upper clouds into the frontier of space, shatter the serenity of heaven with the crashing rattle of their fighting guns. Thousands upon thousands of men are nightly creeping Indianlike in the muddy mystery on No Man's Land. They play their wits and brawn individually against an individual foe, and, as the British instructor has it: "If they know more than the Hun knows, they live."

On my last day at Camp Lewis I stood watching the division pass in review. "Some bunch!" said a near-by civilian admiringly.

"Fine body of men," another civilian agreed sadly. "It's a shame to think they must go to their death, isn't it? Just to think that all those thousands of men out there are no more than a breakfast for the guns in a battle on the western front!"

A big soldier stepped up, voicing his protest in an inarticulate growl of anger: "If that bunch out there does any dyin', they'll take a plenty o' company along with 'em," he snarled. "You want to lay off o' that talk around here, you! We're gettin' plenty good an' sick o' you calamity howlers that seem to think that we're nothin' but a lot o' boobs being sent over for the Germans to play with. They ain't no Germans goin' to play with this outfit, an' go home to tell their grandchildren they enjoyed bein' with us. We don't thank you to figure that we're a set-up for the Germans to knock over. Get that idea out o' your head. We're goin' to do somethin' in France besides die."

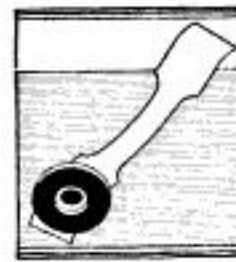
That soldier was not boasting. He was stating what he knew to be a fact. We have had too much of the feeling that the American soldier is some kind of a helpless sacrifice to the mighty German.

As I write this, before me stands the meager report of the death of the first West Pointer in action on the western front. According to the account, his last words, uttered just before he was killed by a bursting shell, were: "Steady, boys! Though they outnumber us ten to one, we can lick 'em."

I have but just returned from a stay with the men of the Far West in training at Camp Lewis. And, in all honesty, after the exercise of whatever intelligence I may possess in arriving at a conclusion, I want to let that officer's reported statement stand as an echo of my idea.

This is the third of a series of articles on the National Army camps. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

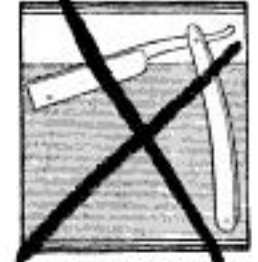
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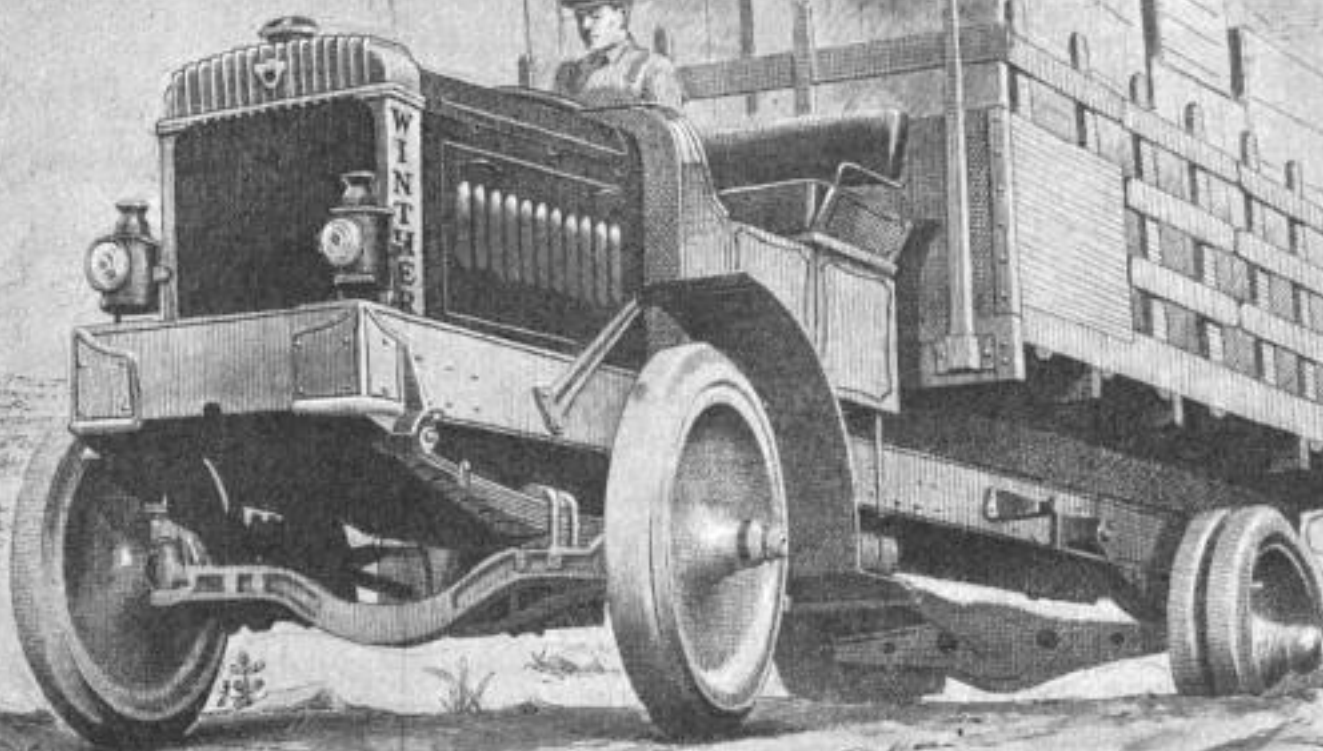
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## What Pershing's Biscuit Boxes Taught a Syracuse Packing Case

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*Then*, certain truck troubles were thought inevitable—breakage, periods of idleness for replacements, rather rapid depreciation—all were thought quite natural,—or blamed on the driver, who would overload.

*Then*, people talked quite glibly of the limitations of motor hauling,—how they might or might not be suitable for local delivery purposes, but could never be a serious factor in the real transportation of the country. And even the builders believed them.

*And Then* came Pershing. Into the melting pot of military service were poured a half-hundred trains, 27 to 33 trucks each—a great symposium of America's best—and the supreme test of feeding a moving army hundreds of miles from its base.

Almost in a day old standards of truck building and truck service were swept away. Now, all truck designers know that the old trucks engi-

neered for carefully graded hauls over paved roads only, can not meet the needs of this day and generation. Now, all motor truck engineers know that the old truck troubles, the breakdowns, the endless repairs, the losses of time, the faults and weaknesses thought inevitable, are 95 per cent avoidable. They were not the faults of owners and drivers; but fundamental faults of engineering and design.

**NOW**, the whole world knows that there is no reasonable limit to the functions of the motor truck. The day of the long haul is here. Motor transport is the salvation of America's industry facing transportation chaos.

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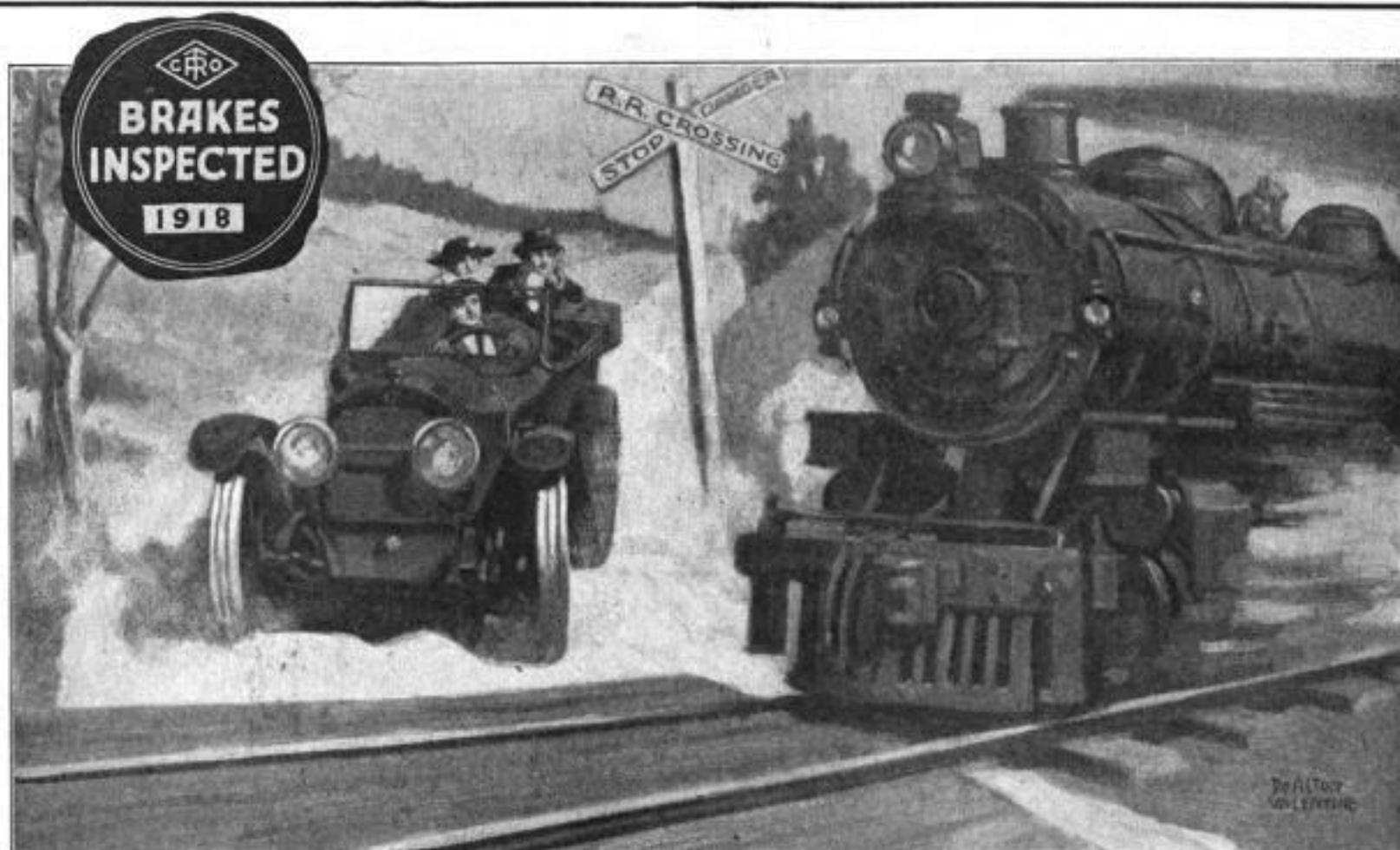


Model 28 Maximum capacity 1 ton  
Model 48 Maximum capacity 2 tons  
Model 68 Maximum capacity 3 tons  
Model 148 Maximum capacity 7 tons

Model 88 Maximum capacity 4 tons  
Model 108 Maximum capacity 5 tons  
Model 128 Maximum capacity 6 tons

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### Brake Inspection Movement

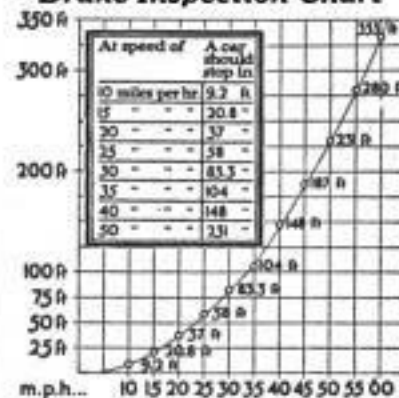
Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce accidents, by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins, and regularly thereafter. Give it your support.

**Will your car do this?**

Automobile engineers have proved that when brake mechanism is right and road conditions average, any car should stop at distances and speeds given by the chart.

$V^2$  means the square of the velocity or speed of your car: 10.8 is the proved factor of retardation under average road conditions. This factor decreases on smooth, slippery roads to 6.7 and increases as high as 17.4 on rough, worn roads. The chart represents the average condition and other conditions can readily be figured by changing the factor within the given limits. Remember that your brake mechanism is not "right" unless its brake lining has the ideal coefficient of friction. The better the brake lining the quicker your stop.

### Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart



Makers of "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"



# You're smoke-set for keeps when you pick P. A. for your pet pal!

You're going to blow off your smokeappetite to the realest bit of pipe or makin's cigarette satisfaction you ever stumbled against quick as you and Prince Albert hook up! Bet-your-bottom-dollar *on that!*

For, *quality* lets you in on the full joys of P. A. without putting your taste or tongue into training! P. A. *quality* gets the flavor, fragrance, coolness *right there instantly!* And, you catch it—and *hang on to it* because it heaves into the discard every kick you ever made against a jimmy pipe or a home-rolled cigarette.

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## PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

just makes pipe or makin's cigarette smoking what you always wished it might be—a *constant 24-hour delight!* Because, no matter how much of the gladgoods you get away with per day, you're keen for more! And, every time you fire-up you do some mental figuring that proves P. A. "tastes just a little better than that last whack"! *And, so on, right around the clock!*

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*Prince Albert awaits your call everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppo red bags, tidy red tins and handsome full pound and full half-pound tin humidors; and, that classy, full pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.*

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April 20, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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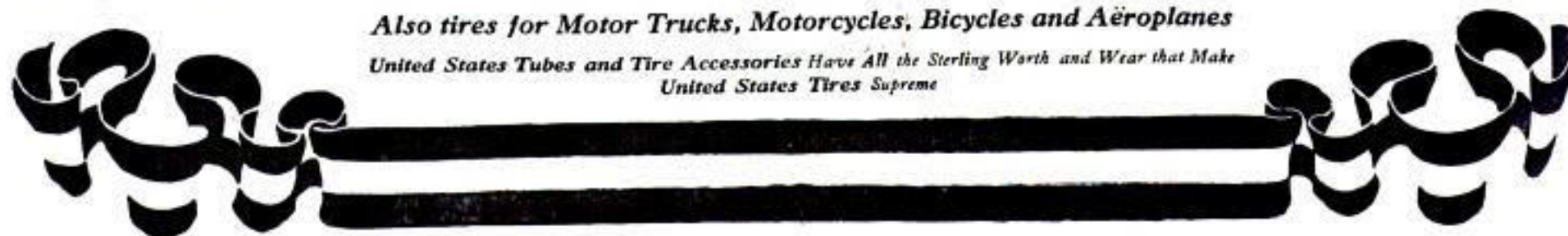
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- Slow up for bridge "edges" and crossovers.
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

APRIL 20, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 6

# STAND BACK OF THEM

## BY JULIAN STREET

THE line of division between genius and madness, alluded to in Dryden's familiar couplet, is no finer drawn than that separating comedy from tragedy. Some extraordinary geniuses, they say, have overreached and been actually a little mad, and certainly some jokes rise to awful magnitude only because their foundation stones are laid, in part, within the bounds of tragedy. Innumerable men and women, especially those through whose natures runs a strong strain of humor, know what it is to weep bitter tears over a joke too terrible for laughter.

A Frenchman, a great wit, was obliged by his business to go to South America for a year, leaving his pretty young wife at their home in Paris. In his absence she fell in love with another man, who besought her to divorce her husband and marry him. When the husband, who was very much in love with his wife, returned, she told him the truth and asked for a divorce. He was heartbroken. In an hour he seemed to have aged ten years. An intimate friend, coming into the house, remarked his appearance and asked if he was ill.

"Oh, no," he replied, with unconquerable wit. "I am not ill. But I am surprised. On returning from South America I find that my wife is engaged to be married."

Then, suddenly, he crumpled up, buried his face in his hands, and burst into a paroxysm of sobbing.

IN advertisements and speeches designed to persuade Americans to purchase Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps, or to perform other duties the nonperformance of which is a disgrace, I have more than once noticed a form of appeal which, whenever I encounter it, strikes me anew as constituting one of those great tragi-comic jokes of which I have been speaking.

It is the kind of appeal which says, in effect:

"Our boys in the trenches are doing their bit to make the world safe for democracy and home safe for you and yours. It is therefore up to you, who stay behind, to do your bit: namely, to purchase Liberty Bonds—or War Savings Stamps."

Their bit! What is this "bit" that our boys are doing over there?

They have given up everything—mothers, wives, children, sweethearts, homes, jobs—torn themselves up by the roots, braved the submarines, gone into trenches swimming in mud, alive with rats and lice, and subject to a ceaseless hell-fire—bullets, gas, flame, shells, shrapnel, air bombs, hand grenades, every devilish force with which the Prussian brute is attempting to coerce the world.

And for what have they done this?

For love of country—for their country's honor and the ideal of freedom.

The war, for them, is no investment, since "investment" implies security. They are gambling. They are playing the greatest game of chance a human being can play. Life is the stake.

If, as individuals, they lose in their gamble with the Hun, they pay the great price. If, as individuals, they win, they earn—what? The right to come back and begin life over again

in a land wherein your life and mine have gone on relatively without interruption; a land some of whose citizens have persistently voiced the noble cry: "Business as usual."

Heads we win, tails they lose. Theirs the losses, ours the gain. So much for their "bit."

And now for ours. What is our "bit"?

At present we are being asked as a nation to absorb three billion dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. And, as I have said, there is in some of the appeals a sort of implication that, by so doing, we may render a service approximating that being rendered by our fighting men.

The great tragi-comic joke again!

While the man in the trenches stands ready to give his life, what are we asked to give? Nothing. While the man in the trenches gambles his life, what are we asked to gamble? Nothing—not even our sleek, comfortable dollars. We are not even asked to take such slight financial risks as are gladly taken by conservative investors who buy corporation stocks and bonds and lock them away in their strong boxes. We are asked to buy the best securities ever offered in this world, at a rate of interest abnormally high. We are asked, in short, to seize an unexampled opportunity for the exercise of intelligent self-interest.

Is that enough for us to do? By saving money, investing it in Government bonds, and making ourselves prosperous can we, at home, approximate the service rendered by the seaman and the soldier? And, if not, are there any means by which we may do so, in the interest of the democratic ideal of equal rights, equal duties, equal risks for all? No, there are none. Already we owe the fighting men a debt which never can be paid.

The fact that a debt cannot be paid does not, however, cause honest men to cease trying to pay. They will do their utmost to make payments on account, however small their utmost may be, if only for the sake of self-respect.

To be decent citizens each one of us must have a real share in this war. Nor does the fact that we have bought Liberty Bonds, or War Savings Stamps, or both, necessarily give us that real share. Those things, purchased in such amounts as we have found entirely convenient, represent a share in the profits of the war. And to be a profiteer is not enough. We are not participants until we share the sacrifice.

Turn back to the cover of this magazine. Look at the picture printed there. That is the "bit" that others are doing for you. What

are you doing? Have you bought your new Liberty Bonds? Have you bought only such Liberty Bonds (or War Savings Stamps) as it suited your immediate convenience to buy, or have you bought more than you can pay for without exercising self-denial? Have you made a sacrifice? Have you sacrificed enough? Have you gone over the financial top? Or are you that most contemptible of creatures, the slacker who lets the other fellow do it, not only in the trenches, but at home?





# TOO GENTLE JULIA

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF STORIES

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

NOBLE DILL, at twenty-two, had been seriously in love only twice before the collapse brought on by Julia Atwater, and though his mother talked of organizing a Young Men's Mothers' Club against Julia, nevertheless she acknowledged that in one solitary way Noble was being improved by the experience. His two previous attacks (one at twelve, the other at eighteen) had been incomparably lighter, and the changes in him, noted at home, merely a slight general irritability and a lack of domestic punctuality, due to too much punctuality elsewhere. But, when his Julia Atwater trouble came, the very first symptom he manifested was a strange new effort to become beautiful by means of bodily garnishment, and his mother even discovered that he worked with pumice stone upon the cigarette stains on his fingers. She was amazed, yet not overgrateful to the lovely Julia: what had been done to Noble in every other way was destructive, and the trial of living with him in his ruinous state was too great.

The most curious thing about his condition was that for a long time he took it for granted that his family did not know what was the matter with him; and this shows as nothing else could the meekness and tact of the Dills; for, excluding bad cooks and the dangerously insane, the persons most disturbing to the serenity of households are young lovers. But the world has had to accommodate itself to them because young lovers cannot possibly accommodate themselves to the world. For the young lover there is no general life of the species; for him there are no appalling spirals evolving in a trillion skies beyond our own; for him the universe is a delicate blush under a single little bonnet. He has no business except what deals with the business that goes on under this bonnet; he has but an irritated perception of every vital thing in nature except the vital thing under this bonnet—all else is trivial intrusion. But whatever does concern the centrifugal bonnet, whatever concerns it in the remotest, faintest, farthest—ah, then he springs to life! So Noble Dill sat through a Sunday dinner at home, seemingly drugged to a torpor, while the family talk went on about him; but when his father, in the course of some remarks upon politics, happened to mention the name of the county treasurer, Charles J. Patterson, Noble's startled attention to the conversation was so conspicuous as to be disconcerting. Mrs. Dill signaled with her head that comment should be omitted, and Mr. Dill became, for the moment, one factor in a fairly clear example of telepathic communication, for it is impossible to believe that his wife's almost imperceptible gesture was what caused him to recall that Charles J. Patterson was Julia Atwater's uncle.

That name, Charles J. Patterson, coming thus upon Noble's ears, was like an unexpected shrine on the wayside where plods the fanatic pilgrim; and yet Mr. Patterson was the most casual of Julia's uncles by marriage; he neither had nor desired any effect upon her destiny. To Noble he was ineffably privileged and fateful. Something of the same quality invested the wooden gateposts in front of the big honest brick house where Julia lived with that august old danger, her father. In general, Noble felt a warmer something for the gateposts, however, than he felt for Mr. Atwater. The latter inspired Noble with not only the uncalled-for affection and veneration inevitable toward Julia's next of kin, but also with a kind of horror due to the irresponsible and awful power possessed by a sacred girl's father.

In sum, Noble loved Mr. Atwater; but often, in his reveries, when he had rescued him from drowning or being burned to death, he preferred to picture the peculiar old man's injuries as ultimately fatal.

If Julia and all her relatives and Noble Dill and Noble's rivals had happened to live in Chicago or New York or Peking, much would have been different. In New York a person can be in love with any other person and walk the streets with some assurance, but in a town of sixty-five thousand inhabitants (so asserted but not officially proved) to be in love with a beautiful girl who belongs to a large "family connection" is like living under the surveillance of a dictograph. Everything will be known at headquarters.

There were two of Julia's relatives who would have been profoundly flattered and surprised had they realized how important they had become to Noble Dill. True, his only reason for attributing any importance whatever to them was their relationship to Julia, and lay in nothing intrinsic with

them. True, also, the only reason why they would have valued his esteem was that he had reached the age of twenty-two, while they had just attained that of thirteen and were under the constant necessity of combating the suppressions which older years wished to put upon them. These two were the cousins, Florence Atwater and Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Julia's niece and nephew. Noble discriminated between them. On account of her close consanguinity to Julia, he regarded Florence as a holy child, but her impulsiveness had invested her, in neighborhood opinion, with a terror as holy as her childhood, and Noble strongly preferred her cousin, young Herbert, a much milder and less imaginative character.

THUS, on a sunny afternoon, having been home to lunch, after his morning labors, Noble paused in passing "the Henry Atwater house" (young Herbert's place of residence) and rather timidly began a conversation with this glamourized nephew. It happened that during the course of the morning Herbert had chosen a life career for himself; he had decided to become a scientific specialist, an entomologist, and he was now on his knees studying the manners and customs of the bug inhabitants of the lawn before the house, and employing for this purpose a large magnifying lens, or "reading glass," his discovery of which, in the attic, coincidentally with his reading a recent Sunday supplement article on bugs, had led to his sudden choice of a vocation.

"Did somebody—ah, have any of the family lost anything, Herbert?" Noble asked in a gentle voice, speaking across the fence.

Herbert did not look up, nor did he relax the scientific frown upon his brow. "No," he said, "They always are losin' things, espesh'ly Aunt Julia, when she comes over here, or

anywhere else, but I wouldn't waste my time lookin' for any old earrings or such. I've got more important things to do on my hands."

Unintentionally he spoke the high truth—after his digital researches in "ant holes," the most important thing that could have been done on his hands would have taken him to soap and running water. But Noble did not press this point, though it was indeed obvious. Instead, he said: "Has your aunt Julia lost an earring, Herbert?"

"Her? Well, she nearly always has lost some'n or other, but that isn't bother'n' me any. I got better things to do with my time." Herbert spoke without interrupting his preoccupations or relaxing his forehead. "Nacher'l history is a little more important to the inhabitants of our universe than a lot o' worthless jew'ry, I guess," he continued; and his pride in discovering that he could say things like this was so great that his frown gave way temporarily to a look of pleased surprise, then came back again to express an importance much increased. He rose, approached the fence, and condescended to lean upon it. "I don't guess there's one person in a thousand," he said, "that knows what they ought to know about our insect friends."

"No," Mr. Dill agreed readily. "I guess that's so. I guess you're right about that, Herbert. When did your aunt Julia lose the earring, Herbert?"

"I d' know," said Herbert. "Now, you take my own father and mother: What do they know? Well, mighty little. They may have had to learn a little teeny bit about insects when they were in school, but, whatever it was, they went and forgot it prob'ly long before they were married. Well, that's no way. F'r instance, you take a pinchin' bug: What you suppose my father and mother know about its position in the insect world?"

"Well—" said Noble uneasily. "Well—" He coughed, and hastened to add: "But as I was saying, if she lost her earring somewhere in your yard, or—"

The scientific boy evidently did not follow this line of thought, for he interrupted: "Why, they wouldn't know a thing about it, and a pinchin' bug isn't one of the highest insects at all. Ants are way up compared to most pinchin' bugs. Ants are way up, anyway. Now, you take an ant—" He paused. "Well, everybody ought to know a lot more'n they do about ants. It takes time, and you got to study 'em the right way, and of course there's lots of people wouldn't know how to do it. I'm goin' to get a book I been readin' about. It's called 'The Ant.'"

For a moment Noble was confused; he followed his young friend's discourse but hazily, and Herbert pronounced the word "ant" precisely as he pronounced the word "aunt." The result was that Noble began to say something rather dreamy concerning the book just mentioned, but, realizing that his intended remark was malapropos, changed his murmur into a cough, and inquired:

"When was she over here, Herbert?"

"Who?"

"Your aunt Julia."

"Yesterday evening," said Herbert. "Now, f'r instance, you take a common lightning bug—"

"Did she lose it, then?"

"Lose what?"

"Her earring."

"I d' know," said Herbert. "You take the common lightning bug, or, as it's called in some countries, 'the firefly'—"

He continued, quoting and misquoting the entomological authority of the recent Sunday supplement; but his friend, on the other side of the fence, was inattentive to the lecture. Noble's mind was occupied with a wonder: he had realized, though dimly, that here was he, trying to make starry Julia the subject





of a conversation with a person who had the dear privilege of knowing her—even of being closely related to her—and yet preferred to talk about bugs. Noble began to feel that nephews were strange creatures, probably outside the pale of civilization.

Herbert talked at considerable length about lightning bugs, but as his voice happened rather precociously to be already in a state of adolescent change, the sound was not soothing; yet Noble lingered. Nephews were queer, but this one was Julia's—and finally mentioned her, as an incidental to lightning bugs; whereupon the mere hearer of sounds became instantly a listener to words.

"Well, and then I says," Herbert continued—"I says: 'It's phosphorus, Aunt Julia.' I guess there's hardly anybody in the world doesn't know more than Aunt Julia, except about dresses and parasols and piano playin' and every other useless thing under the sun. She says: 'My! I always thought it was sulphur!' Said nobody ever told her it wasn't sulphur. I asked her; I said: 'You mean to sit there and tell me you don't know the difference?' I said. And she says: 'I don't care one way or the other,' she says. She said she just as soon a lightning bug made his light with sulphur as with phosphorus; it didn't make any difference to her, she says, and they could go ahead and make their light any way they wanted; she wouldn't interfere! That shows what Aunt Julia knows, I guess! I had a whole hatful of 'em, and she told me not to take 'em into their house, because grandpa hates insects as much as he does animals and violets, and she said they never owned a microscope or a magnifying glass in their lives, and wouldn't let me hunt for one. All in the world she knows is how to sit around on the front porch and say: 'Oh, you don't mean that!' to somebody like George Plum or Newland Sanders or that ole widower Ridgely."

"When?" Noble asked impulsively. "When did she say that?"

"Oh, I d' know," said Herbert. "I expect she probab'ly says it to somebody or other about every evening there is."

"She does!"

"Florence says so," Herbert informed him carelessly. "Florence goes over to grandpa's after dark and sits on the ground up against the porch and listens."

Noble first looked startled, then uneasily reminiscent. "I don't believe Florence ought to do that," he said gravely.

"I wouldn't do it!" Herbert was emphatic.

"That's right, Herbert. I'm glad you wouldn't."

"No, sir," the manly boy declared. "You wouldn't never catch me takin' my death o' cold sittin' on the damp grass in the night air just to listen to a lot o' tooty-tooty about 'I've named a star for you,' and all such. You wouldn't see me—"

Noble partly concealed a sudden anguish. "Who?" he interrupted. "Who did she say that to?"

"She didn't. They say it to her, and she says: 'Oh, you don't mean that!' and of course then they go on and say some more. Florence says—" He checked himself. "Oh, I forgot! I promised Florence I wouldn't tell anything about all this."

"It's safe," Noble assured him quickly. "It's absolutely safe with me. I won't speak of it to anybody, Herbert. Who was it told he'd named a star for her?"

"It was the way some ole poem began. Newland Sanders wrote it. Florence found it under Aunt Julia's sofa cushions and read it all through, but I wouldn't wade through all that tooty-tooty for a million dollars, and I told her to put it back before Aunt Julia noticed. Well, about every day he writes her a fresh one, and then in the evening he stays later than the other callers, and reads 'em to her—and you ought to hear grandpa when he gets to talkin' about it!"

"He's perfectly right," said Noble. "Perfectly! What does he say when he talks about it, Herbert?"

"Oh, he says all this and that; and then he kind of mutters around, and you can't tell just what all the words are exactly, so't he can deny it if any o' the family accuses him of swearing or anything." And Herbert added casually: "He was kind of going on like that about you, night before last."

"About me! Why, what could he say about me?" "Oh, all this and that."

"But what did he find to say?"

"Well, he heard her tellin' you how you oughtn't to smoke so many cigarettes and all about how it was killin' you, and you sayin' you guessed it wouldn't matter if you *did* die, and Aunt Julia sayin': 'Oh, you don't mean that,' and all this and such and so on, you know. He can hear anything on the porch pretty good from the lib'ary; and Florence told me about that, besides, because she was sittin' in the grass and all. She told Great-uncle Joe and Aunt Hattie about it too."

"My heavens!" Noble gasped, as for the first time he realized to what trumpeting publicity that seemingly hushed and moonlit bower, sacred to Julia, had been given over. He gulped, flushed, repeated "My heavens!" twice; and then was able to add, with a feeble imitation of lightness: "I suppose your grandfather understood it was just a sort of joke, didn't he?"

"No," said Herbert, and continued in a friendly way, for he was flattered by Noble's interest in his remarks, and began to feel a liking for him. "No. He said Aunt Julia only talked like that because she couldn't think of anything else to say, and it was wearin' him out. He said all the good it did was to make you smoke more to make her think how reckless you were; but the worst part of it was, he'd be the only one to suffer, because it blows all through

ing in a silent church. As he seethed adown the warm sidewalk the soles of his shoes smote the pavement, for mentally he was walking not upon cement but upon Mr. Atwater.

Unconsciously his pace presently became slower for a more concentrated brooding upon this slanderous old man who took advantage of his position to poison his daughter's mind against the only one of her suitors who cared in the noblest way. And upon this there came an infinitesimal consolation in the midst of anguish, for he thought of what Herbert had told him about Mr. Newland Sanders's poems to Julia—and he had a strong conviction that at one time or another Mr. Atwater must have spoken even more disparagingly of these poems and their author than he had of Orduma cigarettes and their smoker. Perhaps the old man was not *all* vile.

THIS charitable moment passed. He recalled the little moonlit drama on the embowered porch, when Julia, in her voice of plucked harp strings, told him that he smoked too much, and he had said it didn't matter; nobody would care much if he died—and Julia said gently that his mother would, and other people too; he mustn't talk so recklessly. Out of this the old eavesdropper had viciously represented him to be a poser, not really reckless at all, and had insulted his cigarettes and his salary. Well, Noble would show him! Noble had doubts about being able to show Mr. Atwater anything important connected with the cigarettes or the salary, but he



Looking at Mr. Atwater was at least the next thing to looking at Julia

the house and he's got to sit in it. He said he just could stand the smell of some kinds of cigarettes, but if you burned any more o' yours on his porch he was goin' to ask your father to raise your salary for collectin' real-estate rents, so't you'd feel able to buy some real tobacco, or corn silk anyway. He—"

But the flushed listener felt that he had heard as much as he was called upon to bear; and he interrupted, in a voice almost out of control, to say that he must be "getting on downtown." His young friend, diverted from bugs, showed the greatest willingness to continue the narrative indefinitely, evidently being in possession of copious material; but Noble, unostentatiously dropping a cigarette he had been preparing to light, and stepping on it, turned to depart. An afterthought detained him. "Where was it she lost her earring?"

"Who?"

"Your aunt Julia."

"Why, I didn't say she lost any earring," Herbert returned. "I said she always *was* losin' 'em; I didn't say she *did*."

"Then you didn't mean—"

"No," said Herbert. "I haven't heard of her losin' anything at all, lately." Here he added: "Well, grandpa kept goin' on about you; he told her— Well, so long!" And gazed after the departing Mr. Dill in some surprise at the abruptness of the latter's leave-taking. Then, wondering how the back of Noble's neck could have got itself so fiery sunburnt, Herbert returned to his researches in the grass.

THE peaceful street, shady and fragrant with summer, was so quiet that the footfalls of the striding Noble were like an interruption of cough-

could prove how reckless he was. With that, a vision formed before him: he saw Julia and her father standing spellbound at a crossing while a smiling youth stood directly between the rails in the middle of the street and let a charging trolley car destroy him—not instantly, for he would live long enough to whisper, as the stricken pair bent over him: "Now, Julia, which do you believe: your father or me?" And then with a slight, dying sneer: "Well, Mr. Atwater, is *this* reckless enough to suit you?"

TOWN squirrels flitted along their high paths in the shade-tree branches above the embittered young lover, and he noticed them not at all, which was but little less than he noticed the elderly human couple who observed him from a side yard as he passed by. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess had been happily married for fifty-three years and four months. Mr. Burgess lay in a hammock between two maple trees, and was soothingly swung by means of a string connecting the hammock and the rocking-chair in which sat Mrs. Burgess, acting as a mild motor for both the chair and the hammock—a device that had made many a winter tolerable for them through their anticipations of its happy employment when summer should come again. "That's Noble Dill walking along the sidewalk," Mrs. Burgess said, interpreting for her husband's failing eyes. "I bowed to him, but he hardly seemed to see us and just barely lifted his hat. He needn't be cross to us, just because some other young man's probably taking Julia Atwater out driving!"

"Yes, he need!" Mr. Burgess declared. "A boy in his condition needs to be cross with everything."



Sometimes they get so cross they go and drink liquor. Don't you remember?"

She laughed. "I remember once!" she assented, and laughed again.

"Why, it's a terrible time of life," her husband went on. "Poets and suchlike always take on about young love as if it were a charming and romantic experience, but really it's just a series of mortifications. Each party, in order to attract the other, assumes a supernatural perfection, and of course a thousand things constantly make plain how many bugs there are in the molasses. The young lover is always wanting to do something dashing and romantic and Sir Walter Raleighish, but in ordinary times about the wildest thing he can do, if he can afford it, is to learn to run a Ford. The young lover thinks he's absolutely got to seem not only superb but plumb incomparable; and of course he can't stand it to be found out for an instant. He can't stand it to find out that his lady is a human, either. He can't stand even a hint that he *might* find her out. He can't stand it to find himself out. He can't stand a word of criticism; he can't stand being made the least little bit of fun of—and yet all the while his state of mind lays him particularly open to all the things he can't stand. He can't stand anything, and he has to stand everything. Why, it's a *horrible* time of life, mamma!"

"Yes, it is," she assented placidly. "I'm glad we don't have to go through it again, Freddie; though you're only eighty-two, and with a girl like Julia Atwater around nobody ought to be sure."

ALTHOUGH Noble had saluted the old couple so crossly, thus unconsciously making them, as he made the sidewalk, proxy for Mr. Atwater, so to speak, yet the sight of them penetrated his outer layers of preoccupation and had an effect upon him. In the midst of his suffering his imagination paused for a shudder: What miserable old gray lives those two were! Thank Heaven, he and Julia could never be like that! And in the haze that rose before his mind's eye he saw himself leading Julia through years of adventure in far parts of the world: there were glimpses of himself fighting shadowy figures on the edge of Himalayan precipices at dawn, while Julia knelt by the tent on the glacier and prayed for him. He saw head waiters bowing him and Julia to tables in "strange, foreign cafés," and when they were seated, and he had ordered dishes that amazed her, he would say in a low voice: "Don't look now, but do you see that heavy-shouldered man with the insignia, sitting with that adventuress and those eight officers who are really his guards? Don't be alarmed, Julia, but I am here to get that man! Perhaps you remember what your father once said to me—and, when what I have to do here is done, perhaps you may wish to write home and mention a few things to that old man!" And then a boy's changing voice seemed to sound again close by: "He said he just could stand the smell of some kinds of cigarettes, but if you burnt any more o' yours on his porch—" And Noble came back miserably to town again.

FROM an upper window of the house next to Mr. and Mrs. Burgess's two maidens of nineteen peered at him. The shade of a striped awning protected the window from the strong sun and the maidens from the sight of man—the latter protection being especially fortunate, since they were preparing to take a conversational afternoon nap, were robbed with little substance, and their heads appeared to be antlered—they had caught sight of Noble just as they were preparing to put silk-and-lace things they called "caps" on their heads.

"Who's that?" the visiting one asked.  
"It's Noble Dill; he's one of the crowd."  
"Is he nice?"  
"Oh, sort of. Kind of shambles around."  
"Looks like last year's straw hat to me," the visiting one giggled.  
"Oh, he tries to dress—lately, that is—but he never did know how."  
"Looks mad about something."  
"Yes. He's one of the ones in love with that Julia Atwater I told you about."  
"Has he got any chance with her?"  
"Noble Dill? Mercy!"  
"Is he much in love with her?"  
"Much? Murder!"

The visiting one turned from the window and yawned. "Come on; let's lie down and talk about some of the nice ones!"

The second house beyond this was—it was the house of Julia!

And what a glamour of summer light lay upon it because it was the house of Julia! The texture of the sunshine came under a spell here: glowing flakes of amber were afloat; fine dust of opals and rubies fell silently adrizzle through the trees. The very air changed, beating faintly with a fairy music, and breathing it was breathing sorcery—elfin symphonies went tinkling through it. The grass in the next yard to Julia's was just grass, but every blade of grass in her yard was a flower.

But Julia's house was also the house of that person who through some ungovernable horseplay of destiny happened to be her father; this made for



He leaned drooping upon the gatepost, seeming to yearn toward it

the enchanted spot a background of lurking cyclone—no one could tell at what moment there might rise above the roseate pleasance a funnel-shaped cloud. And with young Herbert's injurious narrative ever fresh in his burning heart, Noble shuddered and quickened his steps. As he reached the farther fence post, marking the southward limit of Mr. Atwater's property, he halted short, ineffably startled. Through the open front door, just passed, a voice had called his name—a voice of such strange and stabbing sweetness that his breath stopped, instantly paralyzed, like his feet. "Oh, Noble!" it called again.

He turned back, and anyone who might have seen his face then would have known what was the matter with him, and must have been only the more sure of it because his mouth was open. The next instant the adequate reason for his disorder came lightly through the open door and down to the gate.

If Julia, out of some love of justice, or in mere compassion, had accustomed herself to wear clothes made of coffee sacking, kept soot streaks on her nose, and let her hair go tousled, she still would have been so harmful that old gentlemen, seeing her, would have poked at their neckties and gone home peckish to grandma; but the insatiate girl, instead of slinging on any old thing, even went so far as to compose summer melodies in dress to run accompaniments for black-sapphire eyes. ("To Julia Girdled in Dark Blue." Not by Herrick but by Newland Sanders.)

Yet Julia, in her own way, was kind—much too kind! She had heard that her aunt Harriet and her uncle Joe were frequently describing Mr. Atwater's recent explosion to other members of the extensive Atwater family league; and though she had not discovered how Aunt Harriet and Uncle Joe had obtained their material, yet, in Julia's way of

wording her thoughts, an account of the episode was "all over town," and she was almost certain that by this time Noble Dill had heard it. And so, lest he should suffer, the too gentle creature seized the first opportunity to cheer him up. That was the most harmful thing about Julia: when anybody liked her—even Noble Dill—she couldn't bear to have him worried. She was the sympathetic little princess who wouldn't have the puppy's tail chopped off all at once, but only a little at a time.

"I just happened to see you going by," she said, and then with an astounding perfection of seriousness she added the question: "Did you mind my calling to you and stopping you, Noble?"

He leaned drooping upon the gatepost, seeming to yearn toward it; his expression was such that this gatepost need not have been surprised if Noble had kissed it. "Why, no," he said hoarsely. "No. I don't have to be back at the office any particular time. No."

"I just wanted to ask you—" She hesitated. "Well, it really doesn't amount to anything—it's nothing so important I couldn't have spoken to you about it some other time."

"Well—" said Noble, and then on the spur of the moment he continued, darkly: "There might not be any other time."

"How do you mean, Noble?"

He smiled faintly. "I'm thinking of going away." This was true; nevertheless it was the first time he had thought of it. "Going away," he repeated in a murmur. "From this old town."

A SHADOWY, sweet reproach came upon Julia's eyes. "You mean—for good, Noble?" she asked in a low voice, although no one knew better than she what trouble such performances got her into. "Noble, you don't mean—"

He made a vocal sound conveying recklessness, something resembling a reckless laugh. "I might go—any day! Just as it happens to strike me."

"But where to, Noble?"

"I don't— Well, maybe to China."

"China!" she cried in amazement. Why, Noble Dill!

"There's lots of openings in China," he said. "A white man can get a commission in the Chinese army any day."

"And so," she said, "you mean you'd rather be an officer in the Chinese army than stay—here?" With that she bit her lip and averted her face for an instant, then turned to him again, quite calm. Julia could not help doing these little things; she was born that way, and no lessons changed her.

"Julia—" the dazzled Noble began, but he stopped with this beginning, his voice seeming to have exhausted itself upon the name.

"When do you think you'll start?" she asked.

His voice returned. "I don't know just when," he said; and he began to feel a little too much committed to this sudden plan of departure, and to wonder how it had come about. "I—I haven't set any day—exactly."

"Have you talked it over with your mother yet, Noble?"

"Not yet—exactly." Forgetting that his means were totally insufficient for the trip, he was conscious of a hearty distaste for China as something unpleasant and imminent. "I thought I'd wait till—till it was certain I *would* go."

"When will that be, Noble?" And in spite of herself Julia spoke in the tone of one who controls herself to ask in calmness: "Is my name on the list for the guillotine?"

"Well—" he said. "It'll be as soon as I've made up my mind to go. I probably won't go before then; not till I've made up my mind to."

"But you might do that any day, mightn't you?"

Noble began to feel relieved; he seemed to have hit upon a way out. "Yes; and then I'd be gone," he said firmly. "But probably I wouldn't go at all unless I decided to." This seemed to save him from China, and he added recklessly: "I guess I wouldn't be missed much around this old town if I did go."

"Yes, you would," Julia said quickly. "Your family'd miss you—and so would everybody."

"Julia, you wouldn't—"

She laughed lightly. "Of course I would, and so would papa."

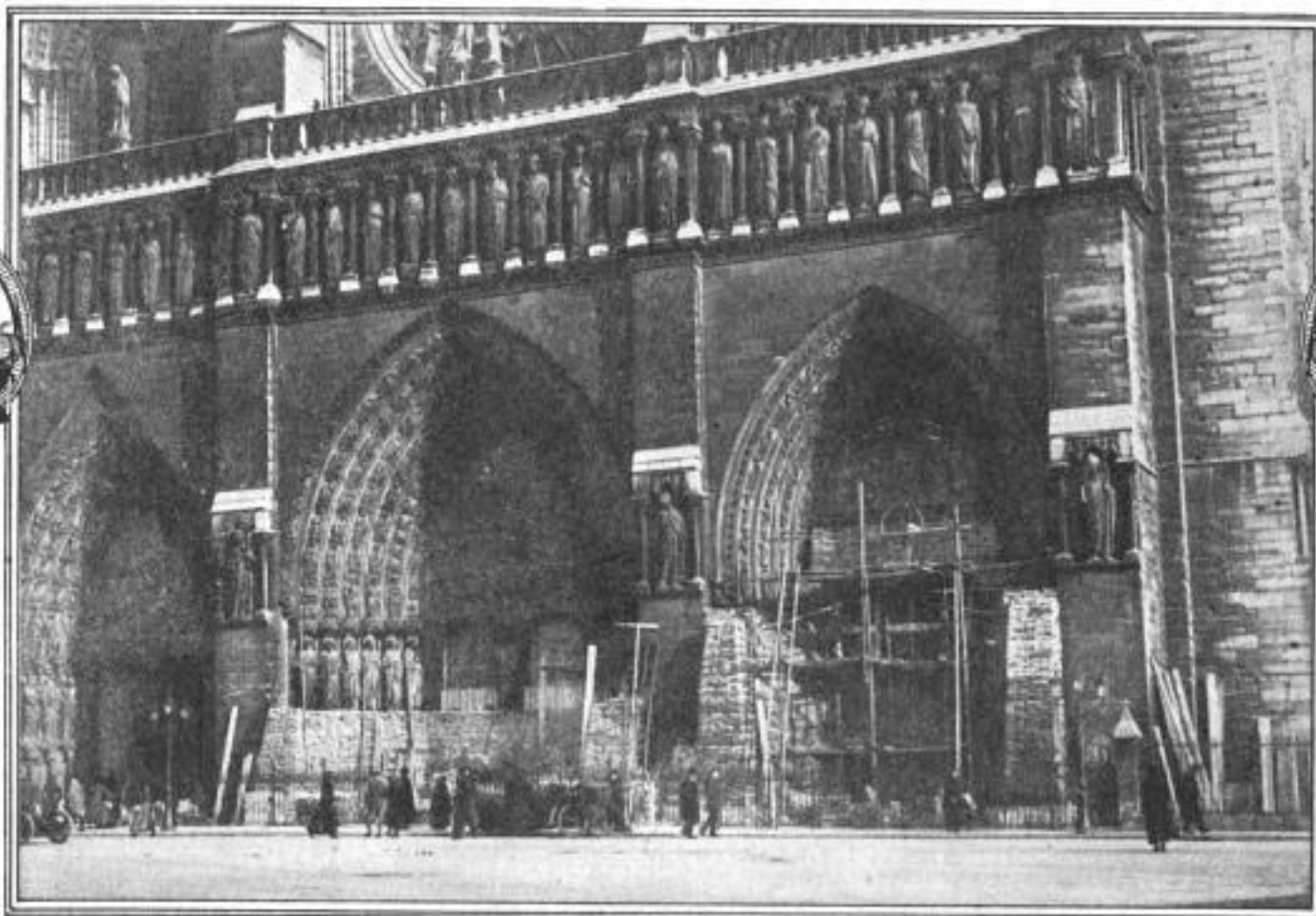
Noble released the gatepost and appeared to waver from the feet upward. "What?"

"Papa was talking about you this very morning at breakfast," she said, and she spoke the truth. "He said he *dreamed* about you last night!"

"He did?"

(Continued on page 37)





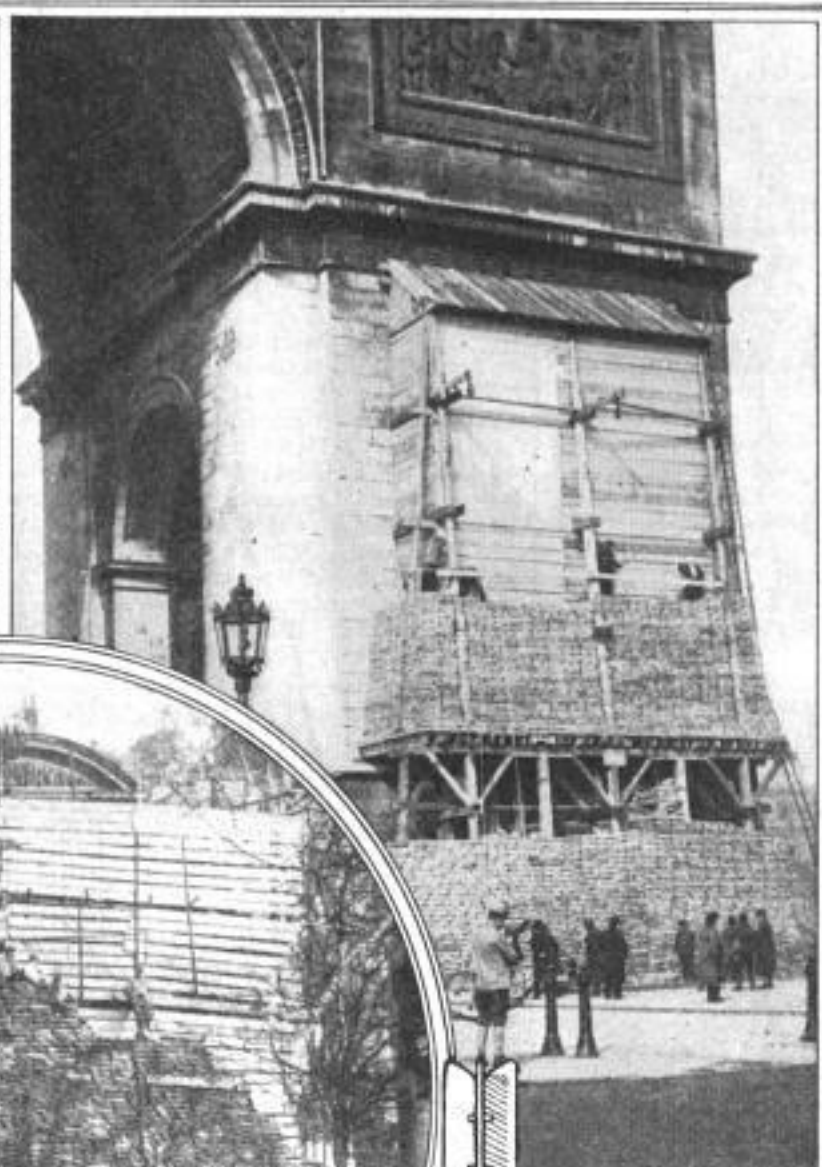
## SAFEGUARDING THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS

*News of air raids on Paris and bombardments by the strange long-distance gun made many of us fear for the safety of her treasures. But Paris is safeguarding them behind barricades of sandbags. Above are seen workmen covering the beautiful portals of Notre Dame*

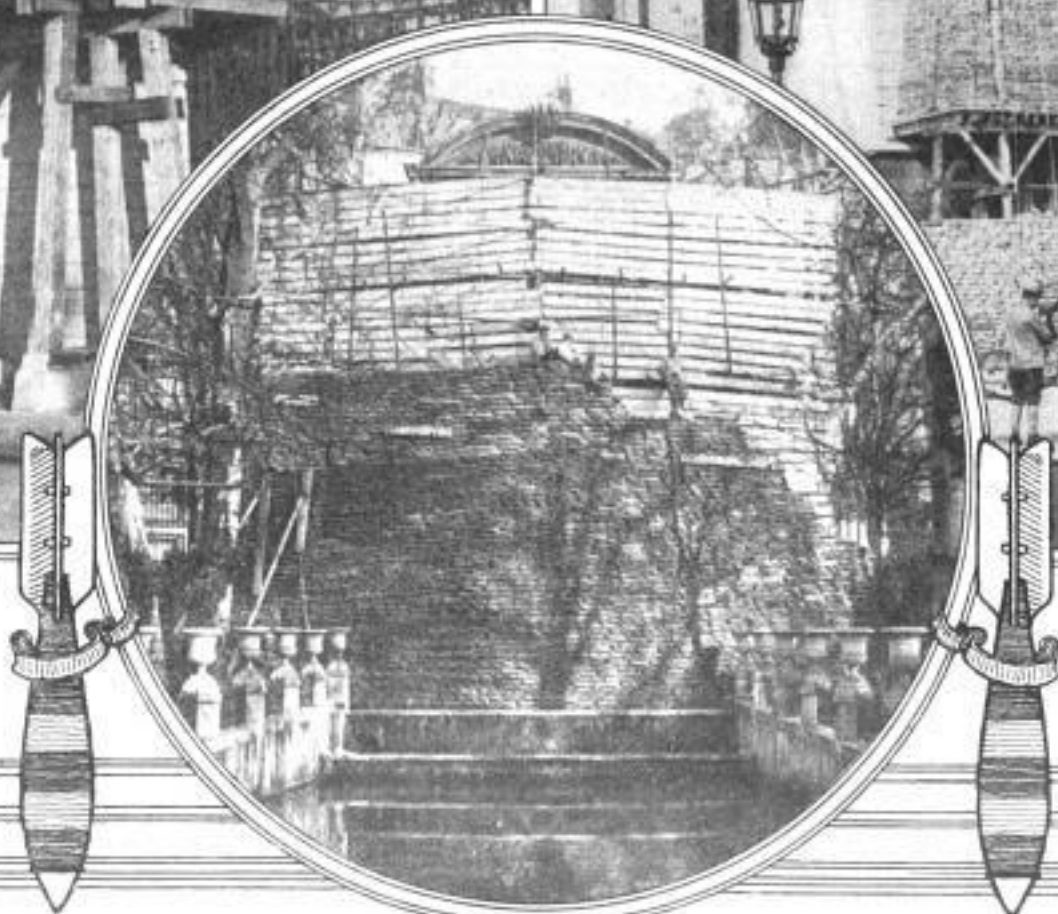
*Photographs from the Gilliams Service.*



*Sandbags and timbers protect the famous bronze horses at the gates of the Tuileries gardens*



*The Medici fountain and the carvings of the Arc de Triomphe are hidden by barricades*





# THE NORTHWESTERN FRONT

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

THE northwestern front isn't in France. It is in the States of Washington and Oregon, on the Pacific Coast of the United States. It is held by a division of troops that numbers, just now, a little more than 10,000 men. And the officer in command is Colonel Brice P. Disque. His command is known, officially, as the Spruce Production Division of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, which is so long a title that it isn't going to be repeated in this bit of war correspondence.

I have been in the front-line trenches of Disque's front. And, believe me, there is real work, and hot work, going on every day in the forests of Washington and Oregon. Reduced to its simplest terms, Disque's problem can be very briefly stated. The aircraft program calls for 10,000,000 feet of the supercarefully selected spruce that goes into airplane parts—every month. It is up to Disque to see that that much spruce goes east to the great airplane factories every month. In February, when he was just beginning to get things going, three times the quantity of spruce theretofore regarded as a normal cut was turned out. Hereafter the monthly requirement will be fully met or exceeded. The campaign along the northwestern front is going to be won. The battle there is not going to be drawn.

The Aircraft Production Board, as is fairly well known, worked all last summer, under the chairmanship of Howard E. Coffin. In cooperation with the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, it turned out the Liberty motor. It standardized airplane construction; it settled upon specifications for every bit of material that goes into an airplane. You can't use shoddy material in building airplanes. If you do, you increase the hazards of the most extrahazardous service in modern war to an impossible degree.

Everything about an airplane has to be made of the very finest material there is. As speed is essential, lightness of all parts has to be considered. And so wing beams and struts, and practically everything except motor and wings, are made of spruce because spruce is the lightest wood that can stand the terrific strains of flying under modern war conditions. Experiments are being made constantly to discover a substitute for spruce. The Germans are using metal, but we have, as yet, no metal that is not so heavy as to reduce speed. Other woods can be used, but they too are heavy. So spruce was, and is, demanded.

Spruce grows slowly. And it doesn't grow in clumps and thickets. The spruce trees from which airplane stock comes vary in age from a hundred and fifty to five hundred years. If you are a timber cruiser, hunting for airplane spruce, you know that a tree with low branches won't do. Low branches mean whorls and broken grain. You know that any sort of parasitic growth damns a tree. So you mark only straight, tall trees, which shoot up sixty, eighty, a hundred feet from the ground before the first branch falls. And—you may find one such tree to an

acre, in a thousand-acre tract! That is, in fact, just about the average.

Spruce has always been turned out in the north woods, to a certain extent. In logging a tract a certain amount of spruce would be cut, together with fir and hemlock and all the other timber. Allowing for the fact that the I. W. W. were running a strike, spruce was being cut and sent to the mills at a normal rate last summer. Production was pretty well cut down by the strike, but it wasn't wholly checked. And it became obvious that not enough spruce could be obtained that way, even after the labor troubles were adjusted—which, incidentally, there was no particular reason, just then, to expect. The lumbermen were in a sullen, ugly mood, and determined to fight until they won; the I. W. W. were entirely ready to give them all the fight they wanted, and were already preparing to put into effect their new program of the "strike on the job," of "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency." Of which more, later.

## With Disque's Division

BRICE P. DISQUE enlisted in the old regular army in 1899, and was made a first sergeant at once. He was sent to the Philippines and got a commission as second lieutenant when he arrived. He made a corking record; there is a story of how, with forty men, he captured an insurgent chief that nearly matches the tale of Funston and Aguinaldo. He stuck to the army, and was a cavalry captain in Texas when, during the mobilization in 1913, he shattered all army records by laying out a divisional camp in exactly thirty hours. He wasn't written up in the newspapers, but, obviously, Washington put down his name for future reference. Disque went back to the Philippines after that and became a sort of manufacturer and business man in uniform. He was in charge of various big construction jobs, and grew rather tired of it. It wasn't soldiering. And so, when he got a cable offer to become warden of the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson, with a free hand, he accepted, and resigned his commission. He did big things at Jackson. He made that prison show a profit, and he made the men in it worship him by taking the ground that their job, and his, was primarily to see to it that they got out with a chance to stay out. Disque's administration of the Jackson prison is one of the brightest pages in the history of prison reform in America.

He was there when we went to war with Ger-

many, and he at once applied for his restoration to duty. He wanted his captain's commission in the cavalry again. He couldn't get it. Mr. Baker was opposed to letting men get commissions except through an officer's training camp—regular army commissions, that is. They fussed around a bit, and then they made him a lieutenant colonel in the Signal Corps, on general principles. But pretty soon he was sent to the Pacific Coast to look over spruce conditions.

Disque went out, in October, knowing absolutely nothing about spruce or lumber. He had never, so far as he knew, seen a spruce tree; if he had, he hadn't recognized it. I talked to him early in March, and what the man doesn't know about spruce is only what no one needs to know. The extent of his knowledge is dazzling and disconcerting. I'm not the only one who thinks so. A number of big lumbermen

in Washington and Oregon have learned many things from Disque about their own business.

Disque's report on what he saw led to the Spruce Production Division, and he was put in charge, naturally. He started with two rooms and four men in the Yeon Building, in Portland. He has a whole floor now, and it is overcrowded—and that is just his office.

Disque demanded selective logging—that is, he wanted the available spruce trees to be singled out in a tract, felled, and turned into aircraft stock—all without cutting the rest of the timber in the tract. The lumbermen protested; Disque quietly insisted. Selective logging is going on. Then he turned to the mills where the logs were sawed and reduced to planks. These mills turned out commercial stock in an efficient and economical way. But they ruined a lot of good aircraft stock. The grain must be absolutely straight in aircraft stock. There must be no knots and whorls. And the existing mills were not equipped to cut logs that way. Their machinery was not flexible enough.

There was no reason, as Disque saw it, why a mill shouldn't treat every log as an individual. Few logs are perfect. The commercial mills treat them all in the same way, and a slight imperfection, owing to the arrangement of their head saws, will run through every plane cut from a log. So Disque decided to build his own cut-up mill, which should be able to consider the personality of every log. Experienced constructors and lumbermen threw up their hands. They told him it would take him a year to build such a plant and that it probably wouldn't be practicable then.

Disque started work on that plant on December 15, 1917, and it began work on February 7, 1918. It went up in exactly forty-five working days; it is the biggest plant of its sort in the world, with twelve head saws—the average commercial mill has two or three—and it covers an area rather bigger than a city block. And—it is turning out perfect stock!

Work has probably been started, by now, on a drying kiln. When I was with Disque's division his interest in the spruce ended when it was put aboard freight cars for shipment to the East. But a great deal of good, sound stock has been ruined in the East by improper drying, and Disque wants to eliminate that. It is figured that the amount needed each month can be very greatly cut down if the drying is done at Vancouver, Wash., where the cut-up mill is. Moreover, the dried spruce will take up less room in freight cars.

## Slowing Up

MEANWHILE, Disque was chasing back and forth across the continent, hammering at Washington for the organization he had decided he must have. The labor problem was acute and menacing. There was, for various reasons, shortage of laborers. The men were going back to work in the mills and



Getting out the spruce for all our army airplanes is Colonel Disque's war job



Ready for riving, which preserves the grain of the wood, all-important in aircraft stock



the logging camps, but a lot of them had gone into the shipyards, drawn by the high pay and the better working conditions. The strike—the open strike—was about over, and the men hadn't won the eight-hour day that was the basis of their demands. The big lumbermen swore they never would.

So they were going in for the "strike on the job." They were practicing "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency." That meant that, though a man might, technically, work ten hours, he would slow up enough, and loaf enough, to bring the sum of his work down to what he could do in eight hours, or less. It meant sabotage, to a certain extent. It meant the frequent discovery of a spike in a log—the discovery being made when a head saw came into contact with the spike in the mill, to its sudden and complete ruination. It meant a sullen spirit that made for poor work, slack work—and a mightily reduced production of the spruce that was so vital to the aircraft production. There are wise men who believe that this war must and will be won in the air. Whether that is so or not, an army that hasn't enough airplanes might as well be in California as in France, for all the good it will be against the Germans.

### The Riving Camps

DISQUE attacked the labor problem in two ways. First, he got soldiers who could be put to work. When I went West I traveled with a lot of lads, not even in uniform, who were going to Vancouver Barracks, and, ultimately, to cut spruce. I talked to them, and tried to find out just what it was they were going to do; it seemed rather odd, you know, to see recruits traveling away from the war instead of toward it. They didn't know what they were going to do; they had only a vague idea that they were going to cut spruce. Men were combed out from the National Army cantonments, strapping chaps who knew something about the woods or about sawmills. Others got a chance to volunteer instead of waiting for the draft. That was how the 10,000 men who made up Disque's division were gathered, a squad at a time.

I reached Portland, on my way down the coast, just in time to be invited to motor over to Vancouver Barracks, across the Columbia River, with Colonel Disque, Major Stearns, his adjutant, and, so to speak, his chief of staff, and Captain Reuben Hitchcock. And when I got to Vancouver Barracks I saw 5,000 men pass in review before the colonel. It was a pretty impressive sight. The men I had seen on the train were in that lot. But they were in uniform by then, and, comparatively speaking, veterans. There were several hundred men who had no uniforms yet; some of them had dropped off the train the night before.

Vancouver Barracks is an old regular army post. Disque's division has built a cantonment south of the old post, with company streets, mess halls, and all the trimmings for twelve squadrons of the Signal Corps. Twelve squadrons are to be there all the time. Some of those men will be busy in the big cut-up mill, which was built on the parade ground. And the cantonment will serve as a depot for the men in the woods.

The bulk of Disque's men go into the woods just as soon as they have been licked into shape, and have learned some of the rudiments of drill, and, with them, the habit of discipline. That is what they are for. They have ended the labor shortage in the woods. Now, when a man who is cutting spruce under contract sends up a cry for labor, and proves he can't get it in the ordinary way, he gets soldiers. He pays them going wages, and, as those are more than the private's pay of \$30 a month, the men are happy. These men live in tents or huts in the woods, under army officers. Their working conditions are those that prevail in the woods. And they surely deliver the goods!

Most of the men in the woods, however, are in riving camps. Riving is the oldest way there is of preparing a log for the sawmill. Essentially it means splitting a log by driving wedges into it on the ground where it has been felled. That preserves the grain of the wood, which is the all-important thing in aircraft stock. The commercial method was to saw the trees—which destroyed the grain, as a rule. So riving was demanded.

The lumbermen swore it couldn't be done. They knew; they weren't guessing. Aside from the fact that it was a wasteful and extravagant way to go at the job, it was impossible, anyhow. So they said flatly. They didn't convince Disque. His point was that rived spruce was the kind that had to be produced, and, that being so, he was going to get rived spruce, whether it could be got or no. So—he is getting it. Captain Reuben Hitchcock sees to that. He is head of the rived-spruce division. And he showed me how it was done.

Hitchcock says that, in times of peace, he used to make folding machinery in Cleveland in the mornings and practice law in the afternoons. Also he used to be captain of the Black Horse Troop, Cleveland's crack military organization. He met Disque when Disque went to Cleveland as that troop's instructor, and when Disque realized the size of his



An airplane into which this tree's wood has gone may play a decisive part in winning the war

job he sent for Hitchcock, who dropped his business affairs and went West, at once. Hitchcock looks as if he were—and I know he is—an efficient business man of the sort which gets things done. I like him, and I don't want to cast reflections on him, but he doesn't look like a cavalry leader. I know any horse that saw him coming with intentions of mounting would agree with me too.

He said I couldn't understand the spruce problem unless I went out into the woods with him and saw the whole process. I tried to argue about that. I told him I could ask him questions. He said he wouldn't answer them. So we started from Portland one Sunday night, spent four hours traveling 100 miles to Astoria, and started thence early next morning, in a snowstorm and a Ford, with Colonel Disque's brother, Lieutenant Robert C. Disque, at the wheel.

Bob Disque feels that some one put up a game on him. He got his commission without letting his big brother know anything about it. And then, by some odd shuffling of the cards, he was sent out to Oregon to report to the colonel! It was a shock to both brothers. Bob was sent to the woods at once—and was the only married officer who was, in the whole division. The rest of the men with wives stayed in Portland or at Vancouver Barracks. But I think that was purely accidental, although it's a cinch that nepotism isn't going to prevail in the Disque family!

We headed for the woods along the Necanicum River. The going was fine at first; the snowstorm stopped, and it cleared up just in time to make my first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean a complete success. So far as I could judge, it is a large ocean, just about as wet as the Atlantic. But that is irrelevant and immaterial.

The road didn't stay good. It got so bad that Hitchcock began to worry as to how anyone was ever going to get spruce over it. As he will have to build a new road if his fears are justified, and

as he hates to spend Government money, he had reason for worrying. He hates to spend Government money—but he gets through a pile of it! He is building 100 miles of logging railway, for instance, to open up new spruce districts, and they will probably cost a million and a half dollars.

### Getting Out the Spruce

SOME miles back of Seaside, Ore., we stopped at Camp No. 1. Here there are about 200 soldiers, working for a contractor, who is getting out spruce for the Government. The men lived comfortably, in good tents, with big eating tents and a shack for shower baths. I don't know just what else the officers do, but when I was there the ones in that camp were slowly going mad over the official reports they had to fill out. I gathered that red tape had stretched some thousands of miles from Washington. But I suspect that it will be cut. . . .

Then we drove on, along a road that only a Ford could travel, and Hitchcock and Disque amused themselves by explaining just how rough the going would be after we left the car. We reached our destination just before lunch time. I was entirely willing to wait until after lunch, but Hitchcock said that if we hurried we could probably see some riving. So we walked along the road, looking for a path that led up the side of a mountain into the woods where a tree had been felled.

It didn't look like a path to me, when we found it. I don't know how the others knew it was a path. But they said it was, so we scrambled up. I went on all fours. I don't know what the others did; I was too busy to look. I could hear hammering, and, after a while, we came to where they were riving. A tree had been felled and sawed in two—across, but not lengthwise. It was being split, and that seemingly simple change in the way of reducing the big logs to manageable proportions is the kernel of the whole spruce nut.

(Continued on page 31)





# Collier's

## When Johnny Comes Marching Home

THE proposed program of the Labor party in Great Britain has aroused a great deal of interest in this country because of the effect it may have on the plans of our own leaders of union labor. It is not probable that a labor party will be started in the United States, but American labor leaders are apt to take their cue from the practiced politicians who control the Labor party of Great Britain. They will shape their demands for legislation on the lines laid down in this program, and they will act in concert as they never have acted before.

The committee of the British Labor party insists upon four cardinal points: The Universal Enforcement of the National Minimum, the Democratic Control of Industry, the Revolution in National Finance, the Surplus Wealth for the Public Good. Under these heads the program insists upon such details, for example, as Government insurance against unemployment, national control of railways, mines, the production of electrical power, and life insurance, rigid price fixing, and the "direct taxation of incomes above the necessary cost of family maintenance." It demands that the greatest incomes be taxed anywhere from 80 to 95 per cent, that the profits of city and mineral land—"the unearned increment"—be turned into the National treasury, and that the Government must be "the heir to all private riches in excess of a quite moderate amount by way of family provision."

It is a big program, expressed in the uncompromising tone of men who feel that they have the power in their hands and are determined to use it unsparingly. A discussion of its economic soundness would be of little value. The British labor leaders propose to make it a practical political measure, and as a practical political measure it must be considered. What chance is there that such a program can go through in Great Britain? What chance that an imitation of it will meet with approval in this country? These matters must be voted on by the people, and the question is: Where are the union labor leaders to get their votes? They intend to "reconstitute society" after the war according to their own theories of the proper constitution of society. But they cannot do it by themselves. The number of enrolled labor-union men in England or in this country is a small part of the entire voting population. They are organized, but, on the other hand, another body of political opinion and political action is organizing. If the war goes on for two or three years, as it may, the United States army probably will number four or five million men, ALL VOTERS. They will be accustomed to unity of action, to obedience, to discipline. Is it likely that they will take their political gospel from the lips of the leaders of organized labor?

At the present moment the feeling of the fighting men is hostile to the labor-union men at home. The clerks, shopkeepers, farmers who are at the front, exposing their lives to peril every minute of the day and night, have no kinder words for the union men than they have for the profiteering capitalists. The French farmer boys standing for twenty-four hours waist deep in the mud of shell holes or trenches class them all alike as "embusqués." They are "in hiding" in munition works or railways. They demand more and more money. If their demands are refused, they threaten to strike and so cut off the supplies of the men at the front. The feeling is apt to outlast the war and to determine the political action of the soldiers when they return.

American soldiers in France read of a riveter making thirty-six dollars on a Monday and then quitting work for the rest of the week. That news does not tend to make the fighting man a political ally of the mechanic who, he thinks, has betrayed him. It does not seem possible that such a labor leader as HUTCHESON, the head of the Carpenters' Union, will have much weight as counsel to returning soldiers who have suffered, or think they have suffered, from his activity as an organizer of strikes in shipyards.

The English Labor party proposes that the Government shall act as agent in enrolling returning soldiers in labor organizations. But it is probable that the soldiers will refuse to be enrolled or to follow a leadership that they have taught themselves to hate. They will have their own organization, hardened in the terrible furnace of war. They will have their own leaders whom they have followed against the shell fire and poisonous gas of the enemy. And they will constitute a body almost equal in numbers to either one of the principal political parties. They will not all think alike

or act alike politically. But they are apt to be in fairly close agreement in action. They are young and they will be politically energetic. The camp produces the keenest politicians. After our Civil War it was the "veterans" who controlled the politics and the political currents of this country. The Union veterans for many years "ran" the North, the Confederate veterans the South. Generally speaking, they grouped themselves around leaders who had gone into the army from civilian life. They were not very receptive to new political theories. In fact, they were absurdly conservative. But they managed the country. Of the eight presidents from 1868 to 1896, six were ex-officers.

As we have said before, the question is one of practical politics. If the war goes on for any great length of time, the probabilities are that the immediate political future of this country, and perhaps of England and France, will be determined, not by the writers of elaborate programs, but by the millions who have made actual sacrifices.

## Wanted—Destructive Criticism

EVEN with the total of his reinforcements from the Russian front, HINDENBURG could never have established a threatening numerical advantage if he had taken his eastern troops and dribbled them along the four hundred miles of western front. What he needed was not a 5 to 4 advantage but a 3 to 1 advantage. He got it by concentrating his new masses on the thirty-five miles between Cambrai and La Fère.

In the serious times which confront us we need more than ever an intelligent and efficient criticism of the men and the policies at Washington with whom rest the fortunes of this nation, of the Allied cause, and of a free world. But criticism is neither enlightened nor effective which exhausts itself in an angry spatter against the entire front, from CREEL to MCADOO, from shoes to ships and bureaucratic sealing wax. This sort of raid warfare is only the sign of deadlock. What we need is a destructive criticism that shall concentrate its just attack on the narrow, essential front, and *break through*: not criticism that punishes, but criticism that destroys. We want criticism that has discovered the vital fault in Administration policy and procedure, that has decided in advance and with all conscience what this country needs first and most to save the war and win the war, and that shall then fight it out in that narrow but decisive sector.

Consider, for instance, the effect, on the normal American citizen and reader of newspapers and magazines, of some such frontal attack as the following:

Shipbuilding has failed. Food conservation lags. The transport of men has broken down. Equipment is short. The airplane program has failed. Rifles and machine guns have failed. Railway management has broken down. The labor program has broken down.

Admit that in every case there is substantial basis for the charge. Yet the effect on the normal American will be one of two things. He will either say that such wholesale indictments are invariably untrue, and will put it all down to partisanship; or he will carry away, from the very impressiveness of the number of things the Administration has failed in, a sense of the enormous task that has fallen on the Administration; under which circumstances error is only human.

What Congress needs is a Board of Critical Strategy and Co-ordination. Such a board would select the weakest sector in the Administration front and concentrate there for a break-through against incompetence or ignorance or indifference. It would not complain about equipment deficiencies because these are not, for the moment, vital. It would not complain overmuch about airplane shortage, however excellent a talking point that offers, because the first week of the great battle in France showed that the Allies have airplanes enough. It would not spend too much time on field guns and machine guns, because they are not the immediately important thing.

But such a board of criticism would discover that the two pressing essentials are men for France and ships to get them over, and that the two things in turn resolve themselves into one—ships; for the men are in hand. Upon any weakness in the ship sector it would direct a fire destructive of all paper estimates, of all vague hopes, of all distant contingencies. It would compel the Government to think and build ships. Criticism would be doing only one thing at a time, but that one thing would be the vital task.



# Editorials



Behind a board of criticism thus deployed would stand the massed opinion of the nation, no longer dispersed—and bewildered—over a dozen needs and delinquencies.

## A Share in This War

MR. JULIAN STREET makes very clear in his article in this issue of *COLLIER'S* that we who stay over here cannot have a share in this war by investing our surplus income in Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps. Setting aside a convenient amount for the purchase of bonds is profiteering. It is only buying to the extent of real sacrifice that is sharing. There are still some of us who do not understand this. The variety of excuses offered the salesmen of the Third Liberty Loan is a tribute to the ingenuity of the minds which offered them. That the reasons given for not subscribing more money are, by and large, excuses and nothing else is proved by comparing our balance sheet with that of the other nations engaged. We are indebted for the figures to an article by Mr. THOMAS MORRISON in the current issue of the "Century Magazine":

### ESTIMATED INCOME

United States . . . . .	\$40,000,000,000
France . . . . .	6,000,000,000
Great Britain . . . . .	12,500,000,000
Germany . . . . .	11,000,000,000

In a word, the annual income of the United States is very much greater than the income of France, Great Britain, and Germany together. We are not only the richest nation in the world; we are richer than any other three nations together. Now, what is the relation of our national debt to our annual income? Mr. MORRISON says it is 17.50 per cent. The comparative figures are as follows:

### PERCENTAGE OF DEBT TO INCOME

United States . . . . .	17.50%
France . . . . .	333.34%
Great Britain . . . . .	192.00%
Germany . . . . .	236.27%

If France could devote every cent of income to the national debt, it would require three years and four months to pay it off; if Great Britain could devote every cent of income to her national debt, it would take nearly two years to pay it off; if Germany could devote every cent of income to the national debt, it would take considerably more than two years to pay it off. If the United States could devote every cent of income to the national debt, it would take a little more than two months to pay it off. Taking annual income as a basis of power to pay, France has gone in nearly twenty times as deep as we have. England has gone in more than ten times as deep as we have. Germany has gone in nearly twelve times as deep. We've got the money; we haven't begun to shell it out—no matter what we tell the Liberty Bond salesman.

## Home Fires

THE two bronze lions in front of Chicago's Art Institute are said to have the longest unsupported tails in the world. That is undoubtedly something, and the institute has even larger claims to distinction. It nourishes the original and no less Chicagoesque notion of using its resources to promote good citizenship, and instead of locking up its pictures like bonds in a safe-deposit vault, it sends some of them out every now and then on a tour of the smaller towns, where pictures are scarce, and an amiable crusader goes along with them to tell the dark people—as they say in Russia—the place of beauty in everyday life, and the very tangible relation between art and democracy. Mr. ROSS CRANE is their man for this—an odd genius, who can make good as an entertainer, in competition with the movies and the bill at the Orpheum, and give sound and constructive comment at the same time. One of his ways of doing this is to intersperse his picture talk with talks on house planning, the "city beautiful," planting shrubbery, and so on. Imagine him, for instance, in some high-school auditorium tackling the subject of interior decoration. With a mantel, a piano, a picture from the museum to start the color scheme, and a few other properties, he builds up a room before your eyes, and tells why the davenport goes here and not somewhere else. All complete but for a woman and music, he calls up from the audience a pleasing young lady who sits down at the piano and begins to sing "Love's Old Sweet Song" or "Genevieve." The lights are out by this time, except for the big shaded lamp in the imaginary room, the audience feel that it is *their* room, and they join in the chorus—a dramatization, you will observe—colonial mantels plus "The Man

from Home." Before an audience of Elks or Rotarians, Mr. CRANE will take another tack, and prove that by making itself less ugly, some other town has increased its real-estate values 200 per cent. He is always ready, and always contrives to hitch his special propaganda to everyday life. A lucky man, whose fight for civilization involves no destruction, and whose service is more useful, if anything, in war time than before it.

## That Missouri-Kansas Frame of Mind

WITH ten thousand big guns hammering out our world's future on the western front, the Kansas City "Star" yet found time and space to note that:

Men no longer scratch matches on their trousers, because it leaves a mark. It will occur to the men some day that matches do the same thing to a wall.

What a difference it would make if men everywhere would hold firmly to ascertained truth and apply the same to their major and minor daily acts! The human race, as now conducted, spends much of its time learning, relearning, and then disregarding what has been learned—a vicious circle which leads nowhere and that slowly. Of all our neglected resources none can compare in mass and in significance with the accumulation of unused knowledge that science and shrewdness have stacked up about us during the past hundred years. When once we have put it all to work, kaisers, politicians, and wars will vanish into nothingness like cockroaches before the spring house-cleaning. The hopeful faith that this is possible is the essence of the Middle-Western frame of mind. That is why Kansas, for example, turns out such energetic school-teachers. But it seems odd that they don't have safety matches.

## Full Moon in Paris

THE phases of the moon have long been held to exercise a serious influence upon earthly phenomena and human affairs. Old is the legend that children born under a new moon are sickly or weak-minded; old the superstition that a full moon favors the growth of cucumbers, potatoes, and turnips. But in the Paris of the late winter and early spring of 1918 a full moon had a quite other significance. It meant that, just before it reached its fullness, trains leaving the city were uncomfortably well filled with nervous gentlemen of middle age, or over, conducting their families to points south or west; it meant that when one asked the Parisian to dinner "next Monday" he was as likely as not to say: "Monday? But Monday the moon is full, and my wife is rather nervous about dining out when the moon is full. Make it two weeks from Monday, and I'm sure we'll be glad to accept!"

For to the Parisian of 1918 the full moon had signified, in anticipation at least, a return of the Gothas. Not in terror, for Paris is not easily terrified, but in mild, disillusioned humor, the wits of the City of Light (but nowadays not too much light!) rally one another upon their preference for dining at home on probable nights of a raid. Why die uselessly? is the excellent philosophy. It is only the American who has never yet seen a raid who ventures out needlessly; unless, indeed, he is a newspaper man, and newspaper men don't matter anyway. Yet it is in one of the most respectable of Paris newspapers that we find some excellent fun apropos of these same air raids. It is a writer in the "Journal des Débats" who recalls the place of the full moon in poetry—and MUSSET's rare "Ballade à la Lune," *du passant bénié*.

The Japanese have loved the moon, in their brief snatches of lyric, their wonderful concentrations of a mood in a few syllables of phrasing. "Full moon," writes one of them:

Full moon,  
And all night I've walked me  
Round the lagoon.

Here is another specimen of Japanese moon verse:

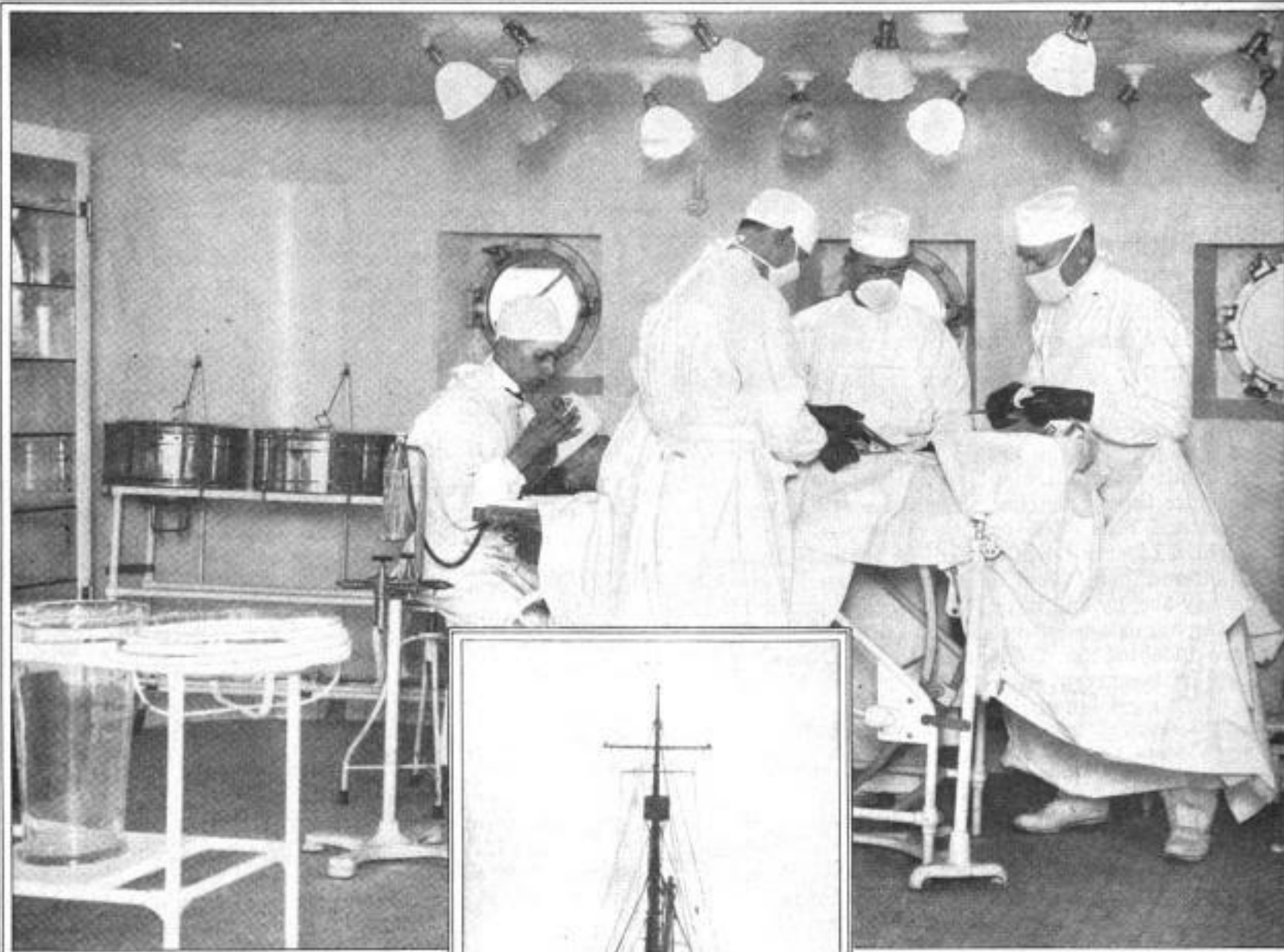
To-night, that the moon is so fine,  
Is he in his hut,  
The hermit?

But here, according to the cynical Parisian, is the way the poet of Nippon would write his poem—if Yokohama were as near the German lines as Paris is:

Full moon,  
Some wise man tell me how to  
Douse that glim!

That perfect moon poem also measures twelve syllables!





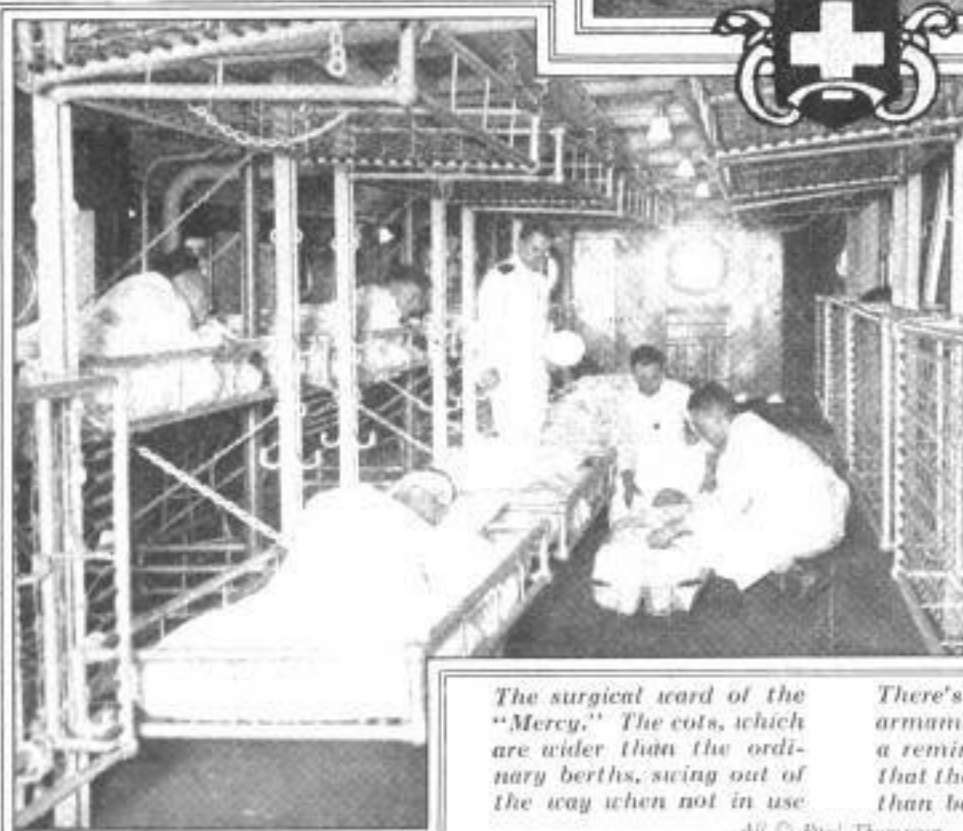
# An Ocean

*Our first completely equipped hospital ship, the U. S. S. "Mercy," has just been placed in commission, under command of Dr. Norman D. Blackwood. Her sister ship, the "Comfort," will be in commission very shortly. Both will serve our navy, and are among the most perfectly equipped vessels of their kind in the world. More are under construction*



# Hospital

*The operating room of the "Mercy," complete in every particular, was presented and equipped by the Colonial Dames. Although it presents facilities for performing any operation known to surgical science, it is used only for the most urgent cases. For the well-founded rule among navy surgeons is: "Get your man on land, if you can, before operating"*



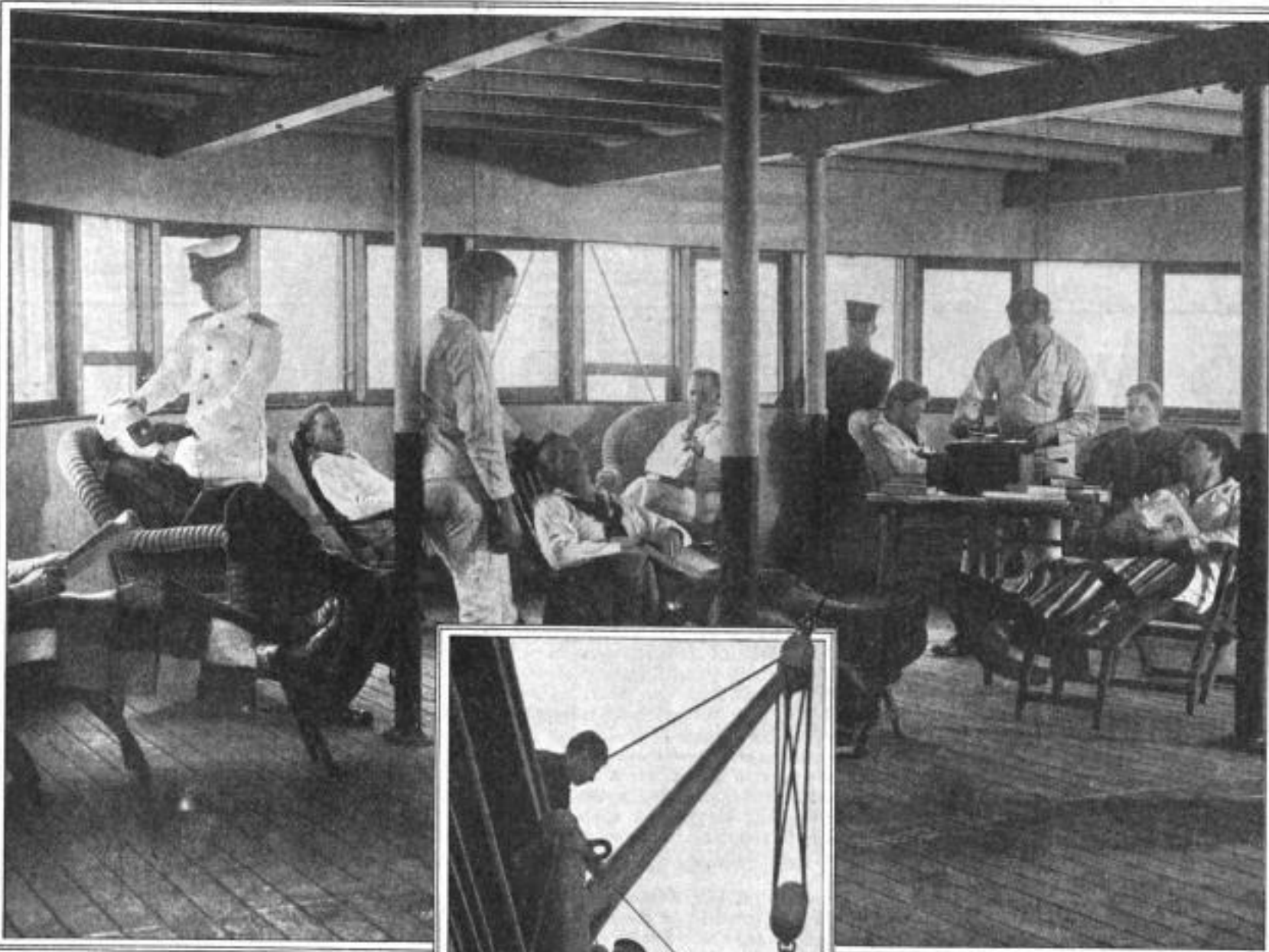
*The surgical ward of the "Mercy." The cots, which are wider than the ordinary berths, swing out of the way when not in use*

*There's a dentist with his armament on board too—a reminder to the jacks that there are worse things than being hit by a shell*

*All © Fred Thompson*







*There is a spacious sun parlor where the convalescent patients can rest and entertain themselves with books, phonographs, and magazines*



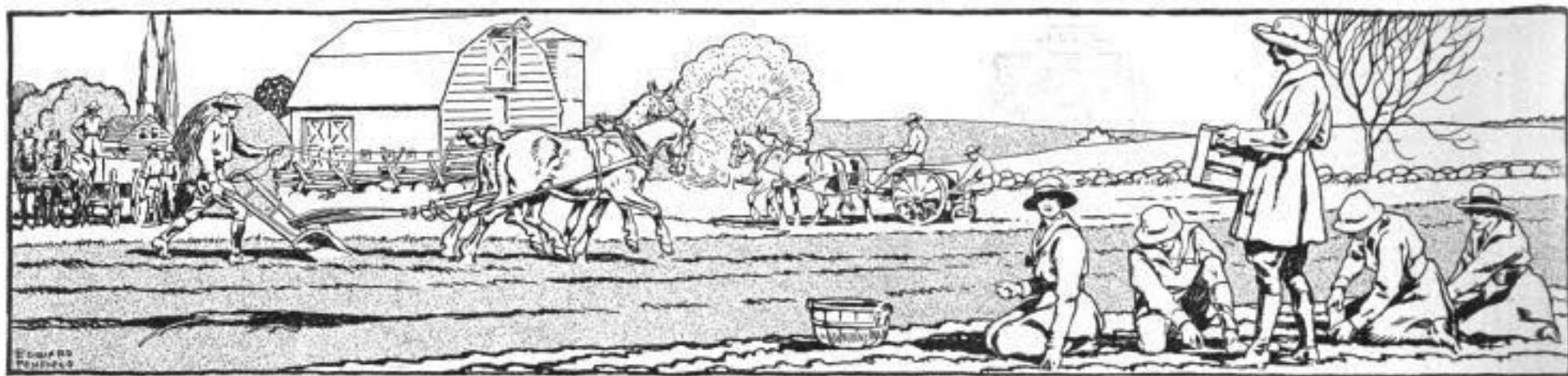
*Badly wounded men are swung aboard in a Stokes stretcher. This modern device is made of steel netting and has special leg rests*



*On the left is the emulsifier, or mechanical cow, which, fed powdered milk, butter fat, and water, supplies a Grade A product. The X-ray machine, for studying fractures and wounds, is in center. At the right is a powerful electromagnet for extracting shell splinters*







# WHO WILL PLANT AND HARVEST THE 1918 CROPS?

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

FOOD is as essential as ships in the winning of the war. Food cannot be produced without labor. And we are short, alarmingly short, of labor for the farms.

For more than a decade we have been short—fully a million men in July, 1914, one authority puts it. If he is right, that means 10 per cent—even before the black days that marked the opening of the Great War. Since then the situation has steadily grown worse. And three years ago, when we first began to be the workshop of the world, multiplying many times over the size of our war-industry plants, it first became acute. New England felt the strain first, for it was New England that had the earliest of the large munition factories. The other States of the Northeast—particularly New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, and Maryland—felt it next. In New York thousands of acres of potatoes and beans went unharvested in 1917. The New York State Food Commission reports the loss of 35,000 full-time farm workers, 15,000 of whom have gone into military service. In Ohio official reports show farm labor to be over 10 per cent short now and the situation steadily growing worse. And the shortage is moving, slowly but surely, across Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois to the Mississippi.

Turn south. In Virginia out of a record crop of 70,000,000 bushels of corn last year, 30,000,000 bushels remained unharvested for lack of labor. The Old Dominion only a little time ago found herself, for the first time in her history, included in the industrial belt of the Northeast. Since the Huns began their first inroads upon Belgium, great powder mills, army cantonments, and shipyards have sprung up on her sandy acres. Those have made tremendous drains upon her none-too-generous labor reserve. And while her own industries were still short of men, she was still further drained by shipyards upon the Delaware, the "war brides" of eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the great new rolling mills and factories in Maryland and West Virginia—all sending South for men.

Look to the West. Governor Capper of Kansas wires to the editor of COLLIER'S: "The acreage of crops planted in Kansas this spring will depend on the farmers' ability to secure labor. The shortage of farm labor is already serious." From Iowa the State Department of Agriculture at Des Moines makes the same comment, stating that probably 30,000 men in that commonwealth formerly available more or less of the time for farm labor have either joined the colors or taken up war work of some kind under the Government. North Dakota reports still more alarmingly that the shortage of farm help is menacing, that her farmers are discouraged, and that they are not preparing to plant a full crop. North Dakota conditions are more or less reflected in the adjoining wheat districts of Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska. In this last State the "Nebraska Farm Journal" reports that from February 1, 1917, to February 1, 1918, more than 10,000 young farmers went to the military camps alone; this loss will be felt keenly.

From the Far West come reports of the same tenor. A few weeks ago, in the pages of COLLIER'S, I told of standing beside an expert shipbuilder at Newport News, Va., and of his gentle complaint against the inroads that the draft was making upon his none-too-large force of skilled shipbuilders. Last summer I found the same conditions and the same complaints in Aroostook County, Maine—the territory which last year produced 20,000,000 bushels of potatoes, or about 5 per cent of the national crop. A big potato grower at Caribou voiced his protest.

"They came to our village in May," said he, "with a fife-and-drum corps and a half dozen mighty good speakers and recruiters, and they put it up pretty squarely to our boys. They asked them if just be-

cause they lived in the back country was a good reason for their shirking their military duty to their country. Our boys are good Americans. They resented that. A lot of them enlisted. And we've certainly been put to it to fill their places with the shipyards down at Bath and Rockland and Camden paying big money for workmen; and still bigger money to be had farther to the south."

There was no more bitterness in the Maine farmer than there was in the Virginia shipbuilder. Each recognized the overwhelming problem of the Secretary of War and his provost marshal general, and stood ready to cooperate in its solution.

## "The Boys"

ON the acres of the Maine potato grower I saw a little tent pitched at the edge of a tiny grove of fine high pines, which shadowed and protected the farmhouse. "What's that?" I inquired. Khaki-clothed figures were moving in front of the tent flaps. "Have you a military guard for your potatoes?"

"No, that's just the boys."

I had stumbled upon one of the most interesting human experiments toward solving the farm-harvest problem. "The boys"—there were six of them on this Maine farm—were a part of a whole regiment of 700 school lads that had been recruited from Maine cities and sent into the country for the summer. The scheme had been started in the late spring by Jefferson C. Smith of Waterville, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He had carried it to Governor

Milliken, who, being a practical farmer, had given enthusiastic indorsement. Others quickly followed. Percy R. Todd, president of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, offered to carry the youthful volunteers to all the farms upon his lines and back again without charge. The boys had a short training season in a big camp at Winthrop, then were sent out to the farms. The farmers furnished them their food-stuffs, they did their own cooking, and were paid for their services just like any other form of labor.

"How are they doing?" I asked the potato grower. "Oh, they're fine boys. I like 'em. Their only limitation is their size. They can't handle heavy weights. But there is no limit to their willingness."

Out of the 700 boys put upon the Maine farms last summer only four were returned for disciplinary reasons.

The work, which last year was desultory and scattered through a number of different States, has during the course of the winter been brought together by the Department of Labor at Washington, working in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture, under the official title of the United States Boys' Working Reserve. A national headquarters has been opened at Washington. Directors for the various States have been appointed. Census figures indicate a population of more than 2,000,000 boys in the country between sixteen and the draft age, twenty-one. From 250,000 to 300,000 of these boys will go out upon the farms this summer.

The county is the unit. Boys are now being enrolled by the State directors working through the county directors of the Council of National Defense. And the county director works in turn through the school authorities, placing his propaganda and gathering in his enrollments. While this is being done, Professor Spillman's division over at the Department of Agriculture is receiving the applications of the farmers of the various States—directly or through the agricultural departments—who want these boys on their fields in the harvest time of 1918. But the Government will not be content with merely receiving applications for the boys. It will demand that they be placed only on farms that can house them properly and surround them with proper influences. A good part of the farm-labor problem, like that of the shipyards and other industrial strongholds, is a housing problem which literally means a problem of decency and comfort for the resting hours of the tired worker.

## Preliminary Training

THE Federal Government, in the person of Professor W. J. Spillman of the Division of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture and his associates, is going to inspect each farm that makes application for boy labor before it grants that labor. And then the boy is to be paid the "going wage" for his labor. The Government will see to that also. And when he has worked six weeks—six days a week of eight hours each—he will receive the official commendation of his Government in the form of a bronze badge which will be well worth keeping.

These boys will not be sent to the farms from the cities absolutely without previous knowledge of the work awaiting them. The curriculums of many schools—particularly those of the Middle West—have been so readjusted during the past winter as to include lessons or lectures on the simple problems of agriculture. In Chicago the Lane Technical High School has arranged a course of this sort, and as a sort of final practical demonstration it sends its boys out into the streets round about the school where, on the wagons of the street-cleaning and the fire departments, they learn the actual handling of a team of horses.

(Continued on page 44)





Imported from  
Porto Rico



Imported from  
Porto Rico

## Who Discovered *RICORO*?

"Guess my top-sergeant discovered Ricoro," said Captain Adams of the U. S. Cavalry.

"Army pay is about half what I was used to. A man's got to smoke. So I asked Sergeant Gregg how he managed to keep supplied.

"I smoke Ricoro," he said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's this!" said Gregg and he handed me a regular Kipling beauty of a Panetela.

"How can you afford to smoke such an expensive cigar on your pay?" said I.

Gregg laughed in my face as no non-com should.

"W,-w,-why sir," he said, "that's a Ricoro—only seven cents, on sale at all United Cigar Stores."

"Say, man, you ought to be helping Goethals with his war-buying—you're a *real* purchasing agent."

*Sooner or later you'll discover—*

**Ricoro**  
*the "Self-Made" Cigar*

Don't make the mistake of thinking a cigar can't be good unless it's expensive. Ricoro is *imported* from Porto Rico *duty free*.

Ricoro is perfectly made and combines a rich tropic fragrance with pleasant aromatic *mildness*. To discover Ricoro is to halve your cigar expense and double your smoking enjoyment.

Ricoro is made in a dozen sizes and shapes, from 6c to 2-for-25 cents—simply the question of size. The quality is the same in all.

Sold only in United Cigar Stores.—"Thank You."

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Over 1200 Stores Operated in over 500 Cities. General Offices, New York



Saratoga Size—7c  
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3 for 25c  
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*"Only one man  
in 25 makes  
good in the  
Miller Plant"*

## By Creating Uniform Builders We Created Uniform Tires

**Each Man a Master—Each Tire a Masterpiece**

**M**ILLER TIRES are known far and wide today as the Uniform Mileage Tires. That means wherever Millers are run under like conditions, they wear the same. That 99 Millers in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Of all the some 429 brands on the market, there is no other we know to equal this.

### How Miller Succeeded

Such uniformity has been the aim of tire makers for years. For who could tell, when he bought a tire, whether it would run 5000 miles or fail at a thousand?

Miller found the solution—not in machines or methods—but in men.

We discovered that workmen must be uniform or their tires (mostly handwork) can never be.

By training crack squads—a regiment of champions—we reduced the variables in tires to the smallest fraction.

### Each Man Rated

When tire builders come here, each one must take our training and then pass our tests.

Then our efficiency experts keep a record of that man and his work.

To pass our inspectors, the tires he builds must reach our 99 per cent grade. If ever a Miller comes back, the builder's score is penalized. Under this rigid system, only one man in 25 makes good.

But those who do are masters. Their average efficiency is 96 per cent.

### Geared-to-the-Road

There is no excuse longer for buying tires on luck. Miller means certainty.

And safety, too, due to the tread that is *geared-to-the-road*.

Mark how the sharp rubber cogs engage the ground.

### A Limited Number

Only about one motorist in fifty will be able to get the Miller Uniform Tires this year. It takes time to train men to Miller perfection. And even so, but few can ever become masters.

To make sure of securing your season's supply of Millers, you must speak at once.

Only good dealers are authorized to sell them. Find the one in your neighborhood without delay.



*If you want the utmost air capacity—size for size—ask for Miller Cord Tires. They are truly luxurious—yet not a luxury, because they cost less per mile than any other type.*

**THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio**  
*Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires*





# THE MERCHANT MARINE AND THE WAR BY NELSON COLLINS

AN honest-to-goodness sailor is expected always to have a grouch over one thing or another, and he is supposed to take seriously everything he sees in print. He is naive as well, and so if he sees odds and ends of a certain kind of comment in the newspapers during the few days he is in port he naturally assumes that the same kind of comment runs current all the time he is away. Also, the winter at sea was unusually fine this year—it is a pity to admit it when we want so much to appear to be bearing hardships, but it is the unheroic fact—so that he has been able to nurse his grouch from one making of port to another without being distracted from it by more immediate and actual cares.

## Cargo-Carrying—the War's Pivot

THIS whole war is touch and go on the question of merchant ships. There is, for instance, plenty of sugar in the world and plenty of wheat. If the navies could fully perform their old function of protecting merchant vessels, there would be ample tonnage for bringing sugar from Java and wheat from Australia and, with naval luck, from Russia. As it is, the American Sugar Refining Company has to advertise: "At the same time, an abundance of sugar was and still is locked up in far-away Java, as unavailable as unmined gold—because ships cannot be spared to transport it. . . . If we can save the Allies from taking any Java sugar in 1918, we shall release for transport purposes enough ships to carry over to the western front and supply about 150,000 to 200,000 soldiers." The navies have done magnificently, but they have not been able to rise fully to the emergency, so that merchant ships of countries in full surface control of the wide seas might sail freely on their carrying errands. There are not destroyers enough to do the naval job. The convoy system wastes endless days of ships' time. The merchant marine has to do its work under a handicap for which the navies, nobly as they have worked, not the merchant services, are responsible. No other war came to the point where its vital issues hung, absolutely, on merchant ships. They have a new dignity and a new danger in this war. They are indispensable and self-reliant as they have never had chance or need to be before. This has produced a sensitiveness with regard to the management of them unique in wars and unique in the history of the merchant marine—the play back and forth of human motives, of all kinds of human sufficiencies and deficiencies and partialities, ought not to be omitted from the current chronicle of the war. When army, navy, and merchant service are all involved in consideration of the same ships, sometimes of the same single ship, with shipping boards and naval intelligence boards added, the facets of policy and of human nature exhibited from time to time are numerous. The marvel is that all the men concerned and all the groups concerned are so candid and open to revision of their ideas, and that has been true in Great Britain as well as in the United States.

The merchant-service men believe the war can be won through them, and they know the war would

Not often does an editor have a chance to print an article with so real a tang of its own as this. The author is not a special writer sent out by *Collins's* to "cover" the merchant marine. He is a sailor who speaks of the sea as one who knows it and loves it, and, incidentally, can write. Mr. Collins is at present an officer in the American merchant marine.—EDITOR'S NOTE

be lost without them and their ships—would have already been lost long ago—though in the same moment they pay the high tribute devoted service deserves to the navy and to the army, branches of service in which they take a kindred pride. But their own pride is in their capabilities as merchant-service men, and it is these capabilities that are of supreme value in the war. The idea of naval-reserve rating for merchant-service men, an old and honored idea in many countries, had as its originating inspiration the acceptance into the navy in time of the navy's need of men whose equipment made them readily adaptable to naval service as distinguished from merchant service. But it is to the ship as a cargo-carrying vehicle, it is to the merchant-service man as a cargo-carrying and cargo-managing sailor, that the call is imperative. The sailor in his civilian duties, not in his potential fighting qualities, is the sailor upon whom this war pivots. The ship as a carrier, not as a scout or supply boat to a fleet, is the ship's value.

## "Manned by Civilians"

ACCORDINGLY as such a person the merchant sailor comes blowing into port. Well, then, his experience the last four or five months of things heard and read in the port of New York tends to rile him. New York is the greatest port in the United States, and he thinks naturally that he ought to be able to feel sure that its newspapers are competently informed on marine matters and sharers of his pride in the American merchant marine, ships and men. He knows there is more or less agitation about ships. He has heard that the old question of whether army transports shall be under army or navy direction has been raised. He learns along in October that the navy has carried its point of many decades, and that, for the rest of the war, at least, transports' officers and crews shall be from the navy or the Naval Reserve, instead of civilian officers and crews under army orders. He has never given the matter any particular thought, has half inclined to the navy point of view, perhaps. He is proud that the officers and men of the merchant service and the ships of the merchant service took over the first troops to France, and he lets it go at that. He hears that the matter of the navy also taking over all cargo boats requisitioned for army supplies is under discussion, and that the army Quartermaster's Department is inclined to hang on to them. That doesn't strike him as particularly his business either. Then he buys the papers and grows angry. This is his actual experience. All the papers one day in October print the announcement of the navy's taking over the army transports, with a similarity of phras-

ing which indicates that they are following some single statement sent out from some headquarters somewhere. The reasons given for the change leave out discussion of army and navy diverging views and attack the merchant marine. The announcements state that the shift is made because naval forces are "far more effective" for this purpose than a merchant-service personnel. The transport *Antilles* has just been sunk, and reference is made to this disaster, with the phrase "manned by civilians" carefully or carelessly inserted. A particular fling is taken at the firemen, men who risk more than anybody else in present-day navigation. Ordinarily the merchantman has shrugged his shoulders at active injustice or passive neglect. This time, however, his war pride is added to his pride of the service, and he actually bestirs himself to get off a letter to the papers with some statements of fact regarding the *Antilles* and merchant-service work on the transports. The papers print it, and he heads off to sea feeling satisfied that for once he has taken the trouble to stand up for himself and for something greater than himself with which he is bound up. He comes back a couple of months later, and here again was his actual experience. The first paper he bought was still discussing further transfers to naval management and stated that the change was sought because it was understood sailors of some merchant ships were allowed to come aboard drunk in foreign ports. The naïveté of this statement, for a metropolitan newspaper, makes it hard to believe. But it was in a noon or near-noon edition of the New York "World" for Thursday, December 20. Similarly the "Sun" printed a statement that same day with regard to some wild submarine stories and said an officer of either the army or the navy had declared that the tale must have come from some "civilian member of the crew." He swallowed that (although wondering from his experience of weird rumors on shipboard why such an inference was inevitable) in time to read in the "Globe" that "merchant-service captains" were causing a good deal of trouble by not following convoy directions closely enough.

## Public Information!

IN the same week the "Evening Post" came out with a claim that Naval Reserve men "should have precedence above any or all persons who have not enlisted, but have remained ashore, possibly with the idea of high wages on board merchant-marine vessels." About this time he heard there was a plan on foot for the navy to take over all vessels, army transports, army cargo carriers, merchant vessels of whatever description, and put them under Naval Reserve regimen. The Government had already taken charge of the routing of all vessels, and they were under the direction of the civilian Shipping Board. He did not pretend to follow the arguments on policy that he understood were developing between the Shipping Board and the naval authorities, and he hustled off to sea again, anticipating the relative peace of the war zone. While he was in a foreign



port mail from the States came in, and somebody had followed him up with a clipping. This was the gem of the collection, both in its matter and in the sources from which it was published. The refrain is in its second paragraph, "... reports of petty officers in more than one instance show that... the firemen and other members of the merchant crews were ready to quit their posts and desert the ship at the first sign of a submarine." A column of such stuff was printed in the New York "Times" of December 9, claiming to be from an article by Ralph D. Paine, compiled from the records of the Navy Department and sent out by the Committee on Public Information.

### "Oh, What's the Use!"

FOR what happens? Suppose it were all true, what is the point to be made, the purpose to be served, in printing it? Is there professional cooperation in such a course? Are the ethics and amenities of the related and associated services maintained by it? Since when were petty officers of the navy held competent to pass judgment on masters and officers of ships? They are excellent fellows, known for their handiness and not used to thinking outside the range of the "Bluejacket's Manual." Their value is in their limitation. Would a merchant vessel's boatswain or chief quartermaster have his report on the discretions exercised or indiscretions committed by a naval ensign or lieutenant entertained, let alone published, by his line officials?

I am not a great believer in tu quoque arguments myself. But out of curiosity at least the merchant sailor is apt to set forth a few to himself. To the original faux pas attributing the loss of the transport *Antilles* to her "civilian crew" comes as offset the recall of a rear admiral and talk of inadequacy of convoy in the connection. Offsetting the charge that naval convoys sometimes have trouble in getting their orders exactly executed by civilian captains under their escort are the readily confirmed incidents where ships, reputations, and even lives have occasionally been risked trying to carry out convoy instructions. These lead to the sympathetic reading by American merchant officers of such questions as this one, asked of the Secretary to the Admiralty in the House of Commons on the night of January 16, 1918: "Is the right honorable gentleman aware that many experienced British shipmasters would very much prefer to be without the [convoy] protection afforded by the Admiralty?" The charge printed in Mr. Paine's article that gun crews have difficulty with merchant crews in submarine encounters is offset by the whole glorious record of the merchant marine throughout this war, by plenty of citations of "nerves" and perilous excitements among the relatively inexperienced naval gun crews and the repetition of what the New York "Times" printed October 25 last—and should have remembered: "The officers, petty officers, and most of the men in the merchant service have had three years' experience carrying American ships through the war zone. Naval officers and gun crews who have been aboard with them since our entrance into the war have conspicuously profited by the practical tutelage and initiated discipline they needed and received from the men of the merchant service." The New York "Telegram's" reference to "conditions which not only have retarded the operation of vessels and delayed them in transit, but conduct which has seriously jeopardized the property of the United States and the lives of all on board" has been charitably construed as at least ambiguous. To the claim of the writer in the "Evening Post" that Naval Reserve men "undoubtedly should have precedence above any or all persons who have not enlisted," the reply is obvious that the men already in the merchant service have lived through all the perils that might attend enlisted service long before it occurred to many of the men in the Naval Reserve that there was such a thing as the sea and have served an apprenticeship in discomfort at miserable wage while these newer applicants for sea service were happy and prosperous ashore. To the comment in the same newspaper, "Both the Shipping Board and the department controlling the army transports are gradually seeing the light," comes the

offset of the whole experience of Great Britain as summarized in the "Nautical Magazine" (Liverpool) for January, 1918: "From the American 'Nautical Gazette' we learn that American transports are to be manned hereafter by none but naval ratings, the inference being that officers and men of the merchant service have been found wanting in some measure. The United States naval authorities are seemingly of the opinion that the operation of a vessel is less efficient when she is manned by a crew which changes each voyage and that a naval personnel for each transport is preferable. . . . Proportionately, the number of casualties entered to vessels under the control of naval officers is immensely greater than is the case with vessels under the command of merchantmen. If the American naval authorities give effect to their proposals, they will become sadder and wiser men ere many moons wax and wane. We were under the impression that America had learned much from Britain's failures in naval matters as in military, but it would appear that there are points on which she still requires enlightenment, and the manning of her transports is evidently one of them."

A new book by Charles Clifford Gill, lieutenant commander United States navy, "Naval Power in the War," originally "contributed to 'The New York Times Current History Magazine'" and now "adopted by the Academic Board of the United States Naval Academy for use in the history courses for midshipmen" and labeled "Publication Authorized by the Navy Department," has nowhere in it any word of appreciation for the merchantmen, and prints statements like these:

"It is difficult for seamen who for years have navigated the usual lanes to understand and carry out instructions intended to safeguard them from a foe they cannot see. . . . Utmost vigilance is necessary at all times, and to get this requires a strict discipline which does not exist on board the majority of trading ships. . . . There is plenty of evidence that many a ship has played into the hands of the U-boat either by failure to carry out instructions or by a poor lookout system, or by neglect to steer zigzag courses before sighting the submarine, or by stupid seamanship after sighting it. This is unfortunate,

the case. It isn't the depreciatory intention, but the smugness, the carelessness, and the ignorance, the inability to see anything but one's own ship on the whole sweep of sea, that bore a man even more than they exasperate. There is no record anywhere in the merchant service, so far as I can ascertain, of bringing ships that are halfway across the ocean to a full stop at dawn to arrange formation for the day, nor has any merchant captain in a convoy laid out a course for himself that would compel him to cut out a chunk of island as an incident of the day's run, nor has he, upon discovering something unsavory in his vessel when *halfway across*, put about and returned to his port of departure. Does the writer of such a careless book know that the greatest British army transport, which has successfully carried over 100,000 men, is commanded by her old civilian captain and manned by her old crew? Does he know that the voyage of the *Deutschland* was accomplished by a captain of the North German Lloyd Line? Does he understand that the British blockade of German ports is run by merchant-service officers and men, along with all the work of the mine sweepers and the trawler patrols? Does he wish to argue that the mystic R. N. R. changed their natures and their capacities in the moment of going into active service, or is it his argument that American merchant-service men are poorer stuff than the British and German?

### At Least, Justice

WHY not have been at least just, or conceivably as generous in his presentment of the merchant marine for the education of impressionable midshipmen, who may yet have to cooperate with them in this war, as in his estimate of the navy: "Again it is the ability of the naval power of the United States to check the submarine menace in the Atlantic which has made the money, food, and man power of America transported overseas to the support of hard-pressed England, France, and Italy a decisive factor in the war?"

If merchant officers and men had been careless about professional cooperation, if the same lack of professional reserve and unselfish patriotic pride that has originated some of these reports from individuals—not from the naval service as a whole—had incited our merchantmen, they could often enough have created laughter and dubiety by recitals of some experiences in this mixed association by playing up exceptional cases as typical. They could have been Gilbertian in comment. Censorship, however, whether compulsory or voluntary, involves two motives, one rather more legitimate than the other when selfishly applied—to keep information from the enemy for defense from attack and to keep information from the home public for defense from criticism. The men of the merchant service have kept both of these consistently in mind in their silences. They have leaned over backward for others where they were indifferent about themselves. They have had a seamanly understanding of difficulties, born of their own long experience with an enemy that was inimical long before we ceased being neutrals, and an admiring recognition of zeals and intentions. Most naval men at sea are keen for the merchantmen because of that, just as merchantmen are keen for them for the real protection they afford.

### What Does He Mean?

ONLY naval men ashore and long ashore could sponsor or enjoy the glaring misstatements and downright falsehoods that from some source or other have been supplied the newspapers. The "United States Naval Institute Proceedings" reprinted in its issue of January, 1918, from the Washington "Post" of November 25, 1917, an article by Mr. George Rothwell Brown, entitled "Naval Control of Merchant Transports Urged," that simply could not have been written or printed or reprinted in a country where the merchant-marine service was adequately developed, so that people knew anything about it or were in the least degree sensitive for its

repute, and that never would have come from anyone actually in active service on the high seas. Nowhere in the article is there any recognition of the merchant marine either by way of a thing directly said or by way of unfortunate phrasing withheld. "On most of the ships com-

(Continued on page 41)

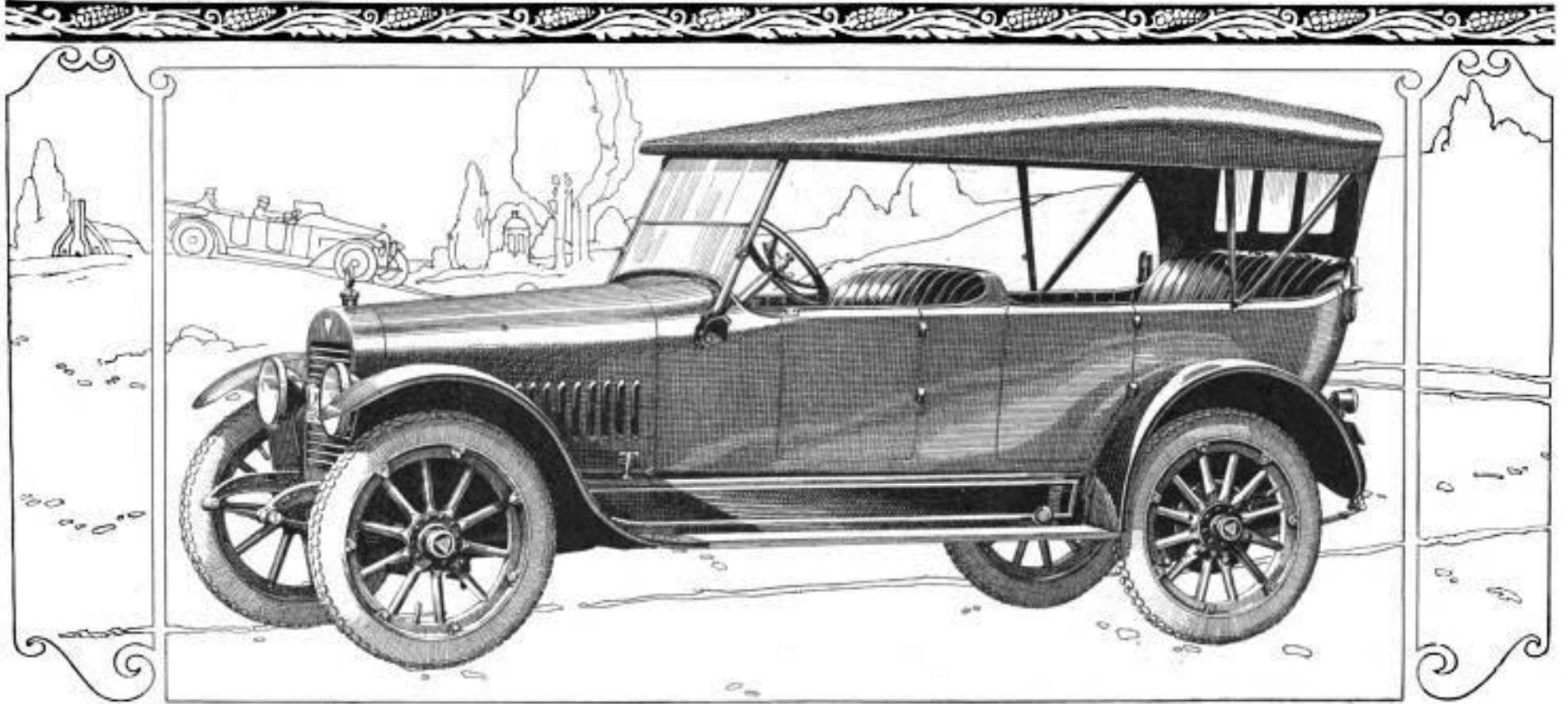


### SEEING IT THROUGH

but not surprising. The nature of the submarine enemy is such that to combat it successfully requires a personnel of a high order of intelligence, well trained and well disciplined."

"Oh, what's the use!" in schoolboy parlance, for schoolboy parlance is the only language that can fit





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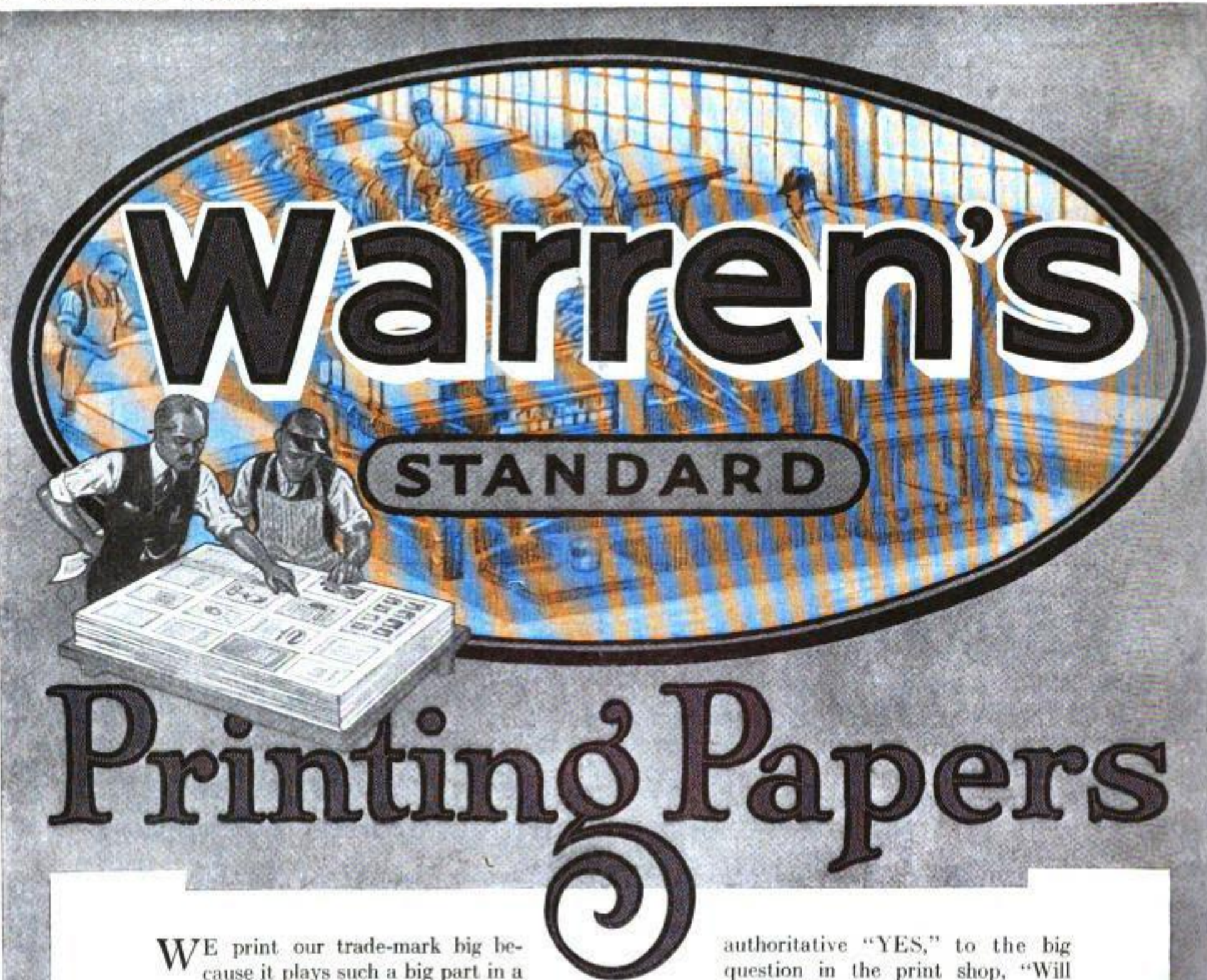
Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



*The new Hudson Super-Six Phaeton. It is a 7-passenger car, a de luxe development of the earlier Super-Six models, of which there are more in service than any other fine car of its type.*







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# THE YELLOW-FOOTED BIRD

BY JOHN BRECK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

I EXPECT my nerves were rather overstrained. Some of the chaps from the neighboring unit of the British R. F. C. gave a little dinner to us Sammies who were already backing our country's declaration of war by getting into their game. Chisholm, confound his colloquial tongue, gave a corking toast—he ended up by quoting from Montgomery's verse:

*Some bird, that boy,  
Duckin' clouds and flyin' is joy to 'im,  
And so we're gettin' sorter fond of 'im—  
The yellow-footed beggar with the blinkin' eye.  
Some bird, old ally of the sky—  
Some bird!*

And it was up to me to answer him.

They were making a special set at me for a Hun I strafed in the morning when he was pressing one of their machines which was almost out of control—my second triumph as a "pilote d'avion de chasse." I answered that it took a bird to fight a bird. The black eagle had been crowing long enough—now we were ready to show him we were no barnyard rooster even if we did have yellow legs. By the way they howled I knew more than a few of them knew how to set a gaff.

Chisholm shouted: "I'll give ten to one on Baldy!" I faded then and let him have the floor. It's too much to expect a fellow to bandy words with a clever Irishman when he has to "do his work on water." Oh, there are drawbacks to the flying game—the higher up you get the less you seem to belong to yourself, and the more you get to feel like some tool, to be kept in perfect order for delicate uses. When you come to compute the cost of manufacture, though, it seems fair enough. I figured that nearly five thousand dollars had gone into whatever my raw material was worth at the start. But whatever is the use of a commission, I'd like to ask, if your chief mechanic can chaperon you home from a party at ten o'clock, sober as Balaam's ass? For that's what Tommy did.

Not that there was anything unusual about having Tommy look after me—he assumed me as a fore-ordained responsibility on my very first day in school and has stuck to his job ever since. I thought for sure I'd lost him when they passed me and then turned him down on account of his eyes, but I forgot that Thomas Gordon McLeod was a man who could make himself indispensable anywhere. By the time I had become a finished pilot, wearing my sergeant's chevrons, he had won a name for himself around the hangars as a genius with machines—that is, if you accept the definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Anyway, he could infuse that Scotch conscience of his into the most casual of apprentices, and his flyers always gained an extra sense of security from the knowledge that their machine had passed one of his rigid inspections before it left the ground.

Nevertheless it was Tommy's presence that started me thinking. It did seem unfair for me to be getting a second forty-eight hours' leave that week, just through a lucky shot, when old Tommy really needed the change. I didn't want to go without him. To tell the truth, Paris was beginning to pall on me—even Paris could not keep my mind sped up fast enough to make me forget—and if Tommy quickened my memory with that look of regret which was forever haunting me from his eyes, I knew he honestly loved me. The others might all find me good sport to play around with, for they don't put brakes on flyers—the machines or the men, either one—and I'm geared high, but only Tommy really cared.

FORGET what? Well, most of all, that night at the Country Club back home in Kenilworth when I lost my head. That was honestly what brought me here. Corinna Gaylord had just finished that Porto Rican dance of hers, and it put the finishing touch to the flirtation we'd been carrying on all week. She's the sort that gets into your blood; she keeps you all stirred up until smashing conventions seems as legitimate sport as breaking speed laws, and she manages to invest every word and glance with some illicit spice of suggestion that seems to set you two apart from the rest of the world. And the sensuous thrill of her keeps your nerves too tense to give your brain a chance to gauge her. Her very curtsy, though her



smile seemed for her audience, was a subtle beckoning to me, standing back in the shadow of the west veranda where the lights were still turned off.

Without thinking I turned to Tommy, who stood beside me. "Tell Corinna I'll meet her at the steps. I'm going for the car," I said.

"I'll do no such thing," he answered indignantly. "You're forgetting yourself, Bob. Worse than that, you're forgetting Harriet."

He was perfectly right. I had completely forgotten my wife. It was easy to forget her; she had always been one of us. In all the shifting loves of my school and college days she had been my confidante, my buffer between me and the disapproval of Tom, but I had never dreamed of marrying her until I realized that he stood fair to win her right from under my nose. Then it seemed to me I could not let her go; I suddenly realized my need for her, and in that realization forgot that it was need and

not love. Not love, at least, as I loved Corinna. "That's no fault of mine," I snapped. "Why did you let me marry when you knew I wasn't ready to settle down? Do you think that changes a man's whole being? Do you think it keeps him from seeing and feeling? I can't be old and staid just because you think I ought to be. Confound it, I wish you'd married her yourself instead of meddling in my affairs." For the time I forgot that was just what he had wanted to do. I only knew that I wouldn't have done it excepting for him.

Then I caught the little sound of a breath sharp-taken behind him, and I knew Harriet was there, in the deep shadow of the door. I could think of nothing more I might say. I was sorry—but she might as well know first as last; the dutiful husband was not in my line and I was tired of playing the part. Anyway, my one idea was to get clear of them both, to where I could follow my impulses, breathe a freer air. So I started across the room. But before I could locate Corinna, in a group of admirers, Tommy strode past me, bristling with disapproval, yet obedient to a command more puissant than my own. And there flashed before my memory the vision of Harriet serving me on the same sort of an errand, with an earlier Corinna of dancing-school days. She never seemed to care for herself so long as I had what I wanted—I half wondered if she really cared now.

Corinna met me. But the essence was fading from her allure.

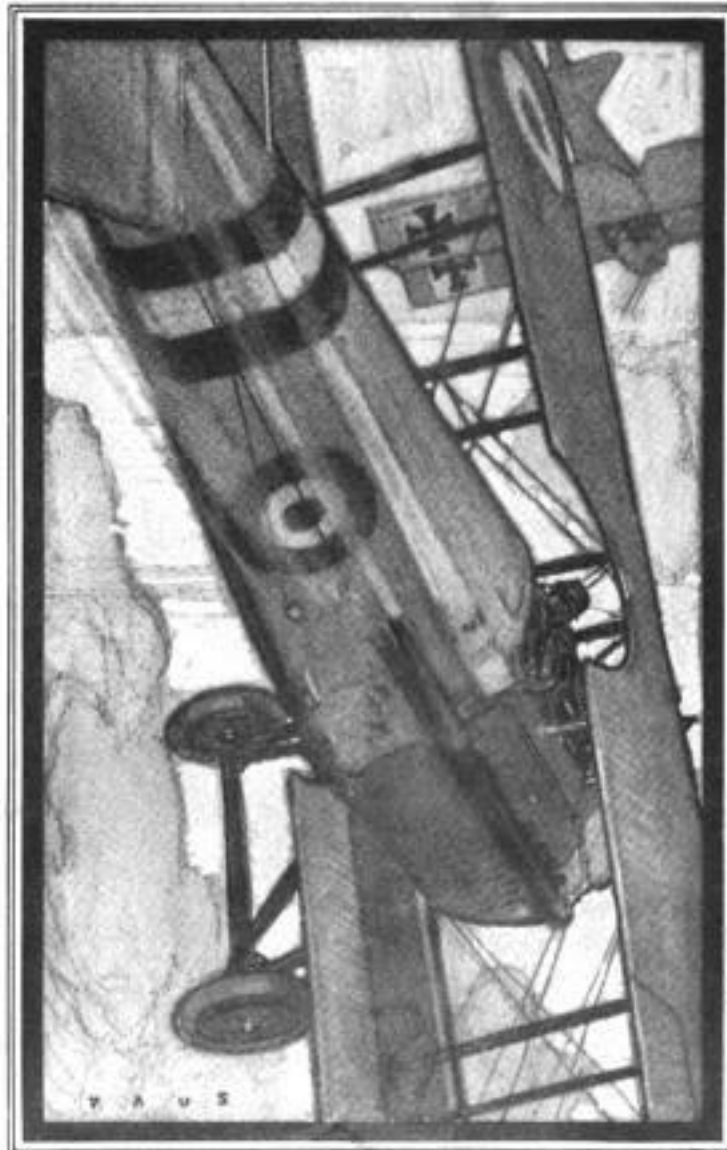
No longer was it just she and I; those two we left behind seemed haunting me. Their gaze noted every move we made, their intuition sensed every caress, their knowledge curbed the candor of our intimacy. I could not tell Corinna—neither could I endure her blandishments. I drove like mad. It seemed the only way to keep her hands off me. She grew afraid, both of the speed and of the change she felt in me. I think we were both glad when that ride came to an end.

I never went near Corinna again. Nor did either Tommy or Harriet refer to that unlucky outburst. Nevertheless it lay between us, smothering the frank good-fellowship which had always been our common ground. They might be tactful and magnanimous, they might even hide their virtuous complacency—I could not forgive their being so utterly impeccable. It was that same sense which alienates the evildoer from the most sympathetic reformer and throws him back on his own kind for true camaraderie. . . .

THIS was what lay back of my own enlistment, though I had never realized it until that moment. Nothing is so myopic as habit, or so dazzling as the speed at which one lives in these high-pressure times. But that night as I tossed on my cot my vision cleared and I attained, for the first time, a glimpse of that perspective which the routine of daily existence usually keeps blurred.

I began to guess at the reasons which brought the others there. Patriotism might do for a man like Tommy, to whom principles were the most vital thing in the world, or to an emotional sentimentalist like Ormsby Cole, perhaps, but the rest of us—Allen, and Throgmorton, and Gracie, and Flynn, and the others—I'd wager anything every man jack had something on his soul. Not serious evil, perhaps, but a thing which would not let him be at peace.

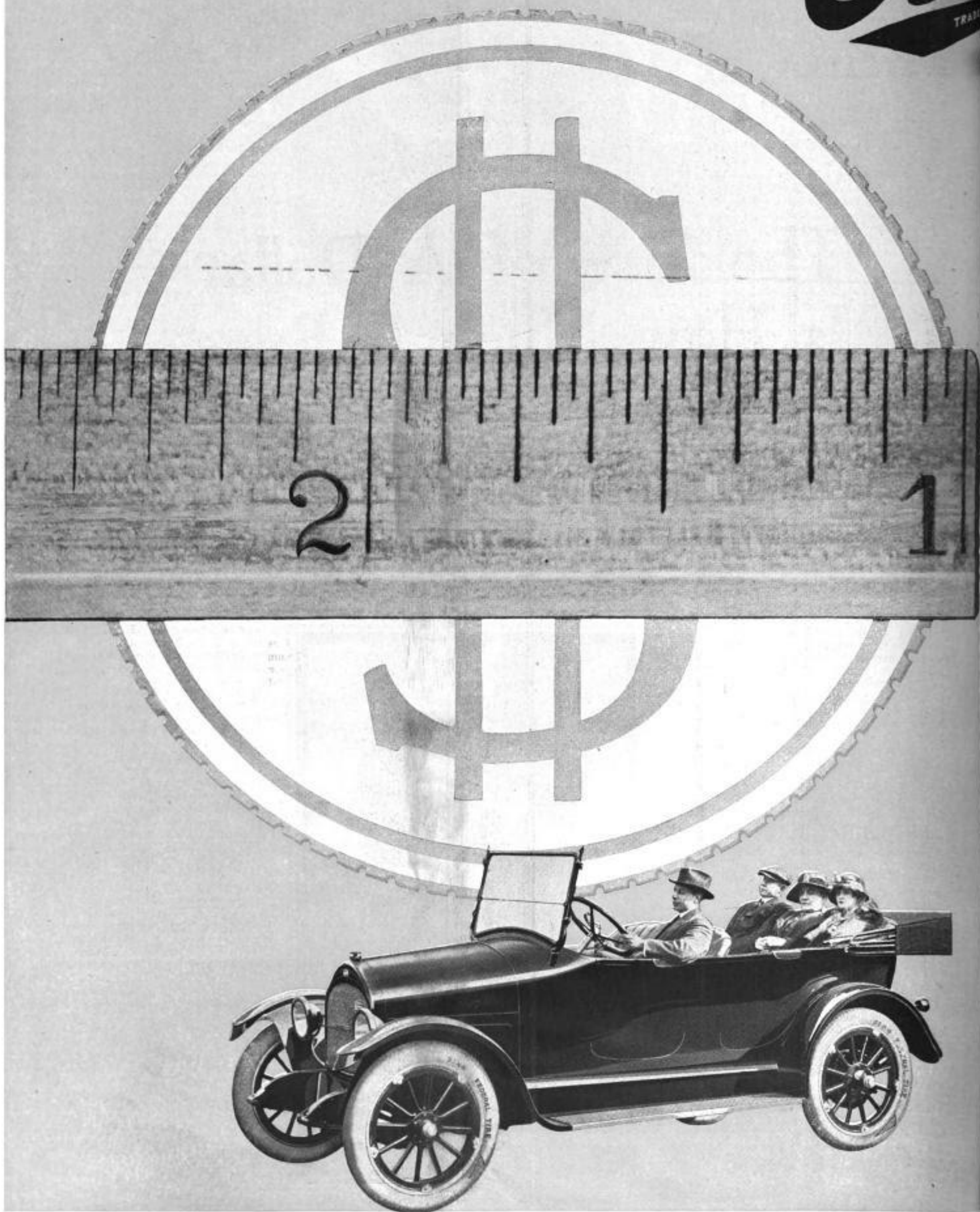
The events of the past six months, so full of vital impressions, kept wheeling and shifting, like the concentric circles of a fever dream, in my brain. The day I made my first flight with MacIlvaney in the double control; the sudden paralysis which seemed to catch me as I felt the earth dropping away from us; then, as my nerves grew more accustomed, the dawning exhilaration, the triumph as I began to sense the machine's response to its controls, the keen enjoyment of its flexibility—I lived it all over in that half doze when your memory is the more acute because your other perceptions are stilled. I smiled as I remembered Mac's enthusiasm at reporting me in as material of the right timber. Then the ocean trip! An awful torment of inactivity when you wonder what it is you have undertaken! And France, where you have no time to think, where your every fiber is strung to the task of working yourself into this new element until you



I knew one other chance—the dreaded "tail spin"



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Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars  
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become as much at home in it as a small boy in the old swimming hole.

I remembered when I lost my last vestige of unconfidence—curiously enough, it came after I saw my first man killed, when Hardman took too sharp a dive for his landing and failed to flatten out in time. That was sheer lack of skill, skill which I felt I had. This one realization atoned for all the nerve-racking hours in the tricky penguin whose one big secret is the management of your tailplane—I knew that whatever faults I might develop in the air I could rise and redress as instinctively as the birds themselves; I felt that, even with the loss of distance values which the altitude work entails, my sensitiveness would stand me in good stead. And it was not long before I had my chance of making good my belief, in the ninety-mile-an-hour landing of the Spad whose lack of sustaining power calls for as fast an alighting as the most capacious Frenchman could require.

That accident, nevertheless, gave me a strange uneasiness. I helped carry Hardman in, with his breath coming shorter and weaker, like an engine running out of petrol, until it ceased. What, then, was life—merely the power in the machine? Something within me cried out against this thought; and yet might not my own be seeping away at the bullet hole of the next boche flyer I rose to meet? It was not a physical fear; it was rather a strange loneliness of the soul, that might drift out into the unknown, hungering for the warmth of its earthly ties, regretting that while the engine raced it had dreamed so little of this future awaiting us all. Was Hardman absolutely blotted from the earth, no trace of his being to remain save in the memory of his comrades who risked the same fate? Why, then, was life with all its poignant experiences which write so legibly upon our characters, making each one of us different from all the rest of mankind? Such thoughts returned to haunt me now.

IN vain I tried to drown these speculations with details from my work, such as deciding on my report as to the little triplane we were testing out, or wondering what changes we would find in our old sector to which we were summoned in the morning. It was the first time I remembered seeking out work as a comfort, a stability-control. I wondered how long I had lain awake. My own watch being stopped again, I tumbled out to rummage Tommy's clothes—I might have known it would not be in them; when I did come to enough to remember I tried his wrist; finally, under his pillow, I found it—and with it was a letter in Harriet's hand. My eyes burned on the familiar script beneath my flashlight. I had never seen a letter from her that I wanted so much to read. Suddenly I knew I was just hungry for word from her—my world simply wasn't complete without her. That set me wondering about Corinna—if I still could feel the same about her too. And I found she was no longer real to me; I couldn't materialize her. She was like some one I'd read of in a book, long, long ago.

Then the vibrant circles of my imagination focused with insupportable concentration upon one tiny point—myself. Beneath my awakened consciousness, as beneath some powerful psychic lens, I saw myself as I really was, a sort of ghoulish who devoured the very ones who loved him. The life I had not cared for—home, children perhaps—I had denied them. What right had Tommy to go gypsying through the world at my feckless heels? What right had Harriet to live alone, eating out her heart for the homeliest, simplest realities which even the poor may have? Those things belonged to them. And there I stood between them. If I were gone, they would find their happiness.

Inexorably the last question completed the inquisition of this strange detached self which had arisen in me. What value had it in return for all it had taken to itself?

And I found I could not answer. I saw how I had perverted my normal appetites in the one gnawing hunger for excitement which I had permitted to ob-

sess me, and how I had let my powers be wasted until my very mind no longer kept on watch, but let me betray myself on the sheerest impulse. For, back of that one unforgivable act, I could remember so many, so very many things I would never have done had I used my intelligence to foresee the end—until at last I knew myself for something life had spoiled in the making, something worthless, to be thrown away. God, how I hated myself!

And I saw how even the service had been merely a means of escape with my head up from a situation which should have been honestly met and atoned. But here I had one chance: I might be honest to it, give myself without reservation, live for my work



*He dropped his nose in the effort to pick up speed as I pounced on him*

alone until the end came of itself—grant it might not be too long. For to live with what I knew myself to be—cowardly, selfish, unscrupulous—was penance unbearable when better men than I were being sacrificed. So, there in the night, I dedicated myself anew to atone, in the only way left, for my wastrel debts toward life.

Then I shoved Tommy over and crept in beside him, where I could feel him, warm and steady; and he put out his arm for me as he always has since we were youngsters. The thought stabbed me that it might be Harriet he dreamed of holding there; but now I knew that would come, all in good time, I felt more at peace, so that sleep came at last.

IT was broad daylight when I awoke, and Tommy had long since slipped away to commence his daily grind. I trotted out to the hangars to find a lot of the machines ready for the move. He was going over our new twin-motor tractor with her pilot, hair by hair, so to speak. She's a fine machine—they say she handles wonderfully fast for a battleplane—but not entirely broken in. As I listened to his questions it came over me afresh that no one but Tommy could be so careful, so accurate, so intuitive, so alert for every slightest nuance of a weakness—Tommy with his grinding hours of study and his inordinate sense of responsibility toward the flyers who manned the machines under his care. He was the big man, the one who deserved all the things which had fallen to my share. I was glad I could foresee his due reward in the end. "Why didn't you wake me?" I demanded.

"I thought you had leave—I left word you were to be called in time for town," he defended.

"Don't need it," I told him. "What have you for me to do? I wasn't up an hour yesterday all told."

"Well, Captain Fould was asking for one more trip with a camera man before we leave. I can't very well take chances with the regulars—it looks as though we'd find ourselves short-handed as it is—we had terrible luck last week and no new machines are in this week so far. What about using the triplane?" he turned a questioning gaze. "Will you chance it?"

I nodded. "Is it as serious as all that?"

"Well, the boches seem to be concentrating a lot of the Albatros type behind their line. They say they seem to be swarming about like bees, getting used to the place. Even Duval is worried, and he's pretty sane. I'd trust his judgment."

"I suppose it's those batteries over in the cut they're after," I ventured. "We didn't permit any reconnaissance work to speak of while we had that ground, and I guess the other escadrille has done the same. They've got to feeling that they simply must have a look around."

"Yes. But the worst of it is they're mostly painted in this new system of broken color—it isn't so much the effectiveness of the camouflage that's alarming as it is the inference that they are maneuvering as a fleet."

"I should say it would be well for us to move along."

"Oh, the air's too spotty for anything like formation in the middle of the day. I look for them toward the end of the afternoon. Then, if they come in along that turn in their line to the north, they can try to get the advantage of the sun. They say new Archies are going in on that side too." If Tommy could fly, what a flight commander he would make!

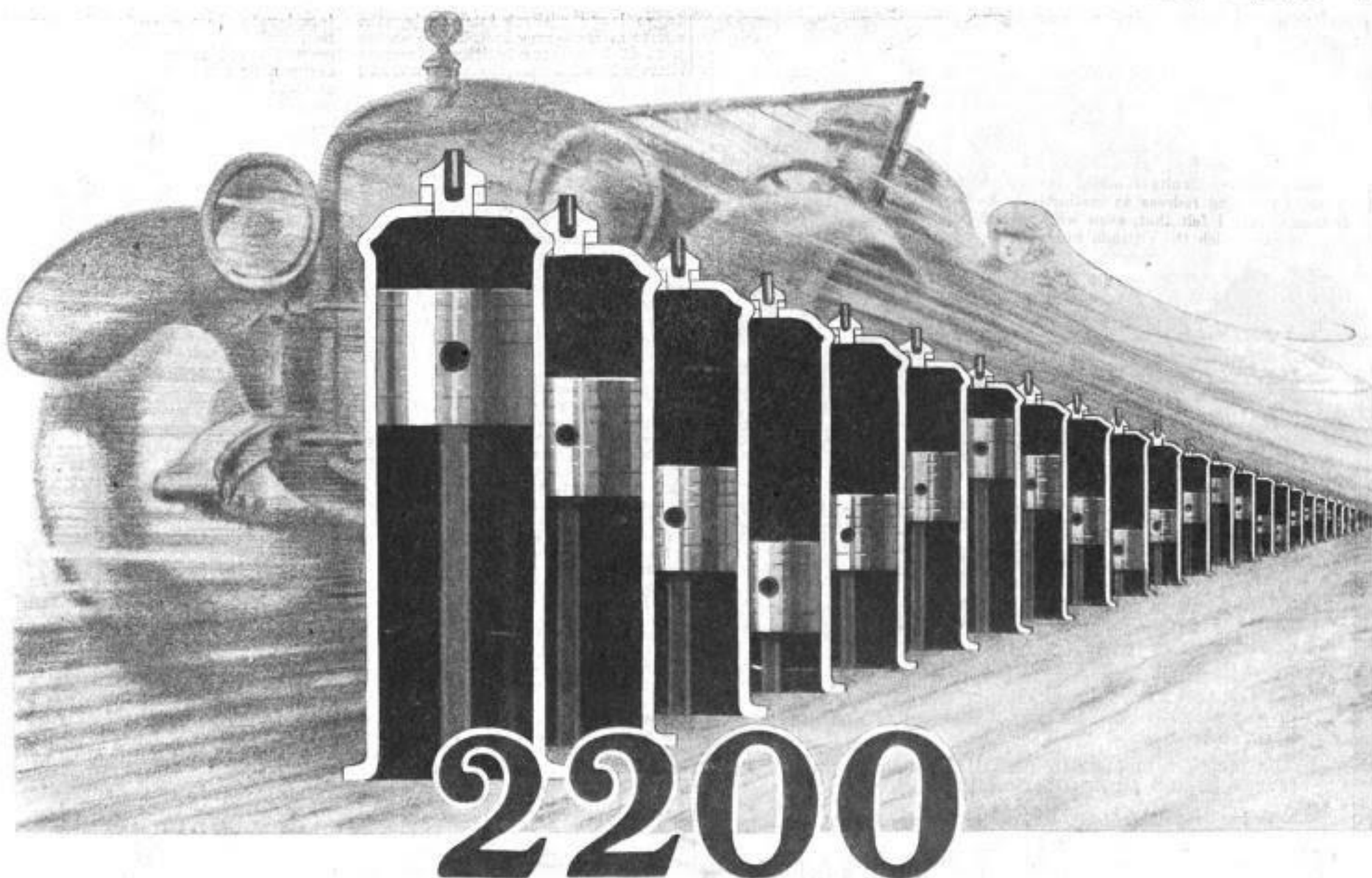
"Run out the experiment. I'll make her do. You want all the old reliables on call." I made my voice as hearty as I could, seeing he was really worried. "Bar that spark plug—I think it's cracked, probably—and cleaning up the rest of her points I was using entirely too much oil. My Spad's fit. What was it about Coffey's Nieuport? Do you want me to take her up and see how she handles?"

TOMMY smiled gratefully. For some reason he seemed to feel that having me try a machine out for him was the next thing to doing it himself. He's so nearsighted that if he ever did get up he'd never see where he could get down again. He'll take his airings in a penguin for choice.

"Don't bother, thank you, Bob. It was mostly nerves; he got jarred up a bit in a rough landing. A wire did need tightening, but I got it." Then he added: "Run along and report to Fould. I'll leave an automobile to run you over if we get started without you. Leave the triplane here—we'll be back in a couple of days, as soon as they build up the other escadrille to normal again." I knew he was pleased with me. He liked us to be keen on our work.

I found our flight commander with his nose buried in a mess of maps and photographs, and got my orders. Although I had never felt comfortable in the little triplane, I was perfectly confident of her this time, a little contemptuous of the disappointment of Hoskins, my photographer, when he saw to what he had been detailed. We sailed out above a fairly light drift of clouds, keeping hidden until I figured by my compass; and, allowing for a brisk breeze, it was high time to drop down for more accurate bearings. We found ourselves right on the spot, made our dash, and got a lot of good plates before the fire from below got hot enough to bother us. Unfortunately we were so occupied with what lay beneath the clouds that we forgot to keep in mind the specks which had been sailing to the northeast of us, patrolling the higher levels for just such game as ourselves. A spatter of bullets woke us to our error; the German must have been a new man at the game to open fire at such long range, for he could have crept right on our unsuspecting tail. I nearly went off on the wing trying to make a quick turn on that imbecile Dep control—it's the thing for the heavy, stable battleplanes, but not nearly flexible enough for combat machines. There being no room





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to go lower without interrupting the course of some very busy traffic on the part of those seventy lives, I zoomed sharply into the nearest cloud bank, and lost him.

Right there I nearly lost ourselves as well, for you can miss your bearings completely if the trip lasts long enough, with your compass spinning and your inclinometer trying in vain to keep up with your activities—with only your air speed indicator trustworthy, and that's not much comfort when you may be going the wrong way. But I burst through to a wind-swept level above the fluff and got my direction again without more interference. Our pursuer was not so green that he cared to risk poking his nose through on our trail when I might be better placed to give him a proper reception, so I had nothing on the home trip to interrupt venting my feelings on the machine.

She was a puzzle to me. Stable in many ways, she still made curious disconcerting motions in the air, like an automobile with a crimp in her steering rod—I could never make out whether that was an intrinsic fault in the design or merely some idiosyncrasy on the part of the individual. Now she seemed to have developed a decided weather helm. I made up my mind to recommend her as an addition to the scrap heap.

As I circled into the wind for a landing I could see our fleet winging their way across the autumn landscape and the string of camions and automobiles creeping caterpillarwise along their wake. Tommy was waiting for me. The triplane landed beautifully—so well I was afraid he would scarcely credit my evil reports of her behavior until his anxious face showed me that something was obviously wrong. I climbed out to find our boche had made a pattern on the lower plane in his one successful raffle that would have gone hard with us in any other make of machine. Tommy stood there poking his screw driver through a hole in the strut and biting the edge of his mustache, refusing to be cheered by the score it made for his pet theory, though I assured him I was born to be hanged, the one death an aviator needs fear the least. I fairly believed it too. However it may look to the man on the ground, every narrow escape seems to give you a stronger faith in your chances when the next pinch comes.

Just the same I felt the strain of it. By the time we were settled down in our old quarters my nerves were raw. The deadly wait in a growing tension as the time slipped by irked me unbearably. The incessant bursts of firing from one battery or another were like listening to some everlasting argument by disputants of stubborn mind and irascible temper; I longed for the silence of my whirring motor, far above the din. Relaxation was impossible; the only occupation I could stomach lay in watching the sheet signals, on a distant hillside, where a telephone squad was transmitting to some battery the directions of one of the Caudrons, which floated like some huge vulture, awaiting, with abominable patience, its ever-increasing meal.

Suddenly the recall signals were displayed, the Caudrons left their posts, and almost as they turned we got our order to go up. Flynn, who had been on "outpost duty" in the higher levels, came diving through the cloud floor before half of us were in the air. This brought another delay. I eased myself by bending the Spad, like a polo pony, getting back the feel of my joy stick, enjoying the exhilaration of her speed.

Now Fould was out ahead, and the whole fourteen of us spread along behind him, following his ascent. The clouds were lighter than in the morning—broken, too, by a rising wind. By the time we were up about 12,000 feet there was quite a gale blowing and we quartered across it like a corps of crabs, keeping safe distance for fear of a possible crash. It was less troublesome than it might have been, however, for the air seemed blown fairly clear of "remous."

FROM here we could catch glimpses of the enemy fleet, advancing in two formations, one straight to the westward, and the other rather more toward the south. On account of the camouflage their numbers were indistinguishable at that distance, but I judged from the arc they covered there must be five or six in each, although, coming straighter into the wind, they might be flying in closer order than we. Their position seemed a trifle more than considerate, from our point of view, in recognition of the fact that we knew their headquar-

ters lay to the north of their present line, and that the resulting encounter seemed about to take place unnecessarily near the protection of our own guns. Besides, the wily Hun does not sacrifice the advantage of the sun.

I WAS just beginning to worry over these observations when Fould pulled off one of those maneuvers which seemed to be based on nothing less than second-sight. He took a swooping spiral of four thousand feet, then headed north along the enemy lines to where eight more combat machines were coming up with the intent to close in on our rear. We never gave them a chance to rise. Full strength we poured in upon them, cutting them off from their retreat and forcing them beyond the support of their own antiaircraft guns.

They hadn't a chance of recovery. I had stopped back of the rush with Throgmorton, whose engine was giving trouble; now we took a climbing turn to the east and came into the mêlée from the flank with our Vickerses pouring into the nearest two. His victim went down in flames—we were too close to miss—but mine, although it swerved and began dropping, looked doubtful. I followed down until it began turning over and over, past all manner of doubt. An enemy who had disengaged from the flight above by spinning suddenly flattened behind me. How I blessed the Spad! She answered like a part of my own body, and he flashed past without touching me. Before I could maneuver for a return one of our men opened on him from a longer range, and he went on down, still in control but evidently through. We were too close to the Archies by then to make following look profitable, so I circled back to the scrimmage that was working back up toward the higher levels again.

This gave me a chance to breathe—my first since the struggle commenced. Everything seemed to be happening with inconceivable rapidity, speeded to the tune of our racing hearts. Even then we had no time to spare, for their reinforcements were only a matter of moments distant. I saw Fould disengage and rise to reconnoiter as an Albatros engaged me. We were a pretty even match, getting in inefficient raffles which did no real damage, neither of us able to get the other at a serious disadvantage, though we kept drawing away farther than I liked from our own fleet. An unexpected twist, and I had him at last, full broadside; a second more and he would have been done for—and my gun belt jammed. How I cursed that vile cotton tape, such a weak spot in material as has so often set ability at naught and sent many a good man to his death!

I HAD no chance to make any move toward freeing it. He sensed the trouble immediately and closed in. My Lewis was empty and I had no chance to change its drum. Now my escape became a sheer duel of speed and skill. Whirl and dodge as I might, he followed like a hound on the trail. Twice I heard his bullets spatter, and twice, by a desperate twist, evaded the deadly stream. The speed of that machine! That was where he had me; it overcame the disadvantage of his slightly slower coordination. The end was inevitable.

Presently I found myself awaiting it—almost impatiently! Yes, you do after a little of such a strain as that; your head tightens, your breath comes hard, you can scarcely distract your attention from that terrible pounding in your ears; it presses so hard you cannot swallow, no matter how your dry throat aches. And your hands—your hands which hold your fate, cling clammily to your joy stick as though paralyzed to that grip, while your feet, following some early habit pattern of their own, go on turning and twisting you as your body sways, though your brain has long ago forgotten them. Such torture makes the thought of death endurable.

Speed, speed was all I could think during those first hot moments; then I knew one other chance—the *virile*, the dreaded "tail spin" which follows when the beginner makes his fatal slip, the destruction that has been salvation to many a fighter in such case as this. I checked my engine and threw my Spad into her turn; she caught. I felt her follow along the curve; no nose dive can come down as fast as this. If he could catch me now? At last it came—a burning flash which seared my side, and the warm rush of blood.

How I righted I never knew; habit again, perhaps, for the Spad has too little equilibrium to be trusted to right herself as many machines will do, even

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in such a case, if you leave them free; perhaps it was only some happy twist of the wind. I was not thinking of such things now. Nor was I thinking of my past. I was living too intensely in the present. One thing only I knew. He had me; I was done! And should he then escape? Rage swept my head clear, spurred my lagging strength anew. I charged directly at him.

THAT his game should turn on him—it took an instant for him to grasp the thought. That instant was his doom. I meant to crash head on, the suction of our propellers holding us to certain annihilation. He guessed it while he still had time to turn. But not to clear himself—the wind was at my back, my engine racing full; he dropped his nose in the effort to pick up speed as I pounced on him.

There came a wrench; it sent me spinning and diving. I guessed I must have fouled him with my alighting gear. Then I glimpsed him falling, his upper wing crumpled as though snatched by some giant hand, his tail swung awry. This main had been fought as eagles ought to fight—the black one, too, had his mortal wound.

I turned my Spad for home. How hard, how desperate hard it was to drive! I ached with weariness, my body seemed continually falling forward on the stick, my feet could scarcely endure the pressure of my weight, heavy, heavy from my ebbing strength. The rudder bar seemed fairly to cut into them. And yet my belt was holding too; it crushed my wounded side until my fumbling fingers cast it free. My eyes filmed. Some other sense than sight drew me earthward, warned me when it grew near.

The earth! The warm, brown, steady earth. I had never dreamed what it might mean to me. My clothes, my shoes, were soaked with blood; I was far beyond the lines, with no help near—why should I want to reach the ground alive? Only to feel the touch of earth again, beneath my weary head, as I waited for my life to ebb away.

I pulled myself together despairingly. How I wished for the triplane now, not the undersupported racer I must bring to that earth at ninety miles an hour. I loved my Spad, but her tantrums frightened me; she seemed so headstrong. I could not make up my mind to act, but away inside my head a little voice was giving sharp commands. "That field! No, circle. The wind's the other way—see the smoke from that chimney? That's right; now shut the motor off. Redress, redress!" It gave me courage. One moment and I should have what I wanted—the feeling of the earth once more.

I MISSED it. I felt the stick twitch from my slipping grasp; something tossed me—and the next thing I knew was the hospital smell, the narrow bed, the dull throb of nerves just awakening from a shock. People were there—they meant nothing to me—just figures in a dream. Time passed. I seemed no part of the life which went on around me—I who was done with living, waiting release from my ruined flesh. The care they gave me seemed a waste of time. All that was left me was a vast patience to endure until the end. Why must it be so long?

Then Tommy came, just as I knew he would. His long, dark face was lined with the marks of the life one lives by hours instead of normal years, aged since I saw him last, even—when had that been? For in this backwater there was no time! The war swept by us undisturbed. We paid no more attention to its distant sounds than to the flicker of the autumn rains on our windowpanes. I wanted him. And I wanted that letter still. I had to have it. And I had to tell him how I had come to know all Harriet might mean to a man—all I had cheated him of, as I saw it now. And I must be sure that things would come right now—that would bring the absolution I needed to die content.

He forced a smile. "I've had the devil of a hunt, Bob. Don't you know your way home yet? What do you call that style of fighting? 'Rough and tumble'?"

"Giving the gaff," I answered grimly. "When the eagles mix it's some main, isn't it? What happened after I left?"

"Oh, there were only two that managed to flap home by the time reinforcements arrived, and it sort of disarranged their plans, apparently. They didn't linger long."

"Any more of us winged?"  
"Gracie. They splintered his blade."  
"Did you find the Spad?"

He assumed a judicious air. "I be-

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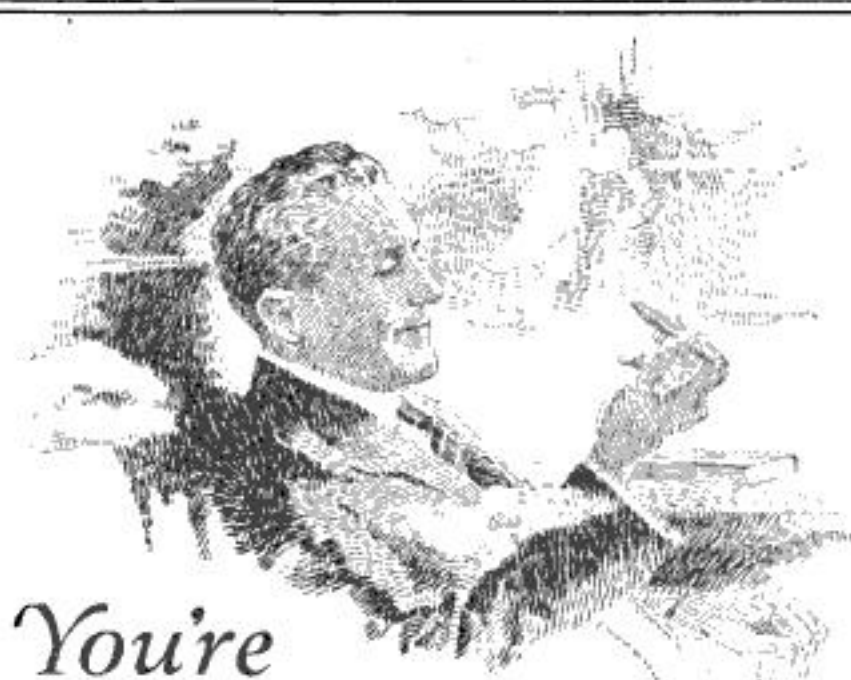
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lieve both of those last spark plugs can be used again—possibly that gasket we just put in! You must have crumpled your landing gear. You only ran a little way."

I nodded, remembering. "Tommy—get a paper," I demanded. "I want to draw up a—well, a sort of a will."

"What's the matter with the one you drew up before you came away?"

"That's only my worldly possessions. I want to will something this time that I can't give just that title to. The same legal procedure won't quite cover the point. I want to will you and Harriet to each other. You've always been her right hand—I know how undependable I've been; she'll need you more than ever now."

"You might leave that to her. You know I'll do anything in the world she wants to ask."

"This is the thing she never would let you know. Perhaps that's why I was put here—to bring you two together. You self-sacrificing folks have to be coerced into your rights. You feel happiness is almost immoral, I believe." It would be worth while having lived, I thought, if I could only be sure of this ending. "I want you to marry her."

Tommy put his hand on mine. "But, Bob, where do you come in?"

"Count me out. I'm done for. But I want my satisfaction in seeing you two content. You can give her everything I failed her of." I wondered why they hadn't already told him.

"Good nerve!" he answered, his grasp strangely tender. "Only she won't, you know. She's never thought of anyone but you that way. She couldn't now."

"She must!" I cried irritably. What was the use of dying if the wrong would not right itself—if it was too late to mend my mistakes? "I'll make her understand. Have you your pen?"

HE hadn't, but a youngster a couple of beds away offered his, and a pad with it. I noticed how glad he seemed at having anything to offer. How little it was beside what I had to give! "I, Robert Deming, of sound mind, do bequeath my wife—write it, Tommy. She'll understand me, even if you don't."

"Bob," Tommy's voice was very, very gentle. "You aren't dying. You're out of danger."

"I am," I insisted. "I'm dead already below my waist. My feet—!"

He groaned. "Oh, I hoped you knew. That's what's the hardest for you to bear; they're numb. It was the fall. Your wound is healing well."

"I got it. You mean I'm crippled?"

"Yes, old boy."

"For life?" It was my disembodied self asking how long it must be quartered in that ruined hermitage lying on the cot. "We hope not. They do marvelous things these days." There was no real assurance in his tone. "But you have so much left—so much to live for. Listen; I can read that letter to you now, and then you'll know how little this counts. There's so much beside that hope for you."

I didn't hear. His pistol, at his hip, filled my eyes. It was all I could think of now. Right there, almost within reach, that held my problem solved. If I could hold my hand from shaking—if I were ever so gentle—! He moved to get the light on the sleazy sheets and I touched the holster catch. It slipped—tensely I drew the old "Gat" out. He was reading in a low voice. I could sense the feeling of it, but the words were not reaching me. At last I was done with everything. I dragged the Colt across my pillow—I had forgotten how heavy these guns were—and leaned my head to meet the cold muzzle. My fingers sought the safety catch—!

Then Tommy's hand swept back, before he even turned his eyes. I had forgotten the youngster; he told.

"Not this time!" he exclaimed. "How could you? How could you?"

"It's the thing to do," I insisted. "I have the right."

"Bobby, Bobby, you haven't learned a thing. Your right is still to you the thing you want, regardless of anyone else."

"You damned sentimentalist!" I snarled. "Would you want to exist, just a worthless lumberer of the earth?"

"Well," he asked with an obvious struggle after patience with my infirmities, "why need you be? Your mind's all right, though you don't act like it just now. Why not try living in that for a while? You simply enjoyed living in your body so completely you wouldn't think—that's what's been the matter with you."

"Just a wreck—a miserable, useless hulk, a millstone for you two. You may

enjoy martyring yourselves—think what my side of it would be!" I ground my teeth, wrung as I never had been by bodily suffering.

"Useless? And you with a tongue that would wile a bird off a bush, and us with all sorts of needs coming up that we have to beg for! And Washington just going at loose ends for want of men with exactly your experience to keep them straight, and all those experiments I want worked out over there."

Tommy got fairly carried away with his own eloquence. But he couldn't hypnotize me. The bit that the most willing man can do is very, very small.

"Don't pull any of that hero stuff on me," I ordered. "You know I can't go back. I couldn't even if I were able to offer something—I forfeited whatever rights I had there. I'm no duty of Harriet's now, and, by Heaven, no one's going to impose me on her again—not even you!"

"Impose!" he shouted. "Did you hear one word I read you?"

I shook my head. His gesture of despair made the man on the next cot laugh. He ruffled the paper in his anxiety to reach the exact sentence which would refute me. "What's the use of waiting—you know his silly pride. The more wrong he feels the stubbornner he gets. I wasn't the right one for him—but, oh, Tommy, I never saw any other woman who would have understood him the same way—nor anyone who really loved him so. His very faults and weaknesses—dear human, natural sins, so much easier to bear with than the complacency of conscious virtue, for he always awakes to them at last—are just a part of what I love in him. Do make him write me. I don't care what he says. My Bobby defiantly conscience-smitten, or Bobby contritely affectionate, or even just whimsically oblivious to the past—he's always the same to me."

I put up my free arm to hide my face. It shamed me to think how often I had played those parts; but before I had time to plunge into the depths of remorse which awaited me, I heard Tommy's low voice reading on. "Don't tell him about me until he really must know. It's much better to let him make good since he has his heart and soul in his work—better for him, I mean, though sometimes it seems as if I could not go on facing it out alone. I do want him so." Tommy folded the page. "That's all which concerns you," he said in his natural tone.

"Facing what out? Tell me what?" I demanded. "I don't understand. What must I know?"

"That you have a baby coming in November." I could feel his eyes searching me, imploring me not to disappoint his faith in me. I was stunned. I could think of this for others, but never before in connection with myself. I had never believed I wanted children—they tied one down so! Now that I was inextricably bound, this opened up whole new vistas for living. This would make the future endurable. This little new life, with so many of my possibilities for good or ill, mine to live vicariously! It startled me to think how little I had learned, how ill equipped I felt to help it find those truths I had missed till now. I wanted to think, to understand the reasons for my mistakes so I might be on guard in its behalf. And Harriet—with this new gratitude I longed unbearably to be there, atoning to her in every deed and thought. No longer was it her tenderness I sought—I wanted to give, give, give. And with that longing came a sort of happiness that I was free to go—even at this cost.

WORK, work of which I knew the burning need, love, and that wonderful link with the ages yet to come—these things I had—what was my body now? The stone to whet my spirit on, keeping it edged for worthier use; the adversary who would make me fit for honest struggles.

"Did you cable?" I demanded.

"Only that you were hurt."

"But you didn't write her details?"

"I wasn't sure of them until now."

"Then don't. I want to go home right away. I want to break this news to her myself. I don't want her to hear until I can be sure of making her understand that some way I'm almost glad it's turned out so. I want to have her know the finer things we've gained, make her see how differently life looks once one is out of it."

"Above it, Old Eagle," Tommy choked, squeezing my hands. "Above it."

And I saw I had a struggle ahead if I would keep above it; but my mind had shed its burdens; it felt fit to soar.



## The Northwestern Front

Continued from page 11

"Well, there's that," I said. "But you could certainly have described that to me without making me climb up here."  
"Oh, yes," said Hitchcock. "But I wanted you to see it. Look around. And remember how you got here."

I began to see the point.  
"How do you get those logs to the road?" I asked.

"That's just it," said Hitchcock. "Here it's easy. We'll cut a real path through the woods and drag them down with a team. But it's no trick at all here. I might have taken you to a place where you'd have had to travel three miles through much worse going than we had to find the tree nearest to the road. And there is spruce we have to have that is a lot more inaccessible than that. We'll get it out in various ways. In some places we'll use donkey engines to drag it along by a cable. And we're building a lot of railway, as I told you."

### Through a Virgin Forest

IT is the selective logging, the picking out of one tree, on an average, to the acre, that complicates the problem so much. In commercial logging, you see, the timber is cut and the ground cleared, inward and upward, from the road, or from water, or the railroad, or whatever the means of transportation may be. Getting the logs out over the cleared ground is easy enough. The spruce Hitchcock is riving has to go out through a virgin forest. And even after the trunk of a tree from six to twelve feet in diameter has been rived into two or three logs you still have a considerable problem to solve!

We slid back through the woods down to the road, and went back to the contractor's mess house for lunch. There is discipline in the woods, but it isn't the conventional army discipline, and I suspect that it would make a West Pointer weep. There isn't any saluting, except between officers; and the only part of their uniforms the men wear—and so the only thing that distinguishes them from the regular employees of the contractors—is a campaign hat with the orange-and-white hat cord of the Signal Corps. And—officers and men, at the camp where I ate lunch, sat down together with a wholly engaging informality. In some of the larger camps the officers mess together, when there are several of them, but where there is only one, as was the case at that camp, with twenty-five soldiers under him, he eats with the men.

A lot of people have talked to me about how that sort of thing has pleased and surprised them in the French army. Disque's division is proving that it will work in the American army too, without subverting discipline in the least. Incidentally, it was an extremely good lunch that we ate—and a Hooverized one. Colonel Disque had just issued an order establishing all the Hoover conservation rules for the division.

After lunch they dragged me up another "path" to see a spruce tree felled. I wanted to see that, and was a willing victim. Lieutenant Meyer, in command, who confessed that it was all nearly as new to him as it was to me, went along, and we climbed and slithered our way up a hill as steep as the side of a house to where a tree was swaying, having been nearly cut through.

### Crashing and Smashing

IN a way, you know, I believed that these people knew just how that tree was going to fall. That is, my reason convinced me that they knew. But the way you feel when two gentlemen are sawing through the last inch of a tree 120 feet high, and you are watching them from a distance of 20 feet, has nothing to do with pure reason. However, they were right. The tree fell away from us, just as they said it would. And what a row it made, to be sure! It went crashing and smashing its way down, through lesser trees and all sorts of junglelike obstructions. I suppose a sight like that can grow commonplace, but it is mighty impressive the first time you see it. And I thought of how that tree had chanced to begin growing in that spot, two hundred and fifty years ago, to live and flourish until that moment. By the time you read this, wood from that tree will probably be nearer the sky than even its topmost branch ever was before! And it may be, you know, that a bomb dropped from an airplane into which that tree's wood has gone will play a decisive part in winning this war.

The tree fell right along the alleged

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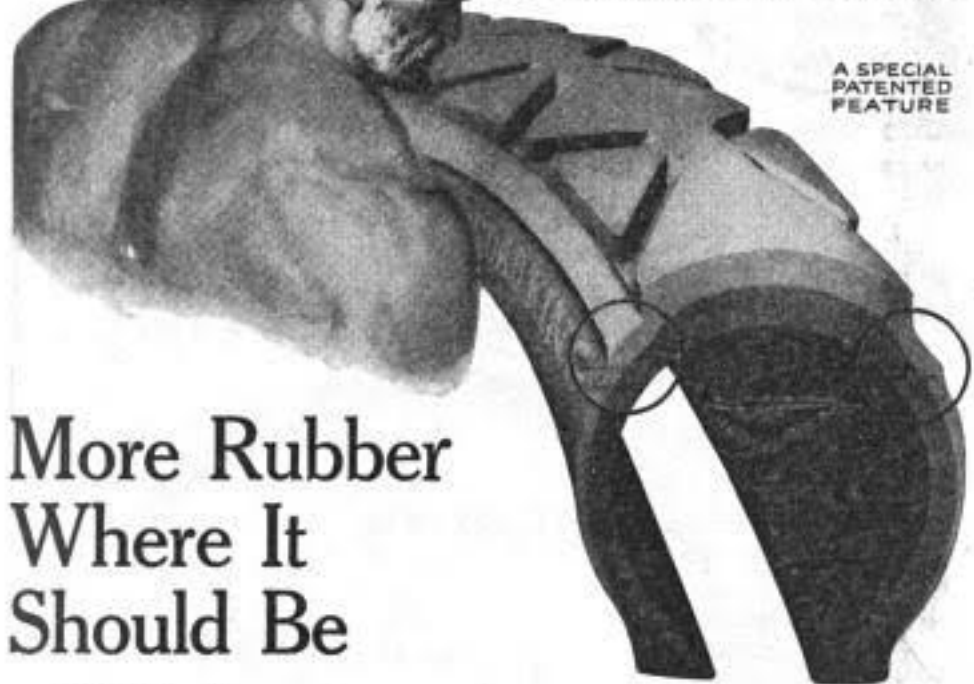
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path we were supposed to slide down to reach the wood. So we walked along its trunk, and Disque took a picture of Hitchcock and Meyer and myself, balancing ourselves upon it. And when we got to the top branches we only had to drop about a dozen feet to the ground, and then slide about fifty yards more to reach the road. Very easy; child's play, in fact. Hitchcock said so.

When we got back to the road and the Ford Hitchcock insisted upon driving. He said Disque didn't understand the finer feelings of a Ford. The difference between them as drivers was that Disque sometimes remembered that people have been known to be hurt when an automobile is upset as the result of reckless driving. . . . But we got back to Seaside, somehow, and Mrs. Disque gave us tea, and we took the train back to Portland, and, on the way, Hitchcock told me about the Royal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen.

## The Loyal Legion

I SAID before that Colonel Disque attacked the labor problem in two ways. In fact, he delivered three parallel attacks. One consisted in sending soldiers into the woods to supply actual deficiencies of men. Another was the organization of the Loyal Legion. And the third attack was upon bad working conditions—which involved argument, to put it mildly, with the big employers, the lumbermen.

I hope, in another article, to go pretty fully into conditions in the woods of Washington and Oregon, and to write a good deal about the I. W. W. Here let it suffice to say that, when Colonel Disque went West to solve the problem of spruce production, he found practically open warfare between employers and men. There was a dying strike; it was being succeeded by "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency" and the "strike on the job." The I. W. W.

and mills. And every man who joined signed this pledge:

"I, the undersigned, in consideration of my being made a member of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, do hereby solemnly pledge my efforts during this war to the United States of America, and will support and defend this country against enemies, both foreign and domestic.

"I further agree, by these presents, to faithfully perform my duty toward this country by directing my best efforts, in every way possible, to the production of logs or lumber for the construction of army airplanes and ships to be used against our common enemies. That I will stamp out any sedition or acts of hostility against the United States Government which may come within my knowledge and I will do every act and thing which will in general aid in carrying this war to a successful conclusion."

Up to March 1, 62,000 men had signed that pledge. They are living up to it; they met in Portland on March 4, and pledged themselves anew, through their elected delegates—with a whoop and a cheer for Colonel Disque. I. W. W. men haven't been barred; Colonel Disque wants them in. His theory is that the way to pull the teeth of the I. W. W. is to remove their just grounds of complaint. In some cases overzealous subordinates have failed to understand Disque's idea, and I. W. W. men have been ordered from the camps. But he does not want that, and stops it when he hears of such activity.

Lieutenant Crumpacker, through sanitary officers who are constantly making rounds of inspection, watches the health and living conditions in the camps. In every local there is a suggestion box, into which any man who wants to make a complaint may drop it, with the knowledge that it will go straight to Crumpacker in Portland and be answered by him in person. At first Crumpacker

## LOYAL LEGION OF LOGGERS AND LUMBERMEN MEMBERSHIP CARD

This is to Certify, That

has become a Member of the **Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen** for the duration of the war by taking oath to devote his efforts to the production of Logs and Lumber for Army Airplanes and Ships, to be used against our common enemy, and to do every act and thing within his power to further the cause of the United States of America in the present conflict.

By authority of the Secretary of War.

No. 52460

*M. E. Crumpacker*

1st Lieut. Signal Corps, U. S. Army, Officer in Charge

Dated this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_

Not a labor union but an organization of laboring men

theory is that long strikes don't pay. If the employers don't give in in the first sharp struggle, let the men go back to work. It's poor business to lose wages for a long time. It's better—argue the I. W. W. leaders—to slow up work, to do no more than eight hours' work in ten on the job, to practice certain minor forms of sabotage, and, generally, so to harass the employer that he will be forced to give in.

As a result Disque found that there was mighty little efficiency in the work of the men in the woods and the saw-mills. With the spirit that existed good work couldn't be done—wouldn't be done, at least, which came to the same thing. Seditious talk was rife. The argument that it made no difference whether German or American capitalists came out on top was used. Profiteering and exploitation of labor were charged against the employers.

Now, working conditions, in many parts of the woods, were just as bad as the I. W. W. said they were. Men slept in bad bunkhouses. They had to supply their own bedding, and, when they had to carry blankets around with them, from camp to camp, without proper cleaning facilities, these became infested with vermin. Wages were rising, but they had been low for a long time. Disque found that there was ground for many of the complaints.

He talked to the employers, and began, with certain reservations of his own opinion, to sound them on the question of granting the eight-hour day. And he organized the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, putting Lieutenant M. E. Crumpacker in charge of its organization. An appeal was made to the men in the woods and the mills to join, on the score of patriotism. Locals were organized, in logging camps

appointed the secretaries of the locals. There was some complaint about that, and now those secretaries are elected.

The Loyal Legion isn't a labor union, but it is an organization of laboring men, and it fulfills a good many of the useful functions of a labor union. It is a splendid patriotic force. It provides recreation—there are traveling moving-picture outfits that are taken from camp to camp, for example. And it has cleaned up a lot of the worst things about the camps.

But Disque went further. He kept hammering at the employers. He showed what decent treatment had begun to accomplish in the way of more efficient production. And finally, at the end of February, he won his big point. He induced the employers to grant the eight-hour day—a thing most of them had sworn the most solemn of oaths never to do! On March 1 the eight-hour day became universal in the woods of Oregon and Washington.

## Killing the I. W. W.

THE President's Mediation Commission reported, after its trip to the coast, that a condition of seething unrest still existed among labor in the lumber industries of the Northwest. That was true when that report was made. It is far less true now. There is still some unrest. The I. W. W. are still at work. But a lot of ground has been cut away from under their feet.

An I. W. W. said to me in Portland: "Remove the conditions that our agitator leaders denounce and you will kill the I. W. W. leader than a doornail."

That industrial worker and Colonel Brice P. Disque, U. S. A., are in complete and cordial accord. And Colonel Disque is a very practical man!



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The enormous savings show in this matchless value. Our profit has also been pared to the limit.

See this new car. You will find nothing comparable around this price in the fine-car field today.

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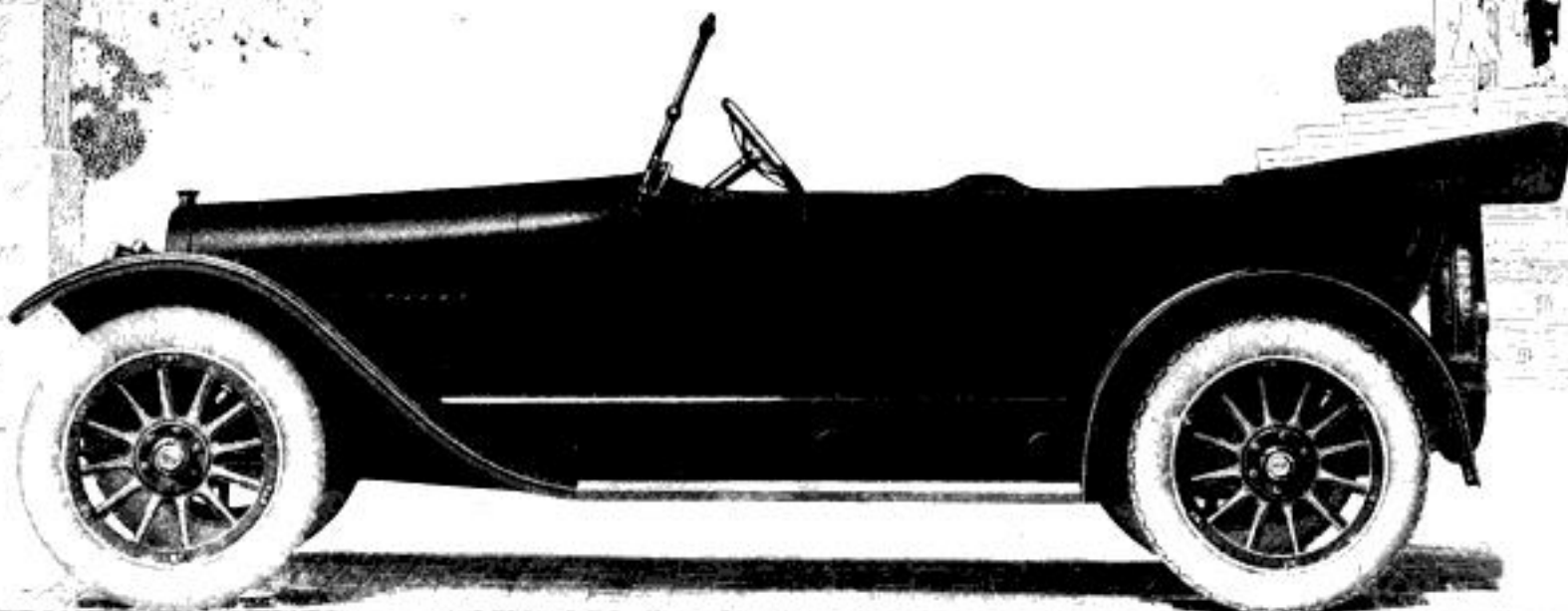
Touring Car	\$1525
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#### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 cups boiling water  
½ cup lukewarm water

½ cup sugar  
1 cake yeast  
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 30 minutes. If dry yeast is used, response should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

#### Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.  
Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.  
Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 60 cookies.

#### Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.  
Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.



## FIGHTING SNOW ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

NOW that winter is over, the snow fight on the Lincoln Highway stands out as an epic of our war preparations here at home. Only through heroic work has this slender but vital thread of traffic been kept open for the endless flow of army trucks and for the transportation of large quantities of munitions. Military emergencies early in the winter decreed that the impossible be attempted. Not only has it been accomplished, but it seems to mark the beginning of a new epoch of road utilization throughout the country.

In all this great Eastern country there was no other highway capable of heavy military traffic. Even the roads between Buffalo and Albany were unavailable because some of the bridges were not strong enough. On the Lincoln Highway alone was concentrated an amazing flow of motor vehicles, the great bulk of them moving eastward and never stopping day or night.

Some time, when the history of the war is written, the full story of this mighty procession may be told—the story of the call of the Government for the "rush" transportation, for example, of gas masks for our boys "over there." It was a long distance from the factories in Detroit, Cleveland, and Akron to the ships in Atlantic ports, and the railroads were in a tangle. Then our troops in France were desperately in need of the motor trucks themselves, and to get them to the waiting vessels by railroad would involve serious delays.

Thus the Government spotlight fell on the highways—closed by mighty snowdrifts and swept by blizzards unparalleled in weather records. There was only one thing to do—dig through those drifts, attack them with man power, horsepower, motor power! Open the Lincoln Highway and keep it open!

#### Day and Night Shifts

THE biggest part of the fight was in Pennsylvania, and there the Pennsylvania Highway Department handled the job for the Government. For 225 miles from Ohio to the Maryland State line, and also up to Philadelphia, its battle with snow was spectacular and unrelenting.

The Pennsylvania State Highway Department had told the Federal Government that it would go the limit, and when the winter came with a swoop, on December 7, it was ready. The story is unique in highway history.

One of the biggest problems was to get the men, and in Somerset County, for instance, it was often necessary to send sleighs twelve, fifteen, even thirty miles into the adjoining mountains, where men were recruited from the perpendicular farms of that wild region and brought to Stoyestown.

Despite the terrible cold—often as low as twenty-five degrees below zero—these hardy Pennsylvania mountaineers worked in shifts of ten hours without complaint. Day and night huge bonfires blazed along the road, where groups of men warmed themselves at intervals. Nevertheless there were many cases of frozen faces, hands, and feet. Men often worked for an hour or two without realizing that they were freezing, and heroic measures had to be taken to rush them in the automobiles of the engineers to local doctors. For a period of six weeks an almost perpetual blizzard raged; often it was impossible for the men even to see one another at close range. At night the work was done under the powerful searchlights of the department's trucks.

Along the whole course of the Lincoln Highway between Ohio and Philadelphia, and on the cut-off to Maryland, the average number of snow workers employed from December 15 to February 15 was between 1,200 and 1,500. On various occasions the high schools at Chambersburg and Beaver Falls were closed and the boys employed. At the present writing, late in March, about 600 men are at work, cutting drainage courses and widening roadways through the lingering snow.

#### Two Days, the Longest Delay

WHEN the snow wasn't too deep the first operation was done by the trail breakers, using a road drag usually hauled by six horses. Following this came road graders and scrapers, ordinarily drawn by horses but sometimes by tractors. Then came motor-truck snowplows, capable of handling snow up to a depth of forty inches. These first operations contemplated removing the snow down to three inches of the road surface, and what didn't melt was afterward removed entirely.

First, a track was cut just wide enough for motor vehicles, with turn-outs every 500 or 1,000 feet where possible. Afterward, if a fresh storm did not set in, the track was widened to sixteen feet, and the drainage taken care of. In places where the road ran along the verge of dangerous cliffs, broad protecting walls of snow were built.

In spite of the succession of storms, the longest delay was less than two days, though some of the army trucks were held in Pittsburgh several days because they lacked authority to use detours laid out by the Highway people.

Detours, sometimes involving engineering difficulties, were used in many emergencies. In the station beginning fifty-odd miles east of Pittsburgh was a section more than twenty miles long that had to be hand-shoveled, and so fast did the snow drift that day and night shifts were unable to keep it out. Drifts of sixteen feet were not uncommon.

In another station a gale lasted several days, and although the snow on the mountains was heavily crusted, it blew away in fragments and piled into the cuts in vast heaps of pulverized ice so heavy that machine work was impossible. Then came a thaw and a freeze, and picks and crowbars had to be used. The workers in this gale suffered intensely from the blinding and cutting particles of ice.

#### Over Ligonier Mountain

ON one occasion a private truck in Government service, heavily loaded with gas masks, made a journey from Akron over Ligonier Mountain in the midst of the most terrific storm of the winter. Fifty miles east of Pittsburgh, in the night, it ran into drifts that hadn't been reached by the snow gangs. Backing and bucking, it forced its way up the long grade, followed by two other trucks, also heavily laden. The first truck had to borrow gasoline from the other two, and soon after the three of them had reached the top the gas was exhausted. The temperature was fifteen below zero, and the radiators had to be drained. A big touring car was up there too, stuck in the snow.

Finally seven snowbound and nearly frozen men made their way a mile through drifts that were over their heads and broke into a schoolhouse where they built a fire and spent the night, supperless. These men went thirty hours without food.



Defies Time and the Elements

# CHASE DREDNAUT

Motor Topping

Buy  
**LIBERTY  
BONDS**  
and  
Help Win a  
Lasting Peace

When considering top material,  
ask your dealer for the famous

**CHASE DREDNAUT  
MOTOR TOPPING**

Samples on request.

**L. C. CHASE & CO.**

BOSTON  
NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO  
SAN FRANCISCO

On another occasion an army truck went partly over an embankment and was slowly sliding toward the ravine when a Boston freighter hove in sight, coming up the hill with a noise like a railroad train. Some rapid work with sand, winch, and ropes saved the other from a tumble of hundreds of feet.

A driver of one of the individual trucks says he hauled a whole train of army transports, one at a time, up a snowdrifted mountain.

One line of private trucks ran all winter between Akron and Boston, equipped with monstrous pneumatic tires, winches, and sleeping berths. Each truck carried a double crew and ran day and night, the round-trip schedule, 1,540 miles, being eight days in normal weather. From Pittsburgh and other points trucks were constantly running to Philadelphia, New York, and New England.

It is impossible to estimate the tonnage of freight, Government and private, that went over the Highway through the extraordinary work of the snow gangs. In numerous sections of Pennsylvania and adjacent States coal famines and the shutting down of large industries were averted. Thousands of new automobiles designed for points north and south of the Lincoln Highway were able to get through, though delivery by railroad was impossible. Some of these cars, including trucks, made rather hazardous journeys on Lincoln Highway feeders to points far distant.

The Highway was used also by dozens of cars belonging to "dollar-a-year" men and others whose business called them to Washington and New York for prolonged stays. Usually these cars were sent in charge of chauffeurs, but now and then the owners and their parties were aboard.

### Training Motor-Truck Companies

THE system for conducting the work was established by the Maintenance Division of the Pennsylvania State Highway Department, under State Highway Commissioner J. Denny O'Neil. In direct charge of the work was George H. Biles, second deputy commissioner, and the field organization comprised the engineers, the superintendent of highways of each county, gang foremen, patrolmen, and laborers.

Sentinel or patrol duty was performed by the thirty-four caretakers who live along the Lincoln Highway in Pennsylvania. The Highway Department in Harrisburg received reports from them constantly by telegraph or telephone, and any unusual condition anywhere along the route was known at headquarters within an hour. The department was in constant touch by wire with the Weather Bureau at Pittsburgh, and the moment a warning was received squads were dispatched to the danger stations.

Daily reports of road conditions at important points were published in the newspapers along the way.

If reports showed that conditions remained bad for twenty-four hours in

#### EXPIRATION DATE

Be sure to notice the date beneath your name and address on the wrapper. It shows how long your subscription has yet to run. Unless renewed, names are promptly removed from the mailing list at expiration.

#### RENEWALS

Do not wait for the last issue to reach you before renewing. Do not miss an issue. Look at the date on the wrapper now, and if it is close by, drop us a note, so we may enter your renewal at once.

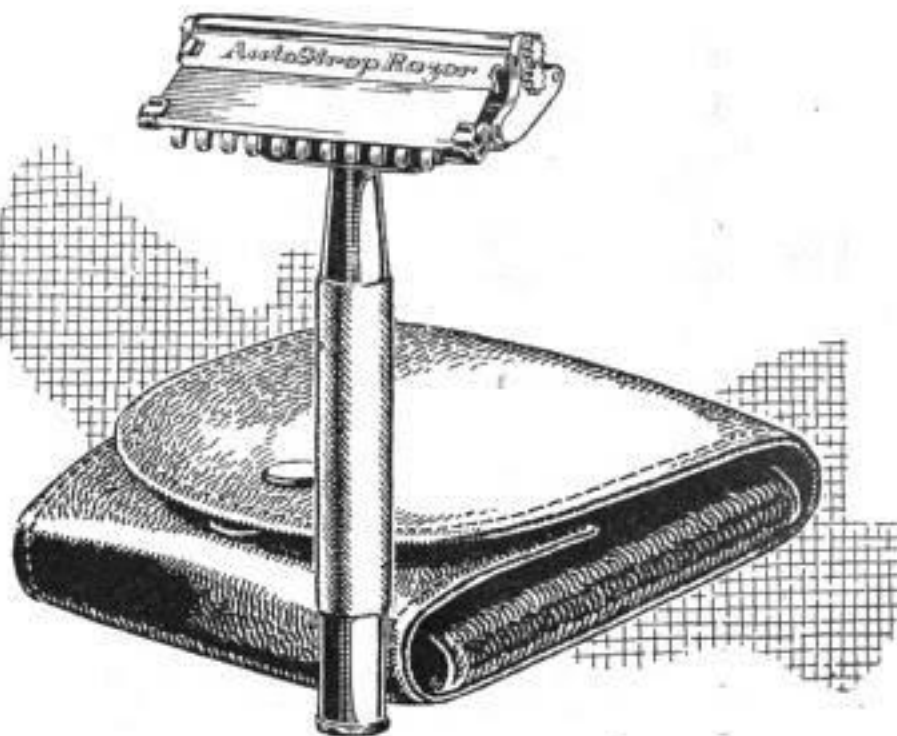
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Volume 61 Number 6  
APRIL 20, 1918



What every soldier needs.

## The AutoStrop Razor

THE right razor is as much a part of a soldier's necessary equipment as the right rifle. Any razor won't serve under the conditions he will meet over there. He must have a self-contained, self-maintaining outfit that will be always ready, always dependable, no matter how far he may be from his base, no matter how long he may be away.

The AutoStrop Razor is its own base of supplies. It does not depend on the camp stores for a fresh supply of blades every few weeks. It is

the only razor  
that sharpens its own blades

You don't have to take it apart to clean it or to strop it. It keeps free from rust and in perfect condition. And the twelve blades in the set will give at least 500 clean shaves.

The Military Kit  
complete with  
Trench Mirror

### To Dealers

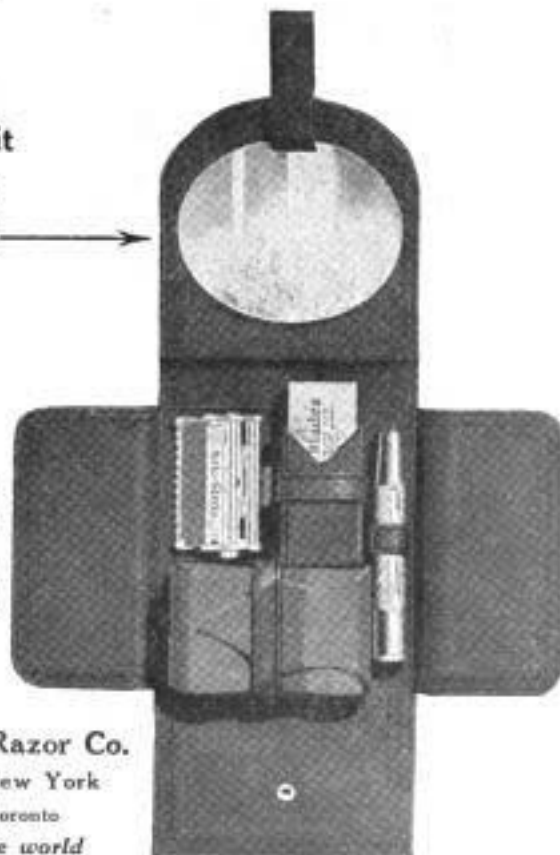
Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day approval plan, which has proved so successful.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.**

345 Fifth Avenue, New York

London Paris Toronto

On sale all over the world







## "I resolved not to die without a fight."

On my desk the other day came a letter. A man had given up. He had crawled into bed to die. By mere accident some literature came to his hands—what he read should have given him hope but he was faithless. The writer was Ned Fay, of Seattle, Washington. Let me tell you what he wrote:

"I had been a total physical wreck for over 10 years, suffering from rheumatism which resulted in arthritis deformans. Four years ago I was lying in bed in the county hospital in Butte. I had given up all hope.

"By the merest accident I was given some Physical Culture magazines to read. I became interested in Senator Ben Tillman's article, and continued to read everything in all the Physical Culture magazines I could find. They gave me hope and I resolved not to die without a fight."

Then he tells how "in the face of ridicule" he began to build up his body, and in one year left the institution and went to work.

He ends his letter:

"I am in better physical, mental, and moral condition than I was 20 years ago."

This letter is typical of hundreds of others that have come my way. They come from men and women who finally discover Physical Culture, who follow for a time Physical Culture's methods of body building, and who lift themselves out of the ranks of the weak and unfit.

They come from men and women driven by pride and patriotism to help their country and thus to help themselves.

The science of physical culture is the science of the ages. It is the same theory that gave the North American Indians their energy, strength, and driving power. It is the idea upon which the armies of the Allies are being modeled. Applied to you it will make you among the fittest. It will increase your physical power and your thinking power.

Each issue of Physical Culture will stimulate, inspire. Will make you want to do bigger things. Each issue is a feature issue. February contained a health sermon from Theodore Roosevelt, which gave some heretofore unknown facts about America's most interesting personality. March told how Woodrow Wilson, by Physical Culture methods, worked himself in a 100% physical state of health. This in spite of the fact that Mr. Wilson went into the White House in the most unhealthy physical condition of any man ever called by this country to assume the duties of Chief Executive.

Each month there are absorbing articles by such masters of their subjects as: Dr. Frank Crane, Alfred W. McCann, Mrs. Woodallen Chapman, Thomas L. Masson, Bernard Macfadden, Upton Sinclair, Horace Fletcher, and a host of others, all able, all skilled, writers. Matters of ethics, diet, of outdoors, of sex instruction, venereal diseases, and other intimate and pulsative problems of life are discussed in such a way as to make Physical Culture the most necessary magazine in America.

The nation cries out for men and women—strong, enduring, resourceful. Decide now that you will be ready to take your place among the "live", active workers at home or in the trenches.

Here is an opportunity to prove to yourself that you can possess that magic touchstone—health.

Bernard Macfadden, the founder of Physical Culture, one of the leading authorities of the country, has written a book crammed full of helpful suggestions for every man and woman who would be energetic, enthusiastic, capable. He calls it "Vitality Supreme."

If you send in your subscription now, a copy of this book containing two hundred and sixty pages and fifty-eight photographic illustrations will be sent you without charge.

You don't have to write a letter. You don't have to send the \$2.00 now. Simply sign the coupon below so that the current issue of Physical Culture and "Vitality Supreme" can be sent at once. Then when you get the opportunity send \$2.00 in one, two, or three months.

Earn the right to be happy! Solve with one stroke of your pen life's biggest problem. Don't let success get away from you this time. Act!!

### COUPON

PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.  
Flatiron Bldg., New York City

At your own risk you may enter my subscription for one year to Physical Culture, starting with the current issue, and send me Bernard Macfadden's "Vitality Supreme." I agree to remit for it in full within three months if fully satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

Shall we begin your subscription with the issues containing articles on Colonel Roosevelt and President Wilson?

(Yes or No).....

Or you can remit \$2.00 and the amount will be refunded if not convinced you have received ten times the value of your money.

\*This special offer on "Vitality Supreme" will hold good only as long as the supply of this book lasts.

any station, the department hurried one of its engineers there, and if necessary reinforcements were rushed. The reports showed in detail what trains of army trucks had gone through the various sections, and what difficulties they had.

Reports by wire were confirmed by mail, and at intervals a man from the Harrisburg office was sent clear across the State by automobile to check up. One result of this system of reports has been valuable information concerning the extent, location, and depth of the drifts and in the Harrisburg office all this has been tabulated and charted, and will be used this summer in constructing snow fences.

Aside from transportation, the open Highway has given the War Department opportunity to train motor-truck companies. The Government had been drilling officers and men in almost all the arts of war except handling motor-truck trains, and the War Department needed the Lincoln Highway for this purpose. In operating trucks close to the lines in France, and utilizing the roads up to a hundred times their normal capacity, the greatest coordination and sympathetic relations have been necessary.

The strenuous work this winter over the Pennsylvania mountains has given our American truck companies the very

training they needed. This summer it is probable that cross-country army trucking will be done mostly at night, under conditions as similar as possible to those encountered abroad.

### Open Roads All the Year

WAS this a costly job—keeping the Lincoln Highway open last winter? Not excessively so—the aggregate figures between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Automobile license money paid the bill. This license money was spent under the authority possessed by the commissioner to use it for emergency purposes, and the military necessities alone amply justified such use.

The Highways Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense, of which R. D. Chapin is chairman, hopes that before another winter the country will be thoroughly awake to the necessity of military roads. With the results on the Lincoln Highway as an example, it is believed that road officials, wherever it may be necessary, will have their plans laid to keep highways open. But aside from this, the old order is passing when the farmer was content to be snowbound from November to March. The war has done more than anything else to arouse men to the value of time. People all over the country are going to demand open roads, so far as possible, all the year.

## TARKINGTON

A YOUNG American who drove an ambulance in the Verdun sector during a week when ambulance drivers either died a sudden and violent death or got the war cross lay in a Paris hospital with a smashed shoulder. He was still very weak, but he was able to be amused. The American girl who had been nursing him paused at his bedside, noted his improvement, and smiled:

"What could I do for you?" she asked. "I have an hour."

"Would—would you read aloud to me?"

"Of course," she said heartily. "What would you like—what would you like most?"

He smiled. "If," he said—"if you only had a short story by Booth Tarkington."

In a small suburb of Chicago there lives the proud and anxious mother of twin boys. They are now thirteen. During the past year the opinion has steadily grown that they are the worst boys in that town. Their mother has only a vague notion of how bad the neighbors think they are. But she has a vivid notion that twin boys are capable of more mischief than two boys; and until recently she often broke into an anxious discussion with the boys' father with the remark:

"Do you suppose there is anything in their inheritance that explains it?"

For to her the practical difficulties of managing the outrageous twins were as nothing to the spiritual difficulty of understanding how they could do the things they indubitably did.

Then one night her husband appeared with a volume of Booth Tarkington's short stories. He had read one on the train and he could hardly wait until the boys had gone to bed to read it aloud to his wife.

Before he had finished, they were both laughing with the delighted laughter of those who have discovered that boys are funny as well as bad.

"Oh," she said as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "they aren't degenerate, are they?"—she meant the twins—"they're just—just—"

"Just boys," he said.

A FRENCHMAN of distinction who was making his first visit to this country was put up at one of those very quiet clubs just off Fifth Avenue—one of those clubs where, at four in the afternoon, gentlemen whose hair has turned white, or disappeared altogether, gather to await the appearance of the



New York "Evening Post." Our Frenchman inquired of one of these gentlemen which American writer he had best read in order to get the true flavor of American life—the essence, he called it, of the American gesture. One gentleman after another laid his "Evening Post" on his knee to join the ensuing discussion. One suggestion after another was made until all but one of the men in the room had expressed an opinion. Finally the silent one, apparently immersed in the market reports, could stand it no longer. He lowered his "Evening Post" and peered belligerently over the top.

"Read Tarkington," he said in the voice of one who knows.

"Of course," said the others. "Of course—read Tarkington."

NOW, when the lonely young American lying wounded in France, and the struggling parents of twins, and the irascible old gentlemen in an exclusive club—to say nothing of tired business men, and literary critics, and bright stenographers, and women who have nothing to do, and people who go down to the city in subways, and high-school boys and girls—are all united in admiration of a writer, something has happened.

As a matter of fact, it has been happening for a number of years. Mr. Tarkington's first story was a charming historical skit—delicate, humorous, charming—"Monsieur Beaucaire." And ever since his skill as an artist has been conquering new fields, and his charm as a writer has been conquering new readers. To-day there is no man living who writes about boys, or dogs, or darkies, or young people in love with Mr. Tarkington's understanding and enthusiasm and humor. We are quite sure that no more delicious stories have ever been written than the series of six which Mr. Tarkington has just finished for COLLIER'S—not even by Booth Tarkington.

## Poker and Pipe-Smokers

Five men playing poker—hammer and tongs. Take away two. This incident concerns only the remaining three.

Smith loses a big pot. His laugh is nervous and he knocks over his pile of chips. Smith is smoking a long black powerful cigar.

Jones loses a big pot. He throws his "hand" across the room and calls for a new deck. Jones doesn't smoke at all.

Robinson loses a big pot. He tucks his "hand" quietly into the discard and never makes a yip. Robinson is smoking a pipe.

Why is it that pipe-smokers are almost always so self-possessed?

Because their nerves are in better trim.

That man's nerves are in the best trim who has finally found the particular brand of tobacco suited to his particular taste.

It is frequently a long quest—a quest in course of which a man makes many compromises. He smokes many brands of tobacco before he comes at last upon the brand yielding him complete satisfaction.

Then—a beaming face and a huge content. Life takes on an entirely new aspect. He enjoys his smoke. When things go wrong he has something to make them seem better.

When things break right, well—he enjoys his smoke. What more can be said?

Edgeworth Tobacco has proved itself to be the brand full many a smoker has long sought.

It may not be the tobacco especially suited to your individual taste. You may be more particular than they are.

Nevertheless it has delighted so many that its manufacturers feel no hesitation in submitting it to your judgment.

They intend to make it very easy for you to put Edgeworth to the test and learn if it is not the tobacco you like best.

Merely send them on a postcard your name and address, also that of the retailer usually supplying your smoking needs. Upon receipt of this card they will take pleasure in sending you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is compressed to the consistency of a plug, then sliced by the sharpest blades into wafers, thin and moist when peeled away. One of these thin slices, rubbed between the hands, will load the bowl of the average pipe.

Edgeworth Ready Rubbed, as is clear from its name, comes already prepared for your pipe. Tilt up the little tin canister and pour the tobacco straight into your pipe. Incidentally, it can be rolled into a most satisfactory cigarette.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16-oz. tin humidor is \$1.15; 16-oz. glass jar \$1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c and \$1.15.

When the samples arrive, pack the bowl of your favorite pipe to the brim, light up, and relax for a few minutes of complete enjoyment.

There is nothing on earth so good as at last chancing upon the tobacco that just suits you.

If Edgeworth proves to be your tobacco—well, the boys in the camps and "over there" like nothing better than good tobacco. They know Edgeworth, but never have too much of it.

Matches and tobacco are valued even more highly than money in the front-line trenches and even in our camps on this side the man who has a little tobacco to spare makes the most friends. A tin-jar of Edgeworth makes a boy feel rich—and grateful.

For the samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-deck carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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## Too Gentle Julia

Continued from page 8

Julia nodded sunnily. "He dreamed that you and he were the very greatest friends!" This also was true so far as it went, but she omitted to state that Mr. Atwater had gone on to classify his dream as a sample of nightmare. "There!" she cried. "Why, of course he'd miss you—he'd miss you as much as he'd miss any friend of mine that comes here."

Noble felt a sudden rush of tenderness toward Mr. Atwater; it is always possible to misjudge a man for a few hasty words. But Julia went on quickly: "I never saw anybody like you, Noble Dill!" she exclaimed. "I don't suppose there's anybody in the United States except you that would be capable of doing things like going off to be an officer in the Chinese army—all just any minute like this. I've always declared you were just positively the most reckless man I ever knew!"

Noble shook his head. "No," he said judicially. "I'm not reckless; it's just that I don't care what happens."

Julia became grave. "Don't you?" "To me," he said hurriedly. "I mean I don't care what happens to myself. I mean that's more the way I am than just reckless. Of course, in one way, I suppose that is recklessness, and a good many people would say I was reckless; but that's the way it looks to me."

SHE was content to let this analysis stand, though she shook her head, as if knowing herself to be wiser than he about his unadulterated recklessness. A cheerfulness came upon them; the Chinese question seemed to have been settled by these indirect processes—in fact, neither of them ever mentioned it again. "I mustn't keep you," she said, "especially when you ought to be getting on downtown to business, but—oh!" (She gave the little cry of a forgetful person reminded.) "I almost forgot what I ran out to ask you!"

"What was it, Julia?" Noble spoke huskily, in a low voice as people speak sometimes in the hushed crises of life. "What is it you want me to do, Julia?"

She gave a little fluttering laugh, half timid, half confiding. "You know how funny papa is about tobacco smoke?" (But she hurried on without waiting for an answer.) "Well, he is. He's the funniest old thing: he doesn't like any kind very much except his own special cheroot things. He growls about every other kind, but the cigars that Mr. Ridgely smokes when he comes here papa really does make a fuss over! And, you see, I don't like to say no when Mr. Ridgely asks if he can smoke, because it always makes men so uncomfortable when they're sitting on a veranda, but I thought if I could just tactfully get him to buy something different from his cigars, and I thought the best thing would be to suggest those cigarettes you always have, Noble: they're the ones papa makes the least fuss about and seems to stand the best—next to his own, he seems to like them the most, I mean—but I'd forgotten the name of them. That's what I ran out to ask you."

"Orduma," said Noble. "Orduma Egyptian cigarettes."

"Would you mind giving me one—just to show Mr. Ridgely?"

Noble gave her an Orduma cigarette. "Thanks!" she said coily. "I mustn't keep you another minute, because I know your father wouldn't know what to do at the office without you. Thank you so much for this!" She turned and walked quickly halfway up the path, then paused, looking back over her shoulder. "I'll only show it to him, Noble," she said. "I won't give it to him!"

SHE bit her lip as if she had said more than she should have said: shook her head as in self-chiding; then laughed, and in a flash touched the tiny white wand to her lips, waved it to him, and ran to the porch and up the steps and into the house. She felt satisfied that she had set matters right, this wild Julia!

The facts, however, were contradictory. Before she set matters right with Noble he had been unhappy and his condition had been bad; now he was happy, but his condition was worse. In truth, he was much, much too happy; nothing rational remained in his mind. No elfin orchestra seemed to buzz in his ears as he went down the street, but a loud, beautiful brass band. His unathletic chest was perilously inflated; he heaved up with strange joys; and a little child, playing on the next cor-

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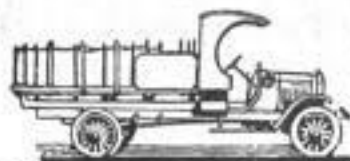
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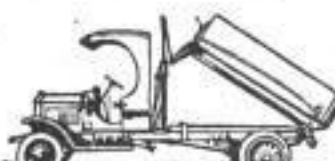
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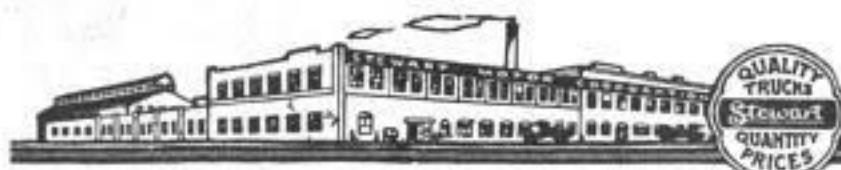
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ner, turned and followed him for some distance, trying to imitate his proud, singular walk. Restored to too much pride, Noble became also much too humane; he thought as constantly of Mr. Atwater as he did of Julia, and felt almost a motherly need to cherish and protect him. There was a warm spot in Noble's chest, produced by a gush of exalted love and humble yearning toward that splendid old man. Noble had a good home, sixty-six dollars in the bank, and a dollar and forty cents in his pockets; he would have given all for a chance to show Mr. Atwater how well he understood him now at last and how deeply he appreciated his favor.

**STUDENTS** of alcoholic intoxication have observed that in their cups commonplace people, and not geniuses, do the most unusual things. So with all other intoxications—and Noble Dill was indeed no genius: his only distinction of any kind whatever, present or potential, was that among all of Julia Atwater's followers, he was (as people said, meaning his mental and not his moral state) "the worst"; and he scored probably the highest pitch of all his worstness to-day. Some friend should have kept an eye upon him; he was not himself. All afternoon in a mood of tropic sunrise he collected rents—or with glad vagueness consented instantly to their postponement. "I've come about the rent or something," he said to one delinquent tenant of his father's best client; and turned and walked away, humming a bright waltz-time, while the man was still coughing as a preliminary to his monthly explanation. The tenant was as pleased as surprised.

The entranced collector was preoccupied with sketches of wonderful, flashing D'Artagnan things to do—things that Julia (and, of course, Mr. Atwater too) might see with their own eyes, or at least hear described by an enthusiast. The ideal action would be one performed for their sakes, to "save" them—and he would dash away, not waiting for one word of thanks, but letting them come and find him, to pour out their gratitude and other feelings while he said: "No, no! It was nothing—less than nothing. It is I who should be grateful, not you, Julia; not you, Mr. Atwater!"

And as he sat musing alone, near a window in his father's office, late in the afternoon, his exalted mood was not affected by the falling of a preternatural darkness over the town, nor was he roused to action by any perception of the plain facts that the other clerks and the members of the firm had gone home an hour ago; that the clock showed him his own duty to lock up the office and not keep his mother waiting dinner, and that he would be caught in a most outrageous thunderstorm if he didn't hurry. No; he sat smiling fondly by the open window and at times made a fragmentary gesture as of some heroic or benevolent impulse in rehearsal. Meanwhile, paunchy with great portents of wind and wetness, outlandish clouds came smoking out of the blackened west. Rumbling, then roaring, they drew on. From cloud to cloud dizzying amazements of white fire crackled, staggered, and boomed the wireless signals for assault; then the vats of the winds were opened, the tanks of deluges unbottomed—and the storm took the town. So, presently, Noble noticed that it was raining and decided to go home.

With an idea that he was fulfilling his customary evening duties, he locked the doors of the two inner rooms, dropped the keys gently into a wastebasket, and, dreamily passing by an umbrella which hung upon the wall, went out to the corridor, leaving the door of the suite open behind him; and thence stepped into the street of whooping rain.

Here he became so practical as to turn up his collar; and, substantially aided by the wind, which was at his back, he was not long in leaving the purlieus of commerce behind him for Julia's street. Other people lived on this street—he did, himself, for that matter; in fact, it was the longest street in the town, and it had an official name with which the word "Julia" was entirely unconnected, but for Noble Dill (and probably for Newland Sanders and for some others in age from nineteen to sixty-odd) it was "Julia's Street" and nothing else.

It was a tumultuous street as Noble splashed along the sidewalk. Incredibly limber, the shade trees were practicing calisthenics, though now and then one outdid itself and lost a branch; thunder and lightning romped like loosed scandal; rain hissed upon the

pavement and capered ankle-high. It was a storm that asked to be left to itself for a while, after giving fair warning that the request would be made; and Noble and the only other pedestrian in sight had themselves to blame for getting caught.

This other pedestrian was some forty or fifty yards in advance of Noble and walking in the same direction at about the same gait. He wore an old overcoat of some flimsy material, running with water; the brim of his once rigid straw hat had begun to sag about his head, so that he appeared to be wearing a bucket; all in all, he was a sodden and pathetic figure. Noble himself was as sodden: his hands were wet in his very pockets; his elbows akimbo seemed to spout; he, too, was bucketed rather than hatted atop—yet he spared a generous pity for the desolate figure struggling on before him.

All at once Noble's heart did something queer within his wet bosom. He recognized that figure, and he was not mistaken. Next to the One figure, and those of his own father and mother and three sisters, this storm-tossed shape was that which Noble would most infallibly recognize anywhere in the world and under any conditions. In spite of the dusk and the riot of the storm, Noble knew that none other than Mr. Atwater splashed before him.

Excitement took quick possession of him. He hastily reviewed possibilities, and dismissed a project for seizing upon a fallen branch and running forward to walk beside Mr. Atwater and hold the branch over his venerated head. All the branches were too wet; and on second thought Noble feared that Mr. Atwater might think the tableau odd and decline to be thus sheltered. And yet something had to be done to save Julia's father from pneumonia: surely there was some simple, practical, dashing thing that ordinary people couldn't think of, but that Noble could. He would do it and not stay to be thanked. Better, he would not even stay to be recognized! And then, to-morrow evening—not sooner—he would go to Julia and smile and say: "Your father didn't get too wet, I hope, after all." And Julia: "Oh, Noble, was it you that he speaks of all day long as his 'unknown new Sir Walter Raleigh'?"

Suddenly he saw will-o'-the-wisp opportunity dancing before him, and he paused not one instant to consider, but acted. He had just reached a crossing, and down the cross street, walking away from Noble, was the dim figure of a man carrying an umbrella. It was just perceptible that he was a fat man, struggling with seeming feebleness in the wind and making poor progress. Mr. Atwater, moving up Julia's street, was out of sight from the cross street where struggled the fat man.

Noble ran swiftly down the cross street, jerked the umbrella from the fat man's grasp; ran back, with hoarse sounds dying out behind him in the storm and dark; turned the corner; sped after Mr. Atwater; overtook him and thrust the umbrella upon him; and then, not pausing the shortest instant for thanks or even recognition, sped onward, proud and joyous, into the stormy dusk, leaving his beneficiary far behind him.

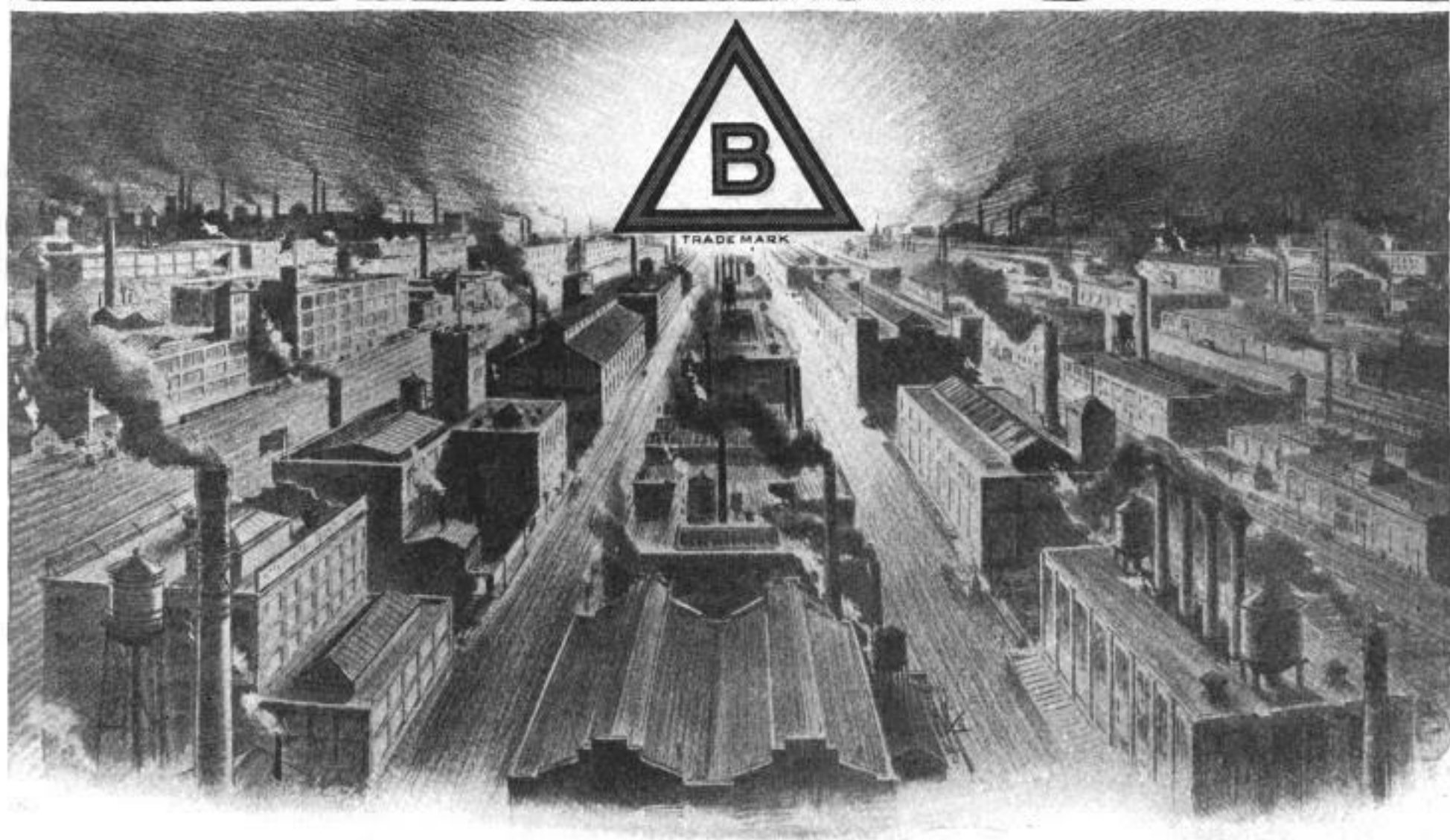
**IN** his young enthusiasm he had indeed done something for Mr. Atwater. In fact, Noble's kindness had done as much for Mr. Atwater as Julia's gentleness had done for Noble, but how much both Julia and Noble had done was not revealed in full until the next evening.

It was a warm and moonshiny night of air unusually dry, and yet Miss Florence Atwater sneezed frequently as she sat upon the side porch at the house of her great-aunt Harriet and her great-uncle Joseph. Florence had a cold in the head, though how it got to her head was a process involved in the mysterious ways of colds, since Florence's was easily to be connected with her cousin Herbert's remark that he wouldn't never be caught takin' his death o' cold sittin' on the damp grass in the night air just to listen to a lot o' tooty-tooty. It appeared from Florence's narrative to those interested listeners, Aunt Harriet and Uncle Joseph, that she had been sitting on the grass in the night air when both air and grass were extraordinarily damp. In brief, she had been at her post soon after the storm cleared on the preceding evening, but she had heard no tooty-tooty: her overhearings were of sterner stuff.

"Well, what did Julia say then?" Aunt Harriet asked eagerly.

(Continued on page 40)





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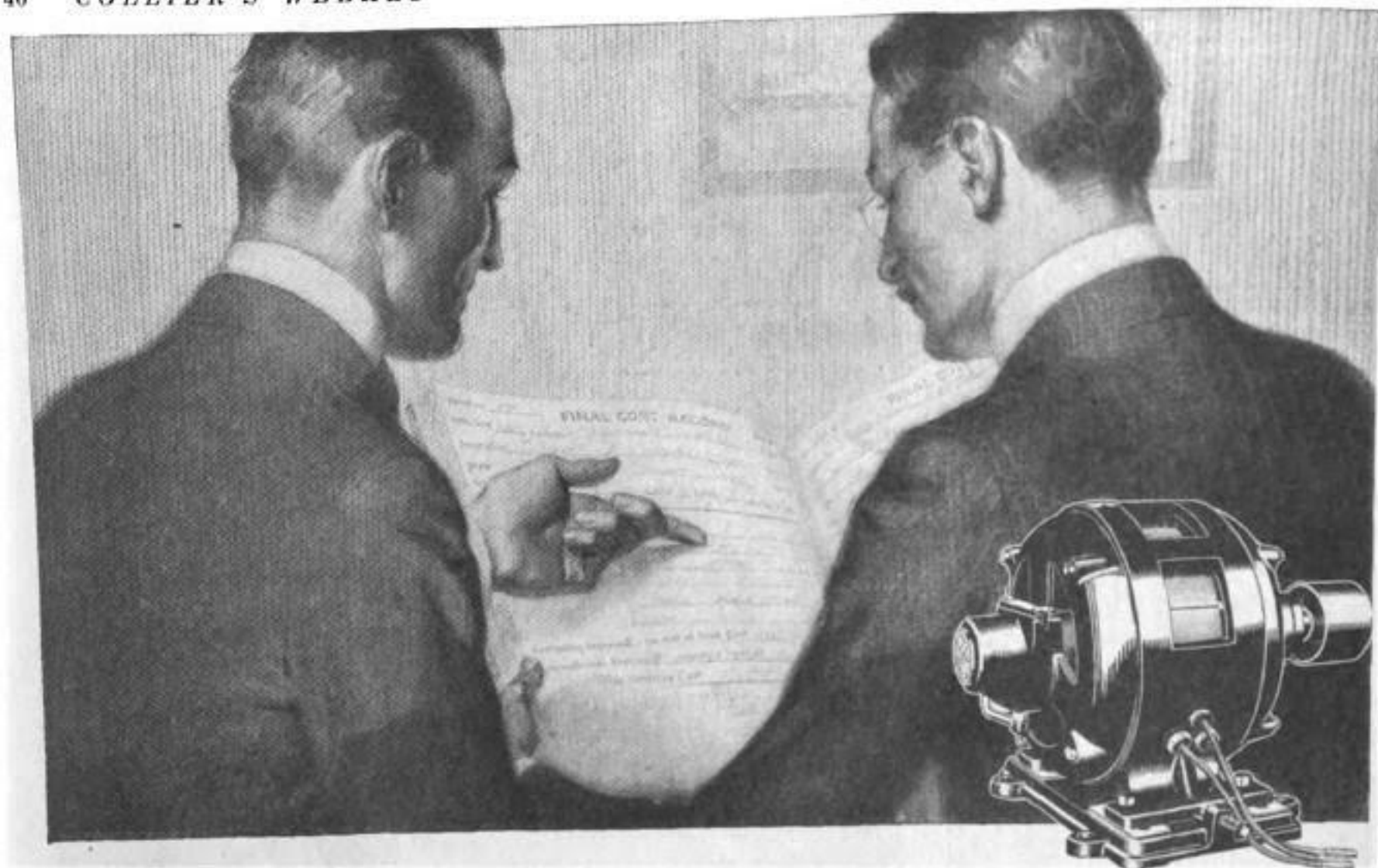
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"She said she'd go to her room and lock her ears if grandpa said such a fuss."

"And what did he say?" asked Aunt Harriet.  
"He made more noise," said Florence. "He said and told the whole thing again; he seemed like it enough, and every his voice got higher and was all kind of squeaky. He had his raincoat on and an umbrella anyhow. I carried one a single year! And he told Dill and all this and you bet he knew who he'd know Noble Dill's terrible cigarette, else, and, anyway, so's he couldn't see shoulders, and anyway. And he said Noble Dill's umbrella; he stuck it like he was somepin' to put out, or somepin' could get out of it as this ole fat man that and was chasin' Noble from behind, or somepin' fell down and just had in' against each other a while they got up at it was somebody he was for Heaven's sake why his ole umbrella and so he did, because it was awful, and I guess he give up: he couldn't." "No," said Uncle Joe, "whoever he was. But about Noble Dill!"

FLORENCE paused and conclude a response pleasantly: "I goin' to kill him. He and often wanted to. That's the reason I wrote that note this."

"What note?" Aunt Harriet asked.

"I was over there," Florence, "and Aunt Harriet said she'd like me to take to Noble Dill. He came home for her to him. She kind of because grandpa came pokin' around, while he was writin' it. So envelope on it even, and a single thing to me private or my not read to, or anything."

"Of course you didn't read it," Aunt Harriet said. "You didn't, did you?"

"Why, she didn't," Florence protested, surprised even in an envelope."

Mr. Joseph Arwater hardly think we ought the note said, even if it discreet enough to read."

"No," said his wife, "so either. It didn't seem important anyhow, but it began, 'Dear Sir,' and the way it began. It was just all upset to me. I accepted an umbrella. Noble didn't have any self like that, and grandpa was embarrassed to think he was much for him, and even didn't know what to do. It would be tactful if he to the house till grandpa so embarrassed, because peculiar, and all this and so awkward about him and everything. She's anyway till next week know."

"Did you notice Noble Dill?" asked Aunt Harriet.

"Yessir! And when he just looked too bad made answer, not know truth."

"I'll bet," said Uncle Joe, "bet a thousand dollars Noble Dill he was six would go and order clothes to fit a six-foot."

And his wife complete a generalization, since found significance to be nized. "They don't see said. 'The young man a girl's house don't know what goes on there!'"

AND yet at that very time a man was seeing a girl's house a little same street, and the Julia's street, and the



Inside the house, in the library, sat Mr. Atwater, trying to read a work by one Thomas Carlyle, while a rhythmic murmur came interferingly from the front porch. The invisible young man, watching him attentively, saw him lift his head and sniff the air suspiciously, but the watcher took this pantomime to be an expression of distaste for certain poetry, and, sharing that distaste, approved. Mr. Atwater sniffed again, threw down his book and strode fiercely out to the porch. There sat dark-haired Julia in a silver dress, and, near by, young Newland Sanders read a long young poem in manuscript.

"Who is smoking out here?" Mr. Atwater inquired, not mildly.

"Nobody, sir," said young Newland with eagerness. "I do not smoke. I have never touched tobacco in any form in my life. I loathe it!"

Mr. Atwater sniffed once more, found purity, and returned to the library. He frowned uneasily: the air seemed faintly yet unmistakably impregnated with Orduma cigarettes. "Curious!" he said as he composed himself once more to read—and presently the odor seemed to wear away and vanish. Mr. Atwater was relieved: the last thing he could have wished was to be haunted by Noble Dill.

Yet for that while he was. Too honorable to follow such an example as Florence's, Noble, of course, would not spy or eavesdrop near the front porch where Julia sat, but he thought there could be no harm in watching Mr. Atwater read. Looking at Mr. Atwater was at least the next thing to looking at Julia. And so, out in the night, Noble was seated upon the top of the side fence, looking through the library window at Mr. Atwater.

AFTER a while Noble lit another Orduma cigarette and puffed strongly to start it. The smoke was almost invisible in the moonlight, but the faint night breeze, stirring gently, wafted it toward the house, where the open window made an inward draft and carried it heartily about the library.

Noble was surprised to see Mr. Atwater rise suddenly to his feet. "Dam!" he said distinctly. He smote his brow, put out the light, and stamped upstairs to his own room.

His purpose to retire was understood when the watcher saw a light in the bedroom window overhead. Noble watched that window as he had watched the lower one. He thought of the good, peculiar old man now disrobing there, sheltered by the chastely lowered shade, and he smiled to himself at a whimsical thought: What form would Mr. Atwater's embarrassment take, what would be his feelings, and what would he do, if he knew that Noble was there now, beneath his window and thinking of him?

In the moonlight Noble sat upon the fence, and smoked Orduma cigarettes, and looked with inexpressible fondness at the bright window of Mr. Atwater's bedchamber. Suddenly the light in that window went out.

"Saying his prayers now," said Noble. "I wonder if—"

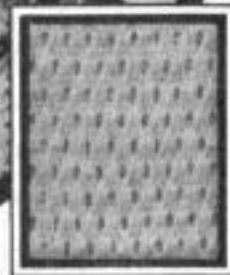
But, not to be vain, he left the thought unfinished.

Mr. Tarkington's next story in the series, entitled "Feef and Meemuh," will appear in an early issue.

## The Merchant Marine and the War

Continued from page 20

manded by civilian skippers, therefore, there is always poor discipline," is one of the slapdash comments. Another quotation is: "Great Britain long since placed her fleets, naval and commercial, under the navy, but before she did so she made costly errors." The exact opposite is, of course, the case. Sixpence paid for a copy of Great Britain's "Defense of the Realm Regulations" would have informed Mr. Brown and the Washington "Post" and the "United States Naval Institute Proceedings" regarding the civilian shipping controller in Great Britain and his steadily expanding powers, following upon less excellent administration secured with the Admiralty in full control. Just what do the three publicity agencies involved suppose are the functions of Sir Joseph Maclay, a civilian, Controller of Shipping—a ministerial rank since late in 1916, when the office was established to correct the preceding muddle? Another quotation runs this-a-way, as our Italian citizens might say: "No ship commanded by a naval officer would



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"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake. "After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

## NEW YORK TRIBUNE

"David M. Roth gave a practical demonstration of memory at the lunch meeting of the Rotary Club at the Hotel McAlpin."

"Mr. Roth asked the men at any four tables to call out their names. This they did—32 of them. Then the speaker turned his back and they changed chairs. Mr. Roth then proceeded to call each one by name and went through them without error. The blackboard was used and a number of other astonishing illustrations were given."

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You will see how your ability to talk convincingly increases because you are sure of your facts and recall them clearly.

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ever run away in the submarine zone. It would fight off the submarine and materially increase the U-boat destruction. Action by the Government giving to the navy the job for which it is fitted would have the immediate effect of increasing the active offensive units of the surface patrol in the submarine zone." Let the implied fling at the merchant-service commander, which had been made explicit in the context, be passed over, and the query raised: "What does the man mean?" Do Mr. Brown and the journals which have published his article mean that transports, loaded with soldiers or with cargoes indispensable in France, with their great bulk and only average speed, would not try by every means possible to avoid and evade submarines? Does he mean that under naval commanders they would deliberately divert their ships from a defensive to an offensive attitude? Would they envisage their work as the speediest and safest transfer of troops and cargo from United States ports to French ports, or would they depart from the task set them in order to become "active offensive units of the surface patrol in the submarine zone?" The article persists in its attack on "civilian skippers": "They continue to show their red and green port and starboard lights, which make them easy targets for the undersea boats, because they are operating under navigation laws which they refuse to violate for fear of losing their licenses. They would rather endanger their ships." Now, really, I can't imagine anybody saying that in the actual bodily, two-fisted presence of any "civilian skipper" or other ship's officer. Lights are not shown by merchant ships excepting in moments when the loss of ship and lives by collision is much more imminent than any loss through exposure to a submarine. Do the agencies that have put forth this statement happen to know of a great American ship that threatened to leave a convoy unless the escorting cruiser ceased flashing signals in the night concerning a formation to be accomplished at ten o'clock in the morning? As to the fear of merchant-service officers losing licenses, the statement could not be made by any man who knows the specific release from normal obligations as regards their licenses under which officers of merchant ships are operating now and steadily operated for a considerable time while the United States was still neutral and before the navy had any chance to be in the war. There is necessary point in the statement: "One way to help build a merchant marine for the United States is for related services to show a proper pride in it."

## Leave the Merchant Service Alone

IN early February Congressman Miller, back from a trip abroad, rose in the House of Representatives, and the New York newspapers of February 6 printed this item about him: "He said American shipping should be handled by naval officers, and not by the Shipping Board. There were no Americans in the crews of the two transports on which he crossed the Atlantic, he said." It would be exceedingly interesting to know all the persons with whom Congressman Miller had talked about the manning of ships, what independent investigation he made of this complex question, and what reasons he has to offer for his flat pronouncement against the effectiveness of the mercantile marine as at present constituted; and it would be exceedingly astonishing—and contrary not only to all experience with transports but with all merchant ships as well—to find that his statement that there were no Americans in the crews of the two transports on which he crossed the Atlantic is correct, or even half correct, as the Commissioner of Navigation's figures might hint to him.

All this has been necessary to say without regard to whether or not the plan to make every American Atlantic-crossing ship of the merchant marine into a naval ship be a good plan or a bad one. The reasons for it based upon depreciation of the merchant marine are all of them bad. If the idea itself might be good, it is not the first good cause that has been discredited by some of its most active advocates. In favor of the idea it has been urged that it gives permanent crews instead of crews signing on from voyage to voyage; that it makes the crews all-American, since only American citizens are admitted into the Naval Reserve; that they will be better than the present crews; that it puts a lot of young Americans at sea who may choose to remain there after the war is over and

so build up the personnel for a revived merchant marine; that it takes care of an oversupply of men now in the naval training stations; and—only occasionally is this argument offered—that men, being enlisted, will have to wait for less than the going rate of wages at sea in the merchant service. The negative considerations connected with these points of argument are that necessity has been shown for taking away the autonomy of merchant-marine crews after years of service in the zone that it is not proved the Naval Reserve crews will be better crews; that if the navy has more men under training than it can use for naval purposes they can be released under the condition that they go to sea in the merchant service; that a permanent personnel for the merchant marine can be built up only by right treatment under peace conditions; and that it is a mean policy to take from men long underpaid and poorly housed and fed the \$60 a month and war bonus of 50 per cent that they are now being paid in the merchant service. In all the discussions of the matter I have heard from naval officers I have not heard any of them claim that the reserve men would do as much work or accept as poor quarters and food and treatment as the merchant-service men. It is always assumed that there will be more of them to the ship in both the forecabin and the fireroom. The Seamen's Union has been attacked in these same newspaper paragraphs for some of its demands, but the fact remains that the Naval Reserve takes as a matter of course improvements for the half of which the merchant-service men have had to negotiate and strike and bide years out in struggle and waiting. The United States merchant ship that had trouble with her crew of eighty-one over matters of food and quarters, and had her difficulties solved by throwing her into the Naval Reserve with a crew of 306 and made up to navy standard, is a case in point. As to caliber, there is nothing miraculous about six weeks or six months in a naval training station, and observation of the naval reserves has not justified any hope that they excel men who happen only to be rougher in appearance than they and to bear more signs of the pains of the sea. The regular merchant-service men may prefer work ashore, now plentiful and patriotic, to the loss of their autonomy and the reduction of their wage. As to their Americanism, Americans are a mixed company anyway. It's no good grousing too much over mixed nationalities in crews. Simon-pure citizenry of a ship's registry would be ideal, but it never has been the condition. There have been mixed crews from the beginning of time. Very few men are going to try to throw a ship to the enemy, and they may be looked for in a naval reserve, with only slightly less chance of finding them, as well as in a picked-up ship's company. People don't realize the cold hate seamen have for shellers of lifeboats, the international mood at sea toward such devils incarnate. The situation with American ships isn't as bad as in many British ships manned by lascars and coolies. It really isn't worth while depreciating the seamen we have. Get more as good before you try chasing the others out. Aside from enemy aliens, who aren't allowed in any case, what danger is there from them? None at all. Anyway, though few people even at sea realize it, 43 per cent of the officers and crews are American. A third of all our seamen are American-born. A ninth are naturalized. A ninth are British. Those are the figures of the Commissioner of Navigation for 1917, and the ratio has been practically the same—more American, if anything—for the past ten years. A seventh are Spaniards, mostly employed in the fire holds. Release any surplus Naval Reserve man who will undertake to go to sea in merchant ships at going wages for the period of the war. Leave the merchant service alone, except by aiding it where you can, as a merchant service. Give merchant-service officers any additional disciplinary powers it may be thought they need for the period of the war. Give all men who sign for a year in the most perilous of all the sea services, on a merchant ship, the same right to cheap insurance up to \$10,000 that the Government gives to the soldiers and sailors they carry across.

## England's Experience

AFTER "the wholesale muddle brought about by Admiralty control of the merchant service," in the words of the "Nautical Magazine" for January, 1918,



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Great Britain sought a solution by a greater curbing of interference with the merchant service on the part of the other services and the appointment of a civilian shipping controller with very broad powers. He has operated since the passage of the New Ministries and Secretaries Act in December, 1916, and has interacted with the Admiralty and the army with very general satisfaction if comments from all the diverse interests involved may be accepted.

That is the lesson of experience that Great Britain has learned. Concurrently during the year 1917 three shipmasters were appointed Companions of the Distinguished Service Order, and three received the bar to the D. S. O.; sixty-nine masters and officers were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross; 126 received the official "Commended for Good Service." The thanks of the nation to the merchant marine were expressed by vote in the House of Commons. Mr. L. Cope-Cornford's book, "The Merchant Seaman in War," crowds the shopwindows and the railway stalls and is one of the spring's "best sellers."

But England has had her own periods of carelessness about her merchant marine; has the carelessness still in too many instances and along too many lines. A man is constrained to remember this and maintain some of the immemorial patience that attaches to seagoing when he tends to ascribe American neglect of the merchant seaman to the fact that the country's foreign-going merchant service has been so slight a thing nobody thinks of being sensitive about its repute.

### Pride of the Merchant Marine

I KNOW myself an eye-filling, ear-satisfying lieutenant commander in the United States navy. He judges everything from the angle of the navy only, whether it be presidential policies or the ways of men upon the high seas. He knows he does it and wouldn't change his attitude for the world. He knows it is narrow and knows also it is strong for the only purposes he cares anything about, and has a hunch it is necessary at the moment anyway. He is on to himself as well as on to you, and can get your point of view on him. So it is quite possible to talk with him, to him, and at him. I used to do it from about 1.15 a. m., when he would slip into the mess room and find me already there, until four in the morning.

"The trouble with you, —, is," I said one night after an hour's desultory hinting, "that you think there are only two services engaged in this war, the navy and the army. I've met army men like you too." (He half frowned. It is an interesting fact of human nature in all the services that navy men and merchant-service men usually hang together if army men or even aviation men raise any question that touches the sea, and then go to the family woodshed to have out the scrap between themselves.) "I mean as like you as an army man can be like a navy man." His face cleared again. "You have your immense pride in the navy. You forget that naval pride doesn't account for everything on the wide seas. There is another pride, as great as yours, as old, as justified—the pride of the merchant service. Any seaman in the merchant service is proud of our navy, its traditions, its personnel past and present, and its fighting efficiency. He is mighty glad to have destroyers alongside in the zone. He is glad to have his rating in the Naval Reserve, ready to swing into that service at a minute's notice when the navy feels it must have him for naval purposes. Every once in a while a check for 7 cents or 67 cents or \$2.33 comes to him from Washington as his quarter's pay in the reserve, and he has a great gulp of pride and greed, and after the two have fought in him for a while he frames the check instead of cashing it, because it means more to him that way and helps the Government at the same time. He has his Naval Reserve uniform outfit handy, and he pulls it out of his wardrobe when the ladies come aboard in port and sit around his cabin. They all admire it, and him the more for it, and he does the same. But his essential pride isn't bound up in the commission and the check and the uniform. His pride is a separate pride. It is in his license, his record with the companies he has served, his seamanship, and his hitch-on to the bruised story of the merchant marine, even though in the American merchant service he feels like the lone lookout of a decimated army, waiting for recruits, not re-

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serves, to come and build up the whole thing anew."

We were talking, of course, about this whole matter of the navy's proposal to take over the ships of the merchant service, and especially the manning of them, for the period of the war.

### A Vital Service

THERE are several serious objections to it in detail. But the great objection is just that it will tend to obscure the part the merchant marine plays in this war. Now, the establishment of an adequate merchant marine is the only new thing that the United States stands to win as a result of the war. We can be none too sure it will be brought about. But the enormous need of it, the fine training of men involved in it, the resourcefulness and adaptability it brings about in a man as no shore service and no naval service can do, and the shame of its neglect for decades before the war may now at last be made patent to the great body of the American public if they are not misled into thinking of it in naval terms. The danger is that any such plan as the navy people have pressed will kill the idea of the merchant service. And that idea, in quite the philosophical sense that justifies the capital I, is our great lack and our great need. That idea must not be shifted to the navy. It is easier to keep a naval impression than a merchant-service impression in the mind of a people. The social and fighting panoply do it, and besides the country is press-agented constantly for the navy. Posters do it, recruiting stations do it, schoolbooks do it, in all the parts of the land even the most remote from the sea. If there had been one-tenth the campaign for the merchant service that there has been for the navy, even since the war started, let alone all the years before, its ships and its personnel would not have been so few as now. And yet when the first great need came, the need to get our men to France, who responded? Who did the job? The merchant marine altogether more than the army with its transports or the navy with its guard-ship ships. From every track of commerce, coastwise as well as ocean-going, the ships and the men of the slighted United States merchant service gathered in one American port and took safely across the first great contribution from the United States to the fighting forces in France. In one harbor in France that could be named during one week of last July there was the greatest and most representative massing of ships and officers and

men, simon-pure representatives of the United States merchant marine, that has ever been known. What cared they that some of the ships had been built for coastwise and not transoceanic voyaging? They were needed, and they went. And the preponderant number of merchant-service men on the bridge of all the ships, with the two years and a half experience with war conditions that most of them had, were a conspicuously steady and organizing influence throughout the entire passage of that armada. Many of those men have since gone down with their ships. Others have died in the open of a pitiless sky and sea. The percentage of mortality in the merchant marines of the world is greater than in any navy or any army. It is not right that their memory shall be impugned as it has been by false reports carelessly or carefully printed. Nor is it the men in the comparative immunity of liners and destroyers and transports and battleships who are paying the highest price at sea for the United States in this war. It is the men on the eight- and ten- and twelve-knot cargo boats and tankers, going their slow and perilous best through the zone, putting up with quarters and food at which the Naval Reserve gun crews promptly grumble. All head to the same chance of treacherous death, but these are the men who have the thorniest road to the bitter end. It is not right that those who give their all of ability and devotion in the name of their own service shall have that branch of service belittled or maligned. Whether or not the attempt to supersede the merchant service as a merchant service for the duration of the war has enough reasons in its favor to offset the very serious practical and ideal objections to it or not, the basis of many arguments for it has been rank calumny upon a usually inarticulate breed of men. Easy assumption has worked rank injustice upon both dead and living, and easy assumption, equally, has stated advantages inherent in the proposed change that are by no means demonstrated. It is important for the maintenance and growth of the merchant service after the war that its significance and operations be kept before the people during the war. Else the navy and not the merchant marine will be in the minds of the people as the prime necessity, and the merchant service is actually and ideally as vital a necessity as the navy, for the United States, both during this war and through the years of peace that are to follow.

## Who Will Plant and Harvest Crops?

Continued from page 16

A farmer from down Bloomington way had applied for labor relief to the State Agricultural Department at Springfield and was told that four boys from the — High School of Chicago would be sent him. He dropped the letter in disgust.

"Four puny, cigarette-smoking, pool-playing city dudes!" he snorted.

But the next week, having to go to the city, he decided to drop in at the school and see the human material that had been assigned to him. Four six-footers, weighing nearly 200 pounds apiece and with complexions like girls, marched into the room. The principal was proud of them.

"They were on our football eleven last year," said he, "and they helped it clean up the town."

### "This Is the Life"

UP at the preliminary training camp at Winthrop, Me., the chief instructor was a practical farmer. He combined good advice with his agricultural training. "When the farmer says to you: 'John, go and find the wrench; it's under the feeding trough,' and you find that it is not under the feeding trough, don't, for Heaven's sake, go back and tell him so. Hunt out his wife or his hired man and find it and take it to him," he told his boys.

The boys did this. And more. They called their boss "captain," and in true military fashion saluted him. Maine wants the boys again—more than 1,400 of them will go out upon her farms in the coming season—and the boys' parents want them to go too. They saw the effects upon them of a month or two of discipline and of hard, healthy life in the open. The pay was also something of a factor. The State paid the boys—as it would pay any other soldiers—out of its military emergency

fund and at the rate of a dollar a day. The farmer paid the "going wage," in some cases as high as three dollars and a half a day. The best potato digger of Aroostook last fall—and the highest paid—was a young Italian of Portland.

One hundred and fifty boys from Milwaukee went into Door County, Wisconsin, were housed in the County Fair buildings, and saved the cherry crop by helping in its harvesting. From Milwaukee also fifty boys, wards of the juvenile court, were sent to a camp in the Fox River Valley. They tilled their own beans and sugar beets, worked for the farmers in the neighborhood, and had a considerable amount of military instruction as well. For their farm work the older boys were paid a dollar a day, the younger ones fifty cents. And their chief delight came at the end of the season when they were permitted to sell their crops for the benefit of the Red Cross—a very considerable contribution. "Gee, but this is the life for me!" exclaimed one of the smallest of the lads—a "newsie" whose irrepressible spirits and energy were forever getting him into mischief in the town, but which worked themselves out splendidly in the open fields. "You can put down one thing for me," he insisted; "I'm going to be a farmer."

### Begin Now!

THERE were many others of the same sort. It is one of the bully reactions of the entire situation. This year Milwaukee will send out four campfuls of the products of the juvenile court. Other cities will do as well. It is being urged that the boys be dismissed long before the end of the school year so that some of them can help in the sowing and the cultivating as well as in the harvest. The present time is the ripe hour for action. Last year we waited

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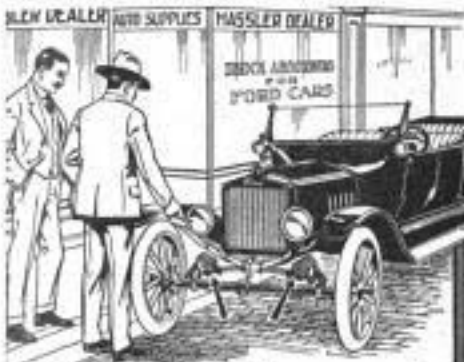
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until the summer was well advanced and it was almost too late; then grew nationally excited and a little hysterical and planted many late crops that were never harvested and whose only real effect was to raise seed prices. This year the States are not neglecting their opportunities. Indiana, for instance, is already preparing three training farms within a comparatively short radius of Indianapolis for this work—one of them donated by George Ade, who has shown a tremendous interest in it. For some months past Indiana has made the preliminary training courses a part of her compulsory education throughout the State for both boys and girls.

### Through the "Peak Load"

"HOW about the women?" you interrupt.

We had a gang of girls up on the truck farms around Mount Kisco last summer, as many as seventy at one time. It was good for the girls. They gained an average of nine pounds. They are coming back this year, and many more with them. The farmers want them to come. There are thousands of other women who might gain similar benefits. There are teachers and their students, milliners—a lot of other trades too—which run at a minimum at the very time when the farm is at its peak-load problem. Some of them learned long ago that there is no vacation which for economy and health is even comparable with a summer working on a good farm. The strawberry fields down in southwestern Missouri are filled in their harvest season with city school-teachers, mostly women, to say nothing of an occasional congressman who mends his political fences and picks berries at the same time. Anne Shannon Monroe, the writer, states that hundreds of women worked in the haying in the "Inland Empire" of the Pacific Northwest last year, and that this year there will be still more women.

But will boys and women solve the problem? Farmers will tell you no. As this is written a bill is being introduced at Washington by Senator Chamberlain to permit and authorize enlisted men in the army to be released from the cantonments and camps of the country for a term of service upon the farms. Then there are the plans for enrollment of the people of cities and small towns for helping on neighboring farms through the "peak load."

The annual hop-picking season of the Willamette Valley is a sort of social function of the Northwest—folk coming out from cities and small towns in their automobiles, camping by the roadside, and working in the hop fields. It is estimated that fully 50 per cent of the 250,000 men and women who form the population of Portland were bred upon farms. Their muscles may be a little soft, but they are reasonably familiar with farm processes and so not open to the ordinary city dweller's handicap.

Minnesota and some of her sister States of the Northwest and the Middle West are considering similar plans. In New York inhabitants of villages are being asked, as a method of "doing their bit," to sign a pledge by which they will work anywhere from one day to thirty—as each man may choose—and upon farms within six miles of their homes. Transportation is furnished, automobiles are common and serviceable in the country districts, and these men are paid the "going wage."

### Pay the Farmer More

GO over upon the west side of New York City, and there, in an old-fashioned building, find an editor who has been studying this question at close range for a good many years. His paper, the "Rural New-Yorker," has been going into the farm homes of the land for nearly three-quarters of a century. It is an old-fashioned sheet; its editor an old-fashioned gentleman, with an old-fashioned way of speaking his mind, to the continued discomfiture of some all-wise political folk here. For let not the gentleness of John J. Dillon deceive you. He is a fighter, as well as a thorn in the flesh of some politicians. And, because he is a crusader, honest of heart and of purpose—because he knows, as few city men know, the eternal problem of the farm, I went to him. "How about farm labor?" I asked.

"Men will work on a farm," said he, "when they are paid something to work there. If they are not paid enough, they will work in a machine shop or elsewhere. Our trouble with farm help is the simplest thing on earth. We have got to pay enough to the farmer for his products so that he can afford to



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pay a fair going wage for his labor. We are not doing that to-day. And our cities are beginning to grow hungry while our acres stand idle."

Dillon has little use for dreamers. Neither has Arthur Capper, who, as his real job, prints several agricultural papers out in the Middle West and as a sort of incidental avocation is governor of Kansas. Part of his message has been quoted. He says further:

"Kansas in normal years imports 40,000 hands for the wheat harvest. If our entire 9,480,000 acres is harvested, nearer 50,000 imported men will be needed. Everything, however, indicates an abnormally light crop, and several million acres promising to yield from three to five bushels per acre will be plowed up or allowed to go unharvested unless the price of wheat is made higher than that now proposed. The farmer must have more money or he cannot compete with other bidders in the labor market."

### Cease TempORIZING

I SHALL not at this time enter upon any discussion of the problem of price fixing. But Capper's statement as to the price needs of the farmer is as significant as Dillon's. These men know the pulse of rural America. They know that the farmer is paying much more to-day than ever before for the "raw materials" that go into his production—seed, implements, feed, labor. They know that the Government has asked the farmer of the United States this year to increase his wheat production alone some 300,000,000 bushels over last year's crop of 653,000,000 bushels—an increase, figured upon present-day averages, of some 22,000,000 acres. And they know that this master problem of increased production, under conditions of decreased labor, cannot be solved permanently, even by the use of the tractor—tremendous factor though it is—or by the labor drafted from schools, stores, or offices. The Chamberlain measure would be a big relief, although it is a measure that would undoubtedly be accomplished at the expense of our military preparation.

Another suggestion is the drafting of men outside the military age, or for some other reason unfit for military service, but valuable on the farm. Objections to this are many and serious. The New York State Prison Commission advocates the use of prison labor for the farms and urges boards of supervisors to appropriate money for lease or purchase of farms where prison labor may be employed. This was done in some cases in New York State last summer.

There is, however, a factor which

looms large already and may loom much larger before the summer is well advanced. We are to-day producing munitions for overseas more rapidly than the shipping facilities for transporting them. There is glut to-day at our embarkation ports. In a short time this congestion may reach an embarrassing size, and then we shall have to halt production of our munitions for the war until our production of ships shall have caught up. The figures of the Federal Department of Labor agencies at some of the typical "war-bride" towns—Bridgeport, Conn. for instance—show that to-day men are applying for work than can be given jobs. The ship congestion may easily slow down others. And for a time in midsummer, while our transportation situation is adjusting itself to production, there may be many men out of work—and they will be full-grown men, accustomed to work and not afraid of it. That will be the farmer's opportunity. If he is wise, he will clinch it by good housing and living conditions for his men. There is a definite reaction to the farm and farm life in these days of better highways, cheap automobiles, the rural parcel post and the telephone.

When the farmer gets a city man—wearied of the monotony of his life and the close air of the machine shop and rejoicing in the openness of God's country—he had better fill him full of the real benefits of farm life.

Tell him about Kansas: How figures show that the average Kansas farmer goes to work as a hired man in his eighteenth or nineteenth year, works out for a little over seven and a half years and then becomes a tenant farmer. In that second interval he generally marries; at the average age of thirty-four he owns his farm and is his own boss. How many mechanics at thirty-four own their own shop or even a decent interest in it? Are the joys of having Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin around the corner to be compared with those of having a land deed in your strong box? And, just in order to show that I am not prejudiced against either Charles or Mary, permit me to say that the man who has his Kansas farm generally has his car and gets his fill of the movies too.

When are we going to cease temporizing with this all-important question of farm production in America and come to a definite policy in regard to it—as definite a policy as we reached in conscription, for instance? We have wasted reams of paper and endless authority—everyone seemingly has taken a whack at the problem. And we have arrived nowhere—nor even made satisfactory progress.

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1918

State of New York: ss.:  
County of New York: ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. G. Hammesfahr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the General Manager of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Name of	Post-office address
PUBLISHER—P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated	416 West 13th St., New York
EDITOR—F. P. Dunne	416 West 13th St., New York
MANAGING EDITOR—William Le Baron	416 West 13th St., New York
BUSINESS MANAGER—A. C. G. Hammesfahr	416 West 13th St., New York

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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Robert J. Collier	416 West 13th St., New York
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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) A. C. G. Hammesfahr, GENERAL MANAGER

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Twentieth day of March, 1918.

(Signed) Alphonsus R. Casey, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)



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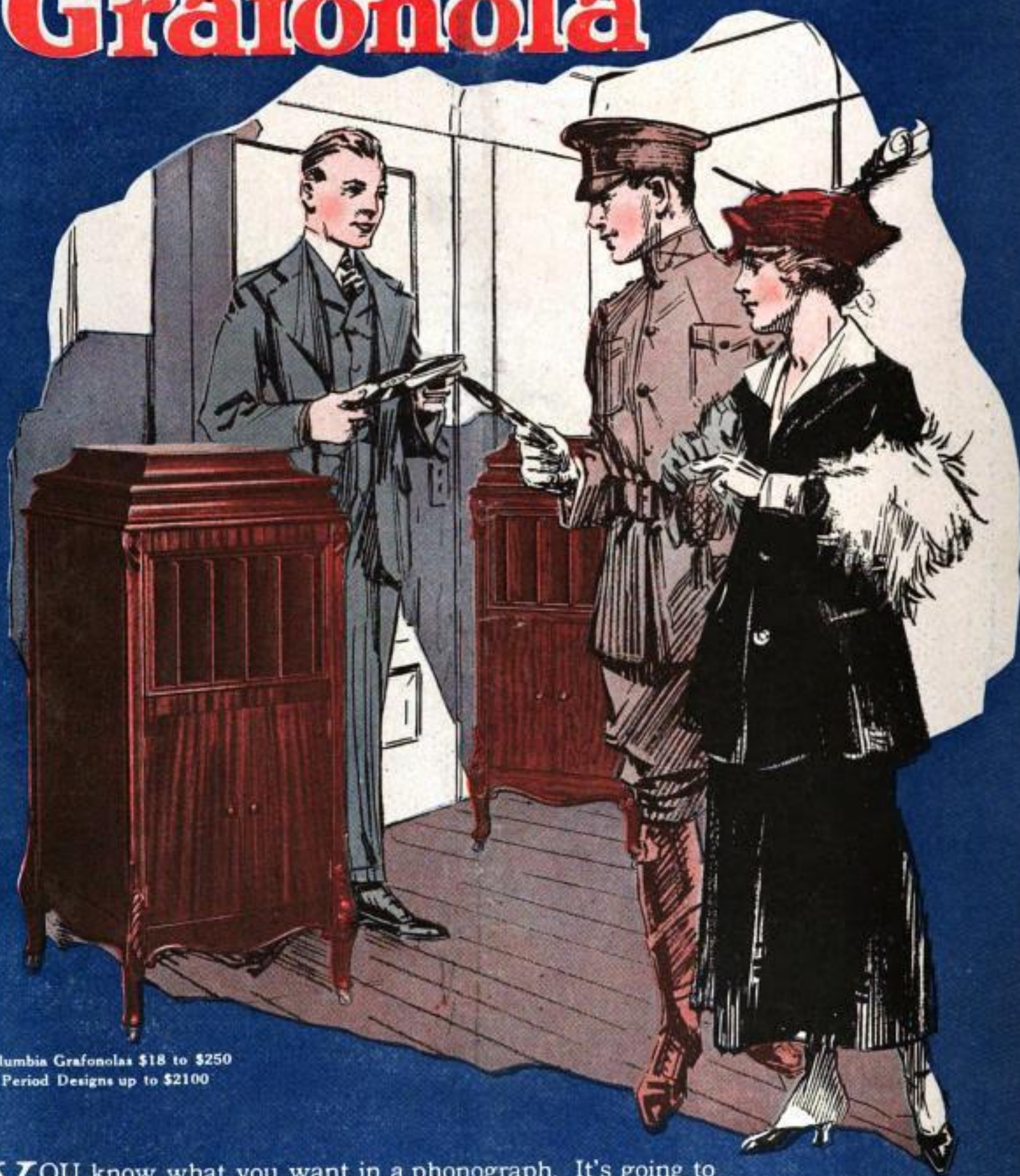
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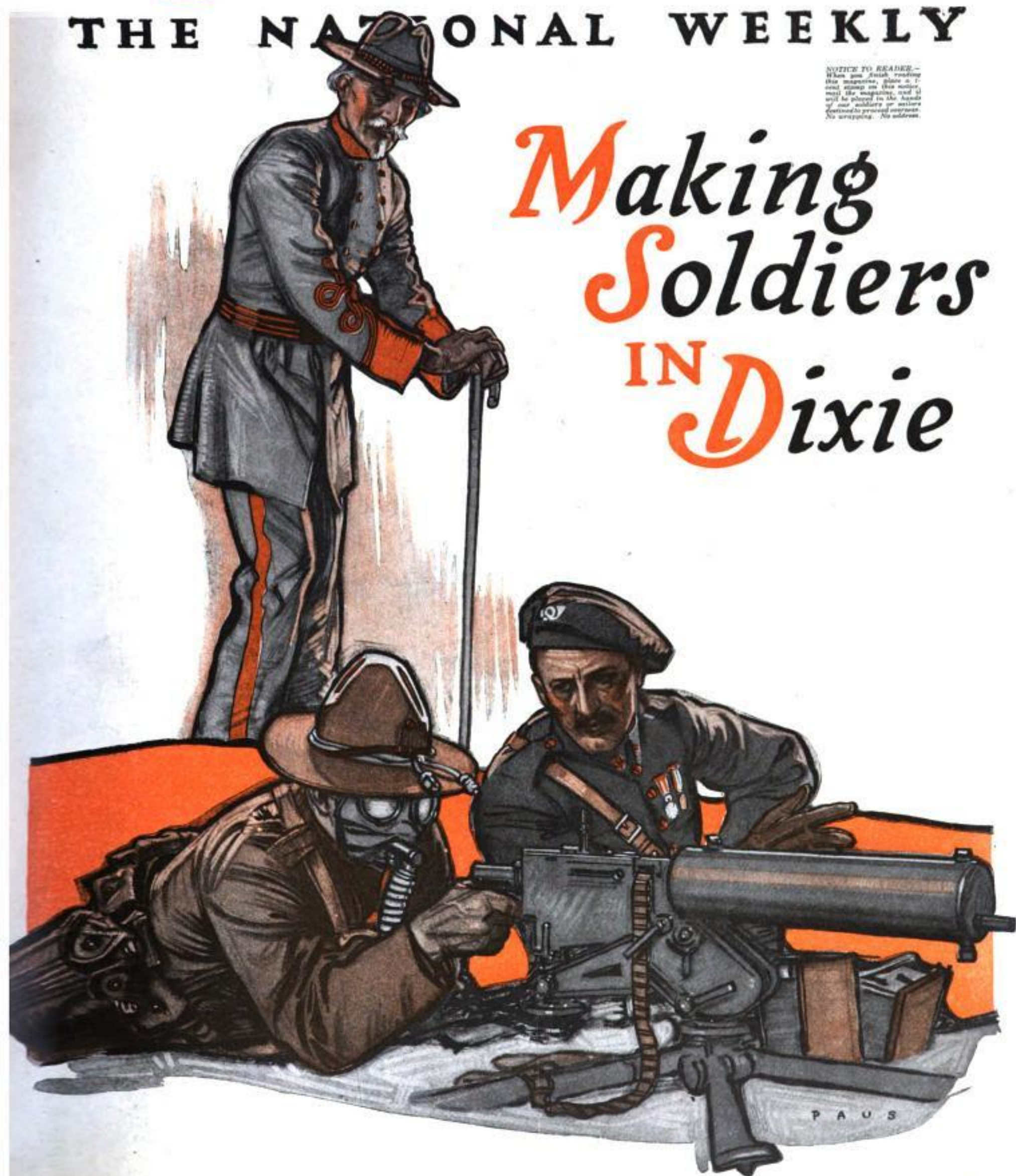
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April 27, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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# REPUBLIC TRUCKS

## POWER

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Republic Special,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton chassis, \$995; Republic Dispatch, maximum capacity, 1500 pounds, for delivery purposes, \$895; 1-ton with bow top and stake or express body, \$1295; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton chassis, \$1650; 2-ton chassis, \$1975; 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton Dreadnaught chassis, \$2950; 5-ton Thoroughbred chassis, \$4500. All prices f.o.b. factory. We furnish every type of body, including hoist, gravity and elevating dump. Write for book on any model in which you are interested. Address Department B.

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Big modern hydraulic turbines, operating gigantic plants, receive their power impulse at a point farthest from the center of the axle. The greatest leverage is thus realized.

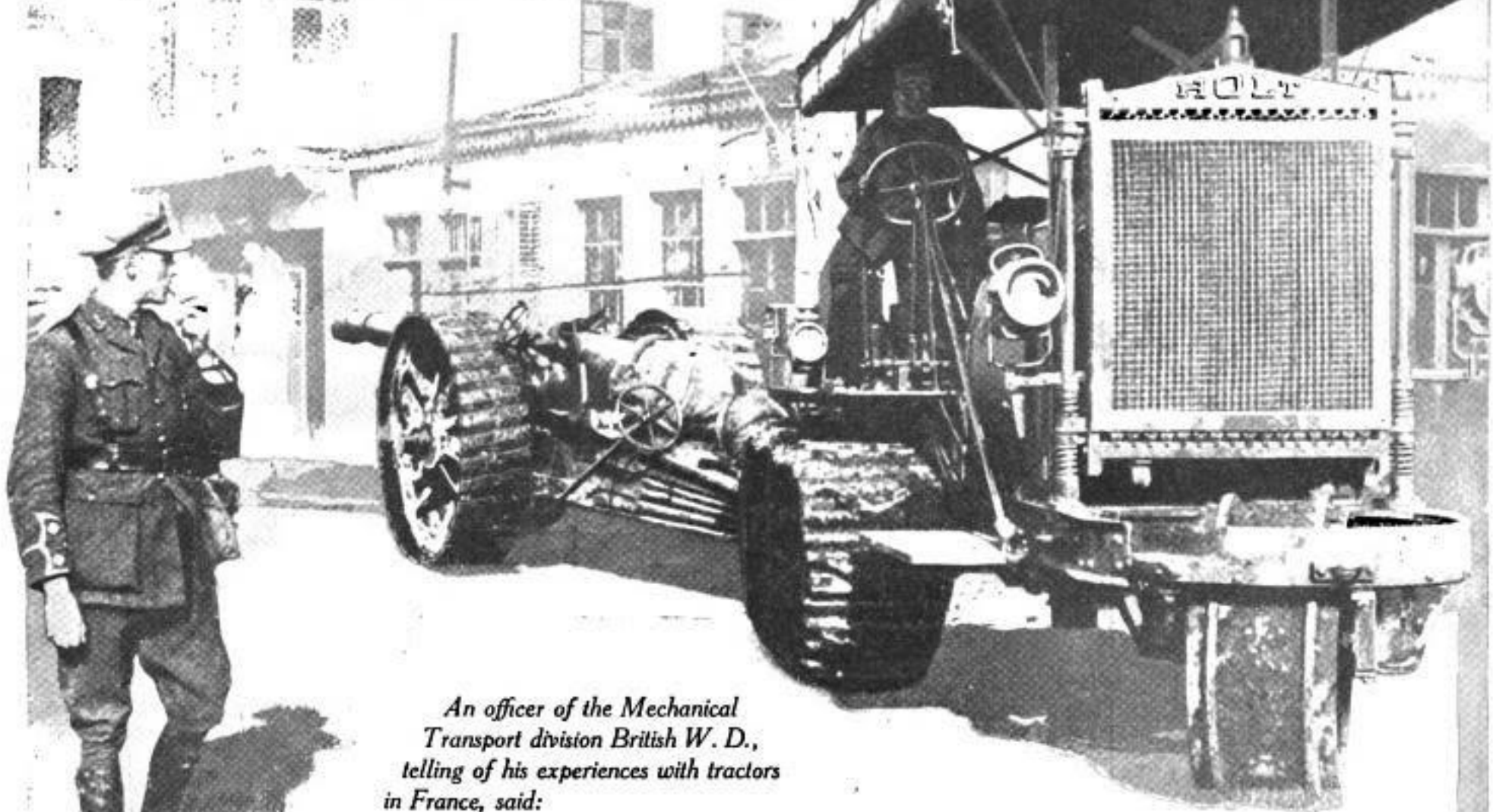
The Republic-Torbensen Internal Gear Drive transmits the power in like manner, at the circumference of the gear—not at the center of the wheel.

This cut illustrates the Internal Gear Drive of Republic Trucks. A massive I-beam carries the entire load. The drive axle is separate, and its sole work is to drive the truck—to move the load. Cut shows how pinion is meshed in internal gears on road wheels—insuring the greatest leverage.





# SERVICE



*An officer of the Mechanical Transport division British W. D., telling of his experiences with tractors in France, said:*

"YOU know we use a lot of Holt 'seventy-fives' for snaking up the 'nine point twos' and ammunition wagons. You cannot imagine worse operating conditions for a tractor—everything from bumpy going over broken stones to soft clay slush well mixed with sand. The dust and slush are the worst because it gets into the bearings. Occasionally an upper track carrier wheel would drop off—shaft cut clean through by the grit which gets into the plain bearings if they are not constantly oiled. It's marvelous how those Hyatt bearings stand up in the lower wheels. They are right down in the worst of the dust and muck and carry the entire weight of the tractor. They are always running and get precious little attention in the field.

"There is an old man at the Base Repair Shop who takes care of all the Hyatt bearings in all the tractors in service. They bring each tractor in about once in six months or so for a general going over. The track wheels are given to this old man who removes the bearings, carefully scraping and brushing out every particle of grit. Sometimes he has to take the cage apart to get at the dirt in the hole through the rollers. After he gets the bearing clean and cage reassembled

he swills them about in a pail of paraffin, dips them in heavy oil and reassembles them in the wheels. They're just as good as new. I don't suppose he has thrown away a pail full of broken bearing parts since the war started and very few, if any, new bearings have been needed for repairs."

□ □ □ □

Every Holt tractor, models 75 and 120 built at Peoria, has 24 Hyatt Roller Bearings in the "CATERPILLAR" track rollers. These models have been Hyatt equipped for the past eight years and today there are over one hundred thousand Hyatt bearings in every day use in Holt tractors alone in service in all parts of the world. Repairs or replacements of Hyatt Bearings have been less than one-fourth of one per cent in all this time.

Because of this remarkable record of service the Holt Manufacturing Company have specified Hyatt Roller Bearings throughout on all of their recently developed tractors, most of which are designed for military purposes.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

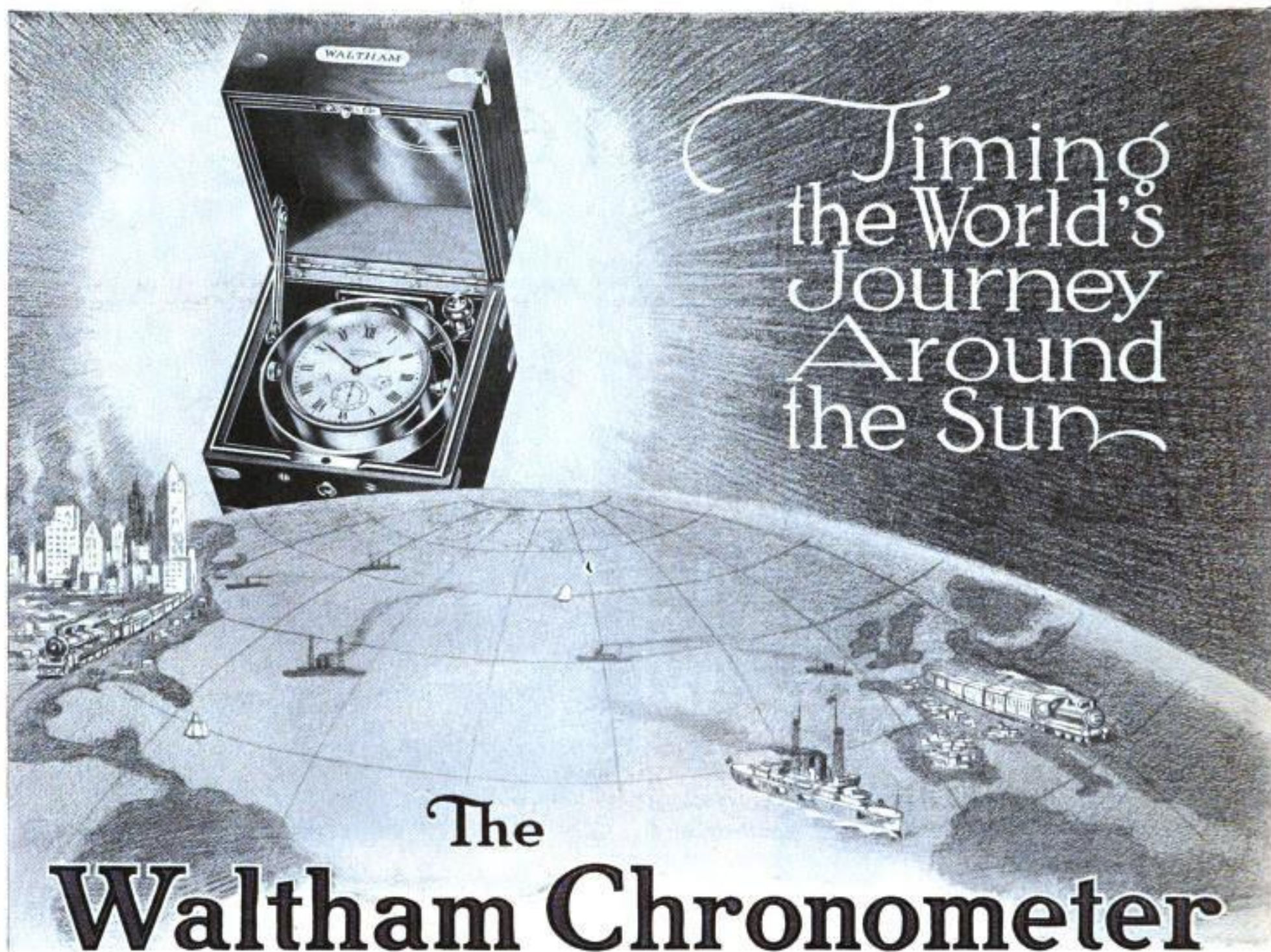
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# HYATT





# The Waltham Chronometer

Times the War Ships of Uncle Sam and Britain

Dreadnoughts of war guarding the gateways of nations; destroyers vigilantly roaming the seas in quest of their hidden prey; ocean leviathans that carry their passengers safely from shore to shore when peace reigns—these are guided in their activities by Waltham Chronometers.

No greater faith was ever shown in the precision of a timepiece than when the war governments of the United States, England and Canada placed their orders at Waltham. Faith based on tests which proved the reliability and precision of the Waltham Chronometer.

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Waltham, the only watch factory in the world that is equipped to make Chronometers, is also supplying other timepieces for war work. Deck clocks, comparing watches, airplane clocks, wrist watches—all made at Waltham—are doing their bit in helping the Allies go "over the top" to victory.

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# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



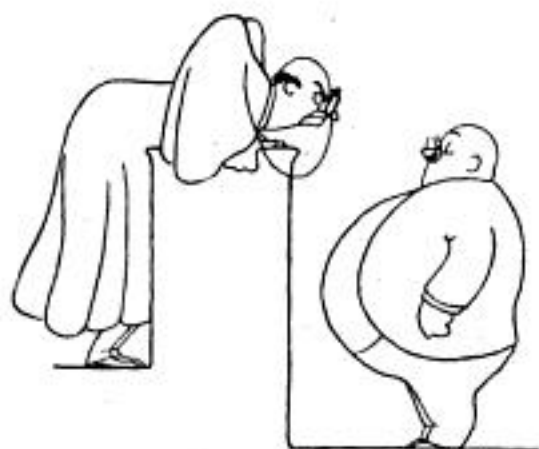
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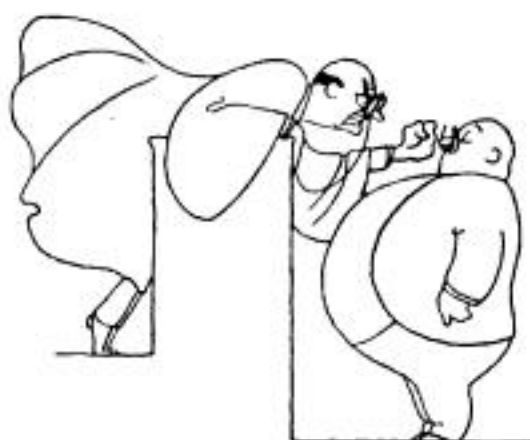
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

APRIL 27, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 7

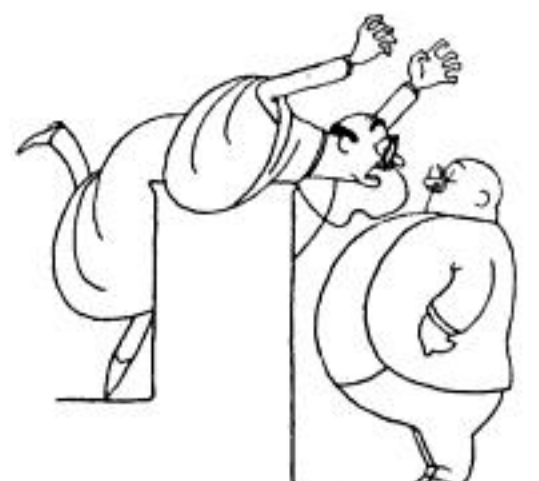
SO THERE!



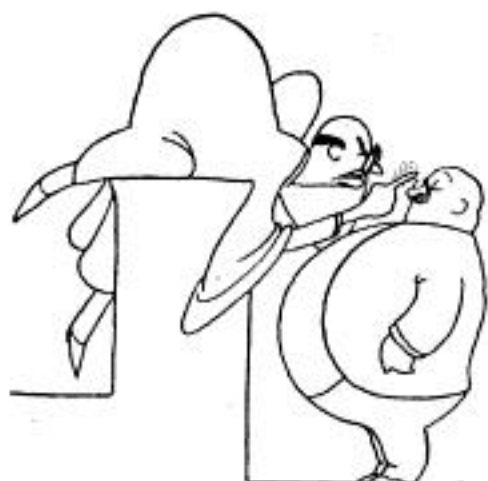
The evidence given, the judge  
declares the prisoner guilty



Of setting fires and spying and  
placing propaganda and bombs



And he then proceeds to de-  
nounce him in right round terms



And calls him a mean skunk, a  
sneaking crook, a venomous reptile



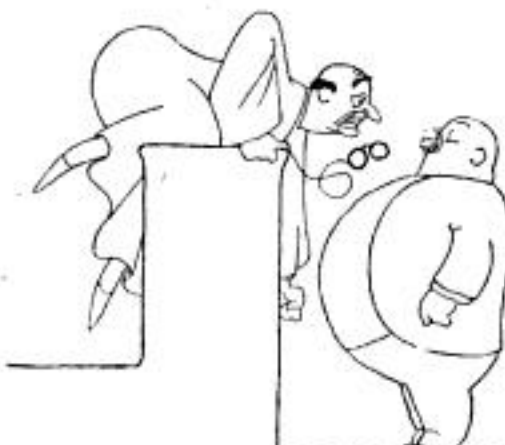
And declares him absolutely un-  
fit to live on a Christian earth



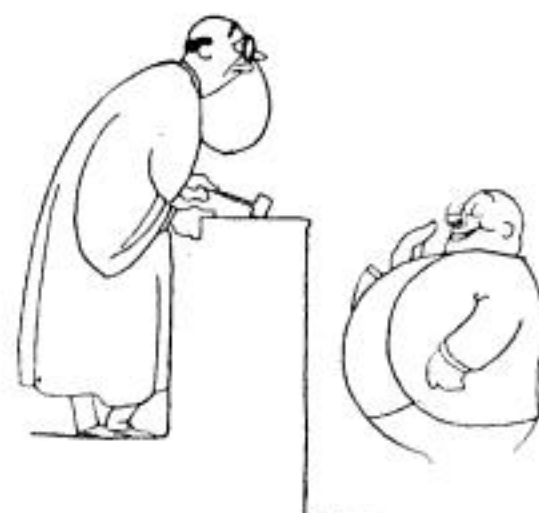
And says he is worse than  
the lowest of murderers



And swears that he ought to be  
hung from the nearest lamp-post



And finally, having expended  
all of his righteous invective,



Proceeds to sentence  
"Six months at Hot Sp



# MAKING SOLDIERS IN DIXIE

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT



A French officer instructed them in the art of grenade throwing

AN ugly splattering of sound from a snarling machine gun woke the valley with menacing echoes. A Virginia descendant of a Confederate soldier lay on the ground with his finger on the trigger. Near by stood a Pennsylvania descendant of a Union soldier watching the action admiringly. The earth under them had given final asylum to the soldier ancestor of each. The Virginian eased the pressure of his finger. A British officer stepped forward and spoke sharply in instruction. The Virginian and the Pennsylvanian—both of whose remote ancestors had, so to speak, collaborated on the job of seeing that the Englishman's ancestors didn't hang around to wear out their welcome—listened intently. Behind them, ringed about in formation, scores more of Northerners and Southerners bent their heads forward to catch the Englishman's words. The officer's speech was interrupted by a savage smash of noise from a hill in the near distance. I saw, outlined clearly against the sky line, a French officer instructing men of the North and South in the art of grenade throwing: a French officer whose ancestors may well have aided the men of the Revolution—North and South—in their battle against the English on that very ground. The sound of the bombing ceased, and the English officer went on with his talk. Men of the North and sons of the South, under the instruction of a British officer aided by a Frenchman, and rehearsing their warfare on the ground that saw the final resistance of Lee against Grant; on ground in seeing distance of the Appomattox Courthouse!

It was Camp Lee, the National Army cantonment just outside of Petersburg. Camp Lee is not altogether typical of the South, but it is typical of America.

## Inside of the Horseshoe

CAMP LEE is the second largest cantonment. Most of its personnel is from western Pennsylvania, although it houses the selected men from West Virginia and Virginia. The camp is built in the shape of a horseshoe, with the drill grounds, bayonet courses, gas schools, and bombing grounds on ground inclosed by the barracks. One may stand near Division Headquarters at Camp Lee and see more men doing more different things than at any other camp. From one point of vantage I was able to watch several infantry battalions drilling, details at bayonet practice, machine-gun crews under instructions, bombing squads at work, men around the gas house learning to don masks properly, and others working at trench construction.

On a windy hill near the gas house I met a captain whose business it is to teach noncommissioned officers all the methods of defense against gas. All about us were details of men practicing the adjustment of masks. A number of men were just coming out of the gas house near by, laughing and joking at their first experience with the noxious, invisible enemy. "How was it, Joe?" asked a sergeant.

"Like Limburger cheese, only not so thick," the soldier replied.

"Wait till you get a whiff of it! A Bermuda

onion will smell like a rose to you for a week afterward."

The captain laughed. "The Heinies will have to dig up something more schrecklich than gas if they want to scare this outfit," he said. "Men aren't afraid of a thing they make jokes about. They say the noncoms are the backbone of an army. If that's true, we've got some vertebrae. I was lecturing to a class of fifty noncoms, and I found out later that thirty-three of them had had more chemistry than I'd had. After I had finished my talk I invited them to ask me questions, and they put me in a hole. I'd have been in an awful fix if it hadn't been for the fact that the fellow who was my orderly then was a former professor of chemistry at Yale. Between us we got by."

The 159th Brigade at Camp Lee has in its enlisted personnel probably the purest American blood of any camp in the country. Most of the men in the brigade are Virginians who trace their lineage back to colonial days. Major Granville Fortescue was telling me of the men of this brigade. "You know if an Englishman were to read over the localization order for this brigade, he'd think it a call to his home soldiers," he said. "We've men from Middlesex, Surry, and Kent here in one company; in another Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Northampton, and in other battalions are soldiers from the counties of Lancaster, York, Warwick, Bedford, Richmond, Sussex, Southampton, and Isle of Wight. Company roll calls down here sound like a lesson in English history—

Buckingham, Brunswick, Cumberland, Bath, Halifax. Literature is well represented too. One company has a squad composed of Addison, Arnold, Johnson, and Merideth."

The Division Headquarters at Camp Lee is within a stone's throw of the spot where the house stood that housed Grant and his staff during the siege of Petersburg. Last fall there was a Confederate reunion at Petersburg, and the old soldiers visited the cantonment. The man who had served as General Lee's cook during the siege was there; and in that camp, so appropriately named for the great military leader of the South, he met the grandson of the famous general, an officer in the American army, training Americans to fight for America.

## Southern Spirit

AT Camp Jackson, South Carolina, we find the unalloyed South in training. The men at Camp Jackson are drawn from North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, Arkansas, and Alabama. This camp is located near Columbia, the State capital, in the pine woods on the highest bit of ground between the coast and the mountains. The soil is sandy, and because the water drains from it so quickly, it offers splendid opportunity for drilling.

The men of the South are excellent physical material. They are, on the whole, strong men; but they need athletic work to loosen and speed them up. Camp Jackson is fortunate in having Frank M. Dobson, former Princeton athlete and National League ball player, as a camp physical director, working in conjunction with the divisional athletic director, James Driver. Dobson is the best known college athletic coach in the South; over three hundred of the officers at Camp Jackson have played on college teams either under or against him. With Driver he has planned and carried out an athletic program of track and field events that has embraced all the men in the camp. It has long been his theory that athletics should be run to benefit the men of a college rather than merely to insure victory for a college team; now his theories are peculiarly applicable.

I wish there were some way in which I might do full justice to the reserve officers of the National Army in the South. I can't. History will. Practically all of them are from the training camp at Fort Oglethorpe. Most of them are Southern college men, and they are a snappy, peppery lot. They believe in themselves, they believe in the National

Army, and above all they believe in their men. There is a phrase which always made me smile: "the flower of the South." I heard it used in reference to the reserve officers of the South, and I didn't smile. It's not trite nor funny to me now. Those reserve officers have a hard job. They are doing it well and cheerfully, and finding the patience to be courteous not only to superiors and visitors, but to their men as well.

"I put in a good deal of time explaining to my men the principles for which we are fighting," a reserve captain of infantry—a college man—told me. "I get excellent results. I believe that the Southerner is peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of principle. My men don't understand all the forces that operated to bring about this war. That knowledge is not necessary. They are coming to understand that the United States is absolutely right in its position, and, believe me, Mr. McNutt, these men of mine will fight like madmen for anything that they believe to be right."

Most of the selected men in camp at Jackson are from remote farms and small towns. Those who took newspapers were interested in local news. They are, for the most part, men who have been accustomed to glance briefly at the headlines announcing the death of thousands in some great battle on the western front, and for their reading turn to the story about how Jim Hawkins fell from a scaffolding while painting his house and broke his arm. They know Jim; they did not know Europe. They knew that there was a war going on in Europe, but it was as remote from their minds as a native squabble in India or a fracas between black tribes in darkest Africa. There was much less argument about the Great War in idle moments than over the question as to whether Ty Cobb would outbat Speaker.

Many of them went to the cantonment unwillingly; but paste this where you can see it: The selected man of the South would go to France to-morrow if given his free choice between crossing the sea to fight and going home before the fight is finished.

"There's a wonderful spirit in this army, sir," a typical selected man at Camp Jackson told me earnestly. "I'm mighty proud to be in along with men like I know in this army. I reckon they all feel most the same as I do: This job's got to be 'tended to, an' we are the people who've got to do it! 'Tain't a nice job, but it's our job, an' we're goin' to see to it."

"You're not sorry, then, that you're here in the army?"

"Turn me loose an' I'd enlist to-morrow," he said.

"Then why didn't you volunteer in the first place?"

"'Cause I didn't think we had any business in the war, an' I didn't think the army needed me, whether we were right or not. I had me a little store, sir, down in —, Tennessee. I'm just married an' my business just beginnin' to get goin' good. I got me a little home, sir, an' what time I ain't downtown 'tendin' to my business, I'm home doin' some chore round the yard or putterin' round the house someway, fixin' up some shelf or 'nother for the missus. We're right happy, sir, me an' the missus. We're just happy with each other an' gettin' on about our business. I ain't got much time for readin' in the newspapers. I read a little 'bout the war, but I don't give a damn. Then, sir, all of a sudden, we're into it. I been goin' on 'bout my business like I said, an' it seems to me like we're awful foolish to go an' get mixed up. But I didn't pay no 'tention even then, till 'long come Mr. Draft an' grab me. Well, sir, I reckon I just most went crazy! I think they ain't got no right to bust up my business an' take me 'way from my home an' all. No, sir! I try to get exemption an' everything, but 'tain't no mite o' good; an' down here I come! I was right mad about it for a spell, an' then I begun thinkin' about it, an' hearin' my captain an' lieutenants talk about what we had to do an' why we had to do it. Then there's some men in the barracks that had more time for readin' an' studyin' 'bout the war than me, an' they're tellin' me 'bout it, an' how we come to get in on it.



"Like Limburger cheese, only not so thick," the soldier replied

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to do that's got to be done. I ain't no slacker, sir. No, sir! My daddy, he fought along with the Confederate army, an' you bet if he were livin' to-day an' young enough he'd be fightin' in this army; an' you bet I'm glad I'm fightin' in this army. I'm where I belong, an' I'm glad of it. Mister, I don't even want to go home till we get this job finished an' done with; an' after I wrote the missus, an' told her how 'bout it, she don't want me to come back till I git through with what's to do neither."

### "I'm Done Talking Against Niggers"

IN writing of the National Army of the South, I must not omit the negro soldiers.

There was one unit at Camp Lee composed of 1,600 colored soldiers, selected from West Virginia. Ten days after they arrived in camp with the first quota last fall, the call came for them to go immediately to France for special service. The call was sudden and unexpected. General Cronkhite knew that the men had not expected to leave this country for several months. He thought that perhaps some of the 1,600 might have good reasons for not wanting to leave at once, so he called for volunteers from the 5,000 other colored troops who were in camp to fill up whatever vacancies there might be in the overseas unit. Every one of the 5,000 volunteered for immediate overseas service. Then the unit was marched to a hall. The general said that there were volunteers to take the place of any who wished to remain behind. Only 20 per cent of the 1,600 availed themselves of the opportunity to stay at home. When the general came from the stage on his way out those newly drafted colored men, facing active service in the war zone within less than two weeks after having broken their civilian ties, started to sing "America." As the general went down the aisle the singing grew to a harmonious roar of affirmation. The thing was absolutely spontaneous. They had not been coached. It was a spontaneous expression of sentiment in the face of danger.

Will you say that they had no full realization of the danger to be faced? Then come with me to Camp Jackson. I heard there a battalion of negro soldiers singing under the leadership of David Griffin, the division singing instructor. They were drawn up in formation before a barrack, singing with that abandon and joy that only the negro can attain. It seemed indeed that the thought of the war must be very light on their minds.

Come with me to an officers' mess hall the next day. There is a shout outside: "Hey! Look what's coming!" We step outside. Down the road, thump-thump, thump-thump, comes that same battalion of negro soldiers in full marching order. These soldiers from the mills and cotton fields are on their way to France. The whole camp knows it; the whole camp is grave, quiet. Thump-thump, thump-thump! There is no sound in all that great cantonment save the beat of marching feet and the creaking of packs. The black men know they are on their way abroad. They are a solemn-looking lot. A minister steps out to the edge of the embankment overlooking the road down which the troops are marching, and calls out shakily: "Good-by, boys. God bless you! God take care of you, boys!"

There is an uprolling of eyes and a shaky chorus of voices in answer: "Thanky, suh. Thanky kindly. Thanky, parson. Thanky, suh!"

A big Mississippian, standing near, swore growlingly under his breath, gulped, and cried.

"I'm done talking against niggers," he declared huskily. "Those boys have been damn fine soldiers here, an' if they ever get back from France, I'm big enough to lick any man who don't give 'em a square deal."

"They've certainly been good soldiers," a South Carolinian standing by agreed. "I never thought to salute a nigger, but I've been glad to return salutes to those boys. If they die in France, they're going to be just as dead as any of the rest of us. I been changing my mind awful fast in the last two months."

Silence but for the shuffle and thump of booted feet on the roadway. The rollicking, syncopated songs of yesterday were forgotten. A soft, drawling, quavery voice from somewhere in the marching ranks began the hymn: "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" Others took it up, and to the words and music of the old church song those black boys tramped their solemn way out of camp to put their bodies to the chance of war on a foreign soil.

They may not have known much about the history of the German nation. Czars and kaisers may not have been any more real to their minds than ghosts and goblins. It is probable that the majority of them knew very little of the intricacies of Balkan politics. But, believe me, they knew that they were going to a dangerous place. They were not leaving with any idea of enjoying a pleasure picnic. They knew! I know very little of the rights and wrongs of what is spoken of as the Negro Problem of the South; I believe that, whatever the rights and wrongs of it may be, it will prove much easier of adjustment after this war is over.

On a nipping clear evening, in company with a Southern friend, I was loafing through the camp in a car. The blare of a band—a harsh rider on the back of that soft southern wind—startled us. We stopped. On an open plain near by a battalion was going through the ceremony of retreat. We watched the companies and the band go through the evolutions. At last one company advanced bearing aloft the colors.

The flag was a brilliant patch of color against the dark of the pine-woods background. My Southern friend swore a little prayer.

"Say! A live American he-man who couldn't get in under that flag and go some place that ought to be gone to, he ain't alive in the first place, he ain't a 'he' in the second place, he ain't an American in the third place, and in the fourth place he just naturally ain't!"

The soldiers came to attention in battalion front, and the martial notes of the national air rode proudly abroad on the rising night wind. My friend and I uncovered and sat in silence until the echo of the last note had died away. My friend blew his nose hard and winked his eyes clear of a mist that had gathered in them.

"Now, I reckon some folks, they'd go an' call this just plain emotionalism," he said as he started the car. "But it ain't. No, sir! It's just realization



The flag was a brilliant patch of color against the dark background

of the fact that I've got a mighty fine country to love, an' that I'm man enough to love it from the upstanding patch of hair on my head that won't listen to no brush, clean on down just as far as I go! That's what it is! That band was saying to me: 'Frank, you got a wonderful country. It belongs to you an' you belong to it.' An' I say to myself: 'By golly, you're right. I'd most forgot it!' An' when I come to think of it, I'm real proud an' awful humble at one an' the same time; an' because, for a little time, I understand how things really are, I get

a little blurred in the eyes. I tell you, we people down here in the South have had our eyes blurred up considerable in the last few months. We've got an awful lot to remind us how things really are. Everywhere you go now, all over the South, there's soldiers coming to camp or going home on leave, an' every one of them fellows in uniform is a message that says the same thing that band back there was saying to me. We people down here ain't often forgetting these days that we got a country to be proud of; an', Mr.

Man, I'm making a bet an' a prayer that when these Southern fellows get over there, they're going to act up in such a way that their country'll have a chance to be proud of them."

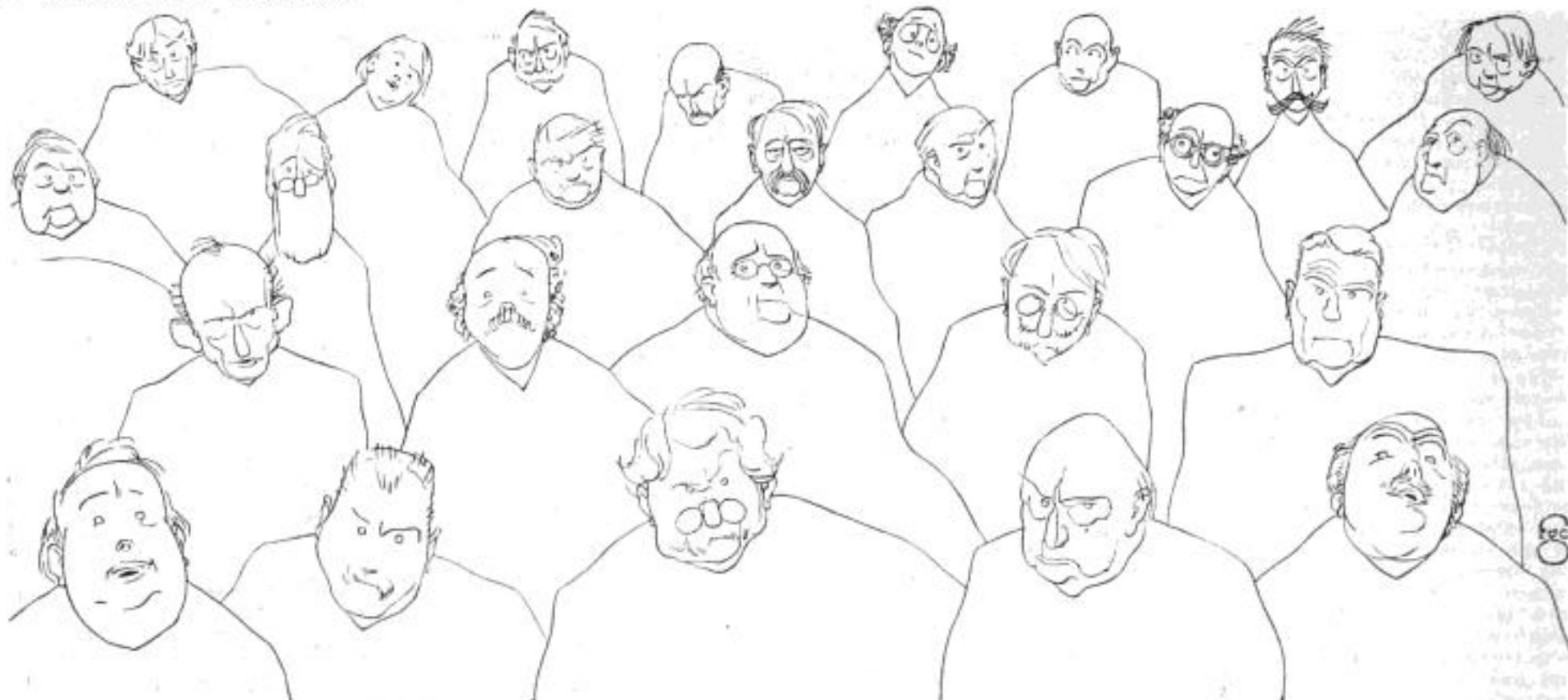
I can echo my friend's prayer and congratulate him on his bet. The knowledge that the Southern soldier must acquire is a knowledge of technique. The South needs no training in courage. The South needs no bolstering of the will to conquer and endure. The South has traveled a hard road without fainting, and endured without complaint. The grandsons of the gallant men who fought under the Stars and Bars are standing retreat under the Stars and Stripes; the will of the men of yesterday, who backed a lost cause to the ultimate of human endurance, steels the man of to-day for the coming combat; the spirit of the men who fought with Lee is alive in the breasts of the men who will fight with Pershing.

This is the fourth article on the National Army camps. In the fifth, to be published in an early issue, Mr. McNutt will sum up his impressions of America at war.



The Virginian eased the pressure of his finger. A British officer stepped forward and spoke sharply in instruction





# WHERE ARE YOU GOING, CONGRESS?

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THE two active branches of our democratic government—legislative and executive—have suffered a considerable disturbance of balance in a quarter of a century. If an American will go and sit to-day in the galleries of Congress, and imagine the ghosts of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, or even of Cullom, Hoar, and Dolliver, witnessing the performance, there may steal over him the suspicion that the intellectual sea of legislative statesmanship is not at flood tide.

At the end of a period when, for good or ill, the real government of the United States, from the days of Cleveland, and later, after the death of McKinley, had been slipping away through the relaxing fingers of Congress and running in dribbling streams down Pennsylvania Avenue toward that home of the Tightening Grip, the White House—Bang! the war came. It jumped at Congress so hard that it startled Congress out of its spare wits.

Coincident with this the President, acting with some shrewdness and wisdom, began to play the Executive hose into the Legislative face.

"Congress?" said a member of the Lower House to me in a style of English diction not out of vogue. "Well, sir, Congress don't know where it's going. But that's not all. Congress don't even know where it's at."

Congress admits with a gasp that it is voting appropriations in a year equal to the appropriations for expense voted in all the years of our history; it knows vaguely that it is passing measure after measure asked for by the Executive which have far-reaching significance for good or evil in the social and economic future of the country; it hopes that all results will be good and suspects that not quite all will be. It looks back upon its hatch with that same suspicion with which a hen would regard a brood consisting of ducks, birds of paradise, auks, eagles, and ostriches, hoping for its young, fearing for them, and not quite sure of their origin.

Congress has no time to pause. It is on the run. It is going somewhere. It must scatter largess. This is War. It does not stop to weigh the packages of foreign policy or military policy or domestic policy which the President wraps in such attractive inclosures.

Perhaps it would be unwise to stop. The intellectual tide is so low just now that, even if the gallop were halted, where would Congress find among its members the statesmanship to set up an independent legislative mentality again? Name the men if you can. Name a half dozen men in Congress who by comparison with the President do not look impotent and puny.

"And, furthermore, the people are not watching us as in the old days," say the honorable legislators, with some measure of truth. "The public mind has been diverted. To reach the public ear now, we only have a whisper; the President, through the infinite multiplication of executive and departmental publicity bureaus, has got the biggest megaphone ever built."

Congress has become a good deal like the board of directors of a corporation who look wise and vote

with the general manager when he talks beyond their depth. Perhaps this is a good thing; a democracy is putting on trial a centralization of power in the Executive which now has reached a degree of practical concentration unequalled in autocracies.

Watching Congress for many weeks, however, the question arises in the mind of the observer whether the disturbance of balance is located completely in the yielding of power by Congress to the President. Is not the change in balance somewhat explained by conditions which have made our Congress what it is?

No careful observer of our political life has seen all there is to see of Congress until he has been on hand when the President, planning to read a message on foreign affairs, makes one of his sudden descents upon the Capitol.

Buzz of talk in the marble corridors. The President has arrived! He is to speak! He has a message for Congress. Of course the final destination of this message is not Congress. Addressed to Von Hertling, addressed to the Bolsheviks, addressed to Lloyd George (London papers please copy)—all of whom will understand. Congress is to hear the message. Congress is a lay figure, and the President is about to drape a manuscript.

A sense of importance surcharges the air. History is in the making. No joke about that. Pages look grave. Ancient doormen exchange glances and nod their heads wisely. Those democratic "leaders" who feel themselves a part of this history making which is more or less Greek to them swell up a little as they "come off the floor" and peer around the reception rooms as if about to say: "Where's Destiny? Where is that constituent of mine? She just sent in her card."

## Calling the Roll

THERE'S Kitchin of Scotland Neck, N. C., who is chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee by the operation of the seniority rule—the designer of the eleventh-hour 8 per cent tax on the little incomes—those earned by personal effort. And there's Senator Kirby of Arkansas, who the other day was telling us from the floor that Surgeon General Gorgas, even after months of study, must be all wrong about our soldier boys having been overcrowded in the cantonments because he, Kirby, was a hunter and had been hunting with the fellers back in the Ozarks and slept in a tent four feet by eight or thereabouts, along of eight or ten others!

And there's Ollie James of Kentucky, the big, booming, thunderous personality of the Senate, who adores the Administration and would not readily change anything in it. And there's "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who has seen twenty-one terms of Congress, and Senator Stone of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, who was against the war but now clamors that Roosevelt is the kind of man who gives (as the administrative opinion machine says of criticism) "aid and comfort to the enemy." There is Jeannette Rankin, Representative from Montana, harbinger of suffrage, and Congress-

man Baer, a cartoonist and a kind of advance agent for the Non-Partisan League.

And there's the representative from New England who the other day made a philippic against the mud he found in a cantonment at Charlotte and distinguished his flourish by this closing sentence:

"Better treatment, I say, is deserved by these boys who will carry the flag—over the top to victory—FOR YOU AND I!"

## "They Are Trying to Understand"

THE President is coming! Knots of congressmen, informed by Washington society ladies who have arrived in their limousines, protest in whispers as they will afterward protest on the floor, that the secrecy about the President's coming is not proper "because Rumor knows more than we do."

Here, where so many interesting figures are pointed out, not as advocates, analysts, or men of outstanding ability, not as formulators of policies, not as students of great questions, but rather as men distinguished by the way of wearing their hair, or the length of their service, or their relationship to some one, or their participation in some funny story, or their hopes for promotion to higher office or the presidency (either growing, nipped, or dead), an astonished American wonders that no one is pointed out as a statesman. Or even as a man who brings preparedness, depth of study, and breadth of education for true legislative service.

"Of course, there goes Lodge," says one of his fellow senators.

"Who else?"

"Well, er—"

But the President has come! The bells are buzzing. Congressmen and senators in black streams flow into the chamber. A hush.

This is the President! A man who appears taller than he is—a severe man, a man of poise, of calm manner, a little ministerial, proud and majestic in mien, a man whose expressions come and go in marked measure. One person will notice that this is a noble figure, a figure apart from the men around him; another will remark that he is not a man of spontaneous smiles, not a man whose breadth of understanding and sympathy includes laughter—as Lincoln's did—not a man unconscious of himself, as Lincoln was unconscious.

The message! Measured, weighed, shaded, chosen, sculptured, arranged—the architecture of rhetorical excellence! Adapted, fitted, symphonic, striking chords of human sensitiveness, classic music of words which have been popularized without unbending from the manners of stately dignity—the minuet of state papers! And always touching the destiny of the world.

And this pond of expectant legislative faces—not weak faces, but rather faces strong in the lines of homely struggles and compositely virtuous and conglomerately ambitious and businesslike and stable, looking anything but suggestive of the old yesteryear suspicion of "influence" and "alliance with the



interests" and "manipulating" and "fine Italian hand"—what is the mood and susceptibility of this pond as the President delivers his complex treatment of world politics?

The pond just looks back at the President blankly! One man in it starts to applaud at the wrong time and then thrusts his hands into his pockets. There is almost no spontaneous demonstration. Furtive glances are cast at neighbors to catch a clue to the proprieties of response. Gravely, solemnly, and a little pale, assured of the importance of the occasion and equally unmoved by it, Congress looks at the President with a combined pond expression of respect—and dismay.

The American onlooker is perplexed. He leans toward a Washington correspondent and says: "What's the matter?" and the answer comes in a hoarse whisper: "They are trying to understand."

That phrase represents, as one finds it, the whole undercurrent of Congress to-day. With the gigantic task of the war, and on top of that an Executive hose of ideas played into the Legislative countenance, and on top of that tremendous social upheavals ready to shake the world, with no average intelligence knowing what to do or expect, Congress finds itself a plaything of necessities. What it must do it cannot weigh; the impulses from without are those it cannot estimate. No strong men are standing forth individually; collectively there is no force of independent action or initiative.

Some one has told the story of a Frenchman of prominence who was seen chasing after a mob in Paris during the Commune. "Stop! Stop!" cried an old friend. "Why run after this wild rush?" The Frenchman looked back pathetically. "I have to do it," he shouted. "I am its leader." And Congress is like that.

Make no mistake, however, about the virtues of this Congress. It has them. It is not a "special privilege" Congress, not a "pussyfoot" Congress. There is nothing Machiavellian about it. This Congress is in the category of "honest" Congresses.

Furthermore, it has worked hard enough! In the promptness of its service it has been praiseworthy. If an order comes down for legislation, Congress says: "Yes, sir. On the fire, sir. Will be right up, sir. Will you have mushrooms again to-day, sir?"

Suffrage and prohibition, once camels, are only gnats to this Congress. Not even a drink of water is needed afterward. Tell Congress what is needed in war enactments and, in the main, one may be fairly sure that, first of all, Congress will be very grateful to learn what is needed, since this fills a yearning desire to be useful while lost in the woods of dazed speculation, and secondly, with good faith, with dispatch, and without much of loose debate, tail-feather spreading, logrolling, or trades and whispered conferences, Congress will enact the law.

"We are much too busy to make many trades," a senator told me. "Occasionally the Democrats make a bid for the votes of the handful of hybrids—Progressives or the men who wear hyphenated party names—and, of course, if I am to be asking something of one of them, sooner or later he will be asking something of me. But there is less of that now than these halls can remember. The film moves so fast that there is no chance for posing, either."

### An "Honest" Congress

IT is said that in the turmoil some ridiculous examples of the results of a democracy's haste have come up. One of them nearly resulted in an appropriation to buy a number of mounts and draft animals, horses, and mules for the use of cavalry which would have been enough if sent to the other side to eat France into starvation. And this proposal came in spite of the fact that cavalry is a branch of mili-

tary service nearly eliminated from warfare. The recommendation, which probably slipped off the pen of a callow subordinate officer in a hurry to "do things in a big way," is like hundreds of other instances, such as the ordering of 21,000,000 pairs of shoes, the specifications for many of which were based on the sizes of soldiers' feet in the latter part of the Civil War when Americans' bodies and feet were smaller and the army was a "boy army"; or the duplication of an order for gas-mask bags which would have provided more gas-mask bags than our army now in France could have used in ten years.

In Washington there are spasmodic attempts on the part of executive departments to pin upon the back of the galloping Congress the charge that Congress has been responsible for delays. No doubt in some rare instances the accusation will stick. But, as compared to executive speed, Congress is an air-plane preceding the advance of an apple cart over rough ground.

"I am amused when our friends of the Shipping Board complain that Congress has been slow," said a contractor to me. "As you know, we have just finished a shipbuilding yard for the Government. Now, here is the literal truth—it took longer for the executives to read and sign our contract, even after the terms were all settled, than it took us to build the yard."

The amount of legislation passed by this Congress, considered by its weight of importance, has been great; it has been an "honest" Congress, a "people's" Congress, as Congresses go; it has done a large amount of business in a fairly businesslike manner. The whispering type of legislator is out of fashion. Congress in the main is earnest and patriotic. Partisanship has been restrained. All this,

in fairness to Congress, ought to be made plain.

Unfortunately this is not all. If the legislative branch of government in our democracy is not to become a mere adjunct of executive power by the common consent of the governed, then it is time that Americans took a close look at Congress and planned for its restoration. For even if one believes in centralization of power in war time, it is better that such centralization take place by deliberate policy and the creation of the proper machinery than by a possible deterioration of fitness in Congress to function according to the plans of the founders.

"My stars!" said one frank senator to whom I suggested this. "You ask that Congress express the will of the people. Bless me, in these days it does not know how to express itself."

To begin with, the chamber which is supposed to be closer to the people and more expressive is the Lower House. A few years ago, and by fits more recently, a large group of Americans were urging us to put the Senate out of its misery. "It is the stronghold of special privilege," they said. "It should be put on the list of extinct species. The direct primary may help to improve its independence, but, after all, only a rich man or a very noisy one can weather a State-wide senatorial campaign. Furthermore, what purpose does the Senate serve?"

Whatever the answers to the first suggestions, the answer made by our War Congress to the last question is quite clear. The Senate serves as a ground of debate and discussion, even if not of initiative and statesmanship, which at its best is at least worthy of more public attention than is given.

"Nothing ever comes out of this chamber now," said one of the ablest of the newspaper correspondents, with a yawn. "The Senate is the place where

one may at least hope for intelligence on the big challenge of this war."

We were sitting in the gallery of the House. Banks of brown chairs crowd the yellow and brown and gloomy and badly ventilated hall. Four hundred and thirty-five members! More than a hundred added to the number of Cleveland's day. And each one now represents nearly a quarter of a million people! Half a century ago each one represented less than half that number!

### Blond or Brunette?

IT was a day when a discussion of the famous Garfield fuel order, affecting a whole nation's economic equilibrium, had been forced off the floor. The Speaker, Champ Clark, with a grave expression on his strong face, is listening to parts of the following:

CAMPBELL of Kansas—The gentleman from Mississippi has intimated that somebody is talking politics. Sisson—I did not intimate it; I stated it.

CAMPBELL—I do not know to whom he refers.

Sisson—The gentleman ought to be able to recognize his own photograph.

CAMPBELL—That is what I wanted the gentleman to say.

Sisson—That is all. I have said it.

And then again:

CAMPBELL—I have gone through the War Department and found four or five clerks visiting, hovering over the same typewriter's desk. You will find in every hall in the War Department clerks so thick that they are in each other's way, reading newspapers, gossiping, manicuring their nails. . . .

RUCKER—Mr. Campbell speaks knowingly, because he speaks from personal observation of conditions in the War Department, and he tells us that he frequently goes there and finds five or six clerks hovering over the desk of a stenographer or a typewriter—presumably of the female persuasion—and the gentleman from Kansas, it seems, places himself around that same typewriter when he goes to the department. If the gentleman is appealing in behalf of that typewriter, who perhaps puts in several hours of the time daily in entertaining members of the House, then, so far as that one is concerned—

CAMPBELL—It is not one, but the desks clutter the hallways of the entire department.

RUCKER—Well, the gentleman ought to confine himself to one—if she is good-looking, at least.

CAMPBELL—Oh, I have long ceased to be interested in any typewriter, be she blond or brunette.

### New Wits

I THOUGHT of the plight of nations and the vast upheaval of the world; I thought of the coming new day, or night, of the world which will change even our vocabulary by making obsolete the words for old ideas and bringing in words for institutions and conceptions not yet in being, and then I thought of all the mouthing on the floor among those who speak for "that fair and beautiful State of Tennessee" or "the great and prosperous State of Iowa" or "the honored and glorious State of Texas" or "the unparalleled and ever-bright State of Ohio." I thought of this passage of the other day:

CANNON—Why, I may be foolish in my old age, but I have no doubt that this amendment—

SNOOK of Ohio (rising)—Oh, vote it down!

CANNON—My friend says: "Vote it down!"

SNOOK—Oh, well, I say vote it up or down.

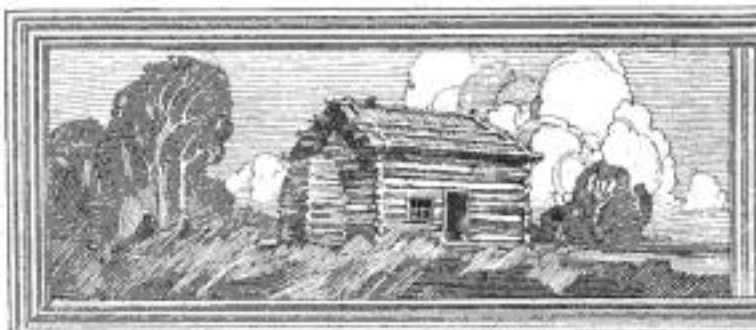
There is innocent fun for you to relieve the stress of grim duty! It is carrying the flavor of the House to that same plane reached the other day when a great Government contract was under discussion:

A MEMBER (rises)—What does the gentleman mean by referring to a "wooden" contract? Does he mean a contract with a man who is wooden from the neck up?

And on the same plane was the eagerness with which a "cultured" body seized upon the name of Hog Island when an investigation of the shipyard contract was going on. The word "hog" played upon ad nauseam, even up in the Senate by men like Vardaman and Knute Nelson, made the reputations of new wits and convulsed members, while even the galleries groaned. (Continued on page 35)







# Collier's

## The Battle

AS this issue of COLLIER'S goes to press, the great battle in France—perhaps the greatest in recorded history—is still raging with undiminished fury. Of the outcome it would be absurd to venture an opinion. The Allies are fighting with the tenacity and courage to be expected of them, and although the advantage is still with the enemy, a day might turn the tide the other way. The Germans have suffered terribly. No such shedding of human blood as took place in the waves of men who were hurled against the machine-gun and artillery fire of the Allies has ever been known. But their gains have been great in territory, prisoners, and guns. It is good to be able to write at last that American troops are now in this battle and that more are hurrying over from the training camps, the flower of the youth of this country. Their numbers may be small, but their courage is high, and without boasting we may expect that they will take at least their share of the work from the French and British veterans with whom they are brigaded.

The reason for the German success remains a military mystery. We cannot understand the preponderance of German man power or the effectiveness of the surprise. For months it had been known that the German General Staff was planning a great drive. In fact, the movement was advertised in advance in order to quell political discontent at home. Yet when the blow was struck it came with all the force of "the bolt from the blue." "Surprise," says a great military writer, "was the foundation of almost all the grand strategical combinations of the past, as it will be of those to come. The first thought and the last of the great general is to outwit his adversary and to strike where he is least expected. . . . There is nothing to be more dreaded in war than the intellect and audacity of the strategist. . . . The great strategist, surprise being still the most deadly of all weapons, will devote the whole force of his intellect to bringing it about."

These are all truisms of warfare. They are printed, in one form or another, in all the great military books. Yet here we find armies surprised after having been notified that they were to be surprised! Probably the reason for the failure better to withstand the German onrush is to be found in the other strategical necessity of discovering the weak point of your adversary's line and striking at that. Undoubtedly it was the British Fifth Army which first gave way and disordered the entire plan of defense. It may be that the German General Staff trusted to the unstable character of the general commanding this army or had actual knowledge of his failure to provide sufficient defenses. At any rate, they struck with unexampled ferocity at the Fifth Army, and the Fifth Army gave way. The commanding general, Sir HUBERT GOUGH, has since been removed from this command.

The purpose of the Germans is generally believed to be to divide the British and French armies, driving one of them back on the Channel ports, which the needs of national safety will compel them to defend to the death, and forcing the others to retreat on Paris or even beyond. But the Germans are not the only strategists. We have unbounded confidence in that compound of cunning and audacity, highly imaginative but intensely practical, which distinguishes French strategy. It was seen at its best at Verdun, when the enemy were continually drawn in and drawn in with great loss until the hour came to give them the hammer strokes that sent them reeling back.

What would happen if the Germans should finally take Amiens? Suppose that the worst should occur and Paris be occupied, the French and British armies separated. Would the war end there? We believe not. The people of France and Great Britain are tired, but their hopes are high, their spirit is unbroken, their courage undaunted. We will continually refresh their jaded forces with new drafts of young and vigorous men. Even if the worst should happen, the Allies will go on with this war. The ring around Germany will not part even if she adds many more hundreds of miles to the territory in France which she occupies and desecrates. The answer to all the downhearted here and abroad is the ringing utterance of President WILSON at Baltimore: "There is but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

April 27, 1918

## Planning for Liberty Loans

THAT third Liberty Loan of \$3,000,000,000 is not large for our country nowadays, and we ought to take it rather easily in our economic stride. An American who doesn't know what a Liberty Bond is by now is either an idiot or a freak, and all sections of the United States ought to come forward for their full share. The great farming regions of the Middle West surely will if the Government can do something real for them in solving their knotty problem of costlier fertilizer, scarcer labor, and more expensive tools as contrasted with fixed prices for what they raise. If this is not done, the proportionate bulk of the third loan must be taken by the industrial communities as heretofore. This bond issue is quite small compared with the vague forecasts of it which had been coming from Washington, and it would be a very great economic advantage if our Government could get more order and system into these things.

If we need to have two bond drives per year of, for example, five thousand million dollars each, we ought to know it so everybody can settle down to pulling his part of the load. The chances are that most of the loose capital available for the purpose has already been put into these loans, so that it is now a matter of how much can be set aside for war purposes during a given period. It is important not to have these periods overlap. Those who subscribe for bonds out of their pay ought to finish up within the time in which the Government spends the money so raised and, preferably, before the next issue is out. There's little sense in putting two saddles on one horse. One excuse is, of course, the complicated and unpredictable tax laws which Congress has imposed in the last year or two. When those mysteries have been cleared up and their actual yield in money ascertained, the Administration ought to settle down to a solid budgetary policy under which each of us can see his duty and plan accordingly. Meanwhile we'll put this loan over with a rush. Three times is out for the Kaiser!

## Why Buy Bonds?

WHO needs to have that explained while the great battle is on along the western front? We are buying safety for everything we hold dear. How is there anything of sacrifice about getting security? In this world of peril and change the Liberty Loan gives you a chance to quit wasting and get your property into something solid. If the promise of the United States to pay principal and interest is not sure, then there is no such thing as wealth or certainty. The power of our country which guarantees these bonds is able, by taxation, to take the same wealth without giving you any bonds at all.

These Liberty Loans really force economic advantage upon those who subscribe to them. Suppose you don't care a copper about our soldiers or sailors, suppose you reject all thought of freedom, patriotism, justice, or peace for the suffering nations, then (if you are not detained in a lunatic asylum) buy Liberty Bonds because you seek your own selfish advantage as measured by the acid (and asinine) test of dollars and cents. To keep our Government possessed of all needed purchasing power at this time is not only the highest duty of citizenship, but also the lowest and most obvious common sense. In a cause so great there is room for all. Come on in!

## A Hint on Hero Worship

TO worshipers of the political individual we commend the following saying of the great Dr. JOHNSON:

If nothing but the bright side of characters should be shown, we should sit down in despondency and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in anything. The sacred writers related the vicious as well as the virtuous actions of men; which had this moral effect, that it kept mankind from despair, into which otherwise they would naturally fall were they not supported by the recollection that others had offended like themselves, and by penitence and amendment of life had been restored to the favor of Heaven.

It seems to us that the attempt to create out of a highly cultivated, extremely able, and patriotic man a figure of imperturbable serenity, of angelic innocence, and of an omniscience which it is treason to dispute must fail when the American Sense of Humor comes to the rescue of American Common Sense.



# Editorials



## *The Right to Make Faces*

ON the morrow of the Wisconsin election in which Antiwar BERGER polled about 100,000 votes and carried the city of Milwaukee, there came from that puzzling sector a vindication of Milwaukee's loyalty. Some one in the town now famous in more ways than one rose to point out that Milwaukee had oversubscribed its Liberty Loan allotments, that one out of every fifteen of our soldiers in France was a Wisconsin boy, and that the State had been free from strikes, riots, and other disturbances militating against the efficient conduct of the war. The argument has force. If there is such a thing as constructive disloyalty, shown in acts and not words, there is apparently, too, a constructive loyalty as shown, not in words, but in acts. Wisconsin would therefore be claiming the privilege of the small boy under parental duress. He will knock off marbles and go on errands to the grocery store, but he reserves the right to make faces.

Disconcerting though it may be to find Americans here and there carrying on with a frown instead of a smile, let us set it down to the imperfections of human nature—and politics—and be content, for the time being, with the loyalty of the overt act. We had the same state of mind in New York City after the election of Hylan. The forces of outspoken disloyalty of the Hillquit type and of the reticent loyalty of many of the Hylan supporters had won an overwhelming victory. What would happen to the war in New York City? Nervous editorial writers went so far as to call for the assumption of police authority by the Federal Government in our principal port. There rose a vision of draft riots, munition-factory explosions, and scuttled transports in the harbor.

What happened we all know. The drafts have gone forth cheerfully from New York to Upton and have come back to parade through shouting crowds. The Liberty Loans have been over-and-over-subscribed. There have been no ominous fires on the water front and no mysterious scuttlings in the harbor. From New York, under the eyes of millions, the transports and the food ships and the munition ships have been pouring out for the ultimate victory of America and her allies. New York, having made a face last November, is going efficiently about her errands.

And in the long run this useful and loyal activity is bound to wipe the frown from the face and the heart of the small boy.

## *Getting Around It*

IF a fellow wants to look a little bit like a soldier without the trouble of actually being one, he can have a belt sewed on his overcoat at an average cost per snappy garment of about one War Savings Certificate. The leaders of this mode camouflage wear belts about their coats, and we saw one sartorial Ulysses who had his waistcoat thus encircled; but anyone who puts a belt around his shirt (they'll come in summertime!) ought to have another behind the ear. A society dame from West Pumpkin, N. J., got her picture in the admiring New York papers by having her Palm Beach riding suit cut on the lines of the Royal Flying Corps uniform. Our allies have no remedy in the matter, and anybody who cares to do so can rig up a bow-legged baby in the dress of the Bersaglieri or the chasseurs alpins. All it takes is a little cheap nerve. After all, it does not matter much. Those who are helping win the war will keep right on doing so, and those who show their zeal by flourishing bits of cloth will keep on doing that. It's the eternal difference between real and sham, and even this war does not rouse some of us to see it.

## *A Law of Mystery*

ONE specially queer thing about that postal-zoning law which goes into effect in July is that the argument is so invariably against it. Everyone who considers that fantastic statute for cutting our country up into sections, and for making the circulation of periodicals across those absurd boundaries more expensive, is dead set against the whole business. The March Hare might have devised the scheme in some idle moment, and it needs a Mad Hatter to speak for it. The matter has been warmly and extensively discussed for some three or four months now, and, as far as we know, not one real argument in its favor has turned up. If Postmaster General BURLERSON and his comrades care anything at all for the "opinion of mankind," "the general reason of humanity," "the voice of the people," or any other of those oracles of democ-

racy to which JEFFERSON and JACKSON used to appeal, it is high time that they cocked an attentive ear in the direction of this chorus of condemnation and made some slight attempt to answer. It is no disgrace to make a mistake, for that can happen to anyone, but it is disgraceful to refuse flatly to consider whether or not a mistake has been made. For public officials that course is usually fatal—or should be. Why cannot Burler and Company drop their pose of Bourbon dignity, step down off the pedestal, and tell straight out what that postal-zoning law is for? All of us who like to read would appreciate it. Our own notion is that this queer statute was passed in darkness and will fade away when exposed to the light. Turn it on!

## *Vain Wishes*

WE are as patient as most folks, but when we see that same blond beauty on the same magazine covers gazing at a fractured Hun helmet with the same silly, empty, simpering gloat that she used to bestow on bunches of spring violets and boxes of Whuyler's sweets, we could wish that some of the lower levels of American art were—but, oh, what's the use?

## *Raise Some Yourself*

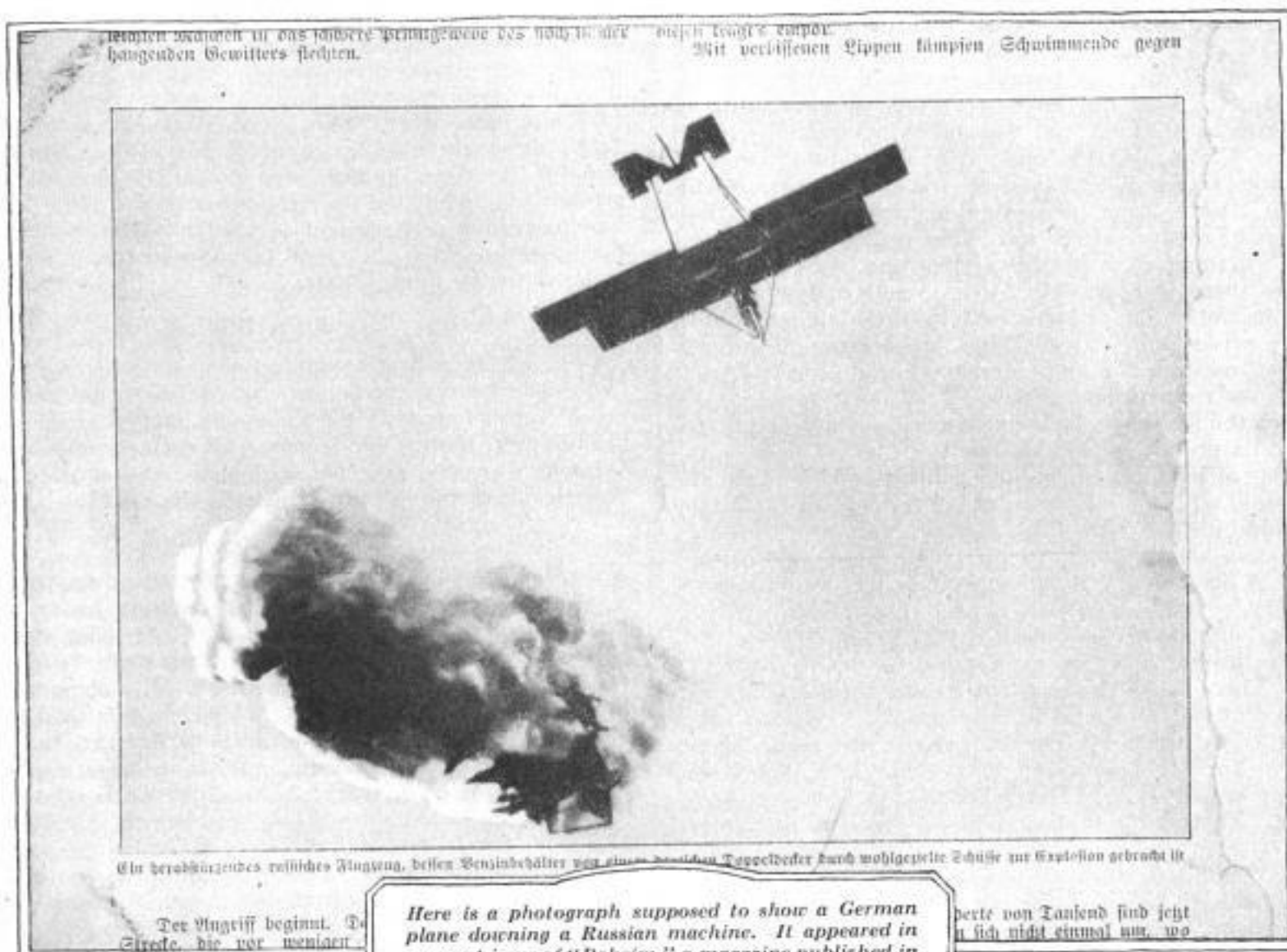
IF these soft days make you feel lazy about starting that garden work, just reflect that it will be mighty handy to have some few things to eat stored in your pantry and cellar along about next February. You will need that food and might better raise all you can yourself so as to be sure of it. With a complacency peculiar to itself, our Government reports that not less than 600,000 workers have been taken from the farms of America since we got into the war. Every city has unemployed in large numbers and still larger numbers doing work that has little or no relation to the war. The farms have not enough people to run them. The Government is pouring capital into war industry, but dribbling it into the ration-raising business. Washington is straining everything to feed the factories with coal and iron, but fertilizers and farm tools are scarcer than ever. The Administration is promising gigantic exports of foodstuffs to our allies, and seems to have no program in particular for getting the stuff raised. The prices the farmer gets are nailed down while the prices he pays are going steadily up. Do you need any diagram of what your favorite corner grocery store will be telling you next winter? Don't try to hoard food; that sort of robbery and selfishness will only make trouble—preferably for the hoarder. Add to the supply, raise some yourself.

## *New England at the Front*

THOSE who recall Civil War days when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment fought its way through Baltimore must have been thrilled when the news came that a New England division had taken our flag into the great Battle of Picardy. Separated by nearly sixty years of time and three thousand miles of sea, distinct in practically all these details of scene and action, it is still the same crusade for freedom as that to which the men of the Sixth gave their best. It certainly is a different sort of New Englander. COTTON MATHER would shudder to see these polyglot inheritors of the spiritual commonwealth he sought to found: Portuguese fishermen from down on the Cape, Slovak garment workers from South Boston, Swedish farmers from Connecticut tobacco fields, Finnish chair makers from Gardner, French-Canadian loggers from the heart of the Maine woods, and Italian artisans from the hat mills of Danbury, all lined up with old-time Yankee boys from the Vermont sugar bush and the lobster pots of Nantucket. They are fighting for the brick-lined factory streets of Fall River and Manchester as well as for the little white villages that nestle among New Hampshire's elms and the great Statehouse that holds its sway on Beacon Hill. But behind them all are three hundred years of history, whether they know it or not; and in them all is the courage that flamed up after the Deerfield massacre and avenged the horrors of King Philip's War. They will hold their lines as the farmers did on Bunker Hill or go forward under orders with the same bravery and steadfastness as inspired those historic charges at Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. Men change, but their land remains and molds their souls in its own image. Generations may come and go, and the races of the world may mingle there, but New England is New England, as of old.



# Germany's War Pictures — Made in America



Here is a photograph supposed to show a German plane downing a Russian machine. It appeared in a recent issue of "Daheim," a magazine published in Berlin. The inscription underneath reads: "Russian airplane falling in flames after its gasoline tank was exploded by a well-aimed shot from a German biplane"

HERE is the original of that picture, taken in California in 1915! The New York "Sun" of March 23, 1915, said about it: "This remarkable picture . . . was taken at Universal City, Cal., on March 16, when Frank Stiles, an aviator employed by the Universal Film Company, lost control of his biplane and

plunged 150 feet to his death. The accident occurred during the making of a motion picture. . . . A premature explosion in an anchored airplane just as Stiles flew over it caused his machine to somersault earthward." As long as we're at war with Germany, she might at least furnish her own war photographs!





# THE THOUGHTS OF HINDENBURG

BY LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

WAR prophesying is an indoor sport on a level with that of popping at the moon with a bean shooter. Everybody knows that nobody knows all the vital facts about the western front, the eastern front, and the great German Insides. I am not going to indulge in war predictions here—or anywhere else. But I do know something about the German mind, for I lived with it four years, sometimes in officers' quarters and sometimes with *Unteroffiziere* and sometimes with the common folk. And I think it is much more important for the American people to know how the German military mind works in a situation like the present crisis than it is for them to know exactly when and where the German infantry will strike in the west. For, after all, this war is not so much a battle of charging masses as it is a conflict of types of mind. The successes of the Germans have been due almost entirely to the fact that none of the Allies' great leaders have really grasped the German mind. And the menace ahead of us is just this same menace of misunderstanding.

The Prussian will surprise us, not because he is cleverer—for he is not—but merely because he is mentally different from us. His mind differs from our mind as profoundly as an ape's differs from Henry Ford's. And therein lies peril for us. To win the war we need fewer alleged statesmen and more psychologists.

Here is the situation to-day as the German military mind sees it:

## Loquitur HINDENBURG:

A little patience, and we shall win the war in the west as we have won in the east. My formula is the oldest and best tested rule in the world. The Cæsars used it, and on it built the Roman Empire. We are using it, and are erecting a greater Rome.

Divide and conquer! That is the formula in a word. We must divide men in their *interests* first of all. After that it is child's play to divide their territories and possessions.

At first our Foreign Office blundered. It thought there was a deep division of interests within the British Empire and another in the United States. These turned out to be trivial. We wasted time over them, precious time! But finally we came upon the great division. It is the division of interests between the eastern and the western Allies.

*Erstens.* The dear Russians are simple peasants. All they want is a little land for each one, a few cows, a wooden church, and much peace. But the western folk are world builders, inventors of mighty engines and cunning devices, schemers, capitalists. They want world trade, wealth, new comforts and luxuries; power.

Now we Germans shall win if we cater to the interests of each individual Russian and each individual westerner. How shall we do this? It is simple.

*Zweitens.* The poor Russians need shoes and clothing and hardware and farm implements desperately. Let us give them freely, as soon as our own more pressing needs shall have been satisfied. Let us

send into the Russian cities skilled organizers, shrewd salesmen, machinists, railway experts. . . . Let us put the House of the Slav in order. Let us make each muzhik comfortable in his own mir, and all Russia will rise up and bless us. Naturally, we cannot do this unless we first reestablish order in the land; so we must send a few infantry divisions to police the towns and railways.

*Drittens.* Once we get half a million skilled Germans at work producing metal, oil, lumber, and wheat for us and for the dear Russians, we shall be able to repair our own railways, provision our own towns, and run our oil engines day and night. The labor of millions of muzhiks under the lead of our half million experts will put our own house in order quickly—let us say *within two years*. We shall then be much better off than we were when we started in 1914.

*Viertens.* There will be considerable grumbling among certain of the Russians, I know. They will say we have taken their liberty from them. Now, those who are leaders in this seditious agitation we shall hang; and, as for the rest, we shall fill their bellies and give them minor Government jobs and pretty uniforms. That will settle them nicely.

*Fünftens.* Now for the western Allies! We need not fear any offensive from them until the summer of 1919. We have hammered them back over the ground we made them a present of last year. Their counterattack may, of course, turn into a tremendous offensive; but we need not fear it in the larger sense. We have intrenchments all the way to the Rhine. They may drive through for five, ten, twenty miles here and there. They may force us back along the entire front, though this is not likely, in view of our heavy reinforcements drawn from the east. But grant the worst; we shall find ourselves as strong as ever when the rains of autumn begin. Suppose we lose half a million? Our line will be shortened again, so that we shall not need as many to hold it, and we shall be nearer our bases.

The Allies cannot materially increase their forces this summer as we have increased ours in the west. For our submarines are still sinking boats faster than the Allies produce new ones. As for the Yankees—God curse them!—they are very much in earnest, but as yet they have only half organized their army and—what is more to the point—they do not yet grasp what they are up against. They gloat over their paper organizations, and they fill their newspapers with stories about ten Yankee soldiers attacking fifteen Germans and killing five of them. They still think of the war as glorified baseball. That is well for us. No! We need have no fear of the Yankees until the summer of 1919. That is clear.

But by that time they will be so strong, so horribly strong, that they will easily fly over our front in vast flocks and wreck our factory towns. It is imperative that we bend every effort to cease hostilities on the western front just before the Yankees are ready to strike in full force. How shall we do this? Very simple! Divide and conquer! As soon

as our spies report that the Yankees are arriving in force at French ports; as soon as they tell us that they have battle planes by the thousands ready to loose against us, we must launch a peace drive so cunningly suited to the divided interests of the western Allies that they cannot reject our terms flatly without causing such grave dissensions among their own people that their morale will be dangerously undermined.

Early next winter or in the spring of 1919, perhaps—well after we shall have gained full control of the farms and factories and merchandising of all Russia—we shall send ambassadors to France, to Italy, to Belgium, and to England *individually*, and they shall say: "We regret to admit that this war is a deadlock. It will run on for a hundred years if we persist in it. Now, this is to no man's interest. So we make you this offer. Name whatever territories you think you are entitled to for your efforts, and we shall consider them seriously."

Suppose they rebuff us. Suppose they say: "We have bound ourselves to sign no separate peace." Then we reply: "Excellent! Those of you who have signed such an agreement may well observe it. We make our offers to you jointly if you prefer. But not to the United States, for that country has not signed any such agreement; and, even if it does so belatedly, it will not matter, for the United States has said explicitly that it seeks nothing in the way of territories or indemnity out of the war. It is moved only by ideals. But you and we are practical men. Now, here is what we will do: To Belgium we pay in full for all damages done, and we restore her boundaries, and humbly apologize for our rudeness. To Italy we cede the Trentino, for we heartily approve of the rights of nationality. To France we give Alsace-Lorraine and damages in full, fairly computed. To Serbia we give damages and political autonomy. To England we leave our African colonies, and we agree to stay out of Africa forever.

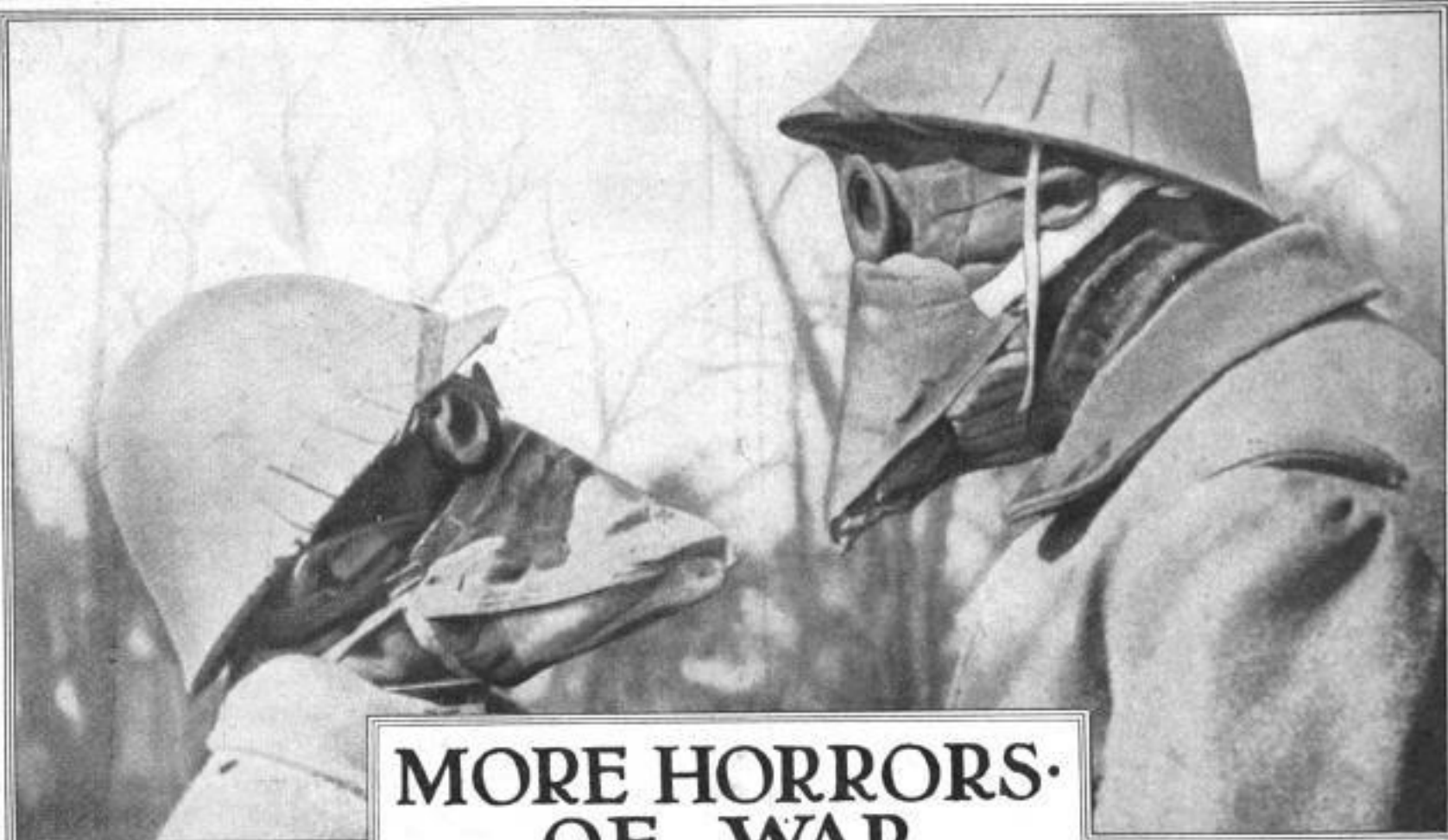
"This, gentlemen, will satisfy to the full all your several interests. Consider for a moment what it means! The honor of France is completely vindicated, and she is made joint mistress of all Africa with England. A British-French alliance, on this basis, will be overwhelmingly the largest and mightiest power in the whole world. It will control the seven seas, the second largest continent, half of North America, all Australia, and the richest of Asia—namely, India. The British-French navy will outmatch all other navies combined. Out of that colossal empire you can pay off all your war debts in a few years."

Italy, seeing us in a liberal mood, may demand even more than the Trentino. She may clamor for Dalmatia. And, if she becomes too noisy, we shall gladly concede it.

Of course somebody—probably the accursed Yankees—will howl: "How about Russia? How about making the world free for democracy?"

To this we must have ready one and only one answer. We must say: "Oh, yes. (Continued on page 38)"





## MORE HORRORS OF WAR

IF you want to realize fully the awful things this war has done to masculine beauty, compare the picture of a Seventh Regiment private, on the left, taken about 1906, with that of a British officer, on the right, taken in Mesopotamia in 1918. Imagine being told that the latter was your favorite child! And look at those gas-masked French soldiers at the top of the page. They look like something out of "Alice in Wonderland." The gargoyle in the center is supposed to be a Canadian, but it also gives a good idea of how our own boys at the front look by now—worse luck! The gentleman below is a British Tommy wearing his favorite pair of Mesopotamian sand shoes. No wonder he's lying down!

© International Film Service







# SAILORMAN BORN

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHNN

CAPTAIN JOHN MASON put down his paper, took off his spectacles, and filled his pipe out of a polished coco-wood bowl. When it was drawing well he stamped across the little room, opened the door to the porch, and stepped out into the air. It was a fine October day. The great estuary which forms the mouth of the Columbia River glistened and sparkled under a pellucid sky swept clear of clouds by a belated spell of the northwest wind. Around him and below him the town of Astoria sprawled over its hills, sunning itself against the long gloom of approaching winter. Seaport towns have a trick of taking on the color of the day's weather, and one who knows them well will understand that their citizens are as responsive as the barometer to every change and flaw. So it was really extraordinary that Captain Mason's brow was stormy, his heavily tanned face a complete scowl, and his sturdy figure a protest against unseasonable fair weather, a smooth bar, and a serving tide. A couple of passers-by, on the very edge of hailing him jovially, perceived his threatening mood, muffled their husky tones, and merely called up curt greeting. As they went on down the hill, clumping their heels on the steep descent, the captain growled in his beard: "Every man-jack gone or going but mine!"

He glared out on the bay, where a dozen vessels lay at anchor in various stages of undress. For an instant his professional eye was caught and his attention held by the untidy look of a big bark just in from sea. Automatically his mind pieced together the dozen little details no landlubber would have observed and plumped out the conclusion that her mate had quit the ship with the tug's hawser.

"A job for a real sailorman!" he muttered to himself. "Right at the door! And my own son isn't up to it!"

He allowed himself a brief moment's consideration of the men eligible to take the departed officer's berth, found the list incredibly short, and fairly flamed with indignation at his son's delinquency.

"Ships waiting for officers, war declared next week, probably, and no Mason ready to take the deck," he went on to himself. "And I gave him every chance in the world! D——" Here Captain Mason indulged in a profane monologue indelicate to repeat. When he had concluded it he felt his inadequacy and gave an unsolicited encore even more lurid, bitter, and scandalous. Warmed up to his subject by this, he instantly started off at score and gave the whole matter a fresh cursing of such fluency, vehemence, and expert completeness that a young woman who had just come around the corner seemed caught spellbound, unable to move out of the narrowing circle of the old man's invective. When

he had finished with a single comprehensive oath of such magnitude that it left him breathless, this newcomer started, stopped, and then demurely walked past without a glance upward. Captain Mason's inflamed glance fell on her as she continued on her way, and he was horror-stricken.

"Mary!" he called after her. "Mary Chase!"

Miss Chase turned slowly, as if she hardly thought she had been mistaken in thinking she had been addressed, looked everywhere but in the right direction, seemed puzzled, and was walking on when once more the captain's voice, this time almost a roar, called her to a stop. She looked around, finally saw the captain, and expressed astonishment.

"I didn't suppose you were at home," she said.

"Did you just come down the hill?" asked the old man severely.

"Yes," she replied. "I thought of stopping. But I saw nobody at the window and——"

"I was at the window," Captain Mason said firmly. "Just now. I saw you passing and ran out and called to you."

Miss Chase looked up gravely, her youthful face unblest by so much as a dimple. Involuntarily the captain smiled.

"What did you wish to say to me?" demanded that young lady, permitting a twinkle to glimmer in her gray eyes. "Or did you say it?"

"I wanted to talk to you about Jack," he returned, and frowned again.

"Dear me!" she answered. "I suppose he told you I refused again last evening to marry him? I really can't, you know! Now please don't urge me, captain."

"None of your larks, young woman!" said the captain with a still blacker frown which only made his voice the tenderer. "It's you I want to see, and about that very matter. I've changed my mind. I don't want you to marry him."

MISS CHASE sauntered up the steps slowly, holding her smart, trim skirt modestly high above exceedingly slim ankles.

"I really oughtn't to stop," she remarked. "We're both agreed. I mustn't be daughter-in-law, and it's awfully impudent of me to even look up, much less call."

Captain Mason gave her a wooden chair, scowled at the bark again in a peculiarly truculent fashion, and then turned to his visitor.

"You know I've always wanted you to marry Jack," he said. "I've argued to persuade you to. You're the one girl I'd like for a daughter. But I've decided you can't marry him."

"He's so eligible!" Miss Chase murmured softly.

"A fine old father who simply adores me, a good position in the cannery, and—and so good-looking!"

"Mary!" croaked the old man, choked, and stopped. The girl's clear eyes shot one quick glance at his twisted face and all the girlish laughter fled. She rose. There was a new tone in her voice, the tone of a woman threatened with loss of what she holds dearest.

"Where is Jack?" she demanded.

Captain Mason shook one fist at the bay, swallowed an imprecation, and then shook his other fist at the sky.

"He's holding down that good job at the cannery!" he almost sobbed. "Working a d——d wooden stick with a pen in the end of it! Adding up figures in a thrice-accursed book made of old rags gathered by a miserable junkman out of back yards, sold to a mill run by a set of silk-pocketed millionaires who made it into a ledger and sold it to these fish-eating swabs who stick poor salmon into tin cans and call it business. He's keeping books for Mr. Lillyfingers and Mr. Silksock. He's drawing down a hundred a month for using drops of ink. He's getting ready to be married on the strength of a little bank book, a dresser full of neat shirts, and a wedding present from the general manager! My son!" The captain drew a long, painful breath, exhaled it noisily and miserably.

Miss Chase dropped back into her chair. But the former girlish attitude had vanished. She spoke competently and to the point.

"Jack said something to me about your bringing up the old question," she said. "It is an old question, captain. Jack decided it for himself long ago. He has his own life to live. You may laugh and scorn his new ways, but the people here appreciate him. Really, even if you don't think so, it is something to be proud of, to have a son who everybody says will make his mark. Astoria has plenty of the other kind—sailors without any sense of their responsibilities."

Captain Mason snorted, laughed with embarrassment, and seated himself on the porch rail with a movement at once youthful and muscular.

"You're the only excuse Jack's got for not doing a man's work," he asserted. "Time and again I've thought the whole thing out and made up my mind. Then when I looked at you I've almost forgiven the lad for choosing to stop ashore. But I'm determined now. I'm not going to take Jack's excuses any longer for being a miserable pen pusher, an ink dabbler, a leaf turner in ledgers, a fellow who uses his ears for a penholder, a d——d penurious, I'll-see-at-the-end-of-the-month financier, and a shame and a disgrace——"

"Hush-sh!" said Miss Chase gently. "So you blame him for doing this for my sake? You don't



know Jack. He may seem a mollycoddle to a rough-and-tumble old pirate like his father. But times have changed. He's settled down. He's doing the best thing any young man can do: winning the good opinions of men who count—"

"Pennies."

"In real life," Miss Chase went on undisturbed. "He will make a place for himself—"

"On a sofa!"

"In Astoria," she said firmly. "He'll build him a home and live like a well-bred man. He'll be a citizen in a community, not a vagabond. And he's doing it in spite of a natural spirit of adventure. You don't know your own son, captain!" The girl's eyes sparkled with anger. "He's subduing his inherited liking for—for piracy—that's what you followed, by your own account—and trying to be a decent man."

CAPTAIN MASON rapidly recalled a long series of lurid tales of his own experiences, related by himself in an effort to stir the feeble spark of his son's spirit into action, regretted their unvarying bloodthirstiness, and took another tack.

"Spirit of adventure!" he remarked scornfully. "You mean to tell me the boy ever had a thought beyond sticking in an office and having the cashier of the bank refer to him as a rising young fellow? He don't even know what it is to have a man's job—after all the pains I took to teach him the finest profession in the world!" He swallowed. "All he seems to think of these days, when there's war and ships are idle for lack of men to man 'em and whole nations of our own blood are dying, is a nice, easy job, evenings at home and—how many cats will you keep, you two?"

Mary Chase stooped, possibly to hide a blush, ostensibly to pick off an invisible raveling from her skirt.

"You blame me?" she whispered gently.

"Look here!" Captain Mason said boldly. "A fair and square answer, Mary, my girl. Are you sure you'd prefer to marry a chap with a salary which he gets at the say-so of another, or marry a real man with two fists, a record on two coasts, and the respect of men he never heard the names of? I raised Jack to be a proper sailorman. He's turned sissy."

Womanlike, she paused on the brink of the abyss to try pleasantry.

"I told him I couldn't marry him!"

The captain groaned, turned savage. "I know! You stirred his ambition, eh? Spurred his haughty spirit on to bold adventure for his ladylove, eh? Gave him your mitten as a knightly favor and told him never to look on your fair face again till he'd get a raise to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month!"

Mary Chase was withdrawing herself silently, without words, into herself.

"That's the modern way of doing it," Mason went on. "When I asked his mother to marry me—I was mate of the *Black Hawk* then—she looked out over the bay and said she'd wait till I brought my own ship to the bar and signaled for a tug. And I went out again and in sixteen months less eight days the sun rose and showed my topsails above the lift of the sea. That night we were married. I had made the trip from Hongkong in a hundred and nine days flat and landed a cargo worth two hundred and six-

teen thousand dollars without a single note of protest against the underwriters. And our son is told to go home early like a nice lad and work nine hours to-morrow and catch the boss's eye and get the promise of a raise next January first. Women have changed," he concluded bitterly.

Miss Chase studied her fingers thoughtfully. Contrary to the expressed opinion of Captain Mason, women do not change. Consequently the girl's face gave no sign of the sacrifice of dreams she was making. Her voice when she looked up to speak was lazy, seductive, and sweet.

"You really think Jack ought to go back to sea!"

"I trained him for it as far as I could," the captain answered tartly. "You can put a fish in water, but you can't make him swim. Up to ten years ago if a man saw a ship with the American flag flying and it was a big, handy, well-kept craft, ten to one he'd ask which one of the Masons commands her? Now there isn't a Mason afloat. Not one."

Mary Chase rose. She had never looked more lovely or more placid.

"I see," she said; "it's my fault. You blame me for keeping your son home earning an honest, quiet living, in hopes of an honest home. I admit I prefer the clerk to the pirate. I shall probably continue to prefer a respectable citizen to a man who is always a stranger in any community. But a father has his rights. You've left it to me. You shall have yours, captain, and your sailorman son."

The old man's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Now, whatever you do, my dear, don't interrupt the boy at his work. He might make a blot on the ledger if you went down and told him you really wouldn't marry him. You'd never forgive yourself. A matter like getting married or handing back a ring can wait till after office hours."

She lifted her cool eyes to his fiery ones. "I said you should have your rights," she answered. "You say his stopping home is all my doing. I'll undo what I've done. It's a promise."

Captain Mason caught the note in her young voice, a glimmer of the spirit blazing behind her veiled eyes, and stumbled up in a panic.

"Mary! Look here! What are you—"

Miss Chase had departed, stepping down the street with a lithe, easy grace, a figure bewitching and beautiful. The fiery eyes dimmed. The savage old seafarer saw her in a golden mist, remote, mysterious.

"My God!" he muttered, not profanely. "My son is waiting till he gets a raise before he marries her! And if he had the spunk of a louse, he'd steal a ship and fetch her with him to-night by main force and defy heaven to take her from him."

While the sky reddened in the evening glow Captain Mason pondered. After all it was worth while to be lifelong a poorly paid bookkeeper and have Mary Chase to wife—no adventure could be more splendid.

IT was dusk when he put his newspaper down and went in to start the fire for the evening meal. But there was a light in his eyes and a tenseness in his



"All right. Stick to your books and your pen"

movements that showed his thoughts were not with his domestic chores. When the front door opened at last and let in the only other member of the little household Captain Mason nodded absently and went on with his biscuit making. But his son's sharp tones recalled him.

"All women are alike!" remarked the slender, well-set-up and well-dressed youth stormily. "You work your head off to please them and then they see somebody they like better."

His father lifted his head abruptly and stared. A guilty flush spread over his dark cheeks.

"Speaking of Mary?" he stammered.

The young man scowled fiercely and rasped: "Yes. Here I've been slaving for a year for old Petterson, trying to live up to her requirements, and this afternoon she comes right into the office at ten minutes past three—"

"At—at ten minutes past three!" repeated the captain with every appearance of being profoundly shocked. "Right in office hours!"

"Yes," continued his son bitterly. "Couldn't wait, of course, to tell me we—to say she—"

Recollection of what Mary Chase had said in that office at that hour sacred to business seemed to choke him. He stared at his father in mingled wrath, outraged dignity, and agony. The captain devoted himself to the biscuit, merely muttering: "You say she said something?"

"She said something," repeated the young man stonily. "Just came in and never gave me a chance. Stood there by the desk with old Petterson peering around the partition and told me she had thought it all over and she couldn't marry a man who didn't go out and fight for his country."

"Yes?"

"And when I asked her what country I'd fight for, seeing we were at peace with the world, she merely laughed and spoke of playing a man's part and not sitting around like a stick when there was a man's work to be done."

Captain Mason essayed an explanation so feeble that it elicited only inarticulate sneers from his son: "Mary was joking, Jack."

IN the silence the two men seated themselves before the stove to wait for the cooking of supper. Usually this period had been utilized by the elder to relate the incidents of the day in his world, the world of shipping, in which Jack professed to have no interest whatever. It had been part of the captain's stout program for keeping his son in mind of what he should have been doing. But to-night tragedy sat with them. The old man, out of an experience which he steadily tried to ignore in all dealings with the younger generation, knew that Mary Chase had taken matters into her own hands with a vengeance. And Jack Mason dully knew that something in the relations between himself and the girl he worshiped had forever altered. She had purposely defied the traditions of offices, the customs she had so strongly approved of—she who had never even called him up on the telephone before—and allowed her voice to be cruel, harsh, and scornful! Why?

The biscuits announced. (Continued on page 30)

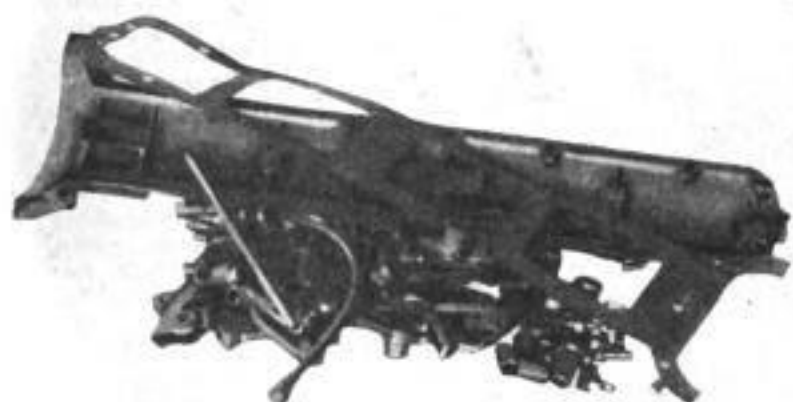


The girl looked at the new pole of her frozen world

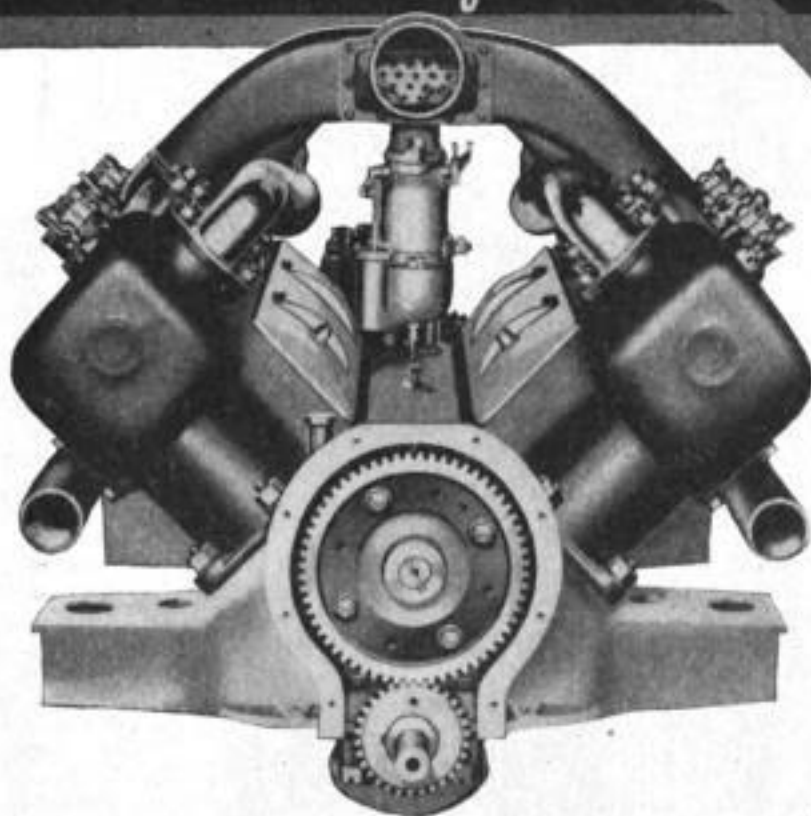




*The Ordinary Eight Minus 80 Needless Parts Equals*



A glance at the above photograph gives you some conception of what the Apperson Brothers have accomplished. These 80 parts formerly considered necessities on the 8 cylinder motor have been eliminated. The result is that Apperson 8 simplicity approaches that of the 4 cylinder motor. And all the 8 cylinder advantages are made more valuable than ever before.



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**T**HE new Apperson 8 deserves your careful attention. It is the only eight with this extreme simplicity.

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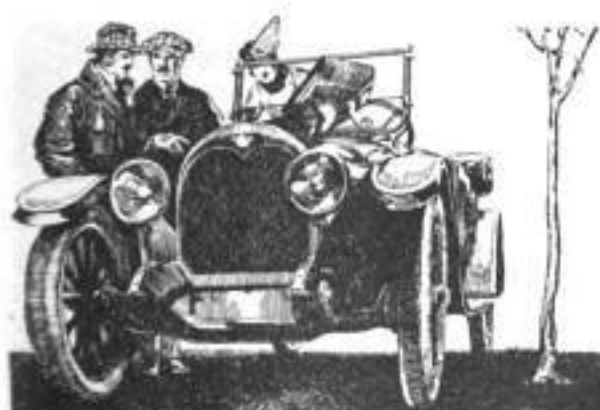
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**Tire Economy**—owing to excellent balance and minimum weight.

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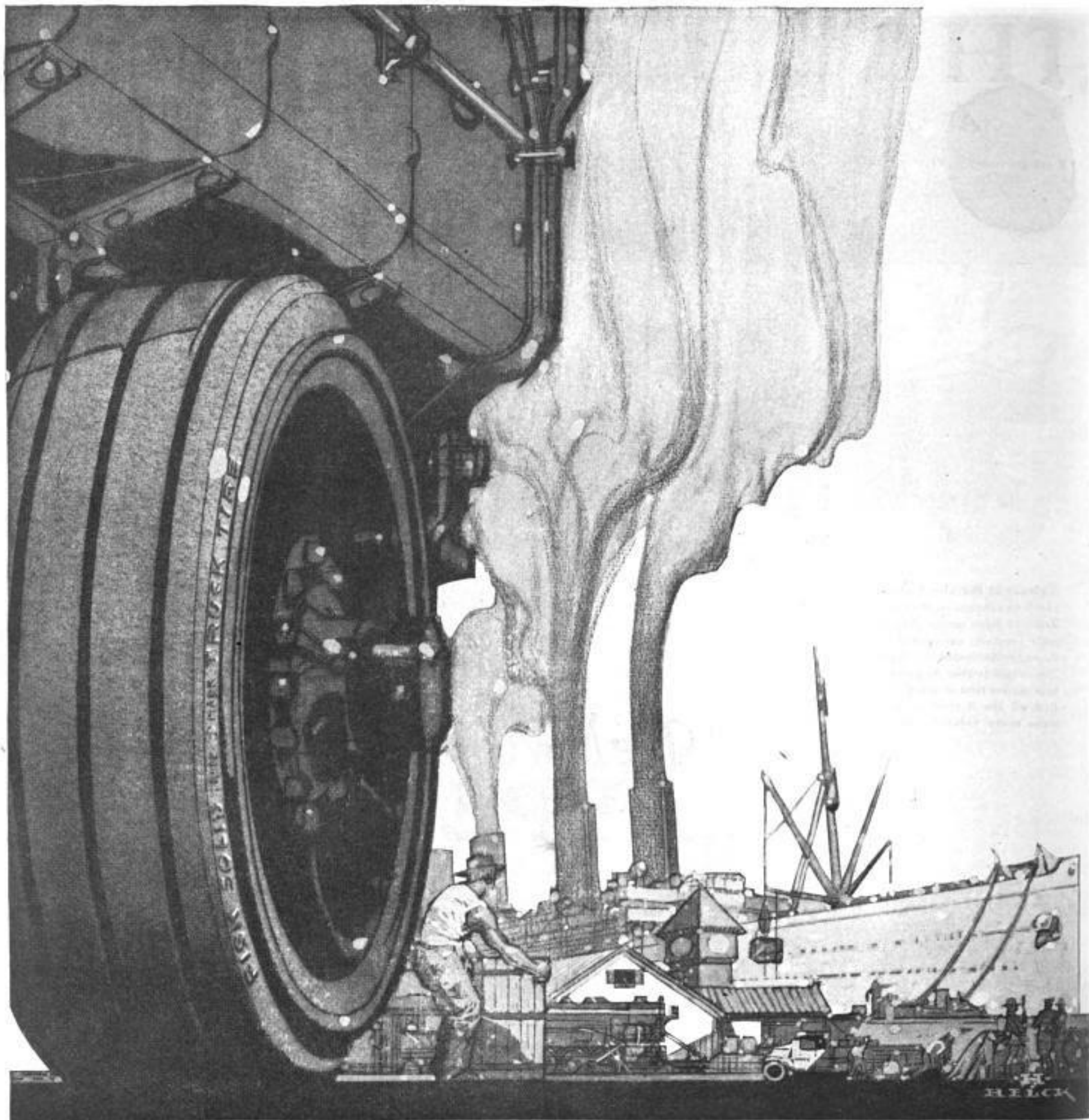
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# THE NEW LEADER

## A LETTER FROM T. P. O'CONNOR TO THE EDITOR

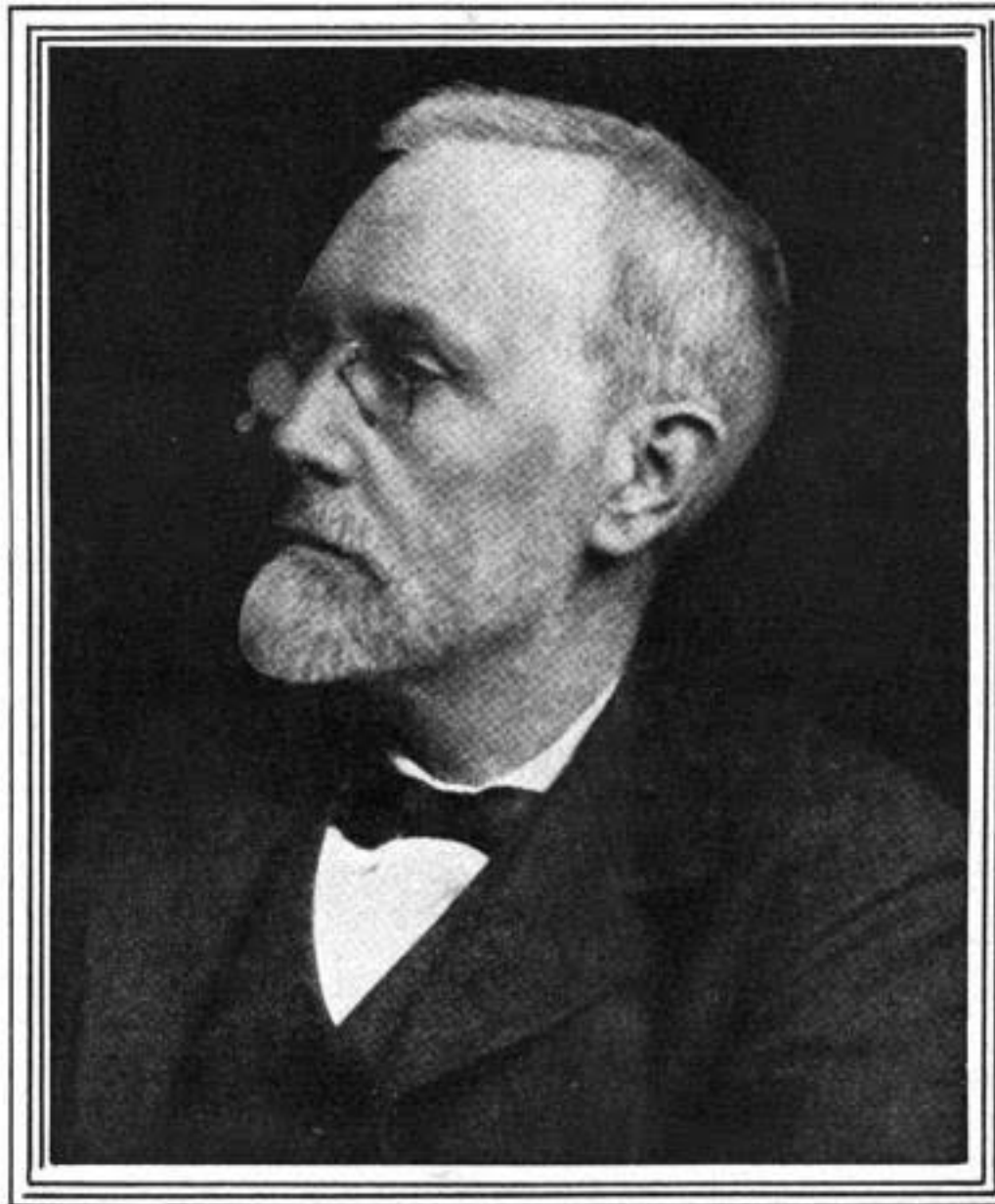
**L**E roi est mort! Vive le roi! The great leader has been laid in his grave, but the Irish cause must go on; and the Irish party, with commendable promptitude, have proclaimed to the world that they are ready to take the flag from the hands of the dead chieftain, and to carry it on till they realize their purpose. Mr. Dillon was pointed to as the inevitable man, by reason of his long services, by his spotless integrity, by his extraordinary realization of Irish opinion, and by his inflexible and even relentless spirit in fighting for his principles. In some respects his leadership will follow the same lines as that of Mr. Redmond; in others there will be some difference, as there was some difference in spite of the most loyal and hearty friendship and the most cordial cooperation during Mr. Redmond's lifetime. The difference between the two men was not, however, on the issues of the war. Mr. Dillon, though he never altered his opinion that the war was brought on by inept diplomacy, and though he would have been ready to fight, if that were possible, the outbreak of the war, never wavered in the conviction that, when Germany finally provoked the war, her triumph would bring the end, for this generation, of all his ideals. A strong democrat, a strong opponent of militarism, the foe of autocracy and of the oppression of small nations, the champion of the principle of nationality for which he had been fighting all his life, he could take no other view. But he did not think that holding this view with regard to the war implied that the British Ministry of to-day need not be watched vigilantly, criticized frankly and freely, and that the cause of Ireland and the follies and crimes which produced the present Irish situation should not be mercilessly exposed. His memorable speech on the rebellion was the first attempt to place before the world the Irish side of the story; in that speech, while agreeing with the condemnation of the rebellion, as everybody outside a very few did, and which was universal with the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, he assailed in language of burning denunciation the crimes, such as the executions and the murders of Sheehy, Skeffington, and others, which had been perpetrated by Sir John Maxwell; and drew a picture, then thought to have been overcharged, now known to have been below the reality, of the disastrous effect on Irish opinion, both in Ireland and throughout the world, which these executions would produce. Mr. Dillon has done many courageous things in his strenuous life of everlasting conflict; but never did he show such courage as when, to a House exasperated and almost frenzied by the rebellion, he thus boldly stated the Irish case and voiced Irish exasperation and Irish defiance.

Though that speech did not gain him the ear of the Sinn Féiners, they seem to have heard it, and it did gain the affection and respect of the great majority in Ireland and confirmed the impression that no man of his time could so instinctively embody the innermost sentiments of the Irish heart. It is to be inferred from this incident, as well as from his whole career and temperament, that the policy of Mr. Dillon will emphatically be a fighting policy if fighting is called for.

Will a fighting policy be called for? That question is really up to Mr. Lloyd George. From such information as I have up to this hour, I am inclined to expect that it will. Though I do not conceal my opinion that this will be a grave prospect for Ireland, for England, and for all the Allies, we ought now to know the realities of the situation. From all the information at my disposal, I expect that the Ulster Orange section are determined to persevere in their attitude. They will still insist that they cannot entertain home rule and will have no part in a Dublin Parliament. My information also leads me to believe that in taking up this attitude they are finding themselves in opposition not merely to all the Nationalists, but

also to all the Unionists and Protestants from the south of Ireland. It is impossible any longer to make the claim that a small minority of the Irish people have a right to hold up the overwhelming majority of the rest of the nation—especially a majority made up of such former conflicting elements as the Southern Catholic Unionists and the Southern Protestant Unionists. If this doctrine of the supreme rights of the minority over the majority in a nation were admitted, it would not and could not stop there, for there is a minority, in some sections of forty to fifty-

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*By reason of his long services, by his spotless integrity, by his extraordinary realization of Irish opinion, Dillon was pointed to as Redmond's inevitable successor*

four, in all the counties claimed by the Orangemen except two; in two of them there is actually a majority of Nationalists. The minority have a right to claim that they should be excluded from the rule of the Orange majority; and their claim is based, not on the imagined and impossible perils of religious ascendancy in the distant future, but in the living present; for in all the places where the Orangemen hold the majority the Catholic minority are subjected to persecution almost incredible in a modern world.

No, this claim of a minority is inadmissible to the mind of anyone believing in representative government and in the rights of national self-determination. It would prevent the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine, because there is a German minority there who wish to remain German; or of Poland, because its population is not homogeneous; or of Italia Irredenta, because there is a German minority there. It reduces self-determination by nations to a nullity; it would mean that self-determination was the omnipotence of a minority.

But what makes a much stronger case against the Orange claim is the higher claim of the necessities of the war. I say emphatically that the claim of the Orange minority is against the sentiment of not merely the majority of the Irish but also the majority of the English people. The Orange minority have steadily lost respect and support among all British parties since the war began. It was easily possible to an English political party before the war, affrighted by the prospect of the omnipotence of so deadly an enemy to their privileges as Mr. Lloyd George, to adopt the Orange threat of rebellion as a last desperate reason. But war has come; and the

Orange element now stand up against the safety and even the existence of the empire. The saner of all Liberals and all Labor men are convinced of this fact; all the sane and intelligent British Tories are equally aware of it and have had the courage to declare that opinion. The Orangemen profess to believe that their property would be confiscated, their churches closed, their Bibles burned by an Irish Parliament; there isn't an Englishman who does not regard these fears as groundless, and if a guaranty of protection were necessary against the impossible, there is no Irish Nationalist who would object to this being embodied in the settlement. Such childish fear of the phantoms of medieval bigotry cannot be allowed by sane English minds to stand between them and doing a long-delayed act of justice, and, what is more important, averting an addition to their already long list of perils.

But the Orange claim confronts even bigger things than these, and these are the opinion and interests of the whole world, the opinion and interests of all the nations that are fighting by the side of England for the defense of English interests as well as of their own, for the defense of English ideals as well as their own in the future government of the world. I have been up and down America for nearly forty years; I do not remember a single American of proved intelligence who does not believe that Ireland ought to get, and get at once, her liberty. I have not met one who has any patience with the demand of the Orangemen who stand in the way of the liberty of the majority. If the Orange demand were listened to, it would affront the opinion of every ally of England.

Of the Allies which submission to the Orange demand would affect most, America stands first. First she is England's greatest ally; and second she must have a special interest in the Irish question because of the large number of the Irish race within her borders and the important part which they play in her life. The importance of that part was never demonstrated so clearly as in the present war, when men of Irish blood have, in accordance with all their traditions, rushed so enthusiastically, so numerously to the defense of her flag. Is it just to America to compel

her to tell these soldiers of Irish blood, while they are passing over Europe in their hundreds of thousands now (later on in their millions) to fight the battles of liberty, including English liberty, that the motherland of their race should still be denied liberty? I do not exaggerate, I think, in saying that such an addition to the task of America—such a return for her supreme and vital help to England—would be an act of cruel injustice.

I cannot help believing that in friendly and private suggestions the statesmen of America have tried to bring home this fact to the minds of British statesmen. I will not believe, till I see it, that British statesmanship should be so bankrupt or lacking in any reasonable sense of England's own interests as to neglect advice from so powerful a friend.

But poor John Redmond fought in vain against the unwisdom of the British and the vacillations of British rulers; and it may be that even the same bankruptcy of intelligence may be deaf to the voice of America. If that incredible and criminal blunder should be added to the long list of blunders, it will remain for those who really know the realities of this war to adopt every just and wise means to bring home to the British authorities and statesmen that they must adopt a different attitude in the interest of their allies and of the war; and at home, John Dillon—standing, I hope, at the head of a reunited nation and reunited race—may be trusted to adopt such a policy of vigilance as will induce the House of Commons and the Ministry to do the courageous thing, the right thing, the wise thing; and the only courageous, right, wise thing is to ignore any revolt of any minority and to give liberty to Ireland at once.



*Men whose minds  
are on "tip-toe"*

**S**OME time, just note the type of men who smoke Fatimas —not only in the Army and Navy, where Fatimas lead by a big margin, but also among progressive, live-wire men, old and young, in business and the professions.

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*In the American sectors in France, in nearly every one of the Army Training Camps in this country, as well as throughout the entire Navy, Fatimas are the steady and undisputed favorite among officers and men alike.*



# PETER THE PENNILESS

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

THERE was a tremendous shaking and rattling of the stove. It woke Peter up. Peering blinking over the edge of the blankets, he discovered a strange figure at his stove. The figure seemed to be kneeling in an attitude of adoration before it. As a matter of fact, the man—it was a full-bodied, powerful man—was removing the ashes.

"Who are you?" asked Peter.

The man arose and bowed. He also sighed most lugubriously. "My name, m'sieu," he said, "is Philippe Beaujon."

"But what are you doing at my stove?"

"The fire, it is out."

"Yes, it is always out. But why are you rebuilding it?"

"It is my duty, m'sieu."

"What has happened to Mrs. Goebel?"

Monsieur Beaujon waved his hand. "She is gone. Mr. Goebel is gone. The young Goebel, Albert, he is gone. Mrs. Dawson fire them all out last night. An' she engage madame, my wife, an' myself to look after her 'ouse and thees studio." He sighed again. "We are the new 'ousekeepers. My wife must cook, an' I must sweep, must carry coal, must build fires, must answer the ring of the bell, must make beds—I, m'sieu, have become a slave to Mrs. Dawson's orders."

Peter by now was sitting on the edge of the bed—if one could term it a bed. In the daytime it posed as a couch hidden beneath a worn blue velvet cover and a mass of pillows of varied hues.

Monsieur Beaujon had the wood in the stove crackling merrily. He carefully shoveled on a little coal, and then, turning again to Peter, said solicitously: "Go back to bed, m'sieu, and it shall be warm in here in a leetle time. Meanwhile I shall bring your breakfast."

"I can't go back to bed—worse luck!" grumbled Peter. "I have to get dressed and go to business."

"Business!" Monsieur Beaujon lifted his eyebrows. "Is it that m'sieu is a business man, then? Naturally, I thought he was an artist." His glance traveled meaningfully around the back-yard studio.

"I wish I were an artist!" cried Peter. "No, the best I can do is to try to live like an artist. I am"—he scowled—"in the coal business."

Beaujon eyed him closely. "That is ver' good. It is a most profitable business, is it not? As for artists, ugh!"—he shrugged his shoulders—"they are always penniless: always in debt ears over head."

Peter smiled grimly. It was no unusual thing for him to be in debt "ears over head." But he did not enlighten Monsieur Beaujon on the point. It was pleasant to be considered prosperous—even by his landlady's new gentleman of all work. For Monsieur Beaujon, despite his brown overalls and his menial position, had already convinced Peter of his gentility.

BY the time Peter had taken his shower and donned his clothes Monsieur Beaujon was back again with the breakfast tray.

Peter settled down as close to the new fire as he safely could. Monsieur, with a delicate motion of wrist and fingers, removed covers and revealed a plate of buttered toast, a feathery omelet, half a grapefruit, a smoking pot of coffee. "Is there anything more m'sieu desires?" he asked, hovering over Peter like an exceedingly large and stout guardian angel.



"Nothing, Mr. Beaujon. Present my compliments to madame, your wife, and tell her the omelet is superb," said Peter with a flourish. He was exceptionally responsive to atmosphere, and Monsieur Beaujon's Gallic spirit had taken effect upon him.

As for monsieur, he bowed. "Your compliment will be like a ray of sunshine on these dark days of madame."

"Then I understand you have not always been housekeepers?" asked Peter.

Monsieur Beaujon looked reproachful. He sighed. "How could you think so—even for one small minute!" he said. Then he came very close to Peter. Into his ear he whispered: "Ah, no, indeed, m'sieu! Mon Dieu, non! We are political refugees."

"From France?"

"No, from Mexico. There I had a ranch. For miles it stretched. As far as the eye could see. There we had our own 'orses, our own automobiles, our own servants—

many, many servants. An' then the revolution come along. Villa, and his bandits. You 'ave heard of him, yes? We were compelled to flee in the dead of night with nothing. Absoluement! We had a leetle money, but—pouf!—it go. Madame sell her jewelry. I sell my watch—everything! I can find no work. I am old, fat; no one desires me. Fortunately madame is a cook exquisite. Some one send her to Mrs. Dawson. An' I am to be permitted to accompany madame if I will sweep an' carry coal an' answer the ring of the bell. I, who was born a gentleman of France! But what are we to do? We cannot starve in the street! So I place my pride in my pocket, an' we accept. So you see, m'sieu, what we have come to."

Monsieur Beaujon regarded Peter with melancholy brown eyes which were not altogether free from moisture. But Peter was too thoroughly bowled over by his story to do more than shake his head sympathetically. And presently, still sighing, monsieur withdrew.

Peter finished his breakfast that morning with an added zest. Political refugees! Mexican ranches! This was life! How happy he was that he had es-

caped at last from the humdrum state of existence which had been his in Elmhurst. It seemed incredible that a month ago he had been forced to spend practically all his time in that most commonplace of suburbs.

Shuddering, he recalled the dimly lighted streets of Elmhurst, the row upon row of little wooden houses all painfully alike, the monotony of church festivals, of euchre parties, of lectures at the old Town Hall. Then release had come. His salary had been increased to forty dollars a week. He felt that he could live on that in New York, could live as picturesquely as he desired. And so he had shaken the dust of Elmhurst from his feet. Forever, he told himself. No more commuting on the same train, morning and evening, with the same crowd of stolid suburbanites! No more dead evenings, lonesome evenings, with only the solace of his books. His mother had wept, his father had raged. And his older sister, Amelia, had acted as if he, Peter, were going forth purposely to bring disgrace upon the family. "I'll dread picking up a newspaper in the morning," she said, "for fear of finding you've been arrested."

"Arrested for what, Amelia?"

"I wouldn't be surprised at anything," she hinted darkly.

But at last he had convinced them of his determination. "I must live my own life, free and untrammelled," he announced grandiloquently. (He had planned for a long time to use that declaration at the crucial moment.)

And those magnificent words spurred him on in his search for quarters suitable to his mood. No ordinary boarding house for him! No spick-and-span apartment building! No, he was going to have an unusual habitation or none at all. And he had found one.

By pure luck he had chanced across this studio in a back yard. In the right part of town too, near Washington Square. You entered a charming, old-fashioned red-brick house with a white doorway; you passed through the house; you came into a back-yard garden with crumbling urns, a fountain, bushes, a tree—and there, placed squarely across the back of the yard, was his studio! Three high French windows, which also served as doors, looked out upon the tiny garden.

Inside the studio there was but one large room with a bath partitioned off on one side. Half the roof was a slanting skylight. There was the large stove in one corner, the couch in another, a chest of drawers, a spreading table, which could be converted in time of need into a settee, and several chairs.

When Peter had added some brasses and etchings, a tea table and a plant or two, he felt it was the most attractive studio in New York. What did it matter if the stove only half heated the place or that the roof leaked in heavy rainstorms or that the stone wall against which he slept gave him a frequent chill? One could not, he realized, have Romance without Rheumatism or Picturesqueness without Petty Drawbacks.

And for all of this charm and local color and unconventionality he paid sixty dollars a month—with breakfast included. It bit rather a hole into his forty dollars a week. It was really more than he could afford. But it was worth it.

"AND are you really enjoying your life now?" asked the Painter Girl. It was late afternoon, and she sat in a gracefully lounging position before the stove in Peter's studio, in one hand the cup of tea which he had just brewed for her.

Peter had met her first at the High Seas Club. It was not a nautical club. The name had been chosen because it expressed the thought that each member of the club was as free as the ocean. Peter had heard that it was the club



"How much money have you?" ... "Twenty-seven cents," he answered



# THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE \$1,000 PRIZE

## Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

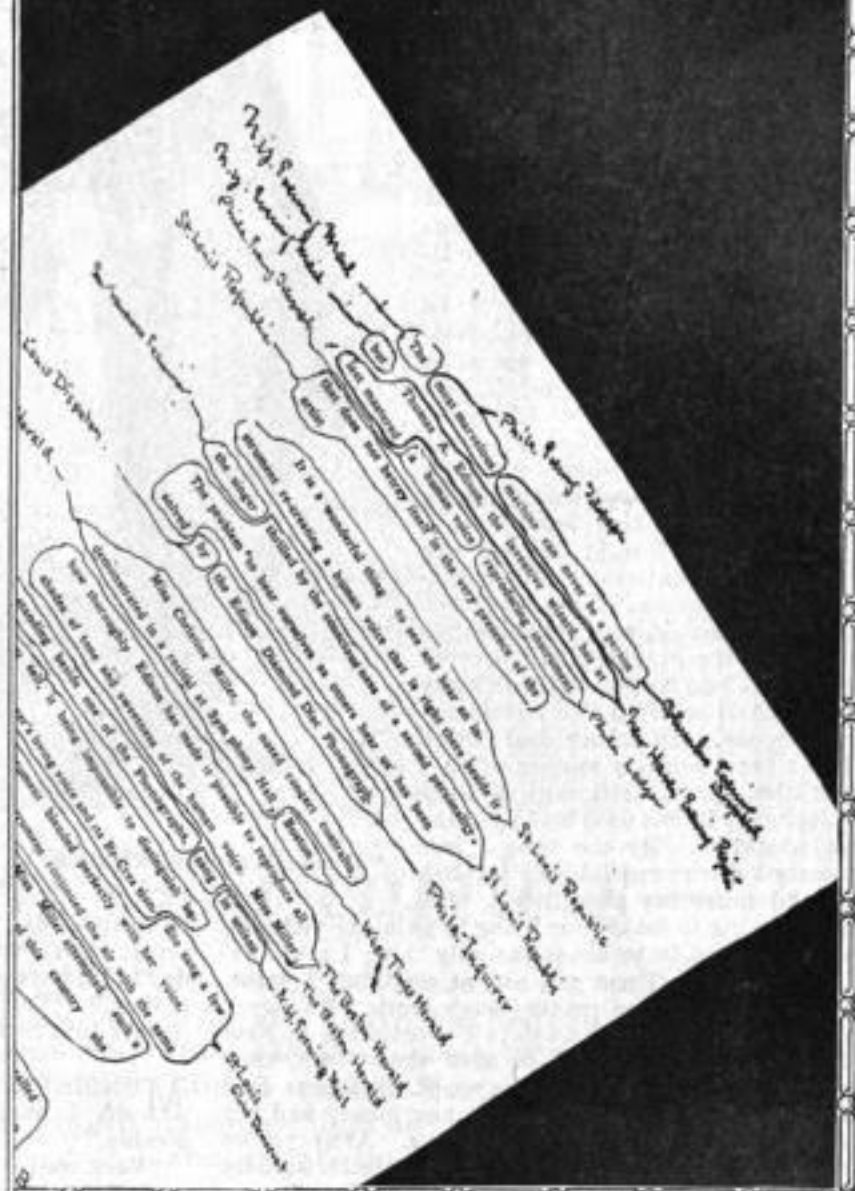
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph intended solely for the home.

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Inaley, Nantux, N. Y.



IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received \$1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who, after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey

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Edward Crede, 337 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Jane P. Kelly, 318 S. Water St., Crawfordsville, Ind.

### Fourth Prize—\$100

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to join if you wanted to meet interesting people with unusual ideas. And he had met a number of such people there. But although the Painter Girl was one of them, he was a little bit disappointed in her. She was very pretty, but she was not a bit unconventional. On the contrary, she was most practical and even a shade prosy. She seemed to think it was a fine thing for a man to build up a large fortune for himself as his employer, Mr. Sturgis, had done. Whereas Peter knew that money in itself was nothing. One should look higher than that. Why, to be wealthy was to be smug, self-satisfied, complacent. To have money seemed almost a disgrace to Peter.

The Painter Girl, however, was friendly and amusing. Also, of course, she did paint, although from her demeanor you would never have guessed it. Peter sometimes thought that her success in selling her pictures had spoiled her, commercialized her.

And now she asked him if he really enjoyed his new life of freedom! What a question! This, after he had told her, in some detail, how stifled he had been in Elmhurst, how the middle-class respectability of the place had smothered him, how he had finally broken away despite the most astonishing handicaps.

"I told them I must live my own life free and untrammelled!" he exclaimed, at the end of his narrative.

"I suppose it seems curious to me," said the Painter Girl, "because I've never had a home to break away from. And so often I've missed not having one. My father died before I was born, and my mother when I was ten. I was left with a little money, but it was used up in getting an education. By the time I was twenty I discovered I'd have to pitch in and make my own living. Imagine trying to make your living by painting pictures, which seemed to be about the only thing I could do. Of course now I can sell almost anything I paint. But at first it was pretty tough work. I'll never forget some of those first days I spent alone in New York. Holidays—how I dreaded them! Oh, they were fierce! Wait till you've spent Christmas Day alone in New York with hardly any money and not a soul who gives a darn about you. After you've done that once or twice you won't be so bitter against a family and the way a family ties you down."

"But mine is a suburban family with suburban ideas!" protested Peter.

The girl leaned forward, her chin in her hand. "How old are you, Peter?" she asked.

"I'm twenty-five. Why?"

"I thought you were about sixteen. I'm the same age as you, Peter, and there's about twenty years difference between us."

"Have some more tea?" asked Peter gruffly. He had to admit that the girl looked very lovely sitting there in the firelight, her eyes a little wistful, her young lips drooping, but he was discovering that he liked her less every minute.

It was with relief that he saw her go a few minutes later and he was glad to have Monsieur Beaujon take her place. Incongruous as it may seem, it was the Painter Girl who reminded Peter that it was a workaday world where one lived by doing odious work in connection with a coal business, and it was Monsieur Beaujon who represented the world of romance where exciting things—revolutions, midnight flights—took place. The deference which monsieur showed him, the respect with which he addressed him—these too were very pleasant to Peter.

"I have come to see if your fire is keeping up, m'sieu," he said, and he busied himself for a minute with the coal scuttle and the shovel.

Peter had been in the habit of tipping Mrs. Dawson's former housekeeper, who looked after his fire, cleaned his room, and brought him breakfast. But so far he had been afraid to tip Monsieur Beaujon. Monsieur was such an obviously superior person. But perchance if the tip were large enough—? Peter drew out two dollars instead of the customary one. Awkwardly he held the bill to Beaujon. "A little present," he mumbled.

Monsieur Beaujon's eye glittered. He drew himself up straight. He stood as if he were a soldier at attention. "M'sieu! I am a gentleman!" he uttered rebukingly.

Peter crumpled the bill back into his pocket. "Pardon me," he said. He was thoroughly crushed.

MONSIEUR BEAUJON, as it turned out, did not take the offering of the tip very much to heart. He did not remain offended, as Peter feared he might. The very next night, suave and smiling, he

came in to consult Peter in regard to a matter of business.

Beaujon had a habit of stealing in on Peter unawares. On his toes he would creep through the back yard, silently open one of the French windows, and, gazing in, his head tilted, take an observation of the studio, as it were, before entering. Peter found this manner of his at times a little disconcerting.

Closing the window gently behind him, in a low voice Beaujon asked: "May I consult with you one minute?"

"Certainly," said Peter, and offered him a cigarette. He wanted Monsieur Beaujon to realize that he, Peter, recognized the gentleman beneath the brown overalls.

"I have an opportunity to recover my ranch," whispered Beaujon—he always whispered when he spoke of his ranch.

"Yes?"

"But first I must pay the taxes upon it. I have disposed of madame's jewels; she had a few trinkets left, but I am still lacking sixteen dollars. I was wondering, m'sieu, if you could lend me the sixteen dollars—oh, not for more than a day or two."

Peter was humiliated. He knew that he had little more than three dollars in his pockets and, outside of his pockets, he had nothing at all. His meager savings had all gone into the furnishings of the studio.

It was with a bitter sense of shame that he confessed to Monsieur Beaujon that he had not the money. Monsieur shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well," he sighed, "it is but a trifle! And yet perhaps it separates me from the utmost wealth."

He said it with an air of proud reserve, but Peter could see how his shoulders sagged. It was outrageous that Peter did not have the money. He cursed his poverty. And

then suddenly, struck with a possible solution, he cried: "Look here, Beaujon! Can you wait till Friday? I'll have money on Friday. I can let you have it then." (Each Friday Peter was handed his forty dollars in a neat yellow envelope.)

MONSIEUR'S face brightened. "Without a doubt the Commission will be willing to wait until Friday."

"Very well. I'll let you have it on Friday then," said Peter, much gratified. The Commission! It had a fine ring! He couldn't imagine what sort of a commission it was, but he felt it was an exceptionally pleasant commission to wait until Friday for its sixteen dollars.

Monsieur Beaujon began to spout his gratitude. "I am so thankful to you, m'sieu. You are of a fine generosity and of a heart sympathetic. Some day I may be able to repay you handsomely. You shall

visit my ranch in that most beautiful State of Coahuila. I shall give you a horse for yourself. All day you shall ride over the mesa. Everything I have shall be yours."

"Perhaps I could get a month's vacation next summer," said Peter hopefully.

"A month? Non, non, m'sieu. You shall stay six months, a year, two years. You shall find it a life most fascinating."

"But how will you recover your ranch, Beaujon, even if you do pay your taxes? You said the revolutionists chased you off. I've read in the papers that they're still powerful down there. Will they let you return?"

Monsieur Beaujon peered carefully into each corner of the studio as if fearing that even here an eavesdropper might be lurking. Then again he whispered—shielding his words with the broad cup of his palm: "It is with the revolutionists I am dealing."

AT Christmas Peter did feel a trifle forlorn. He remembered the Painter Girl's words about Christmas Day alone in New York, and he realized that, after all, there might be some justification for her common sense. Rather wistfully he remembered the snow falling white and gentle in Elmhurst and dark figures, bundle-laden, hurrying through the dim whiteness. He thought of the red glow of the lamp in his mother's sitting room and the Christmas tree his mother had always insisted upon having, hung with silver and gold tinsel, with the pear-shaped flames of red and green candles. But Peter decked his studio in holly and the green of pine and balsam, bought little cakes, brewed a punch, and invited the Painter Girl and half a dozen other acquaintances of his High Seas Club in for a party.

Only the Painter Girl gave Peter a present. It was a muffler which she had knitted herself. With it was a card, "To help keep the shorn lamb warm." She handed it to him shyly. And Peter felt a little flame of gratitude for her spring up in his heart. Then when he read the card the flame promptly gave a gasp and died.

Christmas week passed and the New Year arrived. With its coming Peter had hoped for an increase in salary. Instead he received something quite different. Mr. Sturgis gave him a lecture.

"What's the matter with you, Peter?" he asked, puffing a little—he was a stout, well-dressed, well-fed individual. "What have you been doing with yourself lately? I raised your salary last summer because you were giving my affairs such careful attention. I thought that at last I had a secretary to whom I could intrust important matters. But yesterday you forgot to mail that check to the Monongahela people, and two weeks ago you lost that important letter of mine for the Power Plant Company. Your head seems to be in the clouds these days."

Peter was apologetic. He wished that he could say: "I have other things to think about, Mr. Sturgis. I have been caught in a web of romance. I have been trying to recover a property in Mexico worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. And business, after all, is not as important as life, as ideas, as the joy of living picturesquely." But he knew he was in no



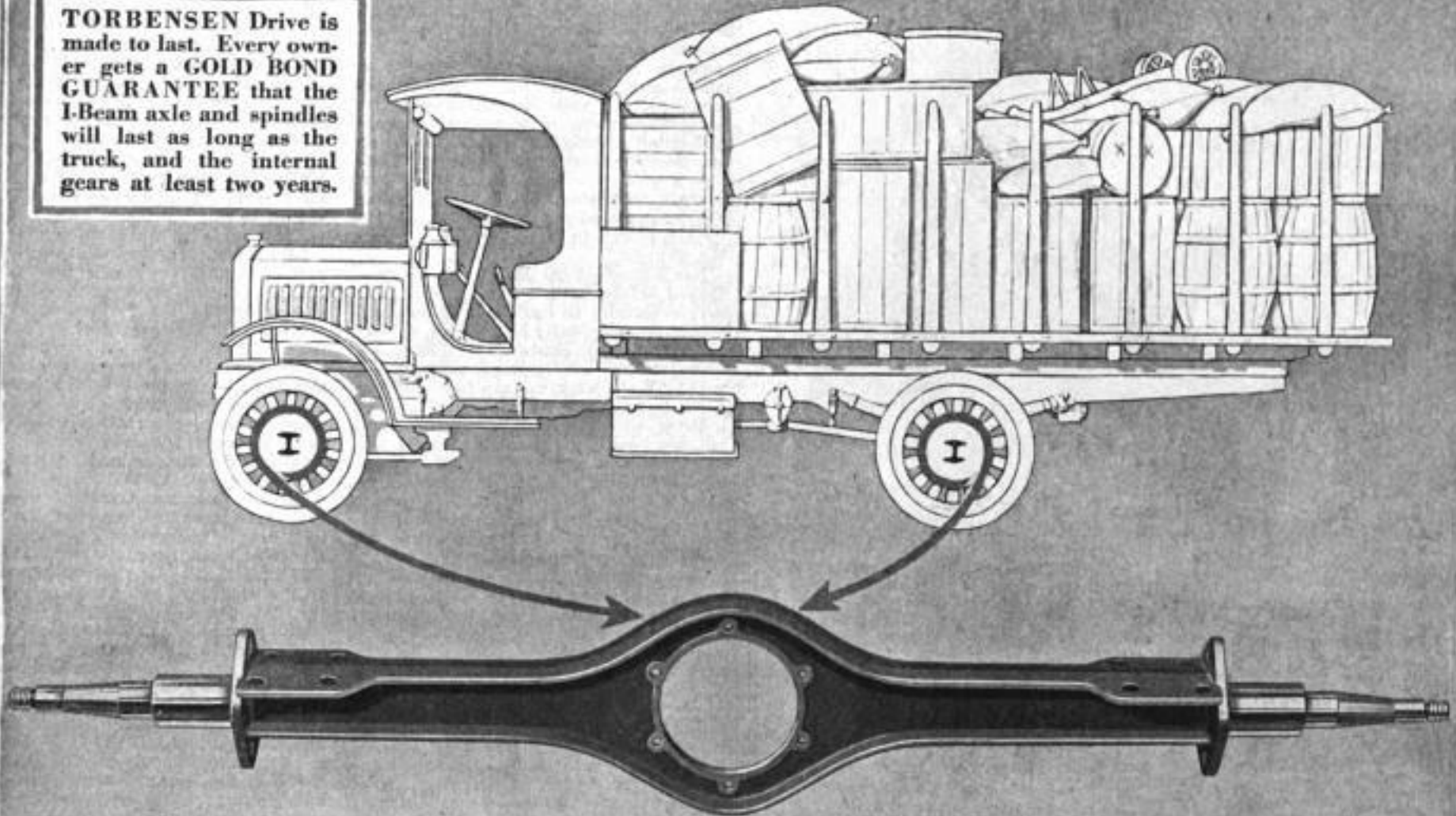
"M'sieu! I am a gentleman!"



There was a tremendous shaking and rattling of the store. It woke Peter up



**TORBENSEN Drive** is made to last. Every owner gets a **GOLD BOND GUARANTEE** that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

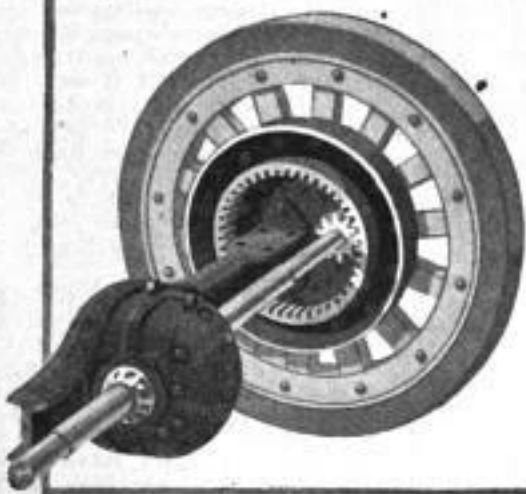


## I-Beams—the standard load carriers—

The *patented*, forged-steel I-Beam carries *all* the load. The driving parts are confined entirely to *driving*.

The strength and light weight of the I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive long-lasting and economical.

Driving at the Wheel and near the Rim gives great driving leverage—great pulling power.



For years, I-Beams have been the standard load-carriers in every branch of mechanical engineering because they are lighter for their strength than any other known structure.

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Torbensen Internal Gear Drive carries the load on a *patented*,

forged-steel I-Beam. No other rear axle drive has or can have this I-Beam load-carrier. This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive stronger than any other types and almost cuts the weight in two.

This has resulted in a great increase in rear tire mileage and emphatic reductions in repair costs, gasoline and oil—all matters of record.

The leadership of internal gear drive, over other types, is thoroughly established. Torbensen Drive is the acknowledged leader of all internal gear drives—and this explanation of the mechanical superiority of the I-Beam indicates clearly why this is so.

Send for the interesting booklet, "Driving at the Wheel and near the Rim"

THE TORBENSEN AXLE COMPANY  
Cleveland, Ohio

*Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks*

# TORBENSEN

INTERNAL GEAR  
TRUCK  DRIVE





## There Are Guns That Send Out Joys



Grains Like These Go in Them

There are guns in our mills which boom every minute, to send out airy grain foods which taste like bubbled nuts.

Whole grains of rice or wheat go in them. Or pellets of hominy. And they come out airy, flaky tidbits, eight times former size.

That's how Puffed Grains are made—by Prof. Anderson's process. Their flavor comes through an hour

of toasting in a fearful heat. Their flimsy texture comes through steam explosion. A hundred million food cells in each kernel are thus blown to pieces.

### Why This Bubble Form?

Many people think we do this to make fascinating morsels. To make grain foods savory, thin and flimsy so they fairly melt away. To make them food confections.

But a college professor—a scientist—invented this strange process. And the only object was to fit whole grains to easily digest.

Ordinary cooking, baking or toasting breaks part of the food cells in grain. But our method alone breaks them all.

So these are the ideal grain foods. Every granule is fitted for digestion. Every atom feeds.

That's why these three grains—which can be puffed—should be largely served in puffed form. That is their most delightful form. It is their hygienic form. Served at any time—at meals or between meals—they avoid any tax on the stomach.

If you knew Puffed Grains as experts know them you would serve them many times as often. There is nothing like them—nothing in grain food so attractive, nothing so perfectly prepared.



Grains Like These Come Out

**Puffed Rice    Corn Puffs.    Puffed Wheat**  
Each 15c Except in Far West



Crisp and Butter for Eating Dry



Mix With Berries

Serve with sugar and cream. Use like our meals in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream. Use as waters in your soups.



Float In Milk

For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk. For hungry children after school, crisp and lightly butter. Let them eat the grains like salted nuts.

position to say this. Besides, he liked Mr. Sturgis. He even admired him. For a successful business man he considered Mr. Sturgis a jolly good sort. Mr. Sturgis, Peter had observed, knew something himself about the joy of living. He was a bachelor and more than once had taken Peter out to dinner and the theatre. And such dinners! Mr. Sturgis, glancing wisely at the menu had ordered things of which Peter had never even heard. In addition, there was a glow, an animation, about Mr. Sturgis that was very warming, that was exceptionally hard to resist.

"You're not in love, are you?" asked Mr. Sturgis.

For a moment the Painter Girl's face flashed before Peter's eyes—why it was hers especially he could not understand—but most decidedly he was not in love, and he told Mr. Sturgis so. The latter looked at him kindly and dismissed him with: "Well, buck up, my boy, and get down to business!"

Peter was exceedingly sorry he had not received the expected raise in salary. He was sorry not chiefly on his own account. He was sorry on Monsieur Beaujon's account. Monsieur needed money so badly. He was always on the point of recovering his ranch in Mexico and always just failing in its recovery because of the lack of a few miserable dollars. First it was the taxes that had to be paid, then he had to redeem the papers—what papers was not clear to Peter, but he decided they were the title papers to the estate. It seemed that Monsieur Beaujon had given them as guaranty for a loan to some grasping person who would not relinquish them until his loan was repaid. Without the papers, monsieur explained, he could do nothing. With them he could raise money on the ranch; he might even be able to sell it to some Chicago beef barons.

Peter helped Beaujon all that he could and much more than he should. He was genuinely sorry for Beaujon. You see, Peter had really led a sheltered life in Elmhurst. He had not come into contact with any cases of acute poverty or privation. His sympathies had never been hardened by exposure. He was soft and sentimental. The sorrows of Monsieur Beaujon took an acute hold upon his imagination. Never had anyone, Peter thought, received such wallops from adversity as the French gentleman forced by circumstances to do Mrs. Dawson's chores. Peter was also sorry for madame, who made such delicious omelets. Madame was not French. She was an Irish-American, and she seemed much in awe of her large, round husband. She was obviously his inferior in birth.

And monsieur told Peter such thrilling stories of his life in Mexico. He told how, in his absence, the bandits had descended upon his homestead, had entered his house, had demanded food and money. Then, enraged because of madame's delay, one of them had fired upon her. Fortunately, he did not hit her. Madame had been forced to crawl beneath a table. Monsieur Beaujon, returning, had heard the shot, had whipped up his horse, had arrived just in time to save madame. With the aid of one faithful servant, he had put the bandits—there were six of them—to flight.

SUCH stories (there were more of them) made a profound impression upon Peter. How could he doubt a man who had been through such brave adventures?

Monsieur, too, flattered young Peter. He pampered him. Often, in the evening, he brought him a bowl of pudding or a piece of cake. Once he brought him a glass of champagne.

"Mrs. Dawson, she had a grand party to-night," he explained. "I save thee for you. Some day, m'sieu, who knows? we shall have champagne of our own to drink. We shall not be compelled to steal it from other people's tables. In Mexico—a sigh—"I use" to import it direct from France by the case."

And when Peter got rheumatism in one shoulder from sleeping against the stone wall of the studio, Monsieur Beaujon massaged it until the rheumatism was routed. Peter could not overlook these favors. Each was small in itself, but there were many of them.

Then, one evening in February, Monsieur Beaujon came to Peter in despair. He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "All is lost!" he cried, "and I, Philippe Beaujon, am the most miserable of men!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Peter.

"This, our last refuge, we must leave. We have bowed ourselves to the very

dust; we have borne uncomplaining the demands of that 'horrible Mrs. Dawson—and now we are compelled to leave!'"

"Why?"

"Madame, my wife, is to have a baby," said Philippe. "She can no longer go on working here."

Peter blushed furiously; but he also felt his very heart run soft with sympathy. "What under the sun will you do?" he asked.

BEAUJON threw his hands toward heaven. "I do not know. We starve. We go to the poorhouse."

"You can't do that."

"What else can we do? If only I had a little money, we could take a little apartment somewhere until madame is herself again. But I have nothing."

"Nor have I," said Peter, quite truthfully.

"How much money do you pay for this cold, this mis-s-s-er-able studio?" asked Beaujon, casting a malevolent glance around the rather charming although frequently chilly room.

"Sixty dollars a month—with breakfast."

"If you could pay that to us, if we took a little apartment and you come to live with us, we could get along very nicely on that sixty dollar a month."

"Oh, I can't do that!" said Peter, with a sinking feeling that he could do it, that ultimately Monsieur Beaujon would persuade him to do it.

"Madame is quite well enough to look after one, to cook delicious little dishes for one, m'sieu. But she cannot do all that the ogre Dawson demands."

"But wouldn't it"—Peter blushed again—"wouldn't it be an awkward time to have a young man around?"

"Non, non, non!" protested monsieur vehemently. "We shall have our own rooms; you shall have yours. There will be no embarrassment. I do not understand these feelings, m'sieu, for I am French, but I can assure you that they will be respected. You will not need to see madame. I shall look after you. An' after a time, if madame is not able to prepare your breakfast for you, I shall prepare it. I too am a cook exquisite. Let not m'sieu worry himself on these points."

"But where can we go?" asked Peter weakly. The sinking sensation had increased. He had almost gone below the surface by now.

"I shall look for a place," said monsieur. "You leave that to me. Breathe not a word of it to a soul. Spik to no one until I have the plan perfected."

Before long monsieur did have his plan perfected. He found an apartment vacant two blocks away. It was a somber apartment over a saloon; for that reason its rent was not excessive. Monsieur Beaujon dragged Peter around there with great secrecy one evening, and showed him how the two front rooms were admirably adapted to his, m'sieu's, convenience, while the two rear rooms, with the kitchen, would answer for Beaujon's and madame's use. He pointed out the long hall which separated the two suites. "It is as if it were made for us!" he exclaimed rapturously, and then in his emotion, forgetting his dignity for a moment, he poked Peter in the ribs. "You see, your delicacy will be spared, m'sieu. There will be even no little baby's cries to annoy you, as we shall be as happy here as pigs in blossoms."

Peter had one stormy scene with his landlady, Mrs. Dawson. But, fortunately, she did not know that he was running away with her housekeepers, Madame and Monsieur Beaujon. Peter took care also not to enlighten her in that respect.

"Why, you can't leave me here in the midst of winter with the place on my hands unwanted!" cried Mrs. Dawson indignantly.

"It's not fit to live in during cold weather," Peter assured her earnestly and sadly. "The roof leaks, and the stove goes out at night, and it's so beastly frigid that I got rheumatism"—all of which was true, although it had never worried Peter before.

As a matter of fact, he left the studio with regret. He had become attached to the strange little place. And he was rather dubious about the somber apartment over the saloon. Certainly, it was not picturesque—at least, not in the way the studio was. Its picturesqueness belonged to a different school.

"THE rooms look fairly nice," said the Painter Girl, on a visit of inspection to Peter's new apartment—but I don't trust that friend of yours, Monsieur Beaujon. Here I do my best



to protect you from the harpies of the High Seas Club, and then you deliberately fall into the clutches of this adventurer down on his luck. I'm convinced that's just what he is."

As usual, thought Peter, she had selected the most unpleasant thing to say. He felt very fine and noble about helping the Beaujons. And when he told Mary (which was the Painter Girl's real name) about the child, he had expected that she would agree for once that he had done the right thing, the splendid thing, in a big, self-sacrificing way. He had been a little hesitant about telling Mary of the baby; while he believed ardently that frankness was essential and prudence was vile, when he came to speak to her about madame's condition he had been woefully embarrassed. Mary, however, took it calmly and in the most matter-of-fact way. She had been almost unpardonably flippant about it. "I don't believe that Mrs. Dawson set them adrift at all. I know Estelle Dawson, and she's a peach. She's one of the dearest people I know. Beaujon just wanted you to move around here so that he could sponge on you uninterrupted, and because it's easier than working for Estelle. It just needed the child to make this old melodrama complete—the papers, the old homestead in New England—"

"In Mexico," corrected Peter.

"Well, in Mexico, then. What's the difference? All the rest of the stale, threadbare ingredients are there."

"There's no use in discussing it with you, Mary," asserted Peter loftily. "You don't understand. I've always led a selfish life. Here was an opportunity at last for me to do something for a fellow being—something that would save him from the utmost misery. I've done it, and you ridicule the whole thing."

There was a painful silence during which they did not look at each other.

Presently the Painter Girl said: "You don't approve of me much, do you, Peter?"

"I approve of you, Mary," he answered stiffly, "but you don't understand me."

She smiled a little sadly. "Oh, I understand you. Perhaps I understand you too well. Sometimes I worry about you. I'm awfully afraid, my dear, that you're going to be all cut up and cruised in this new life of freedom of yours. Oh, but there! I didn't come around to give you a lecture. I hate good advice just as much as I imagine you do. But I like you, Peter. I'm sorry you don't like me better than you do."

For a minute Peter had an unaccountable impulse to get close to her, to take her in his arms as if she were the one who was cut up and bruised. But how ridiculous that impulse was! While he wondered at it, it passed. The Painter Girl arose and held out her hand with: "Good-by, Peter. Promise me one thing. If anything does happen, if you do get smashed up a bit, come around and talk it over with me, won't you?"

IN due time the baby was born. Monsieur engaged a private room in a hospital (at Peter's expense), and one evening madame was taken there. Monsieur spent a most agitated two days. There was no question of his sincerity in this. Never once during those two days did he mention the ranch. But he did bother Peter a great deal. He didn't like to stay alone.

If Peter were sitting in his front room, Beaujon would enter diffidently and ask: "Do you mind, m'sieu, if I sit here with you a leetle? I shall be ver' quiet."

But he never sat long. Peter heard him prowling about the apartment; heard him go out the front door, come n again—unceasingly.

The second night he asked Peter to sit up with him. "I cannot sleep. M'sieu, will you sacrifice yourself for me? I have six bottles of beer which we can drink to stop our thoughts."

Peter sat in the kitchen and drank the beer. There was only one chair and Beaujon occupied that. Peter swung his legs from the washtub.

"It is at such times we think of our sins, n'est-ce pas, m'sieu? I should like to pray, but I am afraid. I have many sins, m'sieu. The good God would laugh and turn his face away if he discovered me, Philippe Beaujon, praying." He sat there perspiring profusely, mopping his forehead with a ragged and soiled handkerchief.

At three o'clock Peter became so sleepy that monsieur persuaded him to go to bed. At five he was awakened.

Monsieur was shaking him violently. His voice was broken with thankfulness. "I've heard from the hospital. Everything is all right. Ah, sometimes, God is good even to a sinner."

And, in a remarkably short time, madame was back in the apartment again with a little red squirming thing which Monsieur Beaujon insisted proudly upon showing Peter. "It is my first-born!" he exclaimed. "Ah, to think that he should come to us when we have nothing!"

IN March Peter decided to give a dinner party. He had paid monsieur his sixty dollars for his lodgings and, even so, by a miracle, he found that he had sixteen dollars left with pay day but two days off.

"Madame is quite well enough to prepare you something delicious," Monsieur Beaujon assured him.

Peter looked over his wardrobe and realized anew in what a deplorable condition it was. His suits were shiny, his underwear in rags, he had to perform the most careful maneuvering each week with his laundry in order to be able to wear decently clean linen. Nevertheless he was set upon having a dinner party. He needed clothes badly, but what clothes could you buy with sixteen dollars? On the other hand, one could give a fairly elaborate dinner with that sum. And this was to be a very smart dinner party. He planned to invite Mrs. Dever, the fashionable widow, who had entertained him often; he would also invite Miss Agnew, Mrs. Dever's cousin, who was fully as fashionable as Mrs. Dever herself. The necessary fourth would be—and here is where the real purpose of Peter's dinner party betrayed itself—the fourth would be Mr. Sturgis. For Mr. Sturgis had been a bit grim with Peter of late. He would placate Mr. Sturgis with his dinner party. He would overwhelm him with his fashionable friends. He would show him what an exceptional young man he had for a private secretary.

There were, of course, many difficulties to be overcome. Madame's kitchen utensils were of the sketchiest nature. Peter's sitting-room table was too small. Of proper crockery and silverware there was none. One could not give a dinner party with three spoons, two knives, a tea strainer, and a fork.

But monsieur, who had entered with great enthusiasm into the plan, solved all difficulties by going to an Italian restaurant in the neighborhood and borrowing, for a modest stipend, everything required. He returned in triumph, bearing on his own broad shoulders a large round table.

The invited guests accepted gracefully—well, perhaps, Mr. Sturgis's acceptance was not so graceful. "So you're giving dinner parties in your apartment now?" he remarked. "Well, young man, I'll come around chiefly to see what you are up to."

The time was set for Friday evening—for very special reasons it was set for that evening. For Peter's sixteen dollars had long since passed into the hungry maw of Monsieur Beaujon. The latter had assured him it would be ample. Later he declared it was not nearly enough. "Things, they are up out of sight this winter!" he explained. "Mushrooms are a dollar a pound."

"Why do we have to have mushrooms?" asked Peter.

Monsieur looked reproachful. "You said you wanted everything of the best—that there was to be a ver' special dinner party. Madame and I have planned everything to be most exquisite. Mushrooms are a necessity."

So, on Friday evening, wine was still to be bought and an ice from Prevost's around in Sixth Avenue. "An' nuts an' olives an' confections of chocolat," insisted Monsieur Beaujon. But Peter rebelled at nuts and olives and chocolates.

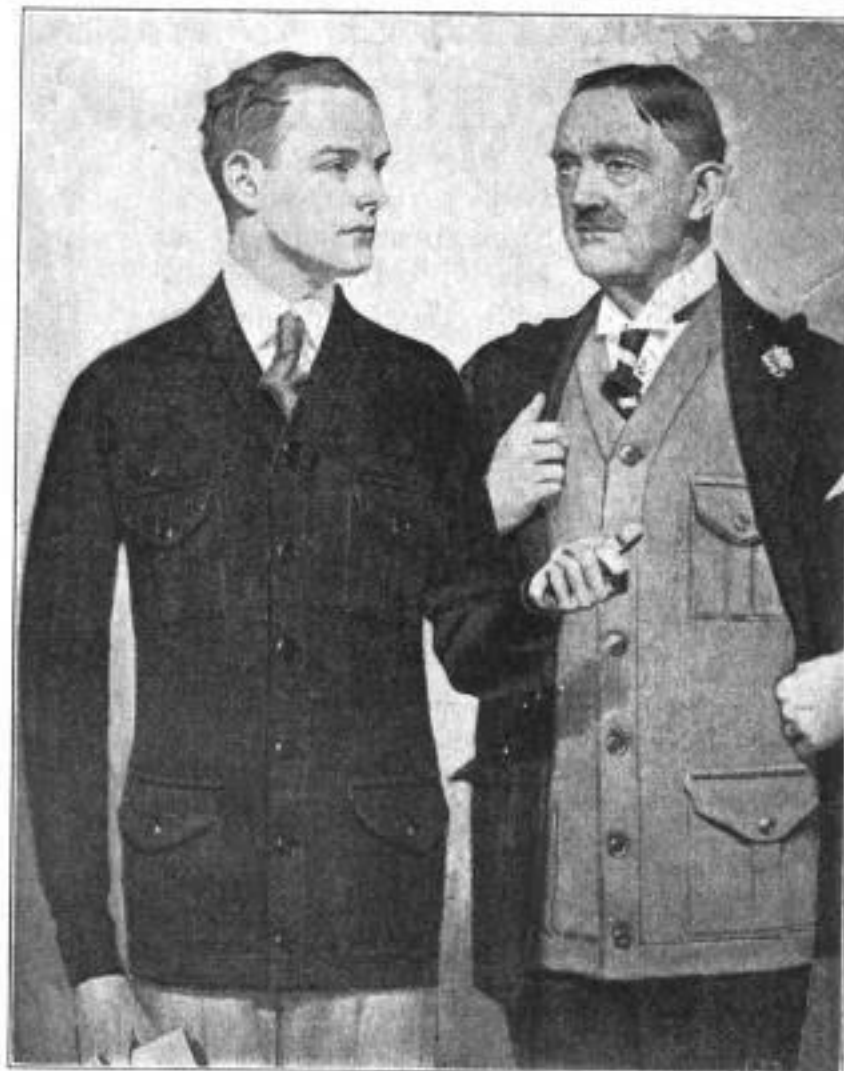
Then, Friday morning, Miss Agnew telephoned and said she was sorry, she was awfully sorry, she wouldn't have missed it for the world, but it was impossible for her to come. She had contracted a severe cold, and the doctor said she must, she absolutely must, go to bed and stay there.

"Go to the devil for all I care," Peter said to himself, and then, with sudden hope of calling the party off, he asked: "Is Mrs. Dever coming?"

"Oh, yes, she's coming."

The list of Peter's fashionable friends was a very limited one. In the emergency, rather reluctantly, he telephoned the Painter Girl.

"We're going to wear evening clothes, Mary," he said, "so look your best."



## The Tom Wye

-the story of a new Jacket  
that gives warmth without bulk

HAVE you seen the new Tom Wye? You'll want one as soon as you see it. Men everywhere are wearing this smartly tailored knit jacket for motoring, for sports and for general business purposes. Business men wear it under their coats and find that it gives warmth without bulk. Traveling men like it because it folds into small space and comes out without a wrinkle. It is tailored from finely knitted cloth and can be worn in countless places where you would not wear a sweater.

### Knitted by the Tom Wye stitch

This stitch gives the fabric its special close, firm texture. Yet the fabric is so elastic that it will spring back into shape if stretched.

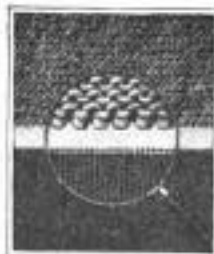
The yarn used in the Tom Wye is pure double combed Australian worsted wool; the only wool that will stand hard wear and hold its elasticity. This worsted wool gives real warmth and sheds fog and dew.

The jacket is carefully tailored. Shoulder seam stays in place; buttonholes will not stretch; front lies flat; no bulging under the arms. Has four convenient military pockets. Made in 12 colors. Sizes 34 to 46. Prices, \$12.50 with sleeves, \$11 without sleeves.

Also made in three colors as Service Jacket for army and navy men. This model has a collar neck that ends at collar button and so does not interfere with the fit of the blouse.

The Tom Wye is carried in fine stores. Or address

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303 FIFTH AVENUE - AT 31ST STREET  
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**WYE KNITTING MILLS**  
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Tom Wye (left) (right) as compared to the wide heavy loop stitch (above)



This reinforced shoulder seam on the under side of the jacket prevents the shoulder from falling



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Self-Filling  
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NON-LEAKABLE

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Ask the Gardener—he knows! Knows that blades have to be constantly sharpened to cut easily and clean—dull blades drag and chop. He demands a fine tool steel to hold the edge. An exclusive feature of "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Lawn Mowers is that *all* blades are of crucible tool steel (oil-hardened and water-tempered) with self-sharpening action.

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"It's rather short notice," grumbled Mary. "Who disappointed you, Peter?" "Oh, be a dear, and come," he implored.

"All right." And Mary did look her best. She swept Peter off his feet. She wore a green dress of soft silk shimmering with silver. Her brown hair was dressed high on her head, showing flashes of gold. Black-jet earrings gave her a worldly and sophisticated appearance. She quite outshone the fashionable Mrs. Dever.

The dinner was an unqualified success. Monsieur Beaujon, in mournful silence, waited on them with an expert touch. The only drawback was Mr. Sturgis. Not that he didn't enjoy his dinner. It was very apparent that he enjoyed it. "Why, I've never tasted such food, Peter," he said. But he was constantly looking surprised, suspicious, curious. He almost acted as if he thought Peter had no business giving such a special dinner party. He looked at Peter sometimes as if Peter were a defaulting cashier absconding with his funds. And, besides, he paid altogether too much attention to the Painter Girl. As for her, she encouraged him. It might almost have been called a flirtation. Peter was annoyed because he was forced to look after Mrs. Dever, and he wanted to gaze at the Painter Girl. He felt that he would be content if he could sit there and do nothing but gaze at the Painter Girl all evening. She bewildered him. She astonished him. He had never seen such a transformation. In her shimmering silk and silver, like shaved ice poured over green crème de menthe, she fairly dazzled him. And he had never heard her talk such nonsense. She kept Mr. Sturgis chuckling the whole evening.

THE next morning Mr. Sturgis called Peter into his office. He waved him to a chair. "Sit down," he said. "We've got to have a little talk."

"Didn't you enjoy my dinner?" asked Peter.

"Yes, I did, damn it!" he said, coloring slightly. "That's what makes it hard for me to say what I'm going to say."

At that, Peter decided to ask no more questions, but to listen attentively.

"I saw last night what is the matter with you, Peter. You're trying to hit the high spots too hard and too often. And it's shown in your work lately. You've been neglecting things, my boy, even after that last talk I gave you."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Peter.

"I want you to change your habits. I want you to give up your apartment and go back to Elmhurst for a time. Get your feet on the ground again. Be a regular human being once more. You can't get away with this society stuff you're trying to pull. You're not old enough nor have you money enough to give dinner parties, to entertain rich widows."

"And if I refuse to go back to Elmhurst, Mr. Sturgis?"

Mr. Sturgis waved his hand. "Well, as you are, as you have been the last few months, you're not worth a cent to me. Perhaps the sooner you realize it the better."

Peter was very white—very white and dignified, although he gulped once or twice. "That means I'm—fired?" he asked.

"Peter, don't be a fool!" cried Sturgis. "You don't have to quit in this way. Do as I say. Go back to Elmhurst to your own folks. Pull yourself together. You'll be all right in a little while."

"No, I can't," said Peter. "I can't go back. I can't leave the Beaujons in the lurch."

"Can't leave who?"

"Can't leave some friends of mine."

Mr. Sturgis's face darkened. His fist came down on the desk resoundingly.

"All right!" he cried. "We're through."

Peter arose and stumbled toward the door. But before he passed out, Sturgis called after him: "Wait a minute! There's another solution I'll consider. Marry that green-and-silver girl. She's all right. She's got a head on her shoulders. Marry her, and the job's still yours."

"Do you think it would be fair for me to marry her just to hold my job?" asked Peter, facing Sturgis squarely, his shoulders back. "Do you think I'd do that—even if she'd have me, which she wouldn't."

"Well, maybe it wouldn't be fair," Mr. Sturgis admitted gently.

ON that same day, in the evening, Monsieur Beaujon came to Peter with a new scheme regarding his ranch. "I have an opportunity to sell all the

cattle on my ranch," he said, "but first I must pay a certain man here in New York forty dollars."

"Yes?" said Peter, apathetically.

"Could you let me have the forty dollars for a few days, m'sieu? As soon as the cattle are sold I shall repay you the money and all else I have borrowed from you."

"Beaujon, you know I haven't a cent!" cried Peter. "I'd let you have it if I had it, but it's impossible."

"That wealthy M'sieu Sturgis, who came here an' eat so much of our exquisite dinner, will he not lend you the money?"

"Lend me the money! Why, he's just fired me."

"Fired you? You are no longer working for him, m'sieu?"

"No longer," admitted Peter.

"All right then, m'sieu. If you will not let me have this money, you shall have to take the consequences."

MONSIEUR BEAUJON moved away with head erect. It was the nearest to a quarrel that Peter and his faithful servitor had ever come.

Peter spent the entire next day in looking for a new position. New positions, he found, were not so easily obtained. He visited a number of his acquaintances; none knew of any position such as Peter desired.

He returned home in the afternoon, weary and depressed, to find the apartment singularly deserted. There was not even the tiny wail of the infant. The wail had been so continuous that Peter had become indifferent to it. Tonight he missed it by its very absence. He opened the door into the hall and called to Monsieur Beaujon. There was no answer. He called to madame. Still no answer. He went back to investigate. The Beaujons were gone! There was no doubt of it. The little furniture they owned had disappeared.

Peter, unreasonably, was glad. At last he was rid of his charges. At last he was free. He could even go back to Mr. Sturgis—but, no—that also meant going back to Elmhurst!

Back in his own sitting room he now found a note addressed to him in Beaujon's flourishing hand:

*Mon enfant: We have fled, and you shall never see us again. You are of such an innocence that it was a pity to despoil you. If it had not been I was desperate, I would not have had the heart. So sorry I feel for you that some day if I am able I shall repay you everything.*  
PHILIPPE BEAUJON.

Peter sat down soberly in a chair. The first relief at their departure had gone. Now he was downcast, humiliated. And heart-broken! He had been exploited, cheated, robbed. And he had been fond of the Beaujons. He had felt deeply for them. He had made their sorrows his own. And always his intentions had been of the best. Never after this, he felt truly, would he be the same again. Something in his faith in human nature had gone never to return. "Why couldn't they have been honest with me!" he cried aloud. "I'd have helped them just the same—to the last penny I'd have helped them."

THERE was a resounding knock on the door. A burly individual badly in need of a shave stood there. "I've come for the rent," he shouted. "It's the last day, remember."

"Isn't the rent paid?" asked Peter mildly.

"Ain't it paid? Ain't it paid?" repeated the other mockingly. "You know well enough it ain't paid—not for two months. An' if you don't pay to-night, out you go! I got the dispossession notice wit' me."

"But I didn't rent the apartment," said Peter. "It was Mr. Beaujon who rented it. I'm a lodger with him. I paid him regularly."

"That French guy told me you'd pay it. Where is he?"

"I don't know. He's gone."

"Say, you can't stall me that way, young fellow. Pay up or get out."

"I'll have to get out, then," said Peter. "I'm penniless."

After the burly individual had gone, Peter sat down with his sorrow again. He was dazed. He was utterly miserable. He was helpless. And while he sat there came other knocks on the door. The butcher wanted to be paid, the grocer, the man who delivered the milk.

"My God!" said Peter.

It was almost automatically that he found himself going around to the Painter Girl's apartment. Fortunately she was home. And Peter poured his

(Continued on page 30)



# Why Franklin Sales Increased Last Year 135% against the 12% Increase of all Other Fine Cars

How far do you  
go to the  
gallon?



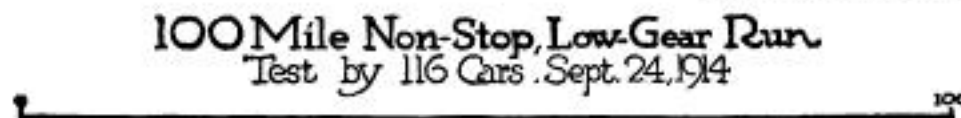
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How much does  
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use?



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No one else talks  
this feature.  
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These records explain at once why sales of the Franklin Car increased last year 135%, compared to the 12% increase of all other fine cars.

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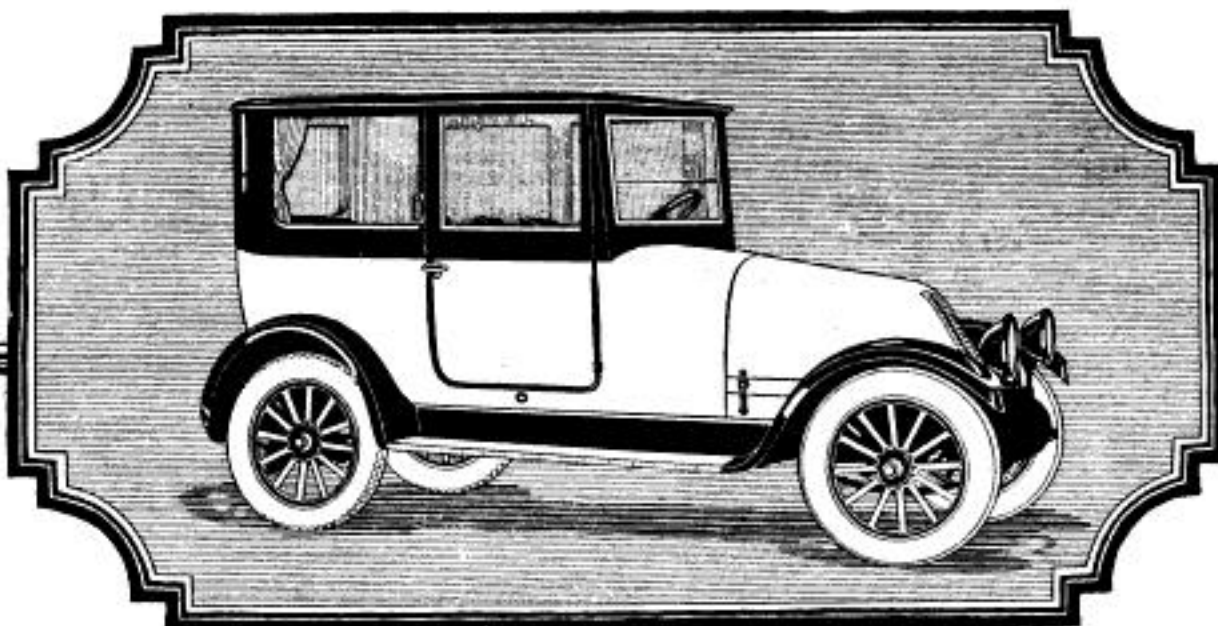
into the blunt demand:—Does your car deliver Service—without Waste?

The Franklin Car has answered—and the people of this country have heard the answer.

For it is an absolute fact that if all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, America would save *Four Hundred Million Gallons* of gasoline and \$192,000,000 worth of tires every year.

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wretched story—all of it—into her ears: How Mr. Sturgis had fired him; how the Baujous had deserted him with a hundred debts left unpaid; how he was forced to vacate his apartment that very night! Never once did the Painter Girl have the ill grace to say: "I told you so." Peter found that he liked the Painter Girl very much indeed; in a world which was tumbling about his ears she was the only substantiality he could find.

And she lost no time. She dragged Peter around to Sixth Avenue and routed out an old expressman. The latter was reluctant to do any work at that hour of the night, but Mary had a way with expressmen. At last he consented. "We've got to save your things," she said to Peter. "I'll pay the expressman if you're broke, and you can pay me back when you get it."

"But where can I send the things?" "I can crowd them into my apartment temporarily," she said cheerfully.

Later Peter stood there amid the litter of his belongings. He was still dazed and helpless. He held out his hand to Mary. "Good night, dear," he said, "and thanks for what you've done for me."

"Where are you going now, Peter?"

"I don't know."

"How much money have you?"

He examined the loose change in his pocket. He had paid one or two of the bills which the tradesmen had presented. "Twenty-seven cents," he answered.

The Painter Girl glanced at the clock. "It's almost twelve. You can't go out at this hour without a cent. You'll have to stay here. I'll fix up the couch for you in my sitting room, and you'll be fairly comfortable."

"Oh, but, Mary, I can't stay in your apartment, all night. It wouldn't be proper," said Peter, who in the past had condemned Mary for her conventionality.

"Shucks!" said the Painter Girl. "What's the difference? Don't talk rot at this hour."

So Peter stayed.

After Mary had fixed the couch for

him she stood a little shyly at the door. "Good night, Peter," she said.

"Good night, Mary, you—you are

**P**ETER awoke the next morning in a much happier state of mind than he had been in the previous night. He felt exhilarated and confident.

And Mary had a delightful breakfast ready for him. In her tiny dining room they sat at the breakfast table opposite each other.

"What are your plans now?" asked him.

The reality of the question dawned on Peter's spirits a bit. "I suppose I have to return to Elmhurst," he answered.

"Peter, you won't do anything of the kind. It's all right for you to go to Elmhurst. But not now! You've got to go back there simply because you've failed—simply because you have no job, and no place to live. You've got to fight this out. You've got to make a man of yourself. Then you can go back."

Peter sat back in his chair and regarded her with admiring eyes. What a wonder she was! Suddenly he realized that he didn't want to go back to Elmhurst, he didn't want to go anywhere. He wanted to stay with the Painter Girl—always!

"I wish I were a success now, every minute!" he cried. "I wish I had a job. For if I had, dear, I'd ask you to marry me. You're what I need, more than anything else in the world."

"Is this a proposal, Peter?" she asked lightly, but her voice trembled.

"Yes, it is," said Peter.

"Oh, Peter, I don't know whether I want to marry you or not," she said. "You're such an idiot. But you certainly should have some one to take care of you, and I suppose I'll have to be the one."

"Good heavens, Mary! I forgot," claimed Peter. "I have a job. Sturgis told me that if I married you I could have my old position back."

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "But I don't want you to go."

## Sailorman Born

Continued from page 16

their completion by an acrid odor before Captain Mason recalled himself to the present and hastily snatched them smoking from the oven. They ate in silence. After supper the captain put on his jacket and hard hat, took his stick, and curtly commanded Jack to wash up the dishes. Then he went out. Nothing could more fully have signified a catastrophe, for each evening since Jack came home from his final voyage the father had always ended the evening meal by a brusque, hearty: "I'll wash up. Clear out with you!"

**T**HE captain briskly made his way to Mary Chase's home, a cottage farther up the hill, held brief intercourse with Mr. Chase, a man of few words and a large income, asked for Mary, and was informed she had gone downtown to the library.

Thither the old man made his way and found her among the shelves, apparently deep in selecting a new novel.

She looked up at him when he awkwardly stood beside her, blushed faintly, and said: "After another book of piracy?"

Captain Mason thought he detected a symptom of relenting in this and took heart. "Jack came home and told me," he said simply. "Of course you and I've had our little joke all along. You know I want you to marry the boy. I've only thought he was a little too easy about it—didn't, so to speak, take the proper interest in the matter. I wanted to stir him up."

"I stirred him up," she said quietly. "When I came to think the whole thing over it struck me how perfectly right you were. Jack is rather commonplace, isn't he? He doesn't strike a girl's imagination, does he? The more I reflected the more clearly I saw I couldn't really be interested in a young man who worked on a salary and had no higher ambition than to own a home (on the installment plan) and ask for a raise every other Christmas. How well you know life! and women, captain! I never can thank you enough for saving me from marrying Jack. It's too bad too. He's so good-looking. And his family have been so respectable too, haven't they? Of course you were a black sheep and went a pirate. Probably you blame yourself for Jack's turning out this way."

This she said in the face of him and earth. Captain Mason stared at the innumerable backs of volumes of which presumably contained the story of a couple in love, lifted his eyes to the yellow ceiling, and then to Mary Chase's level gaze. "You're making fun," he said desperately.

"I might if I thought it worth while," she answered. "Now that you say it, it is funny. And you see the point."

The old master mariner read in her cloudless eyes something other than man less experienced in skies had done. This frank and pert maiden, with all her girlish enjoyment of a wooing, the blossoming woman who had decked her profounder feeling with the light fantasy of jest and laughter had turned into a dark and mysterious personage, untender, cruel, and all.

"I thought maybe there had been a mistake," he remarked.

Miss Chase laughed. "Oh, no," she made it quite plain. "I'll read all papers with such interest to see what Jack will do. I'm sure he'll be wearing a captain's uniform soon, and knocking men down with a handspike and winning before gales and heaving typhoons and finding a delightful berth in every port. For of course he's right to sea, now that I'm not the way."

"But you told him you were afraid of him for not going and fighting his country," the captain puzzled.

"I was only putting your side of the case," she responded calmly. "I've used to do my share in undoing what you said I'd done. I've done that. I do your share."

He stared at her, strangely touched by her youthful splendor and then he shook his head, mute expression of a recognition of the insoluble mystery of womankind. Then he vaguely accepted the challenge in her eyes. "We'll see," he said, and departed.

**H**E found his son seated by the stove and sunk in despondent thought. "I've been thinking things over," the old man said cautiously. "Mary is a very fine woman. It's as clear as full moon that she doesn't find what's expected in you. Girls have a way of making the best of matters that tempers fetch adrift and then sail."





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# Boston Garter

the ship offhand. Marriage is a ticklish business, and a man usually goes ahead blind and beats up against wind and tide willy-nilly, saying to himself tide and wind will change. But a woman will trim her sails only so much; then she 'bouts ship and gives over the voyage. Unless—he added as an afterthought—"she finds she really loves the man."

Young Mason lifted a white face. "Or finds she doesn't," he rasped. His father refused the emendation. "They never find out that till it's too late," he remarked sagaciously. "They're built that way. Born experimenters. Now you made a mistake, as I see it," he went on slowly. "Women like an upstanding, two-fisted man who doesn't give a cuss for anybody or anything and makes good that way. Working and going to church and the library and being a fine young chap all the ladies trust is all right. Earning a home is all right, and staying home of evenings and being polite and respectful. But once in every man's life he ought to smash something, for the sake of the girl he loves. Just once. To make her sure he can kick the whole business overboard if it doesn't suit him."

CAPTAIN MASON filled his pipe carefully and lit it. A few puffs, and he comfortably resumed: "Your mother used to tell me a girl could stand only so much window shopping. And when a girl suddenly turns and blows an Irishman's hurricane out of a clear sky she's got to the point where she's decided it's time to find out what's behind her young man's savings-bank book. I dunno but what any girl worth while mightn't sooner or later set a man adrift just to see what he'll do and where he'll fetch up."

The young man made no response for a moment. Then he burst out: "Between the two of you I've been made a fool of. First, you're always at me for not staying at sea and being a filthy mate with a dozen roughs under him; then Mary has been for the other thing—sticking to business and saving money and making a place for myself here. All right!"

Captain Mason digested this with irritating lack of excitement.

"I've said my say," he remarked presently. "Of course, if you don't think it worth while to make an effort to get Mary for a wife—well, it mightn't come to anything anyway. I'm naturally different from you. When I wanted anything I got it. I didn't fuss too much over the details."

"Your whole notion is that I ought to be at sea on a rotten ship," Jack returned. "You've got Mary to think I'm a mollycoddle, and it tickles you to think I'm up against it because I did the decent thing and refused to muck around with a lot of sailors."

"A pot calling the stove names," said the captain curtly. "And a pot is made to do its work on a stove. A pot in a parlor, a kettle in a music room, and a sailorman born in a bookkeeper's cage are all alike. They don't fit, and somebody is going to find it out and move 'em. You're a pot. Get back to your stove."

"I'm not a sailorman!" the other protested. "I hate the sea! I would never get along anyway! Never again!"

CAPTAIN MASON rose and knocked out his pipe. "All right. Stick to your books and your pen and your hundred a month. There's a bark in the river just in from Hongkong to load wheat for Liverpool. She's a scandalous sight, and the skipper's fair crazy. His mate quit him after reading all about the submarines in the papers the pilot brought aboard, and the crew'll quit tomorrow." The old man jammed his hat on his head. "There isn't a man left on the coast to take the mate's job and get that wheat to England. Not an American man. And she's an American bark." He went toward the door. "The Mason family has gone to seed—garden seed. Be a primrose, my son, and deck a lady fair. I'm going down to sign on as mate of that bark. D—n it! There was always a Mason handy in a pinch up till now. I'm seventy years old, and my eyes aren't so good. But, anyway, I've got real insides, insides like a man." The captain's eyes blinked weakly. "And your mother showed me I had 'em when she put it to me fair and square to forget her or come back master of my own ship."

His son was on his feet, incredulous. "You don't mean it!" he said. "Sign on that old bark? You're crazy! Why, they're getting all the sailing ships. The Government won't even insure them."



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Mr. Petterson said only this afternoon in my hearing that he wouldn't trust a pound of our pack on a sailing vessel! Anyway, you're too old."

"Too old?" rasped the captain. "Too old? A Mason is never too old to take a ship to sea or bring her to port." His fire died. "Anyway, there's no one else. That bark has got to sail."

SOMETHING that had long been hidden under the sedulously varnished surface of the well-trained clerk began to show in the son's attitude and expression. His slender figure seemed at once a little tenser and a little easier; his white hands were gripped, his feet spread apart to balance him, his brows lowered over his eyes.

"You see, she's got to be discharged and ready to receive the new cargo within six days," the captain went on monotonously. "The tug won't take her up the river the way she's manned. She ought to be ready for sea in twelve days, over the bar in thirteen, and down to the trades in twenty."

"And you'll have to lick a rotten crew into shape!" jeered young Mason. His father cocked one eye at the roughness of his tone. "You may have been a good man in your day, dad, but you aren't up to keeping house on a modern bark with a gang of poor lubbers and a skipper afraid for his life. It's distinctly a job for a man who's ready to run the ship single-handed. Why, that man Howell has lost his nerve already!"

"What do you know about that bark and her skipper?" demanded old Mason, hand on the door knob.

"I knew him when he was in the *Bessarabia*," his son snapped. "He's neither proper sailorman nor good scout. Believe me, if you want to see that grain landed in Liverpool you'd better see he has a real mate. The fellow who quit told me this afternoon that he wouldn't stick an hour with such a man, with his dithering and daddling and taking in sail o' nights and consulting the glass and fearing his sextant wasn't properly corrected and his chronometers were on the blink. Huh! Too old, dad!"

"Am I?" snorted the captain fiercely. "I'm a better man than my son, anyway. You wouldn't dare even tackle the job!"

The knob rasped under his hand. "Me dare?" said his son curtly. "You make me tired—you and your thinking I'm a poor kid with no sense and no science. Why, I c'n fetch that old *Panamint* bark up the river, discharge her and have her ready for sea before you'd rightly get your name signed. I've a good notion to—"

"Notions!" croaked the captain. "Notions! Save them for your own job. You'd a notion you'll be raised next Christmas. You'd a notion you'd get Mary Chase to marry you. You'd a notion the sea was no place for a fine figure of a man like you are. Stop ashore. There's a man's work to be done."

The door opened and the fresh, salt breath of the sea roared in and cleared the room of everything but its own tang. Father bent to the blast and son lifted face to it, inhaled deeply, with quivering nostrils. From the dark sky above came the dull resonance of the bar, thundering across its miles of shoals in leaping foam and spume. The old man bent his head lower to his breast, beaten down by the rising gale. The lamp flared up and went out. He felt a powerful hand on his arm, a deep voice in his ear: "No weather for you, sir! That bark'll need another hook in the mud to hold her. I'll be aboard in fifteen minutes."

Captain Mason was brushed aside and left alone. He slowly retired in the doorway, closed the door, and lit the lamp again; very quietly he filled and lit his pipe. He seated himself in his usual chair. Then he rose agilely.

"I d—d near forgot to wash up," he muttered.

IT was two weeks later that Mary Chase, swinging down the hill in the twilight, looked up and caught Captain Mason's eye. Her involuntary, almost imperceptible hesitation, causing her to stumble slightly on the steep declivity, brought a husky murmur from the old man. She nodded briskly, laughed, and was about to go on when the murmur rose to a distinct call of "Mary!"

"Yes, captain?"

The old man leaned over the edge of the porch and went laboriously on: "The *Panamint* sailed last night, ma'am."

"The *Panamint*!" she repeated blankly. "Was that one of your ships?"

The captain leaned back in embarrassment. "No," he muttered. "I just thought—it's nothing!"

Later he went in and lit the lamp and washed the luncheon dishes. He heated no supper. Then he settled himself heavily in his chair to smoke the evening away. He had barely seated himself when a knock at the front door brought him unsteadily to his feet.

"Who c'n that be?" he muttered to himself. "No—no news—I—yet?"

He opened the door and Mary Chase stepped in. She was deeply excited, though her voice was calm as she said: "I am a stupid! Not to know that the *Panamint* is Jack's ship. I thought I'd just drop in and see what the news was from him."

Captain Mason ushered her into a room she had never seen before, the kitchen. With the air of a man displaying peculiar and carefully guarded treasures, he indicated a chair with a sweep of his gnarled hand. "That's where he sat, ma'am. Sit down."

Miss Chase obeyed quietly, and the old man with hasty sentences tried to give her time to recover herself, for he saw that she was on the point of tears.

"Yes, he and I always sat here a moment after supper," he told her. "Before he went out for the evening, if so be he was due to go out. I washed up when he was gone and then smoked a pipe like I was doing just now. Funny you didn't know of his joining the *Panamint*. He went as chief mate of her to Liverpool. The captain was tickled to death to get a man like him, specially these days when sailormen are scarce and the submarines are busy."

"Jack never came to see me before he went," she said quietly.

The captain excused this with great earnestness. The bark had loaded in Portland, come down the river by night, and put to sea in the morning. There had been no opportunity.

They sat silent a long while. Then Mary Chase rose. "Did Jack—did he leave any message?"

Captain Mason met her glance boldly, with a flourish. "He'll bring his own message back to you," he said.

IT was three months later that the Captain and Miss Chase exchanged more than greetings again. The old man was stamping along the street with his eyes fixed on vacancy, a fresh newspaper clutched in his hand, when she stopped him.

"They tell me the—the *Panamint* was blown up by a submarine," Miss Chase said.

"It's in the paper," he replied dully.

She plucked it out of his grasp and quickly scanned the headlines till her eyes caught the item halfway down a column:

"LONDON—The Admiralty to-day confirmed the reported torpedoing of the American bark *Panamint*. The American vessel gave battle with small arms and was finally saved from total destruction by an Allied destroyer. The chief officer and six hands are missing."

"Is that all?" she whispered. "No later news—of his being saved?"

Captain Mason met her tearless eyes and shook his head. Passers-by, after one glance at their attitudes, a hasty stare at their faces, gave them room; they stood absolutely alone and remote midway of traffic, their world gone on.

The next evening the old man stood over the kitchen sink washing the supper dishes. His face was gray as the rag he used so slowly and awkwardly. Now and then he looked upward from his job as if his wearied eyes sought to see through the dusk of the little room into a finer air. He was not even aroused by a knocking at the door till it became hesitating and died away. Then he went and opened it.

"I was cutting my roses this afternoon," said Miss Chase in a level tone. "I thought you might like some."

"Come in," responded the old man. He closed the door and threw open another which gave into a room she had never seen. It was Jack Mason's room, she knew. It had been freshly cleaned up, and was now lighted by a couple of old-fashioned brass-bowled lamps which illuminated the white, smooth bed, the case with a neat row of books, the small, square desk with a few articles on it, and a line of hooks from which swung brushed, sleek clothes.

"I just set the boy's name down with the rest, ma'am," the captain said.

"The rest? What rest?" she asked. "The rest of the Masons," he replied, and pointed to a huge chart that hung on the wall in the glare of the lamps.

Quickly she neared the great sheet and peered at it. It was an old, out-of-date chart of the world, stained and worn. It was crisscrossed by wavering lines; straight, firm lines, heavy curves



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and thin tracings that seemed to have been made doubtfully, without any definite notion in mind as to direction or destination. And at the end of each of these lines she observed a cross, distinct and graphic, set down singly; some were along the skirts of continents, some marked a nameless estuary or struck into significance an obscure reef; others were merely afloat in the blank expanse of ocean. Each cross had a name and date written by it. She looked more closely, read some of the brief inscriptions, each written in a hand and ink different from the others:

*Jonathan + Mason, Apr. 2, 1806.*  
*Jno. Mason + Sep'r, 1825.*  
*David Mason, Sr. + 5th Jan., 1840.*  
*Rob't Mason + Dec. 26, 1864.*

"Who are these?" she demanded.  
"The Masons who died at sea," he replied.

She glanced at him fearfully and then back at the chart. Slowly, reluctantly, her eyes traveled to the western coast of North America. A slender red line started halfway up and threaded its way steadily down into the South Pacific, around Cape Horn, out into the Atlantic. It seemed to grow more tenuous, more wavering, as if the hand that drew it lost courage. But her eyes did not lose it, followed it up league by league till it stopped off the shores of Spain, with a fresh cross drawn blackly at its close. The girl looked at the new pole of her frozen world:

*John + Mason, Jan. 4, 1917.*

She read and reread the little inscription. Then she turned her still face to the captain.

"You got the news?" she whispered. He tremblingly opened and handed her a slip of paper. "Cablegram," he croaked. "From captain of the *Panamint*."

The message, brief, yet summing up many lives, read thus:

*LONDON, 17, 1.95a.*  
*NEW YORK, 16, 11.18p.*

**PILOTS ASTORIA:**

*Mason chief officer wounded gunfire after hours fighting. Barque towed Madeira british destroyer Mason and six crew not picked up. Notify Mary Chase.*  
**HOWELL.**

"You see," said the captain huskily, "that the boy said your name to Captain Howell."

Without tears and in a stillness above which the far Pacific surges throbbed orotund and rhythmic, the two of them stared into the invisible, seeing a boyish figure on a blood-splashed, tilting deck, surrounded by men trampling to boats, shadowed by the torn fabric of a great sail. With the ear of longing they caught the name on his pallid lips, the whispered name that had been caught up out of the sea and repeated letter by letter across the leagues till it sounded in the room where he had lived.

**LIVED!** His father reached his shaking hand out to the dresser, and because he would never be able to articulate his feelings again sought to finish at once the business that twisted his heart.

"Here's his savings-bank book," he said in a dry voice. He picked it up and leaned his gray head backward better to see the writing in it. The girl's luminous eyes enveloped him in a piteous and steady gaze. The old man read aloud, as if he made out the figures with difficulty:

"February 8, thirteen-fifty; February 23, twelve-fifty; March 7, fifteen dollars, and March 25—"

"Oh!" she sobbed.  
"A total saving up to—up to the day he sailed of two hundred and sixty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents," went on Captain Mason inexorably. "It's in the bank drawing 4½ per cent compounded quarterly, just as he figured. He intended the money to pay for—"

"Oh!" the girl whispered chokingly. Captain Mason lowered the book and cast his grim old eyes on her bowed head. The record of Jack Mason's pitiful ambitions dropped to the floor. With a gesture of resignation and of triumph the father went to the wall and took down the chart. He rolled it up slowly. Then he thrust the long cylinder into Mary Chase's hand.

"He was the last of the Masons," he croaked. "He asked Howell to notify you. Here's the message he meant you to have: he was a sailorman—born."

They left the room once more to solitude. Forgotten on the floor the bank book lay holding its record open, proclaiming that as yet now generations to come shall reap—with interest compounded quarterly at 4½ per cent.

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Note the interesting HARVARD CLASSICS Advertisement on another page of this issue of COLLIER'S. It has a message for you.



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## THE TRUE MERITS OF "A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS"

BY FREDERICK LANDIS

**L**IQUOR, in convention assembled, has highly resolved that it is "as legitimate as any other business"! "Legitimate," according to Webster, is "authorized; real; genuine; not false; not counterfeit; not spurious."

Liquor does not mean "authorized." It disdains authority, and yet everybody knows that it is "authorized"—everybody from the child who is hungry to the man who is mad. Liquor means that as a business it is real. Well, then, if booze is a real business, when can a family recover damages from it if one of that family be injured while liquorized? Can a widow get damages from a grocer if her husband expires because of eating too many dried apples? If a saloon is as "real" a business as a meat market or a clothing store, why is it not unlawful to sell mutton chops to a minor or pants to a habitual wearer of pants? How many men lose their jobs because they cannot control their appetites for underwear? How many are riding the coal-car bumpers because they are the victims of soda water? How many divorces are granted because men squander their wages for French-fried potatoes? How many sneak into the back doors of shoe stores? How many chew cloves to conceal the fact that they have just bought a new stovepipe and demand that it be brought up the alley, in the dark of the moon, labeled something else? Why do landlords charge this "business" higher rent than any other business, except prostitution, its little scarlet sister? Why do chambers of commerce never mention saloons among the advantages of cities which they seek to advance? Why do they not vote subsidies to distilleries? It must be that this booze business is too "genuine" altogether!

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley states that three-fourths of the liquor in this country is adulterated. Otherwise it is not "counterfeit." If "not spurious," why is booze selling forbidden near churches, schools, and institutions? Why does government everywhere sting it with taxation and shackle it with restrictions?

Judge Lacey of the Detroit Juvenile Court stated that out of sixteen hundred cases before him in one year, every single case originated in liquor! The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has reported that the neglect, suffering, and grosser forms of cruelty to children are largely due to the immoderate use of intoxicants.

The Michigan Legislature appointed a commission to study feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, insanity, and other conditions of mental defectiveness, and this commission reported among other things:

"No thorough study of its [alcohol's] influence could warrant any other conclusion than that it is the most active influence present in our social life for the production of poverty, criminality, and physical and nervous degeneracy."

### "Legitimate" Business

**A**LL in all, this "business" is a great deal like raising violets, only different. The Plenary Council of the Catholic Church calls upon Catholics engaged in the saloon business to get out of it as soon as possible. Ninety per cent of the railroads, 80 per cent of the trades, 79 per cent of the manufacturers, and 72 per cent of the farmers discriminate against this "legitimate" business. The doctors and pharmacists brand alcohol as a fraud; the National Convention of Locomotive Engineers declares for prohibition and so does the National Convention of Alienists and Neurologists and the National Convention of Nurses, and so does the investigating committee of the Socialist party, while the convicts of different States petition legislatures

to pass prohibition laws. This is all bad enough, but with the convicts it is base ingratitude. All they are they owe to liquor!

In these efforts to obtain legitimate liquor has been pathetically handicapped because its various factions keep hanging smallpox signs upon one another. The brewers say that the distillers are poisonous, and the distillers retort that the brewers are hypocrites; the wholesalers insist that the retailers are lawbreakers, and the retailers reply that the wholesalers are outlaws. It is only fair to add that, for the first time in their lives, all of them tell the truth.

### Corkscrew or Trinitrotoluol?

**A**ND the consumer, who thinks that booze is just as legitimate as any other business? He would not be shocked if he should see his wife come out of a dry-goods store putting on a pair of new gloves, but what if he should behold her emerging from his favorite barroom, a beer glass in one hand and a pickle-pig's foot in the other? If the consumer's son should come home, a high-school diploma in his hand and the light of countless to-morrows in his eyes, and exclaim: "I can have a job with the railroad or with the brewery!"—how long would it take that consumer to tell his boy which place to take? Or if that son were going out into the world and the consumer went with him to the station carrying his valise, and stood there in silence, looking at his boy, feeling old and cold and all alone—and then the engine whistled and the consumer gripped the lad's hand and looked clear down into his soul, and thought of the fight before him—if that consumer had only time to warn that boy to avoid one thing, what one thing would he warn him to avoid?

Does the greatest liquor dealer in the world think his business is legitimate? If he should die to-night, and should take farewell of all his possessions—his kennels and his prosecuting attorneys, his books and his perjurers, his yachts and his jury fixers, his newspapers and his lobbyists, his magazines and his morgues, his stables and his shambles, his paintings and his prostitutes, his statues and his statesmen, his pennies loudly given and his fortunes plundered in silence, his sunken gardens and his sunken graves, his summer home, his winter home, and all the want and war between them—would the greatest liquor dealer in the world regret that he must leave these priceless treasures here above?

If he should think of the tasks undone, the boys unruined, the girls unharmed, the children unstarved, the babies untainted, the lawyers unrented, the politicians unbought, the hearts unbroke, the intellects undestroyed, the fathers unchanged—would the greatest liquor dealer in the world sorrow that he could not finish his work? If his offspring should dance around his deathbed—paupers, epileptics, thieves, madmen, murderers—a cloud of them whirling round him like pestilential vapors—would it cool the fevered brow of the greatest liquor dealer in the world to think that his children were going with him to judgment? And then, if he should feel the chill of the great iceberg, and see the shadow of the Eternal Reaper on the wall, while all receded and the world turned gray, then slowly rising on his stiffening arms, lifting his glassy eyes to the white temple of a Justice he cannot buy—if the greatest liquor dealer in the world could speak, would he request his executor to erect a million-dollar marble corkscrew above his grave, or would he command him to place some tons of trinitrotoluol beneath that "legitimate business" and blow it all to hell?



# McNUTT

NUTT is one of those men who have crowded a lifetime into the first thirty years. McNutt has a prospector in him, a deputy sheriff, a lumberjack, a hard-rock miner, an actor, a dock hand, a seaman, and a story writer. He used to write for his own amusement. His friends urged him to turn to magazines, insisting that he was just as good as those that were printed. You know how wives sometimes feel about things! McNutt always insisted that his stories weren't good enough to print, and that ended it. He wrote a novelette that Mrs. McNutt thought was the best novelette she had ever read. They were talking it over on a train out West, running the bank of the Missouri River. McNutt had the manuscript in her hand as she talked. McNutt finally told her he was outvoted. He seized the script and threw it out of the window into the coffee-colored waters of the Missouri. That was the last of the novelette, but Mrs. McNutt was so disappointed that McNutt had to write a story to take the place of the one he had destroyed. Mrs. McNutt read it and said nothing. She put it in an envelope addressed to an editor and mailed it. The answer was a letter. McNutt has been writing for the maga-



zines ever since. His first story in *COLLIER'S* was published about five years ago under the title of "Nerve."

McNutt is a two-fisted person, with the build of an all-Western tackle or a middleweight prize fighter—one of those men with a handshake that makes you wince. Of course he couldn't keep out of the war. But he had a limp that prevented him from entering the army.

He went out to Yaphank to look things over one day last September and liked them so well that he just had to tell people about them. He came into

our office with an article—a hip-hip-hoorah, ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay article such as we had hoped somebody would write about the new National Army but didn't really expect. You remember it—"A New Idea and a New Army." He has been writing these articles ever since, as everybody who reads *COLLIER'S* knows. McNutt made the circuit of the country—Boston to Petersburg, Va., out through Illinois and Kansas, to his old stamping grounds on the Pacific Coast. When he had done that there was nothing to do, of course, but send him abroad, to see what it's like in our camps over there.

McNutt sailed a month ago to-day, and he will be along in a few weeks with a story about what he has seen of the American army in France.

## Real Back-to-the-Land Movement

A preacher out in Missouri who succeeded in resuscitating the life of a rural church through the efforts of a group of rural churches is a real community center appeals as a prime mover in the "back to the farm" propaganda. The dispatches give his name as Mr. Green, unadorned by title or just a plain "Mister." These also state that his church is called the Harmony Church and that it is located near Maryville, Nodaway County, Mo. When he was sent by the Methodist board to take charge of a country church some years ago, and a church without any audience and surrounded on all sides by the wilderness of the same vitality. Mr. Green conceived the idea of federating churches, and bringing the city country. In six years his Harmony district of twenty-three and a square miles has been transformed. Country roads of that district are now boulevards, with concrete cul-

verts and arched bridges. A high school has been running for three years, conducted by a corps of teachers in the church building, where the boys and girls are taught Latin and algebra, but cooking, canning, soils, grains, horses, and cattle are also in the curriculum. The State University recognizes the work of this school.

The greatest farm experts in the United States come to lecture to the Harmony folks. The young people have their athletics on the church grounds the year round, and the desire to go to the city is removed; they have all that the city can offer. Ninety per cent of the homes in the Harmony district are modern.

Instead of the spiritual life of this community being stultified, the very opposite is true. The country people, who used to sigh for the return of the good old days when they had crowds, have seen them return with compound interest. One of Mr. Green's epigrams is:

"The country people can have any good thing they are willing to pay for."

## Where Are You Going, Congress?

Continued from page 9

bought of Mr. Borland, who arose the next morning:

BORLAND—Mr. Speaker, I prefer to wait until next Tuesday, after the publication of the Journal, I may be able to address the House for thirty minutes.

SPEAKER—On what subject?

BORLAND—It is the one hundredth anniversary of the application of Missouri for Statehood.

I thought of all the inconsequential news, newspaper clippings, and magazine articles which are read into the nearly every morning after the publication of the Journal. I thought of only touching and sometimes in passing an essay "On the Horse," with its title: "Why God Created the Horse," "The Hound and the Horse," "The Hound in Mythology," "The First Veritable Horse," which a member delivered in January and which occupies the pages of the Congressional Record. But this is war, gentlemen. Mr. Shackelford of Missouri has his mind to it and says:

"Much criticism is still being made . . . because we did not go to war upon the sinking of the *Lusitania*. . . All of these questions have gone into the past and can have no bearing upon the vital issues of the day. . . Indeed, the one thing that has made the ultimate defeat of Germany certain was the great crop of this country in 1917." (To have waited for another great crop would have made victory doubly sure?) "Had our farmer boys" (always in Congress "soldier boys" or "farmer boys") "been called to training camps two or three years sooner, an insufficient supply" (of crops or training camps?) "would have compelled England, France, and Italy to have quit the fight. . . It is true that our slogan was 'He kept us out of war'. . . These questions have all been swallowed up in the voracious yesterday and have no connection with the living, burning problems of to-day. . . In the performance of our task we need the sympathy of the people and the guiding hand of God."

That is correct.

"In the Senate there is less of this

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manner of intellectual life," I thought as I watched a House member sitting alone in the half-empty bank of seats on the small of his back eating peanuts and sliding the shells under his chair.

Suddenly the member came to the end of his surreptitious feast and looked about for new amusement. Then he produced a toothpick and exhausted its possibilities. Once more he was filled with ennui. But this he ended by springing to his feet. "Mr. Speaker!"

The SPEAKER—Does the gentleman yield?

The INTERRUPTING MEMBER—I did not have a question. I can't hear what the gentleman has been saying.

We arose and stretched and strolled through the sedate, tile-floored, domed, arched, and resounding Capitol corridors, toward the Senate.

"The country is at war," I said; "the tragedy is not that these congressmen often expose a trivial mind which on the whole is not in keeping with their willingness to do the best they can, but it is that out of the Lower House comes so little of plans, of initiative or suggestion or understanding—so little even for the education or illumination of the people."

"So little?" repeated the Washington correspondent. "Nothing!"

It is an honest, groping Lower House drawing its big impulses from the requisitions the executive branches of government make upon it.

## Senatorial Dignity

HERE is the Senate! Behold Penrose of Pennsylvania, Republican holder of his seat for more than twenty years, a towering giant of a man, often absent, busy eternally with errands for constituents and political fights in his State. And behold James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, Democrat, often spokesman for the President's side of a controversy, dapper of dress, studiously bearded. It is January 21. Under discussion are the War Cabinet Bill, the Garfield Order, and the personalities dominant in the formation of our foreign policy.

PENROSE—Will the senator . . . help me to get through a little resolution I have offered requesting the names of the gentleman and lady employees of the Creel Literary Bureau?

LEWIS—I can understand from the senator's general social habit that his desire to get the names of the lady members might be personal.

PENROSE—If I were capable of exciting the admiration of the fair sex like the senator from Illinois, I would be rejoiced, but the day would not be long enough nor would I be skillful enough or have the artistic temperament to adorn myself like the senator from Illinois so as to attract the fair sex.

LEWIS—Mr. President, amid the uproarious acclamation of the senator from Pennsylvania in the galleries—a source to which he usually appeals by his speech and seldom to the reason or wisdom of the lower floor—I lost much of his animadversion; but I take it that the last part of his remark was that he could not compete with me touching progress toward the lady members of the Creel cabinet for lack of ability of self-adornment, or adornment by himself, or something of the kind. Let the senator understand that if it is a matter of adornment that is attractive, I, poor me, would have to apply that to myself. He can lay the unction to his soul that nature has been so generous to him as to give him those courtly proportions that need only present themselves to the sight of a lady to have her succumb to immediate surrender.

What a shudder must have seized upon the ghosts of statesmen who once occupied these seats! But it must be admitted that the instance is exceptional.

## Wanted—Statesmen

ANOTHER day has come. Vice President Marshall, who would be president of the United States if dire misfortune deprived us of Woodrow Wilson, is welcoming the Serbian Mission to our country and introducing its head, Dr. Milenko R. Vesnitch. Says he:

"Senators, even so untrained a mind as mine grasps the artistic possibilities of this scene. Here you are . . . because your forbears heard and heeded the agonizing cry of Patrick Henry. Here they are—the representatives of a people who in mortal combat have written in the blood of their sons upon the greensward of every mountain-side of the Balkans the immortal cry of Henry. . . .

"The greatest of the national heroes

of our visiting friends was Stephen Dushan—Stephen the Throtter. . . . is a far cry from Diavoli to Washington. The physical throtter died but the spiritual throtter, we hope, in this city! . . ."

Dr. Vesnitch replied: "Accept, for sake of our common humanity, heartfelt gratitude of a small but an honest people."

But here again, in the Senate, true misfortune is not the ruin of Stone, nor the inadequacy of a Chamberlain to make a sound case on a great and vital issue, nor the man who pronounces it "Bowlsell-Veggie." It is not the bald fact that a Senate committee of sixteen members, later considered the War Cabinet, did not know, even roughly, what of war governments were in effect in France or Great Britain, and of Barney Baruch was on the stand asked him. It is not that Secretary Baker could avert a real war because a Senate investigation entered the main building of our troubles, but kept running in and out of a revolving door at the threshold. Nor is it the presence of any "trenched interests"; nor selfishness; nor lack of patriotic sentiment.

The tragedy is in the lack of a who have the strength of personal the willingness to study and make facts, the flexibility which keeps on the future, and the mind open to world-wide tendencies, the fearlessness to make their decisions—these are some of the trials from which statesmen are made. Hiram Johnson of California: much of this equipment for dealing with domestic policies. His speech the Government control of the railroads on February 19, however one may or disagree with his conclusion, is a well-ordered presentation of a manlike thinking. Hollis of New Hampshire, a Democrat, has the instinctive base action on full information and keep looking ahead from the shifting changing ground underfoot.

"But Johnson has not found him yet, and Hollis doesn't take chances," I was told by one of the colleagues.

It is easy to become cynical and tedious in the Senate; life is easy and well-fed in Washington. And if a country does not demand forward statesmanship, it is almost dangerous to expose the possession of it. After of mine once went to see a newly elected congressman from Texas to ask him vote for an increase in the pay of federal judges. "I'd like to do it," said the congressman, "but I'm a man. I've just hitched on to this, and I like it and I want to stay. I needn't expect anything peculiar of a individual to bust out of me. I got it all out, and I says to myself: 'If you make a resolve and don't want to get it—always vote no.'"

## The Executive's "Bell Hops"

THE men in the Senate who deal with foreign affairs intelligently with true knowledge of the facts with looking-forward vision are fewer. So commonly are the two of Lodge of Massachusetts and of Pennsylvania mentioned when are asked to name senators equipped to deal with foreign affairs that when Northcliffe was here made a most unfortunate slip. A dinner given to him his host was one side and Lodge was on the other. Lodge discoursed fluently and charmingly of his acquaintance abroad and of his connection with them as they were rising from the table. Northcliffe turned to him and said: "Were you in Roosevelt's as well as Taft's Cabinet, Senator Knox?"

"The truth of the matter," said senator to me, "is that we are like bell hops—congressmen and senators alike. Taken all together, we become bell hops for the Executive that's been going on for years, and it is at the climax. Even Federalism is slipping out of our hands. Taken separately, we are bell hops for our constituents. Some men, like son, refuse to run errands around departments, but the war has put a great pressure. Think of the people who come to Washington now for everything from tickets to the play to a contract for supplying boots. Think of our mail! We've become hops! And the spirit of the pervades us. If the President we have to jump whether we want in it or not and whether we are Republicans or Democrats. If we do."

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summer we were called pro-German and bullied unmercifully. This winter any independence of thought or action is laid to despicable party treachery or despicable party loyalty, depending upon which side of the Senate you are. And our constituents pile on the requests too."

Down in the Cantonment Division of the War Department a senator appeared not long ago with a device.

"A constituent of mine sent this to me," he said. "He thought maybe you could use a lot of them. Of course—"

The officer replied: "We will look it over and let him know."

At the door the senator turned. "And, by the way, when you write to him just say I brought this to you personally. Thank you." He paused and then laughed nervously. "This is fine business for a senator of the United States!"

The officer who told me was full of sympathy for the senator. "Don't tell his name," he said. "Why, he brought it down in his hand—a little sample of a patent barn-door catch!"

### The Restoration of Congress

AFTER all, however, it is not the pressure of petty business which hampers the efficiency of Congress.

The real reason behind a supine Congress and behind deterioration in the quality of members is the breakdown of the American party system. For several years the greatest difficulty has been experienced in keeping up issues between the two party machines. While the country and the world have been dividing into a "liberal" and a "conservative" line-up, horizontally, the old parties have been divided as much as possible on a few feeble or petty vertical distinctions. And these distinctions were so feeble and petty and now are so hopelessly swallowed up by the war that a man can know his own party home not by its exterior, or even by trying his key in the door, but only by those whom he meets in the front hall.

"It is like a race riot in Cuba," says some one. "It starts with the blacks against the whites and ends when both sides are pale brown."

Gone are State rights; gone the tariff, perhaps forever; gone sectionalism; gone the question of how much we would stand from Germany; gone the question of preparedness. Little by little distinctions have slipped away, and the war has swept away the remains.

There is nothing to attract sizable men to Congress in such a situation while the party lines are still propped up by fictitious nonsense. There is nothing inspiring about leadership in parties which stand for little short of nothing. Hughes tried it. Above all, there is certain to be a further deterioration if it becomes plain that Congress is only to be the errand boy of the executive branch of the government.

The restoration of Congress!

That is an issue for the issueless Republican party to use in a campaign against an issueless Democratic party—provided, of course, that a legislative branch of government is considered necessary to make democracy safe for the world.

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Volume 61 Number 7  
APRIL 27, 1918

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## The Thoughts of Hindenburg

Continued from page 13

Russia! Quite true! We had forgotten Russia for the moment. Why! Of course we'll do the right thing for Russia. Now what would you propose? We stand ready to consider any intelligent and well-meaning plan for those poor folks. Let us enter into a peace conference at once, and we shall discuss Russia along with the others."

If need be, we must even bewail the dreadful Russian problem. We must say that we have an elephant on our hands. We must say that Russia is a nightmare, and that we want aid in banishing it. This will be very easy, of course, for we shall have a bad mess at best in Russia; and we can release many true stories with a little dressing up that will confirm our account.

On the success of this move hangs the destiny of the German Empire. For if we can begin the peace conference before the Yankees strike hard behind our lines, we surely can divide and conquer.

Here is how it will work out in the rough: The minute the newspapers and our own wireless service publish the fact that we stand ready to concede all reasonable demands of the western Allies, great masses of men in England, France, and Italy will instantly demand that an armistice be declared and the conference begun. A few leaders who scent our strategy will protest, but they will all be called Chauvinists and Jingoists and other convenient names which fools use when they have no clear argument. Now, keeping careful check on the calendar, let us see what will happen after the conference starts, say, in the late spring or early summer of 1919.

By that time we shall have a firm grasp upon European Russia and possibly western Siberia—in all an empire larger than the United States and fully as rich in oil, minerals, timber, and farm lands; and filled with a simple-minded and docile folk. We shall have absolute control of the Black Sea, the Caucasus, and Turkey. And we shall be feeding our home folk out of the Ukraine then.

By that time the English and French and Italians will be sick of war and war debts and war hunger; their resources will be at a lower ebb than ever, because the ship shortage will have been overcome—if at all—too short a time to have made much of an effect upon the masses of the people.

By that time the United States will have just begun to comprehend what the war really is. They will have read a few real casualty lists. They will have felt the pinch of war taxes. The drain on farm labor and on machinery will have made itself known everywhere. And many of them will begin to wonder what they are going to get out of it all. Also many others will begin to fear the radical changes in business and government that war always brings; and they will be saying what reactionaries and conservatives everywhere else are saying: "Maybe it would be wiser to end the war in a hurry and save the established order of Things as They Used to Be." Another large group will want to talk peace terms, while we Germans are offering liberal terms, because they will want a slice of pie for America—say, in South America, in the form of the complete withdrawal of German competition there.

Very well! The armistice will come, probably not immediately on our request, but within two or three months, and after much wrangling in the Allied lands. But this armistice will be an armistice of war. It will not be a business armistice. The instant it begins we shall throw an extra half million men quietly into Russia. Not soldiers! Just machinists and farm managers and lumbermen and railway workers! We shall distribute them evenly up and down the land. And we shall carefully place them in positions of power and responsibility. They will study Russian at night and make friends with their neighbors by day, while they work.

The peace conference begins. The Yankees will, of course, demand that they be admitted, and we shall rejoice to receive them. For we shall proceed to trap them in their own rhetoric.

They will repeat their battle cry about making the world safe for democracy. And we shall reply: "That is a pleasant sound. Now let us get down to

brass tacks. Just what do you propose to do? Do you maintain that each and every race or national group has a wish to rule itself shall be permitted to? Serbia? Finland? Ireland? The Philippines? Mohammedan India? Egypt? Now let us consider each of these cases on its merits. For it is so easy. You Yankees confuse us. Were there not several Southern States that wished to rule themselves and control their own destinies? And did you not fight them to a finish to prevent their doing this? Did you not prevent that a region larger than Germany and France that wanted to be free had a right to be free in your eyes? Will you not please work out your theory of democracy? We are much interested in it, and might be persuaded to give it a try. Only we must know what it is."

The poor Yankees! They will fail to arguing. And, as they have no theory, but only a lot of fine phrases and fine ideals, they will let us keep them debating for a year or more. Meanwhile we shall debate with England and France and Italy. And the mere presentation of claims alone will use up a whole year.

Meanwhile our Germans in Russia will have put the place in order. And after the peace conference has dragged on to the summer of 1920, as it will, we shall not care what the western Allies do.

If they want to go on arguing it to which races may rule themselves and which may not, all right! If they say that the Ukraine and Great Russia must be given full autonomy, we shall say all right! We shall then take six months to work out a plan for freeing them politically. We shall suggest a referendum of Ukrainians and Great Russians at any time the Allies suggest. We shall urge the workmen of the various lands to hold separate conferences and discuss all these questions; and thus we shall further divide the interests of each country internally.

I suspect that this will prolong the peace conference until the winter of 1920-21. And by that time all the muzhiks will be prosperous, selling wheat and pigs to us at high prices, riding in trains that run on time, paying no more bribes to every bureaucrat and policeman, and loving their German neighbor who has put their house in order. Let there be a referendum! We shall manage it as easily as the Yankees manage an election in Columbus, Ohio.

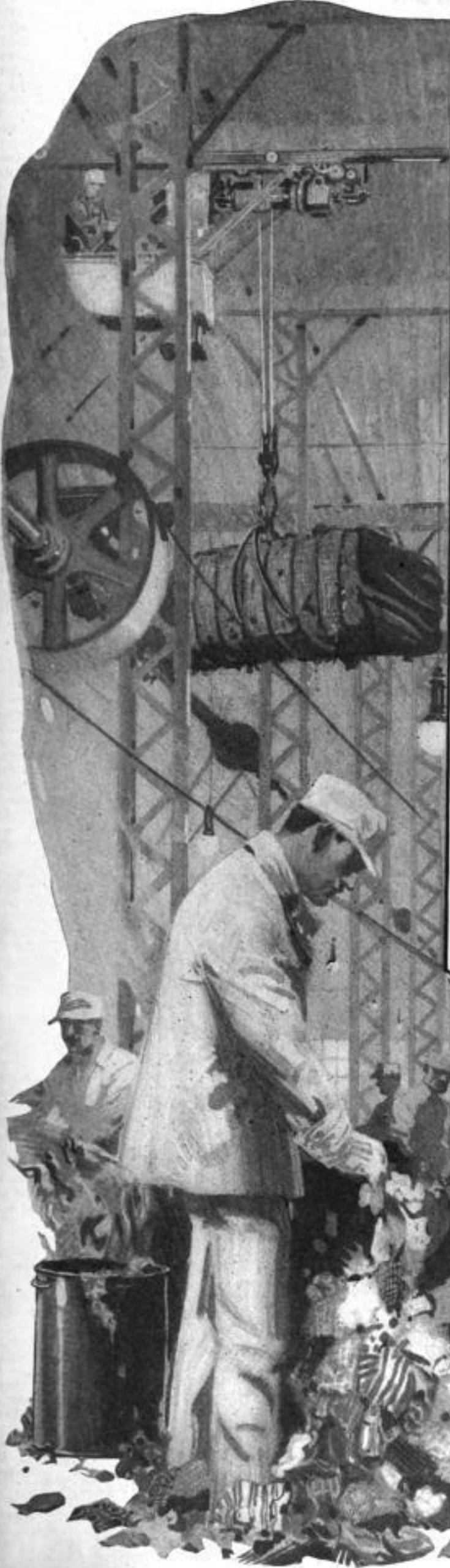
And if the Yankees in their stubbornness say: "No referendums! You must clear out of Russia," we shall first reply by trying to persuade England, France, Belgium, and Italy to accept all that each wishes for herself and let the crazy North American idealists hang. We shall say: "The Yankees are not bound by your alliance, and you are not bound to be dragged down to ruin by their mad theories. Sign up now, and all will be forgiven."

If they will not, then we shall pretend to surrender all Russia. We shall withdraw all soldiers from the land, and the Russians will proceed to elect their own governors—mostly German, as usual! We shall then resume negotiations in the west, and shall naturally withdraw the very liberal concessions we previously made. This will carry the peace conference past 1920. And through all the eighteen months or two years of the conference, the Allies will be marking time at home while we shall be completing the peaceful penetration of all Russia.

Perhaps—who knows?—after two years of such negotiations, we shall be able to laugh in the face of even the Yankees. We may even be able—with all Russia behind us—to send ten thousand battle planes against New York.

THESE are no prophecies. They are the thoughts of Hindenburg. But they are thoughts which may become true if we do not recognize them and counter them. But how counter them? Will a drive on the western front do it? Never! Only ten thousand battle planes over Essen, Düsseldorf, Bremen, Stuttgart, and Berlin will defeat the cunning psychology of the Hun. Every day's delay in such a drive advances the Teutonization of defeated Russia. And the Teutonizing of Russia, for two or three years, spells world ruin.





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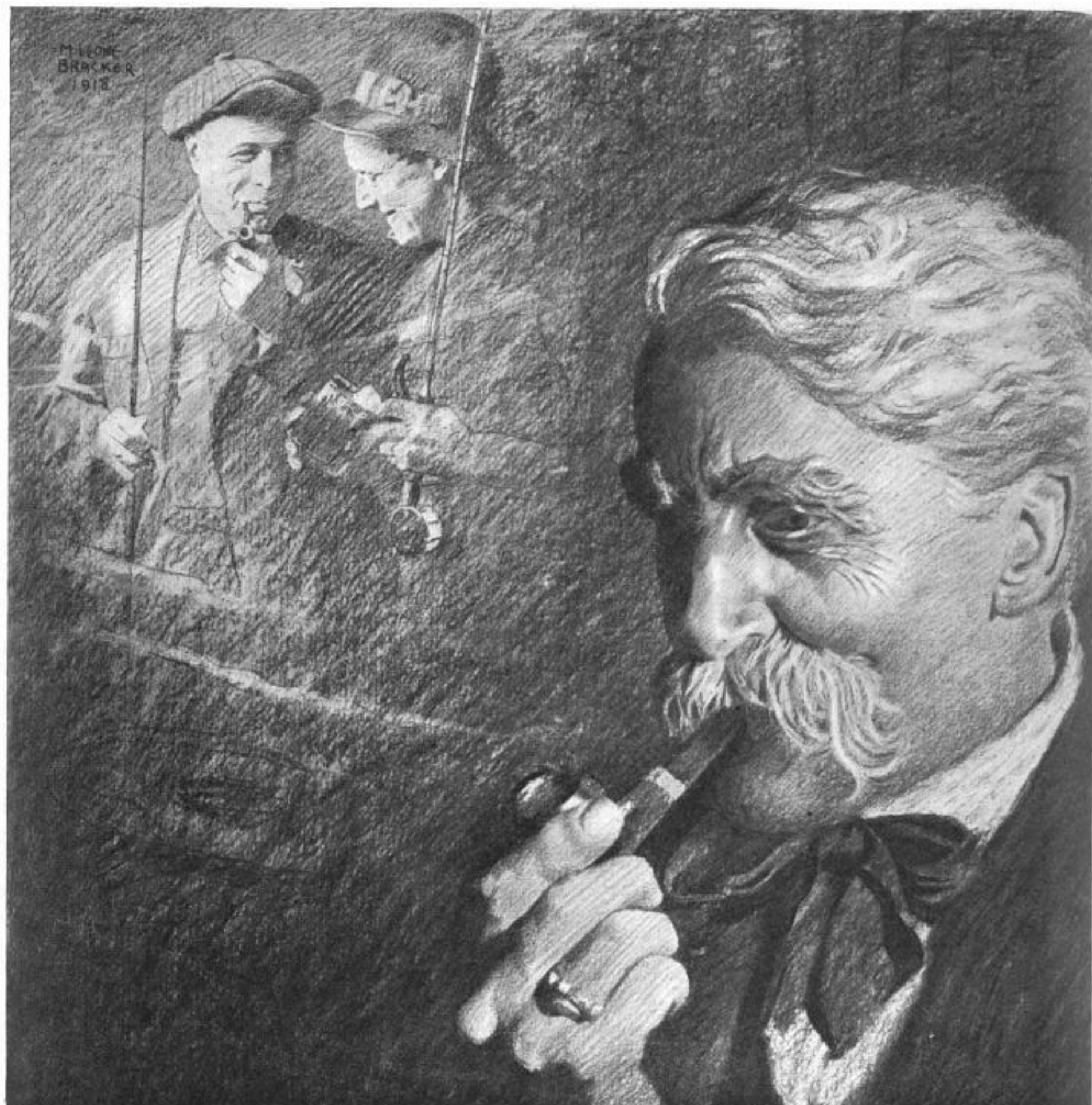
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Always seem better for each passin' year,  
Far richer an' sweeter because they are old.* Velvet Joe

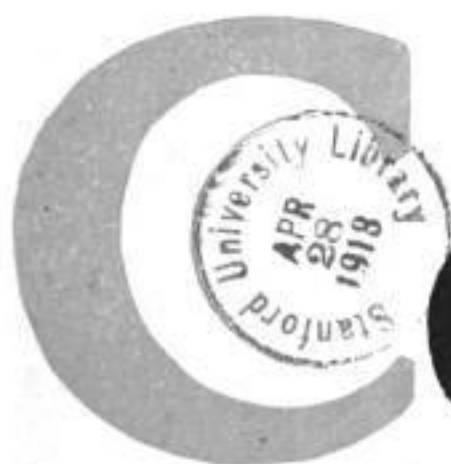
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# Collier's

THE NATION'S WEEKLY

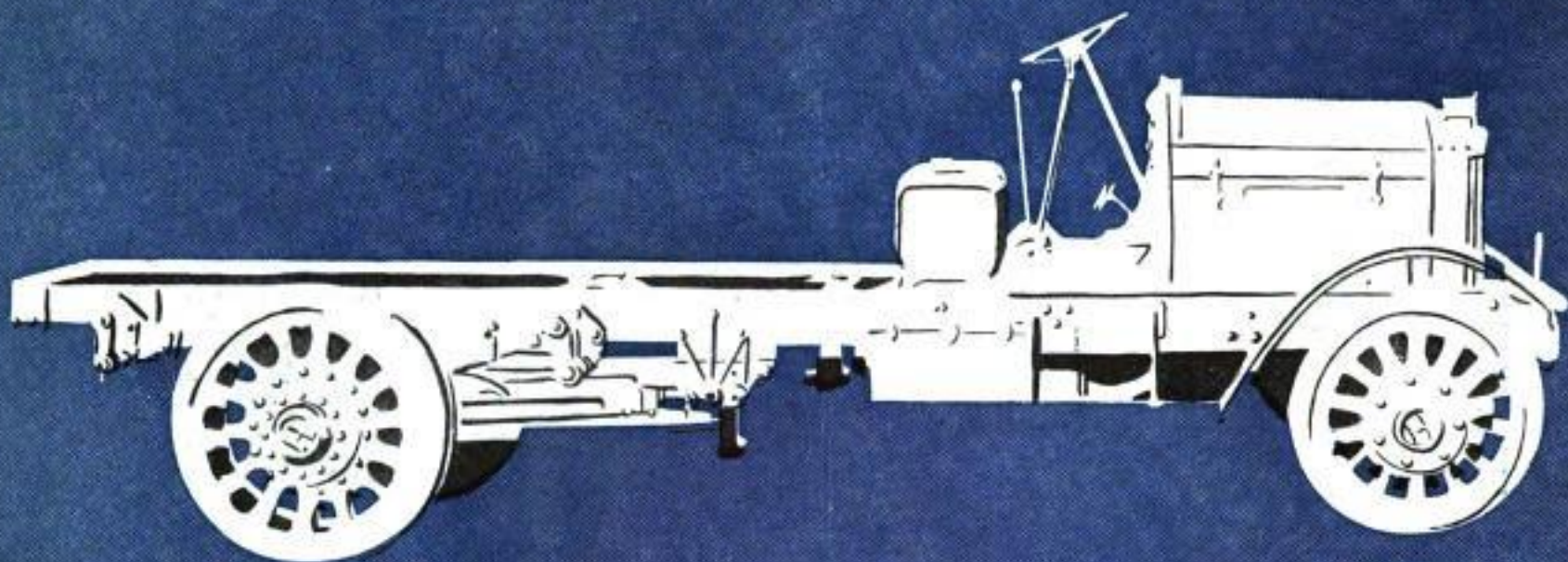


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MAY 4, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 8



Drawn by F. G. Co. Ltd.

SHIPWORKER: "I'M WITH YOU, BOY!"



# THE 343 STAYS UP

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

THE 343 had performed her duty, seen a small convoy on her own account to a point well on toward a large port, and was returning to this naval base here. She was in no great rush, and it happened to be smooth water, which is a rare thing up this way this time of the year; so she stopped for a little gun practice, which she very much needed.

The sea was smooth enough to allow the gun crews to take it easy around deck while securing things after practice. There was no more thought than usual of U-boats. Nobody would have been surprised if one popped up—it was a coast where they had been regularly operating—but no one was particularly expecting one. Destroyers are bad medicine if you do not get to them quickly, and lately the U-boats had seemed to care more to get merchant ships, but destroyers' lookouts were not loafing on their job on that account.

The 343 had cleaned up pretty well after her target practice. A few gunners' mates were still coddling their pet guns. Apart from that the ship was going along about her business and, because of the smooth sea, making pleasant work of it.

## The Leaping Torpedo

NOBODY saw any periscope—seeing a periscope is sometimes a matter of luck. When it stays up it is easy enough, but when they are porpoising, shooting it up and down, you have to be looking right at it almost. What the 343 saw first was the wake of a torpedo which was coming on at what seemed a forty-knot clip for the waist of the ship.

The commander of the 343 was on the bridge at the time and saw the wake almost with the cry of the lookout. The wake was then pretty handy to the ship, and the torpedo itself would be fifty feet or so ahead of its wake. There was no getting away from it then. The only hope left was to take it somewhere else than amidships. If it struck amidships, where the engines and boiler compartments were, they might as well call it Taps for all hands. So the commander put the wheel hard left, to take it on his quarter, where it would do less damage and where there was also a chance that it would pass under her.

Torpedoes generally strike twelve to fifteen feet under water, but just before this one made the 343 it breached—came to the surface of the water but still coming on at a fast clip. It was unusual. And spectacular! The sun shone on the torpedo's polished sides as it leaped from the water. The next instant it struck the 343 above her water line and pretty well aft.

Quite a few on her deck saw it make that leap, and they all sort of half curled up waiting for the jar to come. But the resulting explosion was nothing tremendous, so officers and men say—so adding a few more data to U-boat history. The bark of one of their own little four-inch guns was more impressive. There was a flame and an upshooting cloud of black smoke, almost immediately followed by another double explosion, that of their own depth charges, which were exploded by the concussion. Those who had any thoughts about it were sure that if the torpedo did not get them the depth charges would.

When they went to look they found that about thirty feet of the after end of the ship had been blown clean off. The torpedo had hit them on the side, and the wreckage was hanging from the starboard quarter. Only the base of the after gun was left; they never did see any of the rest of it. The gunner's mate, one of those men who love to keep a gun in shape, was swabbing it out at the time, and they never saw anything of him again.

## "One More and I'd 'a' Got Her"

THE chief petty officers' quarters were farthest aft on the ship. The bulkhead to their compartment was blown in, leaving the inside of the ship wide open to sea and sun. Fourteen men were in there at the time, lounging around or in their bunks. They all escaped alive. Some of them were bruised and all were shaken up, but they made the deck. They do not know how, but they did. The nearest hatchway for most of them to the deck was closed with tumbling wreckage, so they know they must have gone up the other hatch.

One man, taking a nap in the cot bunk farthest aft, had a part of the bulkhead blown past him. It cut off a corner of his bunk and broke one of his legs and blew him into the passageway. Lapping in the passageway, he sprained his other ankle. He is not quite sure how he made the deck without help, but he did, and he says he beat some of them to it at that.

The man working on the after gun with the gunner's mate who was blown up saw the shining torpedo leaping in the sun and heading straight for his part of the ship. If he did not do something, he knew he was in for it, so he leaped high and far as a man could without much chance for a run. The explosion came while he was in the air on his second high jump. All he remembers happening to him after that was an ocean of water flowing over him and he not minding it at all. When he came to, about a dozen feet farther forward than where he started his high jumping, the doctor looked him over for broken bones, but did not find any. "I guess," he said to the doctor, "that I must be holding the record now for being about as near to an exploding torpedo and getting away with it as anybody in the world, don't you think, sir?"

The two propeller shafts were still sticking out astern. One was naked and shining as a sword blade in the sun, but a propeller was still in place on the other shaft. Spotting that propeller, the skipper ordered the engines turned. To their delight, the shaft revolved; the ship began to move: no record-breaking pace, but—God love the builder of a good little ship—the propeller was making revolutions. The wreckage hanging from her quarter acted as a hard-over rudder, and so, instead of going straight ahead, she began to go round in circles.

She continued to make circles, and her officers and men stood to stations and waited for what next would happen. Destroyer people have it that there are grades of U-boat commanders—some have good nerve, some are pretty ordinary.

The U-boat man who attacks a destroyer is a good one—will bear watching—so what they expected was to see the U-boat come up and finish the job. If she did come up and at the right place for a broadside shot, then the 343 was in for a bad time. So they waited, some thinking one thing and some another,

but all agreeing that the odds were against them. The U-boat did show again. They saw her conning tower slipping through the water at about 1,500 yards. The commander of the 343 was ready for her, in so far as he could be ready with his poor little cripple. Crews were at gun stations, and that conning tower had hardly got above the surface when two of the 343's guns were cutting loose. They could bring no more to bear. They got in four shots, the fourth one pretty handy. But no more. She submerged—to the discouragement of one earnest gun pointer. He leaned against the breech of his little four-inch to say: "One more and I'd 'a' got her. Bet you me next month's pay that I get her if she shows for two shots again."

She did not show again, which, however, did not end their troubles. They could steam in circles, but that was not getting them anywhere. Not so many miles away was one of the roughest little shores in the world—the kind where green seas pile up against rocky cliffs—and the tide would not always be in their favor. A bad enough place in the smoothest of weather, while by the looks of things soon—wind and sea making—wh—p—pp!

## Calling for Volunteers

IT was about two in the afternoon that they were torpedoed; by dark they were on their way before white-capped seas to the shore. Their radio gear had come safe through the attack, and all this time they had been sending out S. O. S. calls, but it was not a popular coast with merchant ships. The U-boats had been pretty active thereabout, and it was not on any main sea route. There was always the chance that some warships would be somewhere near.

For one hour, two hours, three, four, five, six hours they drifted. It was midnight when a British mine sweeper bore down and hailed. By then they could hear the high sea breaking on the rocks abeam. The Britisher steamed close up, got the word across the wind, and tried to pass a "messenger"—a light line that is—across to the 343. They did not make it. They tried again and again, but no use. The skipper of the Britisher hailed that he would try to get a boat over. They could hear him calling for volunteers. He got the volunteers and, without being able to see the details of it in the dark, the 343's people knew what was happening. They were making a lee of the British ship so as to get the boat over. But the boat was swashing in and out—up on a sea and then bang! in against the side of the ship. Tough work. Even if their own lives had not been depending on it, the 343's people would have been praying for that boat to get safely away.

They managed at last to get the boat away from the side of the mine sweeper, and in time, pitching down on the rollers, made out to heave a line aboard the 343. And on the deck of the 343 they were right there to grab it and bend it on to a hawser. Fine. Off went the Britisher, after she had taken her boat aboard, tugging heartily. She tugged too heartily for the length and size of the hawser. It parted. They did it all over again—the lowering of the boat in the rough sea, the passing of the line, the bending on of the bigger line, the parting of the hawser. Wouldn't that test a man's faith in his good luck? The 343 thought so. Once more try it. All right. They did. And once more it parted, but this time it held long enough to cheer them with the thought that they were perhaps far enough away from the shore to be safe till daylight.

## Guarding the Code Book

THEY were safe till daylight. And at daylight a British sloop of war came along with a real big hawser and gave them a real tow. The destroyer was towed to our naval base. A group of us were steaming out to sea the morning she was being towed in. Our fellows would have liked to turn out to give her a little cheer, but there was business on our own account on courses leading away from the harbor, so we had to wait until our return to port after a cruise to have a look at her.

She was in dry dock and the most smashed-up object that a destroyer outfit had surveyed in many years. The wonder



They never saw anything of him again





Torpedoes generally strike twelve to fifteen feet under water, but just before this one made the 343 it breached—came to the surface of the water

was how she ever stayed up long enough to make port. That gaping after end open to sea and sky, and the bare propeller shaft sticking out from the insides of her—she sure did look as if she needed nursing, and they were certainly a lucky bunch to get home.

All hands were sorry for the poor fellow who was killed—the wonder was that there had been only one. However, tragedy and comedy often bunk together! Men who come back from stiff adventure always like to tell of the funny side of it.

All these ships carry code books. The instructions to all ships are to get rid of the code books whenever there is any likelihood of capture. The code books are bound in thick leaden covers. They are kept in a steel chest, and altogether they weigh—I do not know, but some say they weigh 150, some say 200 pounds. After the 343 was torpedoed one ensign grabbed up the code-book chest, tossed it on his shoulder, and waltzed out of the wardroom passage and on to the deck with it. When the danger of capture was over our young ensign hooked his fingers into the chest handles to waltz back with it; but nothing doing. He could not lift it from the deck. It took two of them to carry it back, and they did not trip lightly down the passageway with it.

After the 343 made port the injured were handed

over to the sick bay of the flagship. There were two of them who must have been pretty handy to the storm center of the explosion—it took two young surgeons all of one day picking the guncotton out of their backs.

There was one man who knows how he got away. When the doctors looked him over they found the print of a perfect circle on the fleshiest part of his body. It was so deeply pressed in that the blue and yellow flesh bulged out all around from it. The doctors said it must have been made by a washbasin being blown against him as he ran up the ladder to the deck. The man himself said it was nothing so light and soft as a washbasin. It was the water cooler, and he did not run up any ladder to any deck—he was blown up.

## II—

THE destroyer people have great faith in the durability of their little ships. They are slim built, and not much thicker in the plates than seven pages of the Sunday paper, but maybe that is their safety. There is no getting a fair wallop at them. They evade the issue. One man compared them to a hot-water bottle. Try to swat a loaded hot-water bottle. What happens? When you poke it in one place, doesn't it come bulging out in another to make up for it? Sure it does.

How do you account for that one—not the 343—which had her stern cut off so that the men in the after compartment leaned out and chinned themselves up to the deck from the outside? And how do you account for the way they come bouncing along at better than twenty knots in a gale of wind and a rough sea and nothing happening to them? Get shook up—yes, but they come home, don't they? They sure do. Maybe it's luck; maybe it's the way they're thrown together—loose and limber.

Whatever it is, they are dashing in and out of here on their job of convoying merchant ships and hunting U-boats. They expect to get their bumps, and they do; but so long as they get an even break they are not kicking. The chart-house gang on the 343 say they are satisfied that they got an even break. If she did not fill her little three-straight, then nobody ever did get any cards in the draw. They are sticking a new stern on to the 343. When they get it well glued on she is going out again. Maybe that same U-boat—you can't always tell, some people have luck—maybe that same U-boat will come drifting her way again. And if they see her first—oh, boy!

This is the seventh of a series of articles written from Europe by Mr. Connolly. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

# ADVENTURES WITH THE CRUMBLING RUSSIAN ARMY BY ARTHUR RUHL—PART TWO

COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

THERE was lots of sun in Kamenets, as in all this Little Russian country, and the white stucco houses blazed out against dark-green shade. Through it wound a deep, precipitous gorge, to both sides of which the sleepy old town clung, and at the bottom of this gorge a muddy little river, the Smotrich, spotted with soldiers, swimming and washing their clothes, ran down to the Dniester. And the gorge, and the old walls climbing out of it, and the blazing sun and shade seemed foreign after the endless Russian plain, and made one think of Italy or southern France.

It is the kind of sun and country that the Turks, who have exquisite taste in some things, like to live in—you will find the same hot white walls, and cool, green shade along the Bosphorus, only more so—and the Turks, indeed, used to live here and have left some of their old walls and towers as they have all over this southwest Russian border country. And when a regiment of Russian soldiers came shuffling down through the sun and dust, past these old walls, it took me back to Constantinople and the summer of 1915, when the English were still pounding at the Dardanelles, and the new levies, booming their melancholy songs, used to wind under the dusty cedars, below Eyoub, along the Golden Horn.

Kamenets has been almost within earshot of the fighting since the beginning of the war, and once it came so close that the Austrian gunners, feeling round for the range, did nip a cupola from one of the old Catholic churches. When I came down from the front farther north, described in the preceding article, to spend a few days with the Third Caucasus Corps, it was crowded with every sort of fish in the Russian army waters. There were slant-eyed Turkomans and slim-waisted Cossacks, there were "death battalions" going to the front and deserters coming away from it, committeemen of the new revolutionary régime and martinets from the old one, and a more or less continuous procession of guns and wagon trains and motor trucks. And in the midst of this jumble were even some French flying men.

The Russian flying service had not been very good, and quite unable to keep pace with the constant changes of the west front, where something new in machines or tactics is being discovered almost daily. A Russian acquaintance of mine, back from the Dvinsk front, told of a letter they had received from the German flyers opposite them after one of the Russian flyers had been shot down, in which the Germans said that he was a hero merely to risk himself in such an antiquated machine. The French, in addition to helping their ally with cannon and ammunition, and several very complete hospital units, sent last summer an elaborate aviation section—the flyers themselves, up to the minute in the fighting-flying of the west front, patrol and fighting airplanes, photographic apparatus, and all the mechanics, tents, motor trucks, and other material necessary to keep the section going.

## Creatures from Another World

THEIR coming to Kamenets Podolsk and the setting up of their camp on the edge of the town, and the tricks they did by way of introducing themselves, up in the sky above the city roofs, must have been almost as much of an adventure for the natives as the coming of the British flyers to Mesopotamia. Soldiers and peasants and children crowded about the camp as if it were a circus, and all their work went on against the most irrelevant background. That first day, for instance, as they were warming up their machines and calling out to each other, in their quick, nervous French, a peasant funeral procession came trailing across the field—the priest, and men carrying the holy banners, in front, then the open coffin borne on four shoulders, with the pinched white face open to the sky, and behind the mourners and friends, weeping and wailing their burial songs.

Meanwhile, swift scout planes roared up from the stubble and, circling a few times, swooped back to earth, scattering the soldiers, as if they were some gigantic birds of prey. Two of the Frenchmen went

up just to show me what they could do. They played about in the sky as porpoises play in tropical water—did all sorts of loops and turns, dived straight down at us and up again, and then, way up in the blue, the machines gave a sort of lazy sigh, as it were, and slowly fell, rolling sideways, end over end—turning the barrel, "faire le tonneau," as they say.

They seemed—especially after my days of wading through littered stations and stewing on packed trains—like creatures from another world. When they did not fly in the air, the Frenchmen flew along the ground in high-powered motor cars—one could scarcely fancy them walking. Everything they did was quick and fluid. Even their talk, with the quick, upward inflection at the end of every phrase, was different—they didn't talk so much as twitter, so to speak, with something of the unpremeditated art of birds. It was delightful to see their young captain light a cigarette and with a polite "Au revoir!" tell the man who was to follow him on patrol duty that he would find him at three o'clock over Scala (some 40 or 50 miles away) on the 3,500-meter level!

The Frenchmen did their reconnaissances in the morning, generally, in order to have the sun at their backs, and the enemy flew in the afternoon for the same reason. They met now and then, nevertheless, and, according to west-front custom, attacked at once. The same young captain came in one evening with a story of how he had met a boche, attacked, and at the third shot jammed his machine gun so that he had to do a quick turn and run for it. The Germans were using at present, he said, a stationary engine with which they could dive faster than the French. The German custom was, therefore, to get above and shoot coming down. The French, on the other hand, tried to get above and behind, dive, and come up underneath and fire while the enemy plane was overhead in front.

"One shot'll do it," he said, "for either of you if you get the right spot. 'There's only an instant to work in, and you pump as fast as you can as you go by."





*Behind the houses, on a space of hard, swept earth, the women would be winnowing wheat holding a sieve over their heads*



*In the hot little walled-in valley, behind the Turkish fort, just above the Austrian lines, Russian soldiers were roasting green corn*

Every kind of social difference was merged in those light-blue uniforms. The young captain had a name honorably known in French army history, and he himself had served in both cavalry and infantry before going into flying. He was handsome, and well-made, and he thought and talked as lightly as he flew. Politics, plays, and poetry, gas engines or *petites femmes*—he and his associates skimmed from one to the other with the same quick touch and go. One smooth, quiet little officer, who had to do with transport and "paper" work, was in peace times one of the proprietors of a well-known Paris department store. Another, a tall, languid youth, who spoke English English and had the air of being born a little tired, was, the captain explained, "very old family, very rich, and all that sort of thing." Still another, a bright-eyed, athletic, jolly fellow, full of "pep," who seemed somehow more like an American, had been a mechanic. "Splendid man," the captain said; "skillful, always cheerful, and absolutely fearless—one of the best men we have." Their mess, wherever they were, always had a certain touch of French elegance. They had wine, and light, unsoldierlike things, like parsley omelets, and contrived, in some mysterious fashion, to have pears and melons when nobody else had any.

#### *Like a Clock Run Down*

THERE were a dozen or so corps and division headquarters within motoring distance of Kamenets, and the summer garden on the hill above the river, where people dined these summer evenings and listened to the band, was full of soldiers and the little tea rooms along the main street crowded with officers in every kind of uniform, delighted merely to get away from camp, and gossip over innumerable glasses of Russian tea. One could forget very easily in these places the demoralization at the front.

I was sitting one evening with a Russian attached, because of his knowledge of French, to the French Escadrille. Neither flyer nor fighting man, he was rather submerged among the Frenchmen, although he had, as a matter of fact, the rank of captain. As we sat there a tall young man entered in Cossack uniform. Straight as an arrow, with his long wasp-like waist and slender chain belt of Caucasus silver, his silver dagger and curved sword, he was something to see. And it is difficult to describe, to anyone who had not experienced the disorder along the Russian front, how almost thrilling it was to have this hawk-eyed prince, with a glance over the café and punctilious bows to the other officers, step at once

to our table and, clicking his spurs, stand at salute until my unassuming companion, who was, it appeared, the ranking officer in the room, should bow and give him permission to sit down.

With one of the American military observers and his interpreter, a young guard officer, retired from active duty after being wounded, I had already visited several front-line positions farther north, and now, with the Third Caucasus Corps as our headquarters, we visited several more in the neighborhood of Kamenets Podolsk. The machinery was all there—one passed through the usual stages from corps to division, to Regimental Headquarters, and so out to the first-line trenches.

Observation balloons floated here and there; there were men in the trenches, artillery in the woods behind them, a more or less regular crack of snipers' rifles, and from time to time a shell went milling speedily overhead to send back a low boom somewhere in the distance. The younger officers, who took us through the front lines, were plain-spoken, workmanlike fellows, who talked the usual shop talk of positions, strength opposed to them, ground lost or gained, with the businesslike air of those to whom it all meant something.

So far as their own little units were concerned, it often, of course, did mean a good deal, and although the front as a whole might have stopped, like a clock run down, yet some of its wheels always kept going, and every here and there the personality of some officer, or of a few companies of men, made a difference, and there would be trench raids and local fighting. Artillery and cavalry units showed, as a rule, less decrease in morale, partly because their officers had often been superior in the beginning, and partly because their losses had been less. The infantry units were often, from top to bottom, almost entirely new men. But even over the best a moral sickness had fallen, a sort of blight—that fatal question: "Why are we doing this? What does it all mean?"

#### *Into the Dniester Country*

THE country itself, splendid, rolling billows of farm land—all "black earth" country—the villages with their thatched roofs and homemade walls, freshly plastered, when the housewife was thrifty, with a coat of new clay, and the people in them, be-

came almost more interesting than the army. Behind the houses, on a space of hard, swept earth, the women would be winnowing wheat—already pounded out with a flail or crude hand-power thresher—holding a sieve over their heads just as women must have done in Bible times, and shaking it so that the clean grain hopped over the edge and the chaff blew off on the wind. Sometimes we lunched inside these peasant houses—a smoothly swept dirt floor, tiny windows, an icon in the corner, a few lithographs of saints,



*The commander of the Third Caucasus Corps. The old officer facing him at the right is "a typical general of artillery"*

and a little homemade brick-and-clay oven with various shelves and cubby-holes, to keep things warm in. The flies swarmed like bees. One had fairly to scrape them off. It would have been the simplest thing in the world to screen the little windows or cover them with mosquito netting, but Russians of all classes, possibly because of the short summers, rarely bother about such things. I mentioned flies to a colonel who was entertaining us one day, and he laughed and told of a "Swat the fly" order somebody had sent out—"as if they didn't have enough things to worry about besides that!"

From the Third Caucasus Corps we went out to positions on the lower Zbrucz, where, from the ruins of an old Turkish fortress, nicked a bit by the shell fire of a week before, we peeked down to a village across the river which the Austrian scouts were supposed to be holding. In the hot little walled-in valley, behind the Turkish fort, Russian soldiers were roasting green corn, and a queer, peaceful sort of bombardment of some distant chaussee went on from time to time from a lone cannon in a cornfield.

Farther south, out beyond the old town of Khotin on the Dniester, there had been real fighting only a few days before, and the cottages were charred and the road full of shell holes. The Austrians had invited the Turks to come up and help take Khotin, and also Kamenets Podolsk, which their ancestors had taken some three centuries before, and a Turkish division—"good fighters," the Russians said—had obediently complied. But the Russians had beaten them back nevertheless, and there seemed to be, in this neighborhood, a certain amount of go-ahead spirit among the men. The general of division himself took us out—an officer, young for his rank, who strode vigorously along on foot and jumped the ditches. Squads of men were cleaning up the vil-



*The coming of the French Escadrille, up to the minute in fighting-flying, was as much of an adventure for the natives of Kamenets Podolsk as that of the British flyers to Mesopotamia*





A peasant funeral procession came trailing across the field—the priest, and men carrying the holy banners, in front, then the open coffin borne on four shoulders, with the pinched white face open to the sky, and behind the mourners and friends, weeping and wailing their burial songs

lages and road, and every time we approached one had an instant of embarrassed questioning—"What will they do? Will they salute or not? And if so, just how willingly?" Each time the young general, looking very confident, and stiffening the informality of his greeting with a little military terseness, would call out: "Good morning, comrades!" ("Zdrastvitye, tovarishi!"), and each time the soldiers, looking, it seemed, just a bit conscious, called back briskly enough their "Zdrave zhelaem!"



Officers at a division headquarters near Kamenets and the author (third from the right in the next to the top row)

A battery somewhere over to the right was lazily pegging away and shells bursting on the horizon a couple of miles off—practicing barrage, the general said—but the enemy were not in sight; indeed, one could scarcely feel them. The sun was wilting hot, in the wheat peasant girls were binding sheaves, and all about was the smell and feel of the generous summer. One thought of homes and the harvest and peaceful life. Gone completely was that thrilling tension, that indescribable electric bite, which one feels on the west front, or indeed the instant one crosses the Channel and sets foot in France—that cumulative something, which sweeps the individual along without question, as if it were in the very nature of things.

If the division commander felt this, he gave no sign, but kept pluckily to his part. Holding up the map, he pointed out where we were, where they had been before the last action, the village he had pushed up and taken—"it only cost us 125 men." Our young guardsman raised his eyebrows and nodded with a polite professional smile. "Cheap enough!" he said. Over to the right, across the plain, was a clump of trees, a farmhouse and windmill. The general hoped to push over and take that soon. It would, as we could see by a glance at the map, very decidedly smooth out his line.

### Something Called a Line

IT is difficult to describe the curious unreality of these words, there in the fragrant morning, in those quiet, sun-drenched fields. Nothing threatened us out in front; nothing seemed to support us from behind. All that sense of being in something that can't be turned back or stopped, of having the eyes of the world on you, was as far away as the moon. It seemed as if nobody were watching us, as if, whether or not we pushed across

the intervening space to that windmill and clump of trees, it would never be known or make the slightest difference to anyone.

Just why, one could imagine the peasant soldiers thinking, because some one in a white house, five or ten miles in the rear, says so, should we try to take that farmhouse over there? For three years they had been doing nothing that could seem to most of them useful. Every smell in the air and look of the ripe wheat was calling them back to fields of their own, where they were needed—and the short Russian summer was going. They could not go forward in the Czar's name because there was no Czar. There was no longer any flag, nor even any Russia. In the name of what reality were they to cross that mile or so of quiet prairie and very likely be killed, simply that it might not cost more than 125 men—would be, in fact, quite a bargain—and straighten out something called a line?

### The Slav Character

WE drove back across the Dniester, and into Bessarabia, and stopped several times outside orchard fences for plums—the whole country was full of the purple plums which could only be had in boxes back in Arctic Petrograd. Once a man came out and helped shake his own trees. How much were his plums? He laughed in true Russian style—"Nothing at all, comrades!" he said—"Nitchivo, tovarishi!"

The Third Caucasus Corps Headquarters, to which we returned each evening, was in one of those semidilapidated country estates not uncommon in Russia. The place had been started, apparently, on rather a magnificent scale and never finished. There was one tree-lined allée, with a marble Venus as fine as you please, and there was a Diana off by herself with no apparent reason for being there and no trees at all. A stairway which might have done for some provincial courthouse at home led up to the high first story, and yet stucco had never been spread as yet over about half of the bare bricks. I remarked to the corps commander at dinner that one couldn't quite tell whether the house was not yet completed or was beginning to fall into ruin.

"It's often that way with us," he smiled; "you find both things at the same time!"

He was what we call in English—translating

rather freely—a prince; a capable-appearing, polished officer who spoke in short, soldierlike phrases, with plenty of self-possession and decidedly to the point. Of the work of a correspondent, he said it was undoubtedly interesting, but one was only a spectator. He spoke of his own people with the usual Russian frankness and self-criticism.

"Time is worth nothing with us," he said, "not a kopeck!" As for the condition of the railroads—"Doesn't it take rather a different sort of mind altogether to run railroads well? Our men are still very undeveloped along some lines. There is in the Slav character a lack of hardness and practicality—something feminine."

At the table with us was a grizzled old fellow with long, drooping, houndlike ears, and kindly, wise, blue eyes—very simple and dependable-looking. "A type," smiled the corps commander; "that's a typical general of artillery, a splendid old fellow—you'll find many of them in the Russian army."

We rode one morning up through the hills where the barefooted peasants in their embroidered white linen, pattering along, single file, beside the road, made one think of tropical America, and had dinner with a division headquarters staff in a big country house, with a white pillared portico. The band played outside the open window, and the men sang the Cossack song of welcome, "Allah verdie"; there were sword dances and speeches all round. A hard-fisted old Cossack colonel said that the Cossacks had always been free and knew how to behave as free men. We spoke too, and tried clumsily, through an interpreter, to say that America was with them. The general at whose left I sat talked frankly. They were on their own frontier now, and possibly the troops would stand here—there was no hope that they would advance beyond it. For two weeks now things had been holding their own—nobody could tell what would happen next. He suddenly made a gesture which seemed to dispose of the whole matter. "C'est fini!" he said.

### Not Even a "Sank You"

THE American attaché wanted to settle down in a headquarters like this and study division organization in detail, but I felt that it was time for me to begin the slow journey north again. There was no headquarters motor free that evening, and our young guardsman guide, who wanted a change of scene, rode into Kamenets with me in a peasant's cart. It was a beautiful starlit night, with just a touch of autumn in the air, and a cool, musty perfume, breathing up from (Continued on page 32)



A queer, peaceful sort of bombardment of some distant chaussee went on from time to time from a lone cannon in a cornfield—one of the Russian positions on the lower Zbrucz





# Collier's

## In the Balance

NO thoughtful American who has the future of his country at heart can read the news from France in these days without a feeling of the deepest apprehension. The ferocity and power of the German attack seem undiminished after nearly four years of terrible warfare. The tenacious courage of the Allied troops and our own sprinkling of American soldiers is beyond all praise. We can only hope and pray that their endurance will withstand the present and future onslaughts until the time comes when they can turn and strike back.

COLLIER'S has expressed the belief that the ring around Germany will not part even if the Allies are divided, the French driven beyond Paris, and the British forced back on the Channel ports. But it would be folly to pretend that such an event would not be a disaster of appalling magnitude. We do not believe it is probable that the Germans can accomplish even this much, now or later. But if they should, the people of this country must face the future possibilities without blinking. They must ask themselves what would happen, not merely if the armies of the Allies should be beaten, but if they should be destroyed or captured, if France should be subjugated and the British forced to retire to their island and depend upon their navy for its safety.

What would be the position of the United States? The calamity is almost unthinkable. The moral and material forces behind the Allies are too great, in all human probability, to be destroyed. But in such a crisis as the present one we must be ready to face any emergency. The Allies are bound together by an agreement not to consent to a separate peace, and we are under moral obligation to stand by them to the end. But the written or implied obligations of a subjugated nation are of no worth. Russia also was a party to this agreement, and Russia is now, in part at least, in alliance with the Central European Powers. We should make no mistake about it. If France were conquered and England crippled, Germany could turn to us, the richest of all powers. The least to be expected would be a demand for an indemnity that would cause the world to reflect on the moderation of BISMARCK when he exacted \$1,000,000,000 from France. We would not give in without a fight, but we would need all our strength to stand off a German navy that, we may be sure, has greatly increased in numbers and power since the war commenced. And the final battle for human freedom might be fought within hearing of the people of our Atlantic Coast.

We repeat that the calamity is almost beyond belief. We discuss the possibility simply to bring home to our readers the fact that the line of intrepid men in France and the sailors who patrol the Atlantic lanes or stand on guard in the North Sea night and day are protecting the actual physical safety of THIS country. They are guarding our liberty, our lives and our property, and the well-being of future generations of Americans. The people of the United States have been generous and eager in their support of the war. But they have a tendency to regard it as something remote from their own national welfare. No good can come from making them downhearted, but they should steel their souls with the knowledge that the war is not merely for the abstract principle of making the world safe for democracy, but for the pressing and practical necessity of making democracy secure in their own land. For it is as certain as anything can be that if Germany overwhelms the Allied armies, this country will never again see the days of peace and plenty that it has enjoyed in the past. It must stand armed to the teeth for generations to come, never knowing when the blow will be delivered by the enemy of civilization.

## The Soldier's Income Tax

THE income tax falls very heavily on some of the men in our army and navy. The tax which must be paid next month is a tax on income received during 1917. In the case of a soldier or sailor who has no bank balance and no income-bearing property, it must come out of his Government pay. Thus a man who earned a high salary in 1917 and spent it will find it utterly impossible to meet his income-tax payment unless he happens to be able to borrow the money. Surely the rest of us can afford to remit the income taxes of salaried men who are in this predicament. Congress might very well make a distinction between the man in service who earned

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all he spent in 1917 and the man in service who enjoyed a large income from real estate or stocks. We do not need the income taxes of men who will have to give up their small pay as sailors or soldiers for months in order to obey the present law.

## The High Cost of Sailing

A MAN who left a perfectly good job at \$35 a week in order to join the navy at about that much a month has written us an interesting letter. He says:

One of the "Regulations for the Government of the Navy" (navy regulations, as you probably know, are written into the "law of the land") stipulates that an allowance of \$60 be made to each enlisted man upon his entrance into service for the purchase of an outfit and clothing.

This regulation, setting \$60 as the sum necessary to clothe a man, has been in force for years. Recruiting officers have used it as a basis in making the oft-repeated assertion that a bluejacket's clothes cost him nothing. This may have been true at one time. Possibly it was once practicable to stretch the \$60 allowance over a period of four years. But it is not true now.

Right now, in the month of April, 1918, when the press reports the overwhelming success of the Third Liberty Loan, when the Treasury Department is stating that the returns from the income and excess-profits taxes will exceed by a billion the fondest hopes of conservative estimators—now, when there seems to be so much money available for Government needs, it is costing every man enlisting in the navy anywhere from \$40 to \$70 out of his pay to procure his initial MINIMUM outfit. In other words, the clothes that he must have, drawn from the navy stores, not only eat up the \$60 he is allowed, but also require nearly that much in addition.

The trouble is, of course, that the cost of shoes and blouses and salt-water soap and blankets has advanced faster than the navy regulations. Our correspondent thinks this condition should be remedied immediately. We agree with him.

## "The American Effort"

LET the carping critics who assert that America's military effort has meant very little to the Allies thus far in the war study the Paris "Temps" for March 13, the day after Secretary BAKER'S arrival in France. This is the communiqué they will read in the "Temps": "The tax on theatre tickets gave last month the sum of 1,214,000 francs instead of 629,000 francs in February, 1917."

## Milwaukee

COLLIER'S is glad to print the following letter from a good citizen of the patriotic city of Milwaukee:

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

Dear Sir—In view of the unfavorable comments on Milwaukee's status as an American city, recently made in the public press of the country, it may prove both timely and interesting on the part of a publication like your own to look us over at a closer range and tell the whole truth.

We are confident that such an inquiry would not only be in the interest of American fair play, but also serve the great cause in which the nation is now engaged. As a preliminary we present the following:

### MILWAUKEE'S WAR-AID SUBSCRIPTIONS

	Alotment	Subscribed	Oversubscribed
First Liberty Loan.....	\$14,000,000	\$17,000,000	\$3,000,000
Second Liberty Loan.....	25,000,000	33,000,000	8,000,000
Red Cross War Fund.....	500,000	780,000	280,000
Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.			
War Funds.....	165,000	187,000	22,000
Red Cross Memberships...	100,000	162,000	62,000
K. of C.....	100,000	133,000	33,000
Total.....	\$39,865,000	\$51,262,000	\$11,397,000

These figures speak more eloquently and convincingly than a volume of explanations. If editors and writers have unwittingly given credence to misrepresentation, they will no doubt stand ready to exploit the truth with equal readiness.

If you should deem the subject of sufficient interest from the standpoint of publicity, send a correspondent to look us over. We hold our heads high and defy anyone who questions our patriotism.

Milwaukee is a generous city, a loyal city, and to the core an American city.

Yours very truly,  
WM. GEORGE BRUCE,  
General Secretary, Milwaukee Association of Commerce.

And, indeed, the citizens of Milwaukee have no need to quote figures to be able to hold their heads high and defy anyone who questions their patriotism. We hope the Association of Commerce will not think the rest of the country suspects Milwaukee because of the acts of a few wrong-headed men like VICTOR BERGER. We well know how small is their minority among the representative citizens of that community, including those of German extraction.



# Editorials



## *What the Enemy Knows*

BY two types of superpatriots the patience of the country has been, and will be, tried. The red-faced gentlemen in and out of Congress who are always demanding that the people be told the worst, even if there is no worst to tell, are a nuisance and a drag. But they are less mischievous than the advocate of hush for heaven's sake, the man who would stifle criticism for fear of conveying information to the enemy. Like the police power of the Government in peace times, and like charity, this caution against rendering aid and comfort to the enemy can be made to cover a multitude of sins. For every American citizen in and out of Congress this question of public criticism in war time presents a problem of conscience and judgment. The essence of it is simple. It means a balancing of gain through telling the truth to the people of this country against the loss involved in letting the enemy know. It is a question which must be answered on the merits of the individual case.

From the beginning the great majority of the American people, and certainly a great majority of the American press, have been impatient with the Old Sleuth policy which expresses itself in Atlantic Ports and Somewhere in Staten Island and similar rigmarole. But, after all, the harm done is largely to the temper of editors and readers. A harder case was presented when the War Department decided to suppress the home addresses of our casualties in France. There again the loss was in the anxiety caused to the parents and remoter relatives of our men abroad; against that we were willing to accept General MARCH's statement that there were counterbalancing reasons, military and otherwise. After all, the infliction of possibly unnecessary pain on American fathers and mothers did not vitally affect the conduct of the war.

It is quite a different matter when conscientious criticism is directed against failures and delays in the prosecution of the war. Here situations are bound to arise when it is necessary to speak out, no matter to what comfort of the enemy. HINDENBURG will very soon find out by the lack of pressure or lack of resistance which he encounters. Under a rigorous policy of hush, it is the enemy who knows and the American people alone who do not know.

## *Footing for Uncle Sam's Pack Mules*

THE war is teaching us what can be done with automobiles, and this whole country is going ahead to put better roads under their tires. If present plans are carried out, 1918 will see over \$250,000,000 spent on our highways, a total more than 80 per cent above the previous high mark. Despite the war scarcity of capital, Texas is going to put \$25,000,000 into improved roads this year, as compared with \$5,000,000 last year. Arkansas has gone up from \$4,000,000 to \$12,000,000. In Oklahoma, Tulsa County (the center of the oil region) is spending \$1,750,000 on weatherproof highways. Iowa is duplicating last year's investment of \$15,000,000. Iowa can certainly afford it, the way the price of corn keeps soaring, and thirty millions of real money ought to take the slithers and sludges out of some of the main trails through the corn belt at least. The rest of the country is not lagging very far behind the Middle West in this matter, for railway blockades and embargoes on needed freight have convinced most of us that transportation is not a luxury even when gasoline is burned to obtain it. UNCLE SAM has to get in and out of his cantonments, shipyards, training camps, arsenals, and warehouses, and is putting up his share of the costs. Of course there are some belated brothers who cannot see the sense of such improvement, as witness that odd bill introduced in the New York Legislature to forbid five-ton Government trucks from using certain State highways; but these curios only illustrate the general progress. Most of us know that the automobile can pull its share of the load in our war and are willing to give it a chance. The Kaiser is about the only one who really wants bad roads in our U. S. A.

## *Work, Light, and Coal*

WHEN turning off electricity around the shop in order to save coal, be sure you are not cutting down on work accomplished. The only real way to save coal in this war is by getting the best possible use out of it. Better lighting in our factories means more war work done in the same time, less waste of raw materials, and fewer accidents. Every factory that is now enlisted in our national cause should have a full equipment of the best possible lamps and

reflectors, and should keep them clean. (Use white paint and clean the windows also, and let in every bit of daylight, the only effective substitute for electricity.) Burglars are said to operate well in the dark, but very few good mechanics have that knack. These facts are all familiar enough. The illuminating engineers worked out the figures to prove their case some years ago, and have been hammering it in ever since, but not all of us realize the full importance of it even yet. Just about every sort of manufacturing that we need to carry on our war is done by seeing, and most of it under artificial light. A great many otherwise capable factory men are so intent on the technical processes of production itself that they have not learned what seems so obvious a lesson. The war is a good time to put American industry in the sunshine, both natural and artificial. Any coal saved by not doing so will be altogether too utterly costly.

## *There Are Seasons*

THIS country has already had some schooling in the effects of price fixing and will have more. We are gradually learning how it confuses the economic compass for both producers and users; how it multiplies rules and red tape and necessitates the incessant nursing care of bureaucratic regulation at every step if anything like the normal process of business is to continue. Anyone who wants to see how price fixing really works can get an idea by studying some of these popular-priced chains of restaurants. They keep to their fixed prices regardless. Eggs may be thirty cents a dozen or sixty-five; grapefruit may be out of season or thick as onions in Bermuda; potatoes may be scarce or superfluous—it is all the same to the score card. Anyone who has ever seen a farm knows that this is not nature's way of feeding us. The human race lives by crops, not by allotted rations. Half the joy of gastronomic life is in having plenty of the things that are plentiful at the time they are best suited for food. If you have ever picked strawberries, or caught fish, or made maple sugar, or gotten in the apples, or helped in the labors of hog-killing time, you know that sense of effort rewarded, or plenty achieved, which crowns the actual feast. City people, cut off from earth and sea by their pavements, should be guided to their provender by lower prices for the plentiful foods and by higher prices for the scarcer sorts. Menu charges fixed through the year throw the whole process out of line and prevent any natural adjustment between supply and demand. The flow of food to restaurant patrons is strained through a system of storers and traders whose interest is to handle rather less stuff at rather higher rates. This dislocation means less to eat and more waste. For real food conservation we would do well to get back to the seasons, and the restaurants could help. Seasons will continue whatever we do.

## *On Reading and Rereading*

WE'VE just been rereading "Vanity Fair," in the cheap "Everyman" edition for which the late WHITELAW REID wrote an introduction. Mr. REID tells how THACKERAY pointed out his house in Young Street, London, to FIELDS, the Boston publisher, saying: "Down on your knees—for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned; and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself."

We like the story, for we find no objection to an author knowing a great book when he sees it, even though it came out of his own head and heart. But it interests us that Mr. REID should add: "At first neither the publisher nor the public agreed with Thackeray about his 'little production.' Colburn, in fact, refused it outright, even for his magazine."

The implication seems to be that the book publishers of seventy years ago were discriminating enough, but almost any yarn was good enough for serial publication. However that may have been, nothing like that holds water to-day. It's comparatively easy to find a publisher for any reasonably well-written novel—but a magazine publisher is another proposition. COLLIER's receives two or three short stories nearly every week which it finds worth printing a few weeks later on, but it is a good many months since we have seen a novel which we've thought deserved publication week in, week out, until the whole of it had been brought before our million. Which is, perhaps, only another way of saying that the Thackerays of this world are few and far between: a truth you had already suspected, gentle and discriminating reader.

May 4, 1918



# THE MAN WHO COST \$50,000



BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP LYFORD

CONOVER had brought him to lunch at the downtown club where some hundreds of us daily gather and continue to talk business while we eat. He looked nothing but a boy, but he wore the jaunty, well-fitting uniform of a Canadian lieutenant, and he limped when he came into the dining room.

"Yes," said Conover, over his shoulder, to some question—"wounded at Loos—shell fragment ripped the tendons. He's going back, though."

Uniforms were common enough in the club, but they were mostly worn by men who had seen service at Plattsburg and Camp Upton, and Conover's young Canadian was a bit of a curiosity. Finding him sitting with his host in one of the clubrooms after luncheon, an open box of cigarettes in front of him, one after another of the broker's acquaintances stopped to be introduced, and to ask those fool questions the civilian always wants to ask.

The youngster answered them all cheerfully. No, he didn't in the least mind talking about it. Oh, it wasn't so horrible after you got used to it. No, you didn't hear the guns—only when they stopped; and that was lucky too, because if a beggar ever did get to hearing 'em, why, then he didn't sleep, and pretty soon he went bughouse. The mud was worse than the guns—mud, mud, mud! Sure, he was going back—only place to be. He was going to see the job through.

He lit another cigarette from the butt of the last one. I noticed how boyish his face was, in the pause, and how his hand was steady, though he'd been over the top, and was but now healing up from the ripping open he got. He had the true temperament for the soldier, I thought—it was all a bit of a lark for him, and I fancied his nostrils expanding as he drew near the boom of the guns. He was one of those Canadians from the great Northwest, still close to the romance of the pioneer and adventurer.

Now he was explaining barrage fire, and the listening group were leaning a little forward in their chairs—all but old Bowker, with his gray, pointed beard, his beady, blue eyes, and his long, slender cigar which he always seemed to sip rather than puff.

Bowker was sitting back in a big leather armchair, his eyes narrowed, sipping his cigar at methodical intervals and thinking, for all you could tell, about his South American credits or his shipbuilding contracts or his Ming pottery, quite as much as about the young Canadian's talk. A leading figure on the Street, old Bowker—a power in the financial world. Some say he cultivates the enigmatic pose, like a poker player. But though his eyes wander, they never slumber. I saw them come back more than once, not to the lieutenant's face, but to his fingers, holding the cigarette and yellowed by the smoke.

"YOU can do stunts with a barrage, like a garden hose," the Canadian was saying. "It's that accurate. A battery commander gets a telephone

call at 3 a. m. to put five high explosives on Square N. 39. He gets up cussin', looks at his chart, sights for Square 39—it's all a matter of mathematics; he does it with a pocket flash, maybe—and sends his five shells rippin' silk through the rain. Then he goes back and hits the alfalfa again. He don't know why he fired 'em, or what they landed on, but he knows they landed on Square 39, and there was something or somebody there at 3 a. m. the boss wanted to wake up. If fifty batteries were all playin' shells on Square 39, for an hour, there probably wouldn't be many Fritzes left to wake up. Speakin' of barrages, an English company near us pulled off a good one—"

Here he lit another cigarette, while we waited.

"Shows you what you can do," he went on, jamming the butt down into the ash tray. "It was all because a guy they called Toodles got pinked in a raid, and nobody knew it till they were back in their own trench, with the Fritzes buzzin' like hornets after you've poked a scythe into the nest. There was Toodles, out in No Man's Land, halfway across to the barbed wire, and his hand toward them movin'—they could see when there was daylight, tryin' to signal 'em he was still alive, without pipin' Fritz off to the fact. God, but they were mad! They'd

have been sore anyhow, of course, but it bein' Toodles got their goat something horrible."

"Why, was he a company favorite?" Tom Morris asked.

"He was more'n that—he could sing!" the Canadian replied. "He could sing, and he could tell stories, and make a noise like a balky self-starter, and do a clog, and play the piccolo, and wake up good-natured. Oh, I guess he was a wonder, all right! Any company that's got a man like that in it's got something you can't get from home in a Christmas packet. Anyhow, when this bunch saw Toodles out there by a shell hole, and his hand movin', they just went up in the air and told the major they were goin' back after him."

"Of course the major put the nix on that—it was a sure slaughter now before they could get twenty feet, with the other guys waked up and spittin' lead. Their second lieutenant told me about it when I got there. He said the company was dancin' up and down in the trench, fightin' for the periscopes and proposin' all kinds of crazy schemes. Then somebody found Toodles's piccolo, and held it up, and they were all for goin' over the top again after him—"

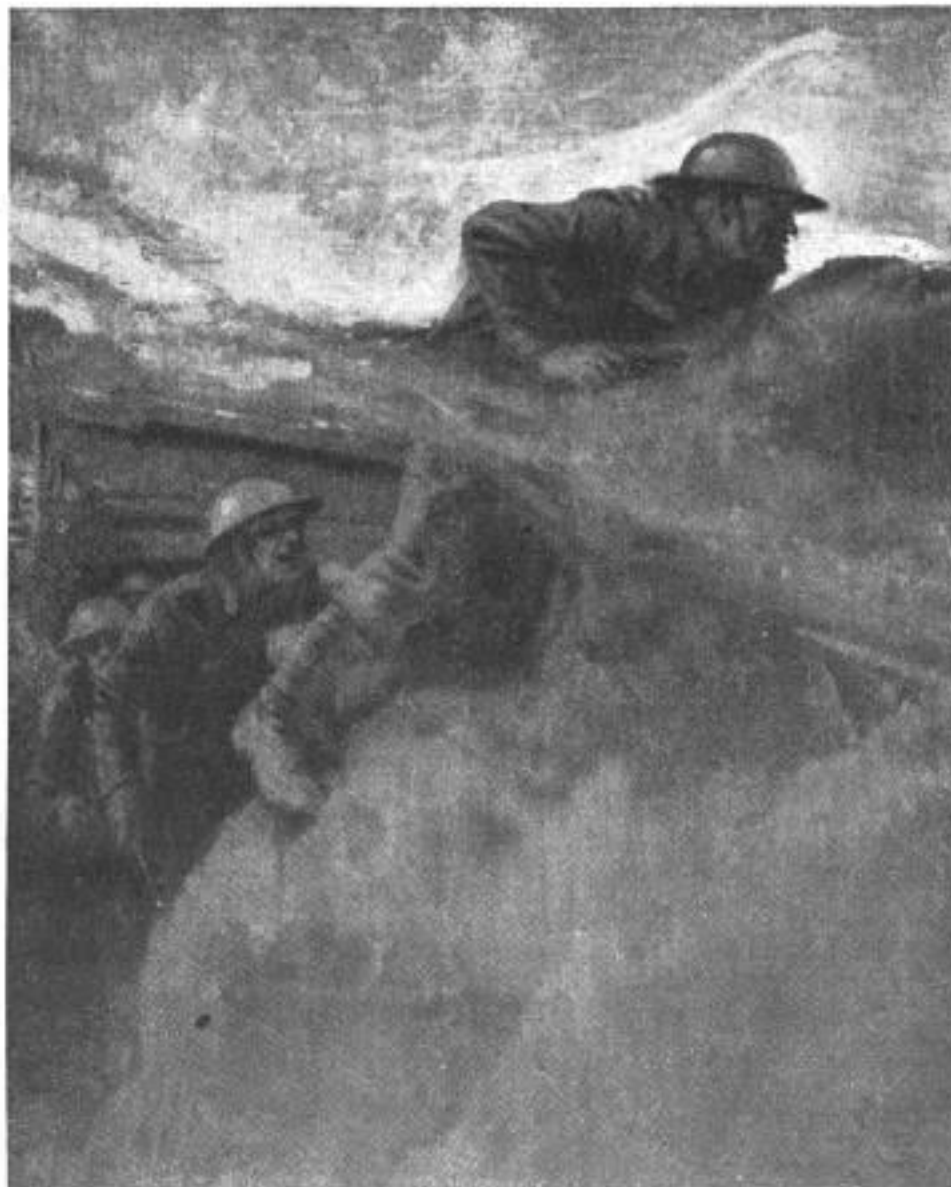
"How'd he get such an absurd name as Toodles?" asked Morris, interrupting again.

"You can search me," the Canadian replied. "I asked the lieutenant that same question, but he didn't know. A guy gets a name in the trenches just as a boy gets one in school—nobody knows how; he may get called all sorts o' names, but none of 'em sticks till one comes along that just somehow seems to fit, and he's never anything else after that. I s'pose Toodles was a funny nut, doin' Charlie Chaplin steps in the mud to make the men laugh, and stuff like that. But search me—that was all anybody called him, anyhow. Well, the men began to talk about things he'd done, and songs he sang 'em, and the more they talked the madder they got, and then somebody blew a little toot on Toodles's piccolo, and somebody cursed him out and told him to shut up, and the major got to thinkin' hard about things too, and took a squint himself through the periscope—just a little short one, for he saw that hand move, and pulled his eye away, and said, quick and sharp: "I call for volunteers to go out and get him!"

"That sounds like the old-fashioned war we used to read about," James Brewster remarked. "An uncle of mine volunteered to go after a wounded officer at Fredericksburg, and—"

Nobody appeared greatly interested in Brewster's uncle. We were all watching the Canadian light another cigarette.

"Of course," he went on, "the whole damn company volunteered, crowdin' up around the major with a yell old Fritz might have heard. The major picked out just one man, a little feller, too, he was, only stocky and strong. But it was because he had judgment the major picked him. He had a bean, and used it, and he was cool, and took



"The guy who was after Toodles went over the top on his belly"



his time. The English are like that—when they are like that. Well, anyhow, this guy was picked, and he peeled for action while the major did some telephonin'. Back there behind the ridge, hid in bushes, down in holes, under trees, were the batteries, and the major told 'em to play the hose on the opposite trench and in front of it. He did some more telephonin', to have the hose played on both sides too. This guy that was goin' over hadn't much more'n got his bothersome equipment off when the music began. Out beyond where Toodles lay, and to either side, the shells began to land. The mud and dirt were flyin', the smoke puffed and rolled, shrapnel was pepperin' into Fritzie's eyes, and there was hell generally."

"I suppose the boches couldn't see through this barrage?" somebody put in.

"Oh, they could see, if they wanted to take a chance on lookin', only not so well, of course. But I guess there weren't many of 'em lookin'. They were lyin' low, waitin' for the racket to stop and the attack to follow. But it didn't stop. It kept right on like merry hell, and the guy who was after Toodles went over the top on his belly and began his little trip of a hundred and fifty feet."

"Was that all he had to go?" Tom Morris exclaimed.

"Well, it didn't look much more'n that. Anyhow, it was far enough, with a dozen machine guns lyin' low on the other side, and Fritzie beginnin' to drop a few shells on the English trench, just by way of keepin' up the conversation," the young lieutenant said, good-naturedly. "This guy took his time about it too. Did any of you men ever see one of those plays where there's a big horse race or something offstage, and some guy in the company climbs a fence and hollers down to the rest what's happenin'?"

"Yes, I have," two or three answered, a bit surprised at this break in the narrative.

"I saw 'Quo Vadis' once," Jim Peterson said. "I was lured by the posters of the bullfight and when I got there I found it took place in the wings, and was only described to the audience by some character who seemed much excited, probably by the spectacle of a stage hand chewing tobacco."

"That's the dope!" the Canadian laughed. "Me too! There was a play came to Edmonton with three-sheets of a great horse race, and the race was run somewhere back of Row Z, with the stage folks pointin' out over the snare drum and yellin': 'Go it, Gunfire!' Well, if you've got that idea, you can keep a line on what happened in that English trench. It was a funny-lookin' place when I got there—my captain couldn't get it straight what the rumpus was about—kept thinkin' he'd missed out somehow on an order to attack, which would have made him sick, so he sent me around. 'Course they told him over the wire what it was, but he didn't more'n half believe 'em. He's one of those chaps you folks in the States call, what is it?—from Missouri. Well, I came up the support ditch without a challenge, and there was the whole bunch of 'em, muddy as sin, their backs to me, crowded around the men at the peepers, or climbin' up to look over the sandbags, and the officers goin' up and down with their swaggers, whackin' 'em when they tried to look over, and everybody swearin' and yellin' and excited as hell. I'll never forget one big husky. He had half a Charlie Chaplin weddin' cake in his hand, and he'd take a bite and then yell: 'Gawd, will 'e get 'im back to Blighty—Gawd, will 'e ever get 'im back to Blighty?' and the crumbs would fly out of his mouth. Then he'd take another bite, and yell again, and another shower of crumbs. He didn't know what he was doin'."

"What on earth is a Charlie Chaplin wedding cake?" somebody interposed.

"Hard-tack, of course," the lieutenant answered. "Well, as I said, it was some drama goin' on out there. They put me wise, and let me have a squint. First, all I could see was flyin' dirt, and a body close by. Then I got the range on Toodles, in the middle, with the barrage fallin' just beyond him—just plumb desolation, and two dead men. But I squinted long enough, before somebody grabbed my collar and pulled me off the peep, to see the body close by on its belly give a little wriggle, and go forward a foot. If you hadn't been watchin' specially for that, though, you'd never guess he moved."

"Did he go all the way on his belly?" asked Jim Peterson.

"Sure, he did. Talk about your Indian stuff—he was playin' dead most of the time. He'd lie for two or three minutes without movin' a muscle, and then he'd just slowly, inch by inch, wriggle ahead till a puff of smoke or dirt between him and Fritzie gave him a chance to drop into a crater or something. He went so slow that Fritzie wouldn't remember just where he'd been the last time, and think him a stiff. If they'd got wise to what he was, of course, they'd have drilled him full of holes."

"And how long did this take?" Tom Morris asked.

"They told me he'd been over fifteen minutes before I showed up. It was another forty-five by my watch before the men at the peepers gave a yell we knew meant he'd got there. But, believe me,

it seemed all mornin'! I got as excited as anybody in the company, and stuck around, after I'd managed to report back by phone. He came slippin' up from a shell hole just behind Toodles, like a lazy snake, after he'd been invisible for five minutes. Then he just lay there, still, for what seemed hours, and hell bustin' open all around him, and I suppose he was whisperin' things in Toodles's ear that was good to hear, if the poor devil was still conscious."

THE boy stopped for a moment, not to light a cigarette, but to look off past old Bowker (who was still sipping his cigar), as if his eyes saw the picture and his ears heard the thunder of the barrage. He looked just then curiously like a man who was homesick!

"And how did he get him back?" somebody asked.

"That was the stunt, all right!" said the boy. "He deserved his cross, if he got one—I dunno whether he did or not. Anyhow, he hitched up to Toodles, on his back now, and facin' the same way. Then he worked one leg down on either side of Toodles's shoulders, got his hands under his armpits, and pulled the poor devil up on to his own stomach and chest. You see, he lay now so the soles of his boots faced Fritzie's trench, and his own face was hidden by Toodles's head and shoulders. The two of 'em looked more or less like one body. He'd draw up his legs a little, dig in his heels, and push, pullin' Toodles along at the same time. That would move 'em both the distance he'd drawn his legs up. Then he'd lie still a while, so's the enemy wouldn't notice he'd moved. Do you get the men of his own company, hangin' over the guy with the peeper, yellin' for news, and not knowin' each time he stopped whether he was hit or not? And the shells scream-in' overhead, and merry hell roarin' out there beyond and around him?"

The narrator's face was bright with excitement. The scene was vivid to him, without a doubt, and the circle of men about him, in their comfortable leather chairs, leaned forward still further, some with knit brows. Even old Bowker neglected to sip his cigar, and had to strike a match, much to his disgust, for the cigar tasted stale, so that he presently threw it away and lit a fresh one.

"And did he get him back?" cried Peterson.

"How long did it take?" demanded Tom Morris.

"Sure, he got him back," the Canadian continued. "He was just one hour and a half on the return trip. When his shoulders got near the top of the trench, discipline went to hell, and a dozen hands grabbed 'em both, and pulled 'em over. They had two stretchers waitin', but they only needed one. He didn't have a hit. They got Toodles back to the dressin' station on the double-quick, and saved his life, and the major did some more telephonin', and a blessed silence came over the scene so sudden it hurt. Fritzie is still waitin' for that attack. And what do you think the guy said when he could hear himself think, and they'd stopped cheerin' him and grabbin' his paw?"

"What?" we prompted.

"Why, he bellyached because he'd worn the seat out of his breeches!"

There was a general laugh, not without a note in it of relieved tension; then silence for a long moment.

THE silence was broken by a voice from the deep leather chair where Bowker reclined, sipping his fresh cigar.

"You say that barrage lasted two hours and a half?" he asked.

We all turned instinctively toward him, with the deference due to a man of his financial standing.

"Yes, sir," said the Canadian, also dropping into the deferential attitude, with his "sir," quite instinctively, though he could not have had the faintest idea who Bowker was.

"And that represented how many shells, do you suppose?"

"Oh, God knows," the lieutenant replied, unable to be deferential for long. "A lot. You see, the batteries were goin' on both sides too."

"But in round numbers," the bland, soft voice continued, "what do you reckon that bombardment cost?"

"I'm not in the artillery, but I'd say not a penny less than fifty thousand dollars," the officer answered. "Call it fifty thousand, and I guess you'd not be far wrong."

"What I'm getting at is," Bowker said, permitting a smile to creep over his pale face, with the little purplish-pink veins under his eyes, "that

Toodles cost the British Government fifty thousand dollars. It's a way of estimating the value of a man."

"It's a hell of a way!" the young lieutenant broke out hotly. "If it had cost two hundred and fifty thousand, do you think the major wouldn't have given the order? You make me sick!"

A blaze flared up for an instant in old Bowker's eyes. People didn't speak to him that way! But the Canadian's eyes never fell before his, and he let the smile come back as he rose with much dignity and prepared to depart.

"Nevertheless," he said as he bowed slightly to include all the group, "it is a way." Then he went out.

The young officer glared after him, and the atmos-



"The major did some more telephonin'!"

phere was disturbed and tense. We all thought suddenly of our waiting offices, and likewise rose, shaking hands with the lieutenant, and departing. I went down into Wall Street with Peterson and Morris.

"I don't blame him for getting mad," Tom said, "but, darn it all, I wanted to ask that very question myself—what the barrage cost, I mean."

"Me too," said Peterson, looking rather sheepish. I gazed reflectively across the street to the portico of the National City Bank, to avert my face.

"So did I," I confessed.

"It must be a natural question, then—I'll bet anybody would ask it," Tom persisted.

"They would," said I. "That's the trouble with the world."

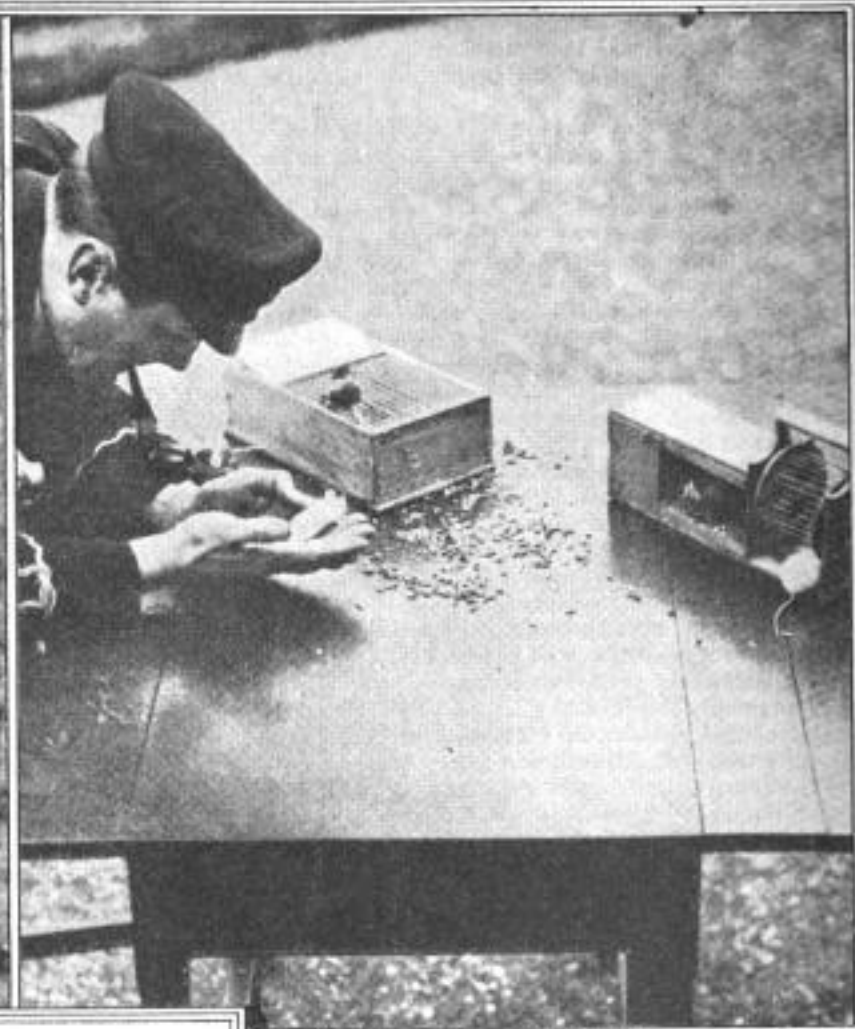
I took the elevator to my office, trying to get my mind back on the problem of extracting blood from a certain stone once denominated the L. P. Parker Printing and Lithographing Company, and now wrecked by a crooked official who had tried to play the market and got stung. But I kept seeing Toodles out there between the trenches, his poor hand gesturing feebly to his friends in token that he lived, and the Tommy creeping toward him on his belly, in the mud and battle smoke, and I kept hearing the soft, bland voice of old Bowker saying: "How much do you reckon that bombardment cost?" If Conover brings any more Canadians to lunch, I shall not hang around. It's bad business!



THIS war has enlisted many animals besides the horse. In the victorious British campaign in Palestine, for instance, many of the troops rode camels. The French use burros to carry ammunition and supplies into the trenches. The one in the picture is wearing a gas mask. White mice are doing their bit too, being used by the British to detect gas leakage in submarines. At the bottom of the page is shown the grave of a French carrier pigeon. The epitaph written by his human comrades reads: "Here lies Auguste, military pigeon; the ace of the army." The Italian dog you see is not dead. He is dog-tired.



# MOBILIZING



© International Film Service







LEAVING the camel corps, we see more French pack burros—"trench skylarks." The Germans make extensive use of carrier pigeons, and even give them gas-proof cages. Besides acting as pack animals and Red Cross aids, dogs make efficient messengers. The collie shown does duty between a British outpost and the commander's headquarters. Last comes the mongoose, which, as everyone knows who has read "Ricky Ticky Tavy," is almost as fond of rats as he is of snakes. Many mongeese, or mongooses—or whatever the plural is—were used as rat catchers in the campaign against the Turks.

© Theodore Moussaut

# NOAH'S ARK

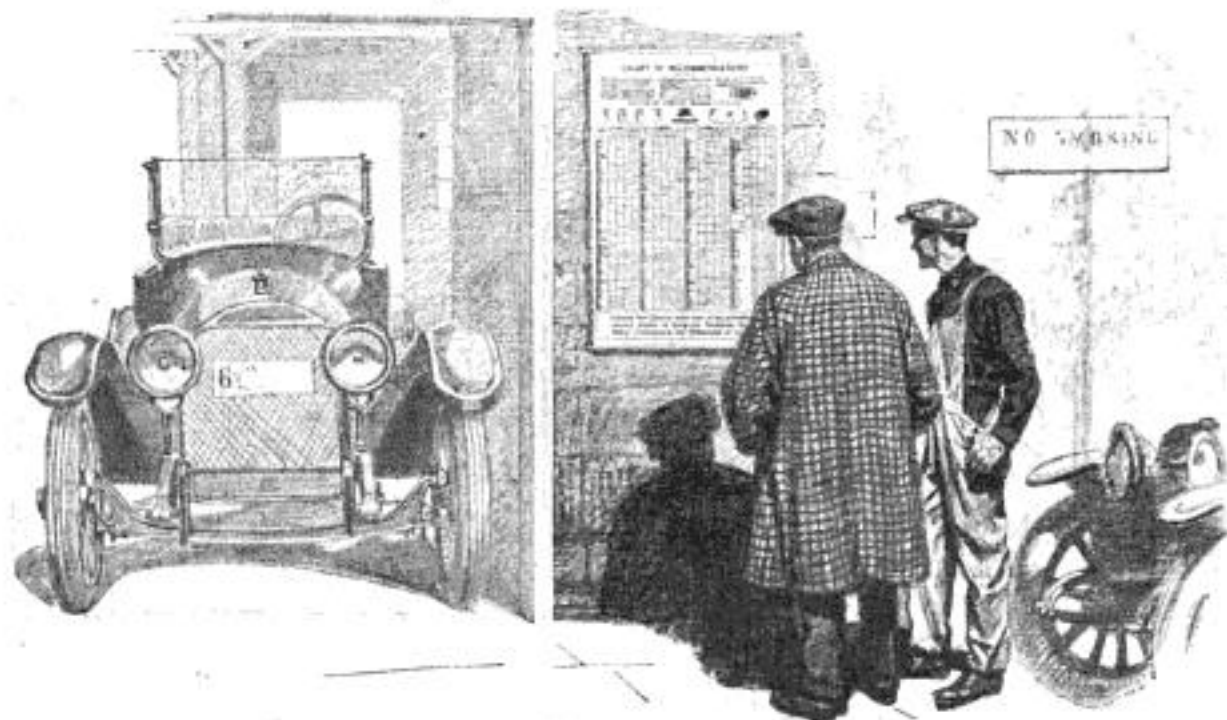


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# Make this Chart your guide



## Look for it on your dealer's wall

EVERY time you stop for oil you face a question which is vital to the life of your car.

What will the dealer pour into your oil reservoir? Will it be just "oil"—or will it be the correct lubricant for your engine?

The better type of dealer and garage man now realizes that something like 50% of all engine troubles are due to incorrect lubrication.

He realizes, too, that scientific lubrication is a problem for specialists. And since the dealer has neither time nor equipment for studying this intricate subject he draws on the experience of a recognized authority.

That is why the large Chart of Recommendations, issued by the Vacuum Oil Company, is now fastened to the walls of thousands of supply shops and garages.

When you ask one of these dealers for "oil", he notes the make of your car—and the year's model. He runs his finger down the Chart (shown above in miniature) until he finds

your car's make and model. Then he supplies you with the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloils specified for your car by the Chart. This oil will effectually seal your piston rings against power-waste, gasoline-waste and oil-waste.

\* \* \*

THE Vacuum Oil Company for 50 years have specialized in scientific lubrication. Today their world-wide leadership in lubrication matters is unquestioned in scientific circles. For years their Chart of Recommendations has been recognized as the scientific guide to correct automobile lubrication.

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## Correct Automobile Lubrication

**Explanation:** The four grades of Gargoyl Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

- Gargoyl Mobiloil "A"
- Gargoyl Mobiloil "B"
- Gargoyl Mobiloil "C"
- Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyl Mobiloil "A," "Arctic" means Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924
Albion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alcoa	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alfa Romeo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (10 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (14 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (16 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (18 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (20 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (22 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (24 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (26 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (28 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (30 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (32 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (34 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (36 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (38 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (40 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (42 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (44 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (46 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (48 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (50 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (52 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (54 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (56 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (58 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (60 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (62 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (64 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (66 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (68 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (70 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (72 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (74 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (76 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (78 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (80 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (82 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (84 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (86 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (88 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (90 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (92 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (94 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (96 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (98 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (100 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (102 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (104 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (106 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (108 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (110 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (112 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (114 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (116 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (118 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (120 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (122 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (124 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (126 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (128 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (130 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (132 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (134 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (136 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (138 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (140 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (142 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (144 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (146 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (148 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (150 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (152 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (154 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (156 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (158 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (160 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (162 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (164 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (166 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (168 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (170 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (172 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (174 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (176 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (178 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (180 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (182 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (184 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (186 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (188 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (190 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (192 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (194 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (196 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (198 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (200 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (202 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (204 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (206 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (208 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (210 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (212 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (214 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (216 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (218 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (220 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (222 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (224 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (226 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (228 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (230 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (232 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (234 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (236 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (238 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (240 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (242 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (244 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (246 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (248 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (250 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (252 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (254 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (256 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (258 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (260 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (262 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (264 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (266 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (268 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (270 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (272 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (274 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (276 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (278 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (280 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (282 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (284 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (286 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (288 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (290 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (292 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (294 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (296 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (298 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (300 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (302 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (304 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (306 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (308 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (310 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (312 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (314 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (316 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (318 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (320 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (322 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (324 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (326 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (328 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (330 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (332 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (334 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (336 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (338 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (340 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (342 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (344 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (346 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (348 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (350 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (352 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (354 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (356 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (358 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (360 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (362 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (364 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (366 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (368 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (370 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (372 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (374 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (376 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (378 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (380 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (382 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (384 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (386 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (388 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (390 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (392 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (394 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (396 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (398 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alford (400 cyl)	A	A	A	A					



# CONQUERING WOUND INFECTION

SOME REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS IN SURGERY AND CHEMOTHERAPY

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

"AND you bring that from America? Pardon me if I laugh!"

In this fashion a prominent member of the Surgical Society of France two years ago greeted derisively an account of what Dr. Carrel was doing at his hospital at Compiègne, a few miles back from the western front. To-day, thanks to Carrel's courage and tireless efforts, an acknowledged revolution has been wrought in the treatment of infected wounds.

The War Demonstration Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute, built a few months back in New York City, is a vital and thrilling testimonial to what Alexis Carrel and a coterie of technicians achieved "over there." The purpose of the hospital is primarily to qualify our military surgeons for the work in Europe—and here, when the inevitable tide of wounded sets in. Through the application of the discoveries of Doctors Carrel and Dakin, and the contributive labors of their associates, injuries are healing to-day that have heretofore stubbornly remained inflamed or suppurating; healthy cuticle is forming upon raw places that have been angry and painful for months—seemingly incurable; skin grafts are taking where the nuclei of new cuticle have been unable to obtain a vital footing; and transplanted bone is making up for structural losses and becoming an integral part of its adopted setting.

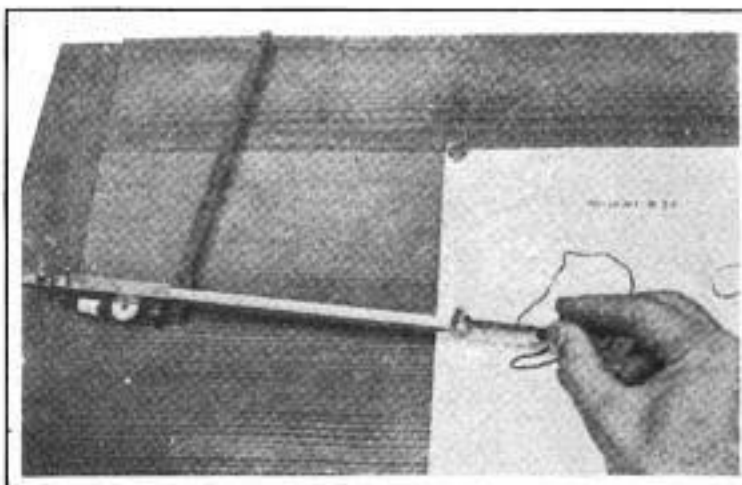
The fields of France and Belgium have been made fruitful through long periods of intensive cultivation—the fundamental result of abundant fertilizing; therefore the earth literally teems with micro-organisms that find lodgment through mud or dust upon the garments and bodies of the fighting men. It is only needful for a bit of shell, a bullet, or some other injuring instrument to carry the bacilli right into the raw tissues. After a few hours a small colony of germs so started becomes a densely populated city of millions of bacteria.

## Carrel's Battle with Bacilli

DR. CARREL'S problem, as he faced it in 1914, was threefold: first, to arrest the propagation of bacilli; next, to reduce them to a minimum in the quickest time; and, when successful in rendering the injuries surgically sterile, to bring their surfaces together to effect complete healing. Most of his professional brethren believed the knife to be the only recourse. They thought he was pursuing the unattainable. But he was keenly aware of the need of bodily and vital salvage: not only should life be conserved, but every useful limb kept whole if practicable.

The first thing necessary was a germicide which would kill any and all bacilli. After painstaking research, this was found by Doctors H. D. Dakin and Maurice Daufresne in hypochlorite of soda, a modified product of the ordinary chloride of lime. Hypochlorite of soda, apart from its antiseptic powers, has the peculiar property of quickly separating and dissolving dead tissues, etc., in an injury. By this action it destroys the lodging places of bacteria. A satisfactory way of applying it had to be devised. Though simple in form, the method adopted is one of the niceties of the treatment.

By means of rubber tubing attached to a glass reservoir, held at a suitable height above the patient, the antiseptic liquid is fed from time to time afresh down into the injury. If the wound have numerous recesses, perforated branch tubes carry the germicide to every part of it; and thus a supply of the hypochlorite is maintained in proper quantity and at a strength sufficient to battle effectively with the germs throughout the sterilizing period. The antiseptic has no curative properties, but by



The area of the injury which forms the basis for the normal healing curve is carefully ascertained by a planimeter

eradicating bacilli it leaves nature to carry on untrammelled her work of repair. When a wound has been sterilized in a surgical sense it is safe to bring the raw surfaces together to promote union. This epoch-making departure in surgery is seen now in its perfected form at the War Demonstration Hospital, the present Mecca of our military surgeons.

Why was Dr. Carrel opposed by his professional confrères? To put it broadly, they were unfamiliar with the peculiarities of microbial activity in war wounds. Dr. Carrel discovered that bacilli remain on the surfaces of injuries and do not for a fairly protracted period penetrate the tissues deeply. This delay in "digging in" gave him the chance to battle decisively with his microscopic foes. He proved that the surgeon's first task in the case of deep wounds, when the patient's condition permitted, was to open them up courageously and, as far as possible, to bare the entire tract of the damaged region. The next thing was to remove blood clots, dead tissues, detached splinters of bone, and all foreign substances about which or in which germs would otherwise find breeding places. The work of the knife, if properly executed, could be easily repaired once the injury was sterilized. This unhesitating use of the scalpel as an adjunct to sterilization was something of a departure. To-day, so-called surface wounds, despite their infected state when reaching the hospital, can be sterilized in the course of twenty-four hours! Irregular and deep wounds, even when complicated by fractured bones—a condition so common at the battle fronts—are made surgically sterile often in the course of five or six days; by surgically ster-

There are extremely severe wounds that cannot be closed until twelve, twenty, and possibly thirty days; but it should be borne in mind that then a degree of salvage is effected that would be quite impossible but for the helpful work of the antiseptic and strict adherence to the prescribed technique. The only other solution would be amputation. Where amputation is now practiced because of extensive damage due to gunfire, etc., by which so much substance is destroyed as to cut off vital circulation, it is no uncommon thing to see men so hurt walking around on artificial legs within from four to six weeks after their admission to hospitals employing the Carrel-Dakin treatment!

## Mathematically Correct

SO far chemistry and surgery have seemed to be the essential factors in this method of treating infected wounds; but mathematics and the microscope play also important parts. In 1908 Dr. Carrel discovered that a fixed relation exists between the size of a wound and the speed of its repair. He found that the healing process followed a fairly definite course. His investigations ended for the time being at that point; but since the outbreak of war his studies have brought his original revelation of ten years ago to a finished climax.

Captain Le Comte du Noüy, a youthful Parisian physicist, joined forces with Dr. Carrel at Compiègne, and there worked out an algebraic formula by which it is possible to predict the day of final healing and the rate of repair of an uninfected wound, provided the injury can be accurately measured at the start. He made it practicable thus to prepare a comparative or "control curve" upon a sheet of paper ruled off in uniform blocks—the lines in one direction indicating successive days and those in the other direction marking a scale of square centimeters, square centimeters being the unit of measurement used in recording the wound surface. The curve shows what would happen in a normal wound, healing aseptically, on a normal man.

To measure the hurt a thin sheet of sterilized celluloid is laid over the injury and the outline traced in India ink. This drawing is then transferred to paper and the area carefully ascertained by a planimeter. This initial measurement forms the basis for the curve of normal healing. Every four days following, another tracing is made and the area again determined. If this figure, for the day in question, does not coincide with the control curve for that day, the difference indicates that the wound

is not healing normally; and the amount of the variation is a fairly close index of the extent of infection, which is the real cause for the abnormal condition. The physician must act agreeably to this warning and correct his treatment accordingly.

Another check is a bacteriological examination of the injury made every two days. Samples are taken from the parts of the wound likeliest to be infected, and from these "smears" are prepared on thin glass slides, fixed by being exposed to a flame, and then stained so as to make the bacteria more distinct. By means of the microscope the number of bacilli is counted in every field of 1.9 millimeters and the result charted. When the average number



A class of U. S. Army surgeons at the War Demonstration Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute, where they are receiving instruction in the Carrel-Dakin treatment. Dr. Carrel in the center

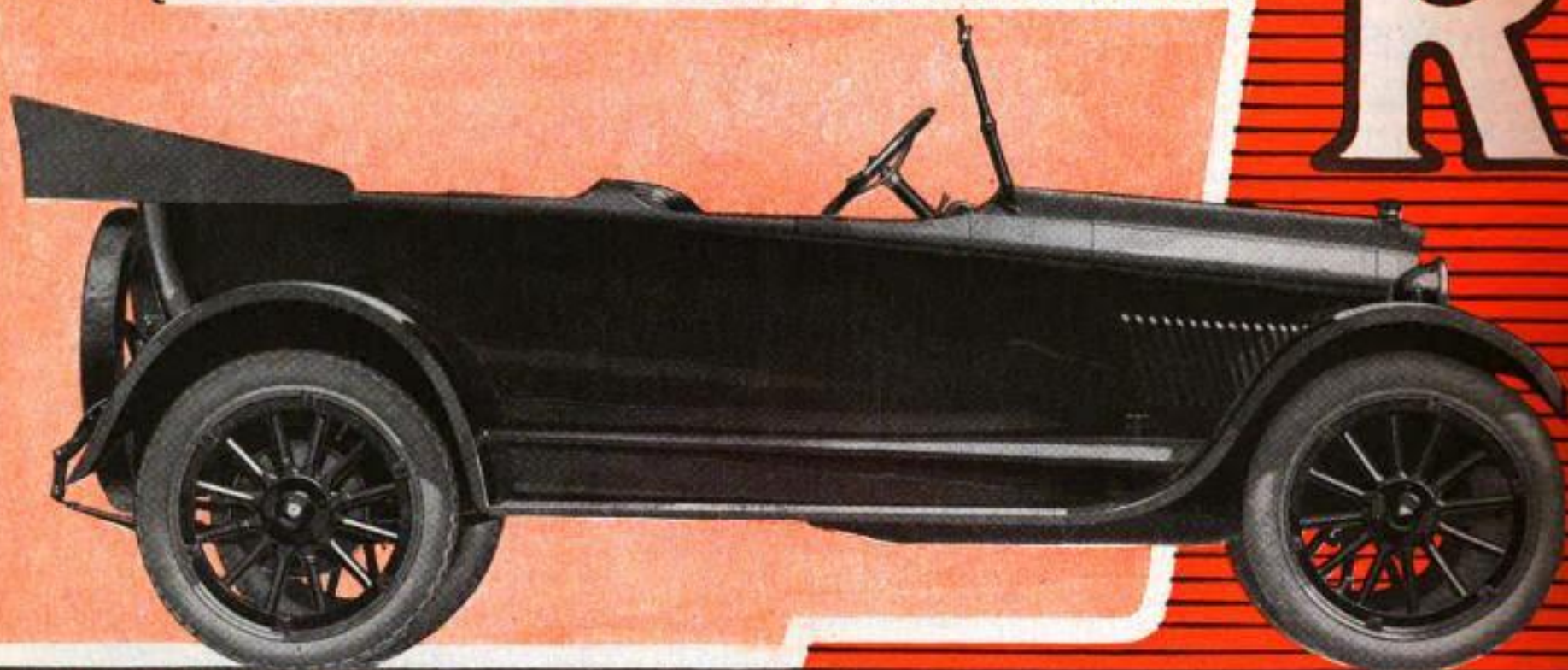
ile is meant the presence of so few bacilli that the wound can be closed without fear of fever or reinfection. In many cases of deep wounds, involving compound fracture and suppuration, they can be sterilized sufficiently for closing within the astonishingly brief span of twelve days!

of bacteria in five or ten fields of the microscope is found not to exceed one germ, the wound is ready for closing. The surgeon no longer speculates as to the condition of the injury; he does not rely upon mere visual inspection; he has positive means which tell him to a certainty (Continued on page 29)



## THE NEW

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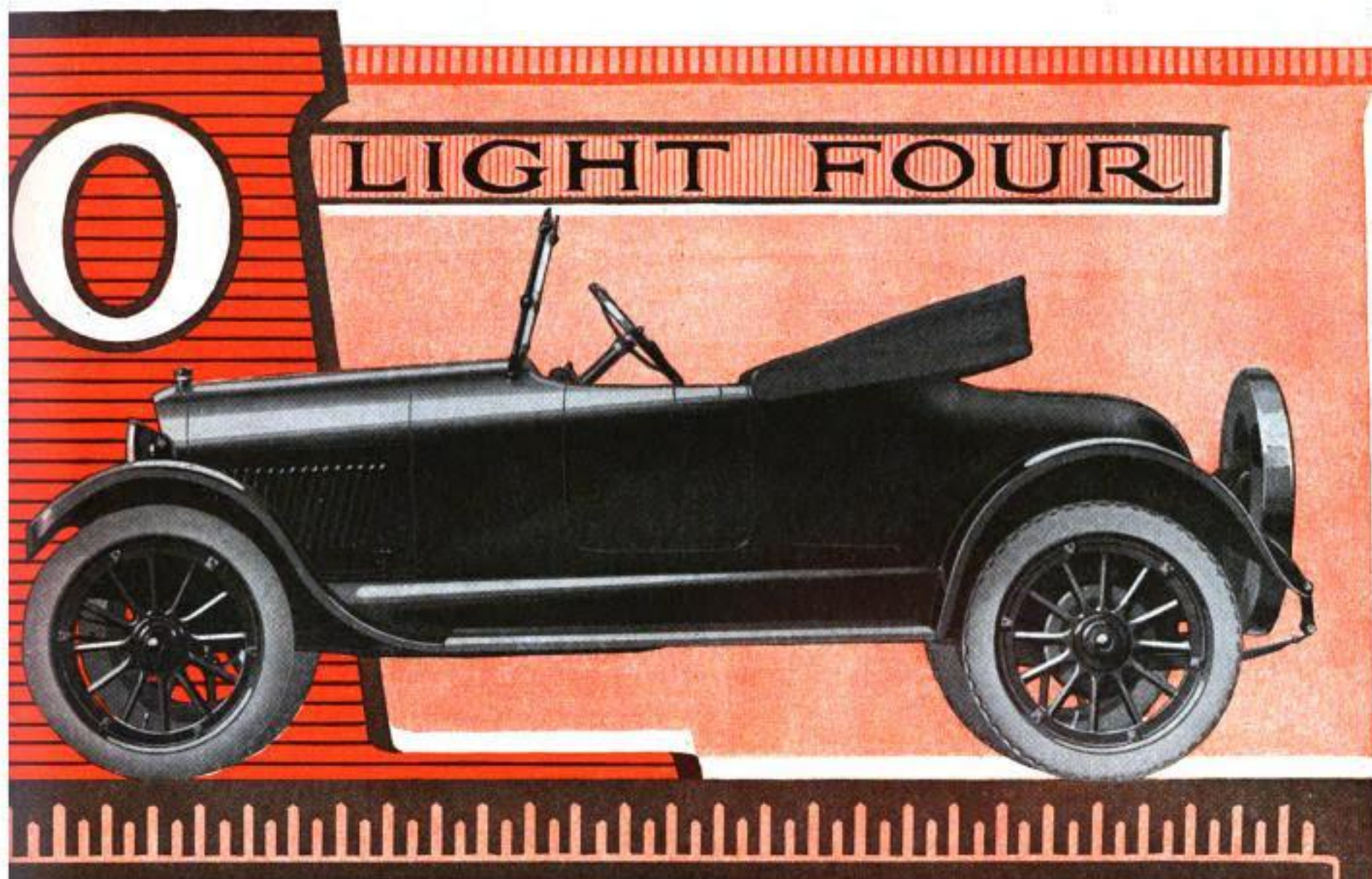
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ARD OF VALUES"



# THE SECRET OF THE FRAME HOUSE

BY WADSWORTH CAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



GARTH for a long time stared at the pallid features of the dead man. Abruptly his interest quickened. Between the thumb and forefinger of the clenched left hand, which drooped from the side of the bed, a speck of white protruded. The detective stooped swiftly. The hand, he saw, secreted a rough sheet of paper. He drew it free, smoothed the crumpled surface, and with a vast incredulity read the line scrawled across it:

*Don't think it's suicide. I've been killed—*

There was no more. Until that moment Garth had conceived no doubt of the man's self-destruction. The bullet had entered the left side of the breast. The revolver lay on the counterpane within an inch of the right hand whose fingers remained crooked. The position of the body did not suggest the reception or the resistance of an attack. In the room no souvenir of struggle survived. The inspector, in fact, while assigning his most adroit detective to the case, had assumed an air of apology.

"Nothing doing these days," he had grumbled. "City must be turning pure, Garth. Anyway, I got to give it something for its money. Run up and take a look at this suicide. Seems Taylor was a recluse. Alone with his mother-in-law and the servants. Wife's in California. Suppose you had other plans, but I don't see why the city should pay you to talk moonshine to Nora."

Garth had flushed without any defense, for it was no secret that he loved the inspector's daughter, who so far had failed to give him the answer he craved. So he had come resentfully, without interest, and here was this amazing message from the dead man. Its wording, indeed, offered the irrational impression of having been written after death.

Garth thought rapidly. Granted its accusation, the note must have been scrawled between the firing of the shot and the moment of Taylor's death. But a murderer, arranging this appearance of suicide, would have given Taylor no opportunity. On the other hand, the theory that Taylor had written the note before killing himself, perhaps to direct suspicion to some innocent person, broke down before the brief wording, its patent incompleteness. One possibility remained. Garth could imagine no motive, but another person might have prepared the strange message.

A number of books littered the reading table at the side of the bed. Garth examined them eagerly. He found a blank page torn from one—the sheet which Taylor had clenched in his fingers? In another was Taylor's signature. When Garth had compared it with the message on the crumpled paper no doubt remained. Taylor himself had written those obscure and provocative words.

Garth found the pencil on the floor beneath the bed, as if it might have rolled there when Taylor had dropped it. The place at the moment had nothing else to offer him beyond an abnormally large array in the bathroom of bottles containing for the most part stimulants and sedatives. They merely strengthened, by suggesting that Taylor was an invalid, his appearance of suicide.

THE coroner and Taylor's doctor, who came together, only added to the puzzle. The coroner declared unreservedly for suicide, and, in reply to Garth's anxious question, swore that no measurable time could have elapsed between the firing of the shot, which had pierced the heart, and Taylor's death. The physician was satisfied even after Garth confidentially had shown him the note.

"Mr. Taylor," he said then, "understood he had an incurable trouble. Everyone knows that his wife, whom he worshiped, had practically left him by going to California for so long. It may have appealed to a grim sense of humor, not unusual with chronic invalids, to puzzle us with that absurdly worded note. I might tell you, too, that Mr. Taylor for some time had had a fear that he might go out of his head. Perpetually he questioned me about insanity, and wanted to know what treatment I would give him if his mind went."

Garth, however, when they had left, walked to the library on the lower floor and telephoned headquarters. The inspector agreed that the case held a mystery which must be solved.

Garth entered the embrasure of a high colonial window. The early winter night was already thick above the world. The huge room was too dark. There was a morbid feeling about the house. He had noticed that coming in, for the place had offered one of those contrasts familiar to New York, where antique cars still rattle over sonorous subways. The Taylor home was a large, colonial frame farmhouse which had eventually been crowded by the modern and extravagant dwellings of a fashionable uptown district. In spite of its generous furnishings it projected even to this successful, materialistic detective a heavy air of the past, melancholy, disturbing.

Garth sighed. He had made up his mind. The best way to get at the truth was to accept for the present the dead man's message at its face value. He turned on the single light above the desk in the center of the room. He arranged a chair so that the glare would search its occupant. He sat opposite in the shadow and pressed a button. Almost at once he heard dragging footsteps in the hall, then a timid rapping at the door. The door opened slowly. A bent old man in livery shuffled across the threshold. It was the servant who had admitted Garth on his arrival a few minutes earlier. The detective indicated the chair on which the light fell.

"Sit down there, please."

As the old man obeyed, his limbs shook with a sort of palsy. From his sallow and sunken face, restless, bloodshot eyes gleamed.

"I understand from the doctor," Garth began, "that you are McDonald, Mr. Taylor's trusted servant. The coroner says death occurred last night or early this morning. Tell me why you didn't find the body until nearly four o'clock this afternoon."

The old servant bent forward, placing the palm of his hand against his ear:

"Eh? Eh?"

In a higher key Garth repeated his question, McDonald answered in tremulous tones, clearing his throat from time to time as he explained that because of his master's bad health his orders had been never to disturb him except in cases of emergency. He drew a telegram from his pocket, passing it across to Garth.

"Mrs. Taylor is on her way home from California. I don't think Mr. Taylor knew just what connection

she would make at Chicago, but he expected her to-morrow. That telegram, sent from the train at Albany, says she will be in this afternoon on the Western express. I thought it my duty to disturb him and get him up to welcome her, for he was very fond of her, sir. It will be cruel hard for her to find such a welcome as this."

"Then," Garth said, "you heard no shot?"

McDonald indicated his ears. Garth tugged at his watch chain. "I must know," he said, "more about the conditions in this house last night."

He had spoken softly, musingly, yet the man, who had displayed the symptoms of radical deafness, glanced up, asking without hesitation: "You don't suspect anything out of the way, sir?"

Garth studied him narrowly. "I want to know why the shot wasn't heard. You were here and Mr. Taylor's mother-in-law. Who else?"

The bony hand snapped to McDonald's ear again. "Eh? Eh?"

"Speak up," Garth said impatiently. "Who was in the house besides yourself and Mrs. Taylor's mother?"

"The cook, Clara, sir—only the cook, Clara."

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely, sir. Who else should there be? We've been short of servants lately."

GARTH dismissed him, instructing him to send Mrs. Taylor's mother. While he waited he stared from the window again, jerking savagely at his watch ribbon. From McDonald he had received a sharp impression of secretiveness. He hadn't cared to arouse the servant's suspicions. Through strategy he might more surely learn whatever the old man had held back.

Garth swung around with a quick intake of breath. He had heard no one enter. Through the obscurity, accented rather than diminished by the circular patch of light around the chair, he could see no one. Yet almost with a sense of vibration there had



"She ran up these stairs, and I could see through the banisters..."



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reached him through the somber atmosphere of the old house an assurance that he was no longer alone, that he was watched from the shadows. Impulsively he called out: "Who's that?"

He stepped to the desk so that he could see the portion of the room beyond the light. It was empty. Garth, as such things go, had no nerves, but through his bewilderment a vague uneasiness crept.

He sprang back, turning. A clear, girlish laugh had ripped through the dusk. A high girlish voice had challenged him. "Here I am! Hide and seek with the policeman!"

He saw, half hidden in the folds of the curtain at the side of the embrasure in which he had stood, a figure, indistinct, clothed evidently in black. He took it for granted McDonald had sent the girl, Clara, first.

"I wanted Mr. Taylor's mother-in-law," he said. "No matter. Come here, and let me remind you that humor is out of place in a house of death."

Nevertheless, the pleasant laugh rippled again. Slowly the dark figure detached itself from the shadows and settled in the chair while Garth watched, his uneasiness drifting into a blank unbelief. He couldn't accept the girlish laughter, the high, coquettish voice as having come from the gray, witchlike hag whom the light now exposed mercilessly.

"I am Mr. Taylor's mother-in-law," she said laughingly. "Everybody's surprised because I'm so youthful. My daughter's coming home this afternoon. That's why I'm so happy. They wouldn't let me go West with her, but when one's as advanced as I, young people don't bother much."

GARTH experienced a quick sympathy, yet behind the mental deterioration of extreme old age something useful might lurk.

"You slept in the front part of the house last night," he tried. "You probably heard the shot."

She shook her head. Her sunken mouth twitched in a smile a trifle sly. "Once I drop off, it would take a cannonade to wake me up."

For no apparent reason her youthful and atrocious laugh rippled again.

"Please," Garth said gently. "Mr. Taylor—"

"At my age," she broke in, "you say when a younger person dies: 'Ha, ha! I stole a march on that one.'"

She arose and with a curious absence of sound moved toward the door. "I must go now. I am knitting a sweater. It was for my son-in-law. Now that he's put himself out of the way, it might fit you."

The door closed behind her slender figure, and Garth tugged at his watch ribbon, wondering. Her actions had been too determined, her last words too studied. They had seemed to hold a threat. Was she as senile as she appeared, or had she tried to throw sand in his eyes?

He rang and sent for the cook, Clara, unaware that a new and significant surprise awaited him in this dreary room. The girl, when she came, was young, and, in a coarse mold, pretty. When she had sat down the light disclosed a tremulousness as pronounced as McDonald's. Before Garth could question



The old servant bent forward, placing the palm of his hand against his ear

her she burst out hysterically: "I am going to leave this house. I was going to leave to-day anyway."

Garth pitched his voice in a cold, even note: "For the present you'll stay. Mr. Taylor didn't kill himself. He was murdered."

She covered her face with her hands, shivering. "I didn't kill him. I didn't—"

"But," Garth snapped, "you know who did."

She shook her head with stubborn vehemence.

"I don't know anything," she answered, "except that I must leave this house."

"Why? Because you think the old lady's crazy, and she frightens you? I want to know about that."

As Clara lowered her hands the increased fear, rather than the tears in her eyes, held Garth. She shook her head again.

"I've only been here a week. I haven't seen much of her. She's only been to meals once or twice, and then she's scarcely said a word."

She glanced about the room with its small-paned windows, its deep embrasures, its shallow ceiling.

"It isn't that," she whispered. "It's because the house is full of queer things. The servants all felt it. They talked about spirits and left. Five have come and gone in the week I've been here. But I've never been superstitious, and I didn't hear anything until last night."

Garth stirred. "What did you hear? When was it?"

"About midnight," she answered tensely. "I had had company in the kitchen until then, so I was alone downstairs. McDonald had told me before he went to bed to make sure the last thing that the library fire was all right. I had looked at it and had put the

fender up and was just leaving the room when I heard this sound—like moans, sir. I—I've never heard such suffering."

She shuddered. "It was like a voice from the grave—like somebody trying to get out of the grave."

"But you heard no shot?"

"No, sir."

Garth spoke tolerantly. "These sounds must have come from upstairs. You've forgotten that Mr. Taylor was an invalid."

She cried out angrily. "It wasn't like a man's or a woman's voice, and I can't tell where it came from. I tell you it was like—a dead voice."

"You failed to trace it, of course," Garth said. "Describe to me what you did."

"I ran to the kitchen," she answered, "but, as I told you, there was no one there. McDonald had gone to bed, and so had his daughter."

Garth stooped swiftly forward and grasped her arm. "What's that you're saying? His daughter! You mean to tell me McDonald has a daughter and she was in the house last night?"

She shrank from his excited gesture. "Yes. He asked me not to tell you, but I'm frightened. I don't want to get in trouble. She's the housekeeper. She engages all the servants and runs the house."

"Then where is she now?"

"She must have gone out early this morning, sir, for I haven't seen her all day. I wanted to be fair. I've only been waiting for her to come back so I could tell her I was leaving."

"Send McDonald back to me," Garth said, "unless he's left the house too."

The butler had deliberately lied to shield his daughter, and had asked secrecy of this girl. And all this talk of spirits and of cries! It was turning out an interesting case after all—possibly an abnormal one. Moreover, he was getting somewhere with it.

MCDONALD slipped in. He was more agitated than before. His face was distorted. His tongue moistened his lips thirstily. Against his will Garth applied the method he knew would bring the quickest result with such a man. He grasped the stoop shoulders. He shouted: "Why did you lie when I asked you who was in the house at the time of the murder?"

"Eh? Eh?" the old man quavered.

"You're not as deaf as that. Where's your daughter now?"

"My ears!" the old servant whined. "I can't hear."

"All right!" Garth shouted. "If you want to go to the lockup and your daughter too, stay as deaf as you please."

He wasn't prepared for the revolting success that came to him. McDonald clutched at one of the window curtains and hid his twitching face in its folds, while sobs, difficult and sickening, tore from his throat, shaking his bent shoulders.

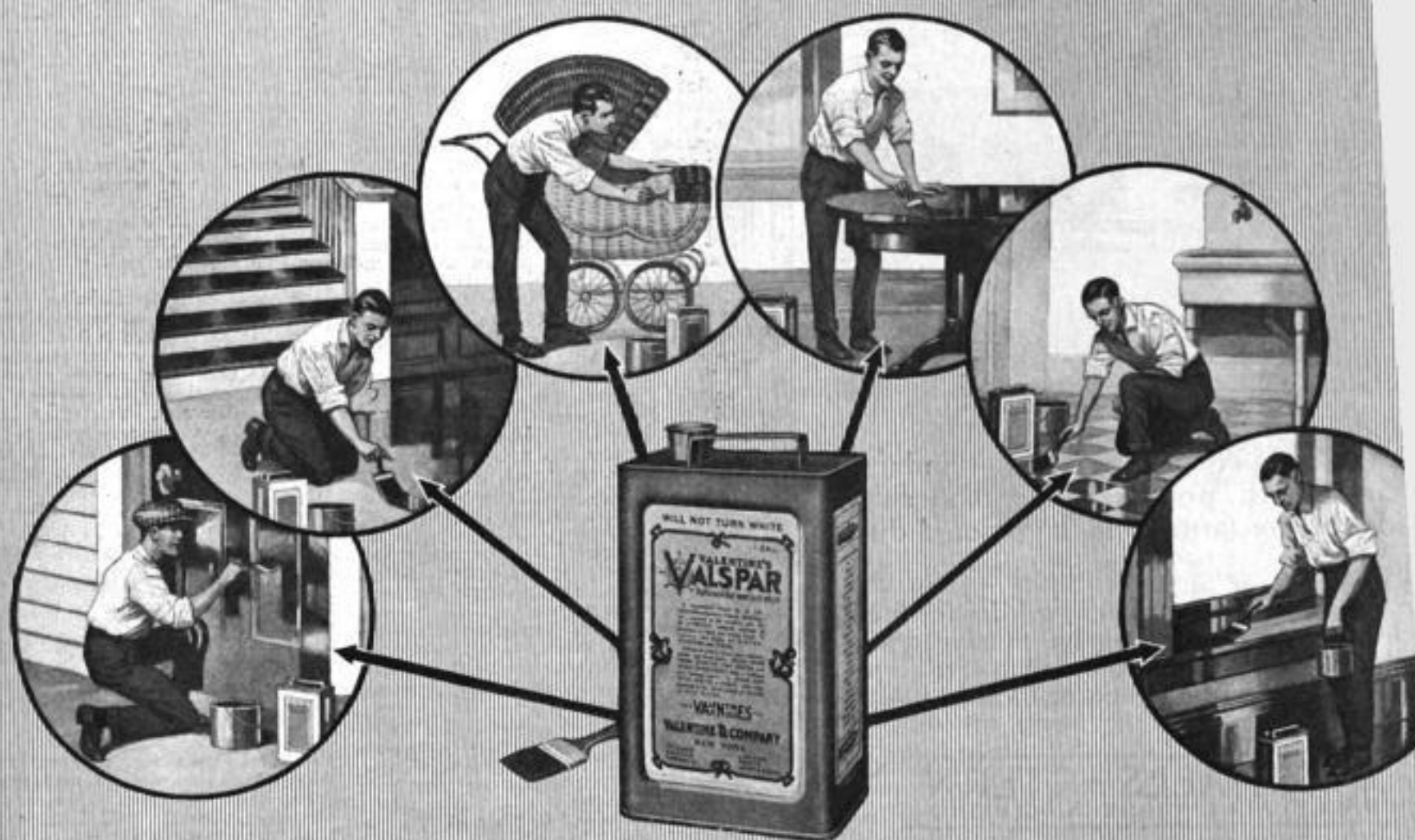
"God knows! I haven't seen her since I went to bed last night. I thought she'd gone out." He glanced up, his face grimacing. "Don't you think she did it. Don't you think—"

(Continued on page 24)



"There she was, a black thing, bending over him like—like a vampire"





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## The Secret of the Frame House

Continued from page 22

"First of all," Garth said, "I want her picture."

"I haven't any," McDonald cried.

But Garth hadn't missed the man's instinctive gesture toward his watch pocket. Then, whether he actually knew anything or not, he suspected his daughter and sought to protect her. Against his protests Garth took the watch and, as he had foreseen, found a photograph in the case. The picture was not of a young woman, but the face was still attractive in an uncompromising fashion. It was this hardness, this determination about the picture that made Garth decide that the original, under sufficient provocation, would be capable of killing.

"For her sake and yours, McDonald," he said, "answer one thing truthfully. Did she fancy herself any more than a superior servant? Had she formed for Mr. Taylor any silly attachment?"

McDonald's reply was quick and assured: "To Mr. Taylor she was only a trusted servant, sir, and she knew her place."

The whirring of a motor suggested that an automobile had drawn up before the house. Garth slipped the photograph in his pocket.

"If that is Mrs. Taylor arriving," he said, with an uncomfortable desire to shirk the next few minutes, "the news of her husband's death might come easier from you."

"I telephoned Mr. Reed," McDonald said. "He's an old friend of hers and Mr. Taylor's. I told him about the telegram, and he's probably met her and brought her home."

"I will be here," Garth said, "if she wishes to speak to me."

HE heard McDonald open and close the front door. Then the widow entered, followed by a young man with an abundance of dark hair curling over a low forehead and shading eyes a trifle too deep-set. But at first Garth saw only the woman, and he marveled that one so young and lovely in an ethereal sense should have been mated to the elderly invalid upstairs. As he looked, it suddenly occurred to him that Reed, since he had lost Taylor as a friend, might crave more than friendship from the widow.

She sank on a divan. Even in the shadows her heavy black hair and the dark-gray traveling dress she wore heightened the weary pallor of her face. Had her eyes held tears, they would have been easier to meet, for the shock was there, dry and unrelieved.

"It is dreadful to come home this way," she said. "Dreadful! I had never dreamed of his doing such a thing."

"It is by no means certain," Garth said gently, "that he killed himself. There is a curious situation in this house. McDonald's daughter, the housekeeper, for instance, has not been seen since a short time before the crime."

Her lips twitched a little. He fancied hope in her eyes.

"If I could only cry!" she said. "At any rate that would be better for his memory, wouldn't it? You suspect this woman?"

"If you are able," Garth said, "I would like you to tell me something about her."

"I have never seen her," she answered. "She came after I went West. McDonald had a good deal of influence over Mr. Taylor. My husband and I never quite trusted him. There's no use. You might as well know the truth about Mr. Taylor and me. You've probably heard. We were never quite happy. He was so much older. We never quite belonged to each other. But that is all. It isn't true, all this gossip that I went West for a divorce, and I don't believe he was the man to kill himself. If there has been a crime against him, I want the world to know it. I want his memory clean."

QUICKLY the man Reed touched her shoulder. For the first time since entering the room he spoke. His voice possessed a peculiar, aggressive resonance.

"Helen, you shouldn't take too seriously this detective's suspicion that he was murdered."

Garth motioned him to silence.

"At such a time," he said to Mrs. Taylor, "I dislike to bother you, but I'd like to ask one or two questions. Your mother? Her mind?"

He caught a flash of pain across her white face.

"She has always been peculiar," she

answered, "but she isn't out of her head, if that's what you mean. I've always thought it a habit of hers to hide her real thoughts behind apparent absurdities."

"I had wondered about that," Garth said with satisfaction. "One more thing. There has been talk among the servants of spirits, or moans."

She shivered. "I know nothing of such things," she said, "except that the house is unbearable. That is one reason I decided on this long visit, why I shrank from coming home."

"Unbearable?" Garth helped her out.

"Old, moldy, and depressing. My husband, I think, believed in it a little. I've heard him and my mother talk about a figure in black who sometimes walked. I laughed at that, and I laughed when they heard moans. You see, the wind often cries in the narrow space between us and the high wall of the next house. I've never liked it here. It depresses me too much. That's all."

"Thanks," Garth said. "You will want time to accustom yourself. Rest assured I will do everything I can to get the truth."

"You must," she said tensely; "and don't hesitate to disturb me if I can be of any use."

As they went out the resonance of Reed's undertone reached Garth.

"Helen, you are giving this man's suspicion too much weight. He seems to have no evidence."

After the door had closed Garth telephoned the inspector, suggesting that the house be guarded in order that he might have McDonald, Clara, and the old lady at hand. "I'll give instructions," the throaty rumble of the inspector came back, "to arrest anyone who tries to make a get-away."

Garth hurried to the kitchen. The night was nearly complete there, but, as he entered, he caught a swift, silent movement from the servants' stairs. He walked to the entrance. "I thought so."

The girl Clara shrank from him in the shadows. She wore a hat and cloak. She carried a hand bag.

"If you don't want yourself locked up, charged with murder, take those things off," Garth said. "From this moment the house is watched, and anyone trying to leave will be arrested."

The girl commenced to cry again.

"I am afraid," she sobbed—"afraid."

Garth turned on the light.

"Take me," he directed her, "to the room occupied by the housekeeper."

SHAKEN and apprehensive, Clara led him to a room at the head of the stairs, which, Garth found, had a second door opening into the upper hall of the front portion of the house. The room displayed a taste seldom found among servants. His examination of it from the first spurred Garth's curiosity. The bed had been occupied last night, but to all appearances for only a brief period, since the blankets and sheets were little disturbed. Some clothing and a pair of shoes lay at one side, and clothing, shoes, and hats were neatly arranged in the closet, but nowhere could he find a dressing gown or a pair of bedroom slippers. Clara, moreover, could not recall having seen the housekeeper wear any hat or clothes other than those in the closet. If McDonald's daughter had fled in slippers and dressing gown, it was strange she hadn't been heard of long ago. It became increasingly clear to him that the woman remained hidden in the house. It should be easy enough to find her. He would search every corner for the one whose brain, he was now convinced, harbored the solution of the mystery. But on the lower floor he found no trace. He paused in the lower hall, intending to ring for McDonald to guide him through the rest of his task.

All at once his hand, which he had raised to the bell, hesitated. He braced himself against the wall. Through the heavy atmosphere a stifled groan had reached him, followed by a difficult, dragging sound. But as he sprang up the stairs he knew he hadn't heard the cause of Clara's fright, for the groan had sufficiently defined itself as having come from a man.

In the upper hall there was no light beyond the glow sifting through the stair well. It was enough to show Garth a dark form huddled at the foot of the stairs leading to the third story. He ran over and stooped. "McDonald! What's the matter? Are you hurt?"



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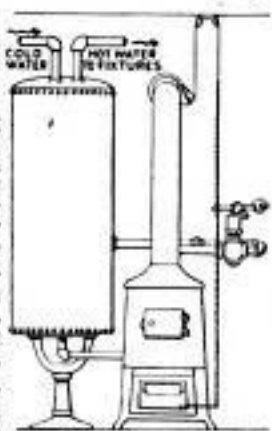
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The silence of the house was heavier, more secretive than before.

At last, in response to Garth's efforts, a whimpering came from McDonald's throat. The heap against the wall struggled impotently to rise. Garth recalled the medicines in Taylor's bathroom and started down the hall. The unintelligible whimpering increased. Garth went on, aware that the black, huddled figure crawled after him with the amazing and unreasonable courage of a wounded animal.

He snapped on the light and ran to Taylor's bathroom, where he poured a stimulant into a glass. As he stepped back to the bedroom he faced Taylor's body on which the light shone with peculiar reflections. They gave to the pallid face the quality of a sneer. But it was only in connection with another radical difference at the bed that that illusion arrested Garth, and sent a chill racing along his nerves. For on the counterpane, as near the crooked fingers as the revolver lay, now rested a long and ugly kitchen knife.

WITH a graver fear the detective glanced at the door to the hall. McDonald had dragged himself that far. He raised his trembling hand, stretching it toward the bed in a gesture, it seemed to Garth, of impossible accusation. Then the crouched figure toppled and fell across the threshold, while from somewhere beyond the door a high girlish laugh rippled.

Garth sprang forward and knelt by the old man, reluctant to search for what he expected to find. There it was at the back of the coat, a jagged tear whose edges were stained, showing where the knife had penetrated the shoulder. The wound didn't look deep or dangerous, and in his unconsciousness McDonald breathed regularly. So Garth hurried back to the bed and examined the weapon. There was no ambiguity about the red stains on the blade. The knife, resting close to the dead hand, had wounded McDonald, who had seemed to accuse the still form whose note projected the impression of having been written after death.

Garth smothered his morbid thoughts. McDonald's daughter was the living force, probably at large in this house, that he wanted to chain. If she were guilty of the earlier crime, she had sufficient motive for this attempt to keep the old man silent. She could have got such a knife from the kitchen. So, for that matter, could Clara. But the eccentric had laughed. Was that merely coincidence? Garth ran across the hall and listened at her door with an increasing excitement. He heard the running of water, regularly interrupted, as if by hands being cleansed under an open faucet. He tried the door and found it unlocked. He entered, staring at the daring indifference of the old woman who stepped from the bathroom, calmly drying her hands on a towel.

"Come in, policeman," she said in her high, girlish voice. "Don't suffer in the black hall."

"Let me have that towel," he cried.

Without hesitation she offered him the piece of linen. It showed no stains, nor were there stains to be found about the washbasin, but the slab of marble in which it was set was damp as if it had just now been carefully cleansed. She watched, her wrinkled face set in an expression of contempt. "What are you up to? Think if I wanted to do anything wrong I'd let you find me out?"

"Then you know," he said, "what happened out there in the hall. I heard you laugh."

She started. Her voice was lower. At last it was as old as herself.

"Things always happen out there. It is crowded with the people who have lived in this house before us—unhappy and angry people. Often I have seen and heard the black thing out there. I would never laugh at her."

AGAIN the doubt of her senility attacked him. "You can't impress me with that," he said harshly. "I am talking about McDonald. He was stabbed a few minutes ago."

She laughed foolishly. "Horrid old man! But why should I want to see him stabbed?"

He watched her closely. "I saw you strike him. You didn't have enough strength to send the blow home."

The assurance of her voice increased his doubt. Whatever her mental state, she was at least purposeful. "You need glasses, policeman. Don't neglect your eyes. You have only one pair."

He felt himself against a blank wall, and there was McDonald to think of.



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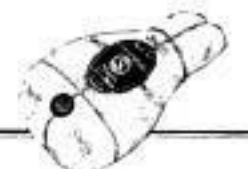
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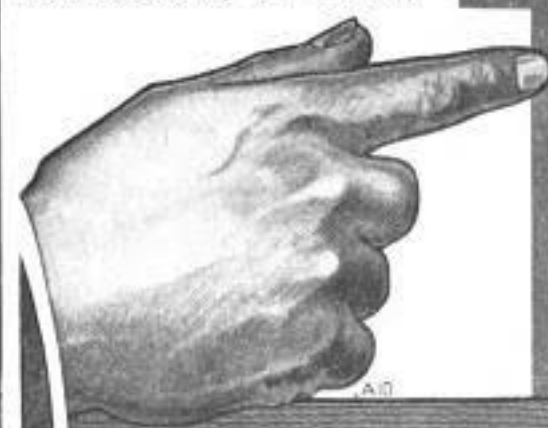
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He asked one more question: "When did you last see McDonald's daughter?" "Maybe at dinner last night," she said. "Nice girl, in spite of her father. I must go back to my knitting, policeman."

Garth left her, hurrying downstairs to the front door. He called the policeman from the shadows of the portico, instructing him to go to the large apartment house on the corner where he would almost certainly find a physician.

AS he gave his directions he saw a slender girl cross the street and come up the steps; and, as he looked at the pretty Latin face, expressive of an exceptional intelligence, his morose and puzzled mind brightened. The inspector's daughter had more than once entered his cases and brought them to a success he appreciated he might not have won alone, but he was surprised to see her now, and a little worried, for a grave menace existed for everyone in this house. Moreover, the case mystified him to the point where he felt he must find the solution himself. He didn't care to place himself again under obligations to her. Rather he was ambitious to impress her, perhaps to the removal of her reserve which had always raised a barrier between them.

"Father's told me about the case," she said. "I couldn't keep away, because you're so hard-headed, Jim, whenever anything has an appearance of the supernatural."

Smiling whimsically, she glanced at his frayed watch ribbon. "I see you haven't found the answer yet. Tell me everything you have learned while you have been torturing that poor ribbon."

"Ghosts or not, Nora," he answered, "the house isn't healthy, and I'd rather you didn't stay."

She laughed and walked in. Shrugging his shoulders, he followed her, closed the door, and told her what had happened since he had telephoned the inspector. Her face, he noticed, had grown pale, and a troubled look had entered her eyes. She shivered. "What an uncomfortable place! I can guess what Clara meant. Don't you get an impression of great suffering, Jim?"

He was familiar with her superstitious sensibility which at times seemed nearly psychic. It irritated him that to his own matter-of-fact mind the house had from the first conveyed a sense of unhealth. As he started to laugh at her, Nora with a quick movement shrank against the wall.

"What's that?" she whispered.

Garth strained forward, listening, too. He had heard at last what Clara had described, a crying, smothered and scarcely audible; and he knew what the girl had meant when she had spoken of a voice from the grave—a dead voice.

Across the moaning cut a shrill feminine scream.

"Stay here," Garth called to Nora as he started up the stairs.

He heard her voice, like an echo behind him, as full of misgivings as Clara's had been. "I am afraid."

At the foot of the attic stairs he saw the white figure of Mrs. Taylor, staring upward, trembling, hysterical, a violent fear in her eyes.

"You heard it too," she breathed.

"It wasn't the wind."

With a shuddering gesture she indicated McDonald's still form.

"He isn't dead," Garth said.

WHILE she relaxed a little the fear in her eyes didn't diminish. "I—I heard her moan," she said. "I opened my door, and there she was, a black thing, bending over him like—like a vampire. I couldn't seem to see her face. She ran up these stairs, and I could see through the banisters that she went in the big attic room—the room they always talked about where the woman in black—"

She broke off, screaming sharply again: "Look out! Back of you! There's something black creeping up the stairs—"

Garth had been aware of Nora's slow ascent. As he turned she reached the upper floor and the light from the well caught her face.

"A friend who has just come," Garth explained to Mrs. Taylor. "There is nothing to frighten you. The woman you saw is McDonald's daughter. I had satisfied myself she was in the house. The case is ended with her arrest."

"But I don't understand," Nora said in a frightened voice. "Why should she cry through the house in this fashion, practically calling us? Why should her face be hidden?"

But Garth had run up the attic stairs. The two women followed as if each were unwilling to be left alone. Garth snapped on his pocket lamp. The light

flashed against the only door on the attic floor. Mrs. Taylor pointed to it.

"I saw her go in there," she whispered.

Garth grasped the knob, but Nora drew him back.

"You'll walk into a trap!" she warned.

"You saw the old man downstairs," Mrs. Taylor breathed. "It isn't safe."

Garth smiled at their apprehensions. "I am going to arrest the woman in that room."

Holding his revolver ready, he flung open the door. With a triumphant excitement he flashed his lamp about the interior of the room. Then he sprang back, a little fear in his own face. His exclamation was disappointed and incredulous. As he pointed, the lamp in his hand trembled. Its yellow radiance shook about an empty room. "You heard her, Nora! You saw her, Mrs. Taylor!"

THE others followed him uncertainly into the huge attic room. The plaster was stained and cracked. The single window at the end was boarded over. Beneath it an iron bed rested against the wall. Cluttering the floor was the usual conglomeration of old furniture. But there was no possible hiding place, no means of escape.

Garth felt himself caught in the sway of mocking and incomprehensible forces. With logical stubbornness he measured the walls and sounded the plaster until he was certain, while the women watched him with a deepening fear.

"Since she's been seen and heard she's in the house," he muttered. "Her disappearance from this attic is inexplicable, but we'll find her just the same. Nora, you and Mrs. Taylor take the bedrooms while I go through the cellar and the lower floor again. Don't lose any time."

On his way down he saw the doctor, brought by the policeman. The man was bending over McDonald.

"The wound is nothing," the doctor said in answer to his eager questions. "But he's old. There's been a slight paralytic stroke from the shock."

"When," Garth asked with a feeling of helplessness, "will he be able to talk?"

"Certainly not for several days," the doctor answered. "I'll get him to his room and make him as comfortable as possible."

While Garth went on down, helpless and bewildered, he heard again the old woman's gibing laugh. It assumed the quality of a threat as he searched unsuccessfully the cellar and the back part of the house. He met Nora in the library. Mrs. Taylor and she had found nothing upstairs. It seemed definite there was no woman hidden in the building. Reed's tall figure stalked through the doorway. Garth had supposed the man had gone home immediately after bringing Mrs. Taylor from the station.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Reed yawned. "Mrs. Taylor and this young lady startled me by searching the spare bedroom in which I was sitting. They were after a woman in black. Sounds rather silly, doesn't it? I've heard Taylor drool about his pet ghost—lady in black, strangled in attic by jealous husband. I see you're surprised to find me still here. I thought it was understood I should stay and be of what help I could to Mrs. Taylor and her mother."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to stay for some time," Garth answered dryly.

"The house is guarded. No one will be permitted to leave until I have found or accounted for McDonald's daughter."

"Clever girl that!" Reed said indifferently. "Never heard her open her mouth."

He took a book from a shelf and seated himself in a comfortable chair by the lamp. "If I can be of any use, you'll find me here or in my room."

"I'm wondering," Garth answered, "if Clara knows anything about McDonald's daughter. For to-night the back part of the house interests me."

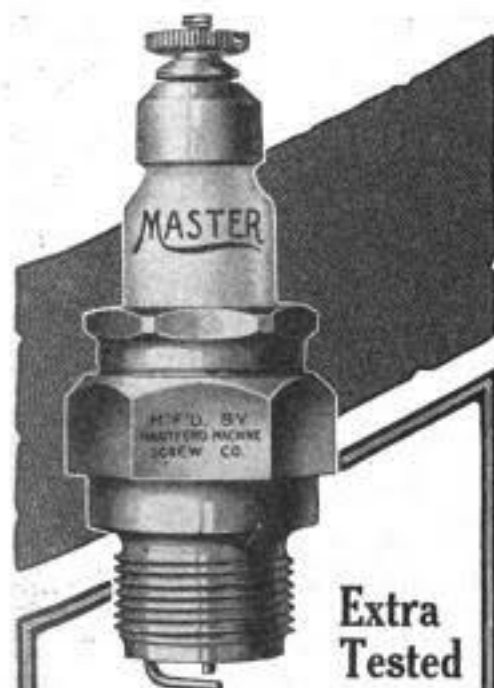
At his nod Nora followed him into the hall.

"Apparently Reed knows nothing," Nora said. "But the old woman—"

"I'm thinking about the room where Taylor's body lies," Garth replied.

"From the first an attempt seems to have been made to color the case with the supernatural. The wording of Taylor's note, for instance. An illusion is furnished us that it was written after the man's death. That is followed by another illusion that his cold hand wounded McDonald with the knife. And this crying! The complete disappearance of the black figure almost under our eyes! I grant you it's a moldy, unhealthy house, but it can't shelter such miracles. These phases are clear—"





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ly manifestations of some abnormal criminality. I have to work on physical lines. The black figure ought to prove that the woman is actually hidden here. The knife on Taylor's bed means that the murderer was in the room this evening. McDonald's gesture, instead of accusing, probably tried to tell me that; tried to warn me, perhaps, that the murderer would return again to the body. I didn't tell Reed the truth. I am going to that room about which nearly everything centers. Before the night is over it may explain to me what McDonald tried to say. There, at any rate, my mind should be more receptive to that flash of intuition which I need to make some theory fit this mystery. Since the house is clearly dangerous, Nora, I want you to go home."

Her laugh was uncomfortable, but Garth recognized its determined quality. "I'll see it through, thanks," she said. "I want this sense of suffering destroyed. I want—you don't know how anxious I am—to see the case put on a physical basis. I'll watch with you."

SINCE he failed to alter her determination, he sent her upstairs to make sure no one was spying, for he wished their entrance to the room of death to remain a secret. She beckoned him from the head of the stairs, and he went up, and they entered the black room.

Garth closed the door and snapped his light on. Immediately strange reflections played again over the face of the dead man. Its sneering expression seemed to follow Garth as he moved about, searching in the closets and the bathroom, looking behind each piece of furniture. Meantime Nora waited, for the moment stripped of her familiar confidence. She watched the dead man rather than Garth. The knife and the revolver, close to the cold and motionless hand, appeared to fascinate her.

"No one!" Garth whispered. "No evidence, beyond the knife, that anyone has been here unlawfully!"

He removed the cushions from a lounge and arranged them in a window recess. He seated himself with Nora there. He drew the curtains so that they would be thoroughly concealed from anyone entering the room. Then he snapped off the light.

The vigil, Garth realized nearly at once, would not be comfortable. Nora's obvious tenseness encouraged him to morbid fancies, to formidable premonitions. The heavy black silence of the decaying house became more oppressive. The near presence of the soulless thing on the bed, which had yielded to him the puzzling note, seemed through the night capable of a malicious and unique activity. Garth, in spite of himself, became expectant of some abnormal and impossible movement in the room. Nora, he knew, listened with him. Once she whispered: "Haven't you a feeling there is some one here who laughs at us?"

The old woman's atrocious mirth came back to him. "Hush! It is better even not to whisper."

THE minutes loitered. The silence grew thicker, the presence of Taylor's body more oppressive. Then suddenly through the night Garth became finally aware of a movement in the room, and at first it seemed to be in keeping with the supernatural fears Nora had imposed on him.

He aroused himself. He commenced to reason. He had not heard the door open or close, but the intruder must have entered that way. Again his ears caught a sly scraping movement as of one walking stealthily, and the sound was nearer—between the window recess and the bed. Garth thrust his revolver and his lamp through the narrow opening between the curtains and pressed the control. There was no more shuffling. Nora averted closer. The light resolved all of Garth's doubts. He became efficient again. For, while there was a ghoul-like quality about the picture his lamp had suddenly illuminated, the figure bending over the body was sufficiently human. In this position, however, because of the dressing gown and the slippers, its sex remained undefined; but Garth, remembering his examination of the housekeeper's room, thought he knew.

Yet he couldn't understand what the creature was doing. One hand had partly drawn from beneath the mattress what appeared to be a long and wide piece of jet-black cloth.

"Game's up!" Garth said. "I've got you. Turn around and let me have a look at your pretty face." The bent shoulders twitched. "Come!" Garth continued harshly. "You're no ghost. You can't evaporate before our eyes again."

Then, with a gesture of repulsion,



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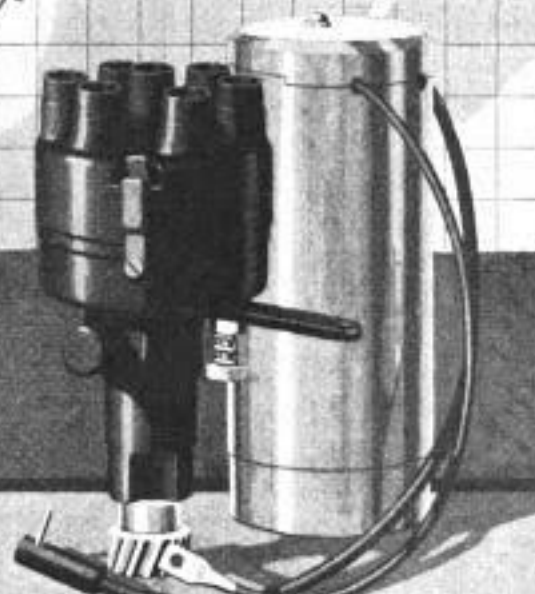
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the hand let the piece of black cloth fall. It trailed across the floor, one end still caught beneath the mattress. Slowly the figure turned until a profile cut against the shaft of light, Nora cried out her surprise. Garth sprang erect, covering with his revolver, not McDonald's daughter, but the friend of Taylor and his wife, the man Reed.

The shock of discovery stripped Reed of his control. He glanced once at the dead man, then sank in a chair by the bed.

"Don't send me to the death house!" he groaned. "I couldn't stand that. I won't stand that."

"You killed Taylor so you might marry his wife?" Garth shot at him. The head jerked back and forth.

"Fortunately you did a rotten job with McDonald," Garth said. "Where's his daughter? I don't get that."

Reed shrank farther into the chair. "I won't answer. You can't make me say any more."

Garth stooped, lifted the black cloth, and drew it from the bed, beneath the mattress of which it had patently been hidden. As he held it up it fell in folds to the floor, and he saw it had sleeves and was a long garment without shape. But it recalled the black figure that had vanished from the attic. He ran his lamp over the gown. In spite of the coarse, tough material, it was torn here and there, and on the right-hand sleeve there were blood stains. That was why the gown had been hidden in the easiest place, the first place at hand. That undoubtedly explained Reed's daring intention to get the gown and destroy it before the body should be moved and this evidence discovered. Garth glanced at the man, who still shook, a picture of broken nerves, at the side of the bed. And Garth's hand, holding the telltale gown, commenced to tremble too, for it had offered him a solution of everything. He had no time for analysis. Already there were stirrings outside. Their voices and Nora's cry had aroused the others in the house.

"Don't you see it, Nora?" he cried. "And it wasn't intuition. The truth has stared at us from the first, but we wouldn't open our eyes."

"I see nothing," Nora said, "except that his motive was common enough, cheap enough."

"You don't understand," Garth smiled. He stepped to the hall, where he met Mrs. Taylor coming from her room.

"What is it?" she asked.

Garth shrank from telling her the truth. "I know who murdered your husband," he answered gently.

"Who?"

But the opening of her mother's door interrupted her. The old woman appeared, her eyes wild, her hands shaking. "What's the matter out here? Helen! What's happened?"

"I want to examine your room a little closer," he said. "I wondered at the start that there was so much furniture in it, and I'll wager there are things hidden beneath the bed and back of that large screen. I know now, too, that it wasn't you who washed your hands this afternoon. I know that you fooled me with a clean towel while the person who had struck McDonald slipped through the communicating door from your bathroom—"

She screamed to stop him. She placed her slender body against the panels of the door. She stretched her arms to either side, forming a barrier he didn't care to pass. She commenced to laugh again, but there were tears in her eyes, and he saw that all along her laughter had been grief. Still without time to analyze, he received from the old lady a perfect corroboration. He whispered to Nora, instructing her to bring the policeman from the front door.

"We may have difficult violence on our hands," he warned her.

**W**ITHOUT waiting to question, Nora ran down the stairs. Mrs. Taylor came closer, asking the question her mother had interrupted.

"Who is it? Why do you speak to my mother like this? Not she?"

"He caught me, Helen," Reed said with dry lips.

She flung up her hands. "What do you mean? Oh, my God! What do you mean?"

The policeman came briskly up. Nora followed him, her eyes wide and uncertain.

"Everything is accounted for," Garth said to the policeman. "Make your arrest."

Reed stepped forward, offering himself.

"I admire you, Reed," Garth said, "but your devotion can't do any more for her. Mrs. Taylor, I don't want you

to get excited. This man must take you—just a form, you know—for the murder of your husband and for the attack on McDonald."

The violent rage Garth had feared flamed in her eyes. "I did kill him! He kept me locked up for more than two months because I didn't love him!"

She commenced to struggle in the grasp of the policeman. Abruptly she went limp and her efforts ceased. Garth nodded with satisfaction.

"That's better. She's fainted. Carry her to her room. We'll have a doctor right away to go downtown with her."

Reed touched his arm timidly. His husky voice was scarcely audible.

"I understand now. Once or twice this afternoon I've wondered, but she told me that Taylor had lied, that she had never been to California, that he had kept her a prisoner here because in his sick, morbid way he was jealous of me. In any case I would have done anything to help her over the next day or two, for you must understand I've loved her very deeply and for a long time—"

Garth turned away because he didn't care to see the man's tears.

**L**ATER the humility of Nora's interest amused Garth. He told her frankly how the pivotal pieces of the puzzle had been within reach long before Reed had tried in Mrs. Taylor's service to recover and destroy the telltale black gown.

"Those sedatives in Taylor's bathroom," he said, "the man's perpetual questioning of his doctor about the symptoms and the treatment of insanity, the moans which frightened the other servants without affecting McDonald or his daughter, the old lady's exaggeration of her eccentricities to draw my attention from Mrs. Taylor—any of these clues ought to have reminded us, Nora, of the hundreds of similar cases in New York of fond relatives who, through a mistaken pride, hide and treat in their own homes such cases of mental disorder."

He scarcely needed to outline for her the picture, filled in by the old lady, of that black hour the night before in the melancholy house when Mrs. Taylor had tricked McDonald's daughter—a competent trained nurse—had escaped from the attic sickroom, and had got the revolver. Garth saw that Nora, too, could fancy Taylor's panic and self-reproach as he lay sick and helpless in bed, knowing his wife was free, foreseeing inevitably much the sort of thing that had happened, trying, when it was too late to confess his mistake, to warn the authorities that his wife was at large and, possibly, dangerous.

"But she didn't give him time to write enough," Garth said. "She followed too quickly her ruling impulse to punish the man she blamed for her tragic situation. Moreover, the realization of what she had done, as is common in such cases, returned her to approximate sanity; suggested, even without her mother's prompting, Taylor's California blind as a road from her dreadful dilemma. And McDonald's daughter, through her fright and a promise of money, could be persuaded to avoid arousing her father or Clara, to throw on one of Mrs. Taylor's dresses, to hurry with her to Albany. Evidently the girl lost her nerve, for she was to have come back as if nothing had happened. She was to have taken care of Mrs. Taylor. Eventually she was to have placed her in a sanatorium, explaining her breakdown, as well as any present peculiarities, naturally enough through the shock of her husband's suicide. It was McDonald's demands to know what had happened to his daughter that made Mrs. Taylor turn on him finally. If he had been able to speak then, I think he would have broken faith with his dead master and told us the truth about her condition."

"Is there any hope for her?" Nora asked.

"I've talked with the doctor," Garth answered. "He says that the studied manner in which she threw us off the track when we caught her crying over McDonald, and her failure to lose complete control of herself when she was arrested, indicated that her trouble is curable. It seems to have been brought on by her intolerable life in this gloomy house with an invalid whom she didn't love, while her affection for Reed increased hopelessly. Her illness was broken by such periods of apparent sanity as she had last night and today. I rather think Reed and she may be happy yet."

Nora smiled wistfully.

"Then," she said slowly, "I almost wish we had kept Taylor's secret better than he did himself."



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## Wound Infection

Continued from page 17

when the hurt can be sutured. He is not now disturbed by the disquieting mental query: Will reinfection follow closing?

The method evolved by Dr. Carrel and his coworkers makes it possible to determine precisely the relative value of germicidal agencies, and their comparative performances can be shown graphically. It was while assembling data of this sort that the X-ray was discovered to possess imperfect sterilizing powers—quite contrary to the accepted belief. From these researches was produced a germicidal preparation of chloramines, known to the medical fraternity as Chloramine-T paste. This can be carried by the soldier and applied as part of his first-aid dressing or used by the doctors at the field hospitals. In this way infection is dealt with promptly and the subsequent treatment at the base hospitals simplified and shortened.

### Spreading the Knowledge

DR. CARREL states positively that there should be no pus in a properly managed hospital. He is convinced that most of the amputations due to infection can be avoided; that blood poisoning can generally be prevented; and that the length of treatment can be reduced to one-third of that required where antiseptics is not practiced. He says that even a mild infection prolongs recovery and retards healing anywhere from 25 to 35 per cent! Not only that, but infection means pain—pain that should not exist if the wound be promptly sterilized.

Dr. Alexis Carrel is one of the most modest of men, and this is strikingly evidenced by his insistence at all times that credit be given generously to those that have worked with him. He does not claim to have developed anything new in principle in surgical procedure; his professional confrères have known of hypochlorite of soda for decades; and the irrigation is not, in itself, a novelty. Yet, by taking infinite pains, by drawing upon a peculiarly rich fund of laboratory experience, Dr. Carrel has so utilized his native genius as to co-ordinate all of these factors and thus, in effect, virtually to revolutionize the treatment of infected wounds.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has recognized that there are many hundreds of surgeons who cannot attend the course at the War Demonstration Hospital and also that from time to time at the front some nicety of technique may escape the recollection of the hard-pressed doctor. Therefore it has had prepared an elaborate educational film, illustrating every vital phase of the Carrel method, and reproductions of it will be made available to all military hospitals as well as to kindred civil institutions. Our medical men at the front, and those at home with similar problems, will have at hand a means of refreshing their memories or instructing their fellows—a means that will settle instantly any doubtful or disputed point. With each picture is a concise and ample explanatory text. The movies are thus to help save both limb and life.

### In Peace as Well as War

SOME of our great industrial concerns have already profited by this improved method of treating wounds. In this fashion the lessons of the battle front are being brought into everyday life with a likelihood of being applied broadly with consequences of incalculable good. Indeed, the virtues of this treatment have been put to convincing tests here in numerous cases of appendicitis, peritonitis, abscesses, burns, etc., and the rate of recovery has been astonishing. It must be remembered that many of the marvels of modern surgery, successful operations in themselves, have all too frequently failed of their purpose because of the subtle workings of microorganisms. Dr. Carrel shows us how effectively his technique can combat these insidious bacilli and crown operative skill with the added glory of a cure.

We should be heartened by the fact that our military medical staffs are going to be able to work both here and abroad as a unit armed as never before to minimize the ravages of conflict. The curtain fire of chemistry will rout out the microscopic enemy and drive him into the open where he can be dealt with decisively. Curative surgery will achieve its marvels despite the initial destructive work of shot and shell.

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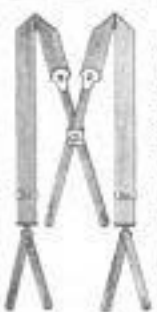
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## GUNS AND LOOMS

BY PIERRE HAMP

This article was, of course, written before the recent evacuation of Armenians by the British.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

ONE day in October, 1914, the German army entered Armentières, singing. On the 16th of the same month they marched out, pushed back by the British army. During the night of December 14-15 more than a thousand shells fell on the town. The bombardment became chronic; the shells fell in small daily salvos, or every few weeks in thick hurricanes.

Three large factories of this linen-weaving town having been burned, all the rest stopped work. Before long the workmen were asking: "When is work to be started again?"

In December, 1914, one of the factories set its machinery in motion. Others followed suit. Then commenced a new struggle in the history of war: cannon versus factory, artilleryman versus workman. In March, 1915, sixteen factories were at work, employing 2,900 persons. In the plain, between the industrial town and the battle, workmen who had finished their day went to cultivate their gardens. They heard the sound of shots in the trenches two kilometers away. The population adapted itself to living exposed to the risk of death, as it would have adapted itself to bad weather. It hoped for an early withdrawal of the German batteries. The workmen calculated the chances of this as they drank their habitual pint of beer. Their employers did the same as they played bridge. And they all slept in cellars.

The nights, at times resounding with detonations, were starred with rockets. Supply convoys left in the darkest hours of the night, when, at arm's length, you could barely make out the free space between the walls of the houses. The infantry, whistling as they marched up to relieve the troops in the trenches, were invisible. Then utter silence would fall upon the streets. As on a dead star, nothing more was heard in the town, where light and traffic were forbidden. Striking into this deep peace—a breathing space before massacre resumed its deadly work—a machine gun would begin to stammer with an obstinate voice, as if seeking for some unspeakable word. In the daytime the workpeople appeared in the streets of this war-stricken town. They would pass by the rows of muddy soldiers returning from their night watch in the damp, shell-shaken earth. They wished each other good day and good luck, calling each other by name; for soldier lodged with workman. And both upheld one standard: the probity of trade; the performance of the present task, be it to guard the trench or to keep the factory going.

## They Are Thinking of Work

THE only indication that the factories are at work is the smoke arising from their chimneys. They sound no siren, yet the workmen arrive on time. This town, where formerly the mornings were filled with noisy calls to work, now carries on its labor in secret. The noise of the cannon alone is free. This resounds while women and children brush debris from their path on the way to work. But the walls, blackened by ancient smoke, have in places a rosy smile, where the shell has shattered the brick and bared the rich color of the baked clay.

A flax-spinning factory, with long, glass-covered courtyard, the Jeanson factory—the first toward the firing line—has already many times repaired the shell holes and recommenced work. In front of this factory an English battery, masked by the outside wall of the factory, replies to the German batteries. Wagonettes of flax pushed across the courtyard crush the debris of glass and balance themselves on fragments of shell. The porter is at his post behind the closed door. Damage is visi-

ble, but no disorder. The bookkeeper is entering up his books. These people are not thinking of shells; they are thinking of work. Girls with bare arms have placed flowers on the frames of their looms. There is a watchman at the factory, as there is a watchman in the trenches. He hears the firing of the cannon, the whistling through the air, and says: "That is going above us; it's not for us." He climbs, to see where it falls in the town. If the explosions draw nearer, the watchman warns the machinist, who closes the steam trap of the motive power. The workpeople, absorbed by the care and the noise of the loom, thinking of and seeing only their work, learn of the danger as the wheels cease running. They take refuge in the cellar. When they come up again the odor of the explosive pervades the factory. After the shell, say the workmen: We must have a glass; for the nitrous vapors irritate their throats.

## Two Victories

IT has become difficult to keep a good watch. The British military authorities have forbidden people to get on the roofs. You must look toward the steeple of St. Charles's Church, which is quite near. When the black smoke from the bursting of the German shells surrounds it, it is time "to have a pipe" and smoke it in the cellar. "If it were not for that steeple," say the workmen, "we would be all right." The Germans often aim at it, and, missing, hit the factory. This means lost time.

Another spinning factory carries on its work surrounded by twenty-one cannon, a 210 being within two meters of its walls. The detonations shake the looms—the looms for which the workman in ordinary times fears a draft, even, lest the change of temperature contract the thread and cause it to break. To-day it is the shock of the cannon that is likelier to break the fiber.

This town has invented a heroism known in no previous war: Work within the battle; the workmen at their loom behind the wall struck by bullets. The factory hears the fight; the soldier hears the spinning. There are two victories: keeping the enemy from breaking through, keeping the loom from ceasing work. The German gunner holds under his fire the camps and workshops, the arms and the tools. The clicking of the shuttles at 200 strokes a minute and that of the machine guns keep time with one another. The detonations of the neighboring battery shake the wall, where the non-com on one side orders: "Fire!" while on the other side the foreman calls to the spinner: "Connect up!" The war goes on, the loom goes on—one with the other. Leaving the factory at night, the workmen go to sleep in the cellars. Neither petroleum nor candles arrive in sufficient quantity. In the dark they say: "There's no place like home." For those who have been evacuated write that they would prefer danger in their own region, where they are known, to the life of refugees in places where beer is lacking, where the wine does not quench their thirst but intoxicates them, where they are not respected for what they really are, and where they have nothing of their own but what they have been able to carry away on their backs.

Tenacious labor has struggled for three years against the war, but the British attacks in the summer of 1917 have exasperated the German gunner who thought the town must be full of troops. The success of an army may be costly for the country it is defending. The shell clears the assailants and strikes the roads, or munition depots thirty kilometers away. It is a small matter for a village to be near the trenches if that sector of the line is quiet. Parishes which had long adapted themselves to living in the near neighborhood of the war had to

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evacuated behind the French army which advanced in the Department of the Somme. All the inhabitants now retreated, with the munition depots, beyond the range of the enemy's artillery.

One night in July, when the British attacked Ypres, several thousand gas shells fell on Armentières. While factories were still burning in the rushed town, women blinded and spitting blood were dying. The ambulance men carried away the last vanquished pinners, torn with wounds or burned with poison.

The town is deserted now. The only noise in its houses is that of shutters, shaken by the wind, flapping against broken windows. The fluttering of torn curtains gives the effect of a street hung with white flags.

In the heaps of masonry left by the fire a skeleton framework of metal remains in the middle of the blackened plaster. The twisted iron cage of a staircase stands erect in the ruins of a house demolished by fire. The houses of the rich have fallen on those of the poor. The humility of suffering pervades this fallen town. The workmen's dwellings, all built to resemble one another, like slices off the same loaf, vary now. Those that have been hit show the clear red color of the brick. Those that burned show large shadows above the openings through which the fire passed. The shock and the flames have dyed in red and black the dull stonework of the tiny, war-changed houses, bearing the mark of the shells.

Notices posted up in places through which the troops pass read:

#### HAVE YOU GOT YOUR GAS MASK READY?

For every soldier who traverses the town must have his gas mask tucked under his chin like a baby's bib, so that he has only to raise it to cover his mouth.

#### Their Crosses Stand

THE war is ancient history in this region which has known it from its first days. Metal plates bearing the words "Drinking Water" have become oxidized and are hardly readable. The rust of war years already devours them.

In the streets where workmen's steps have resounded for so long a great silence now reigns, broken only by the intermittent booming of the cannon. The gunner makes the first breach in the house, the rain and the wind carry on the work of destruction. The daily struggle to fill up the holes in the stonework has now ceased; at first the householder, with dauntless determination, picked up, immediately after the crash and amid the odor of the shell, what had fallen, and took material from ruined houses to repair the one in which he kept on living. It is easy to see where the hand of man has continued the work of repair and where Labor has struggled against War. This evacuated town is now delivered up to the cannon and to the winds of heaven, and it will suffer as much by being deserted through a rainy winter as it has suffered by bombardment.

Behind the workmen's houses, their gardens now overgrown with grass, lies the British cemetery with its rows of white crosses. Amid the ruins of the town it evokes the image of infantry standing foursquare in the midst of tumult. The first graves were dug at the end of the field, the last adjoin the road. Could the dead rise up where their crosses stand they would form a dense, deep regiment.

This place is the last in the town where labor does not cease. At the end of the field, crossed by graveled paths, a shelter made of sandbags is used by the gravediggers when the shells seek to strike the dead again.

#### Like a Burnt-Out Star

THE most distressing effect of this town is caused, not by ruin, which can be repaired, but by the vast solitude. The crowds fleeing before the detonation of the cannon, the cries for help from cellars, were less painful than is this region, shrouded in solitude as it is to-day, like a victim of some ancient cataclysm. The formidable noise of the cannon comes sometimes as a relief, by the indication it gives that there are still living men near by.

For those parts of the town where no road leads to the battle lines are as deserted as a burnt-out star.

Out of 25,000 inhabitants there remain a hundred sworn guardians who keep watch over the factories. A gang of soldiers loading a lorry in front of a spinning factory break the immense solitude. One of the men who lives in the ruins directs their work. He says:

"The looms are to be removed and set up again in Normandy, where beer at a penny a glass is not to be had. Our workmen are already there. We should have still continued here. There is nothing wrong with the machines. But they won't let us. In another two months all the looms will be working."

The factory rings with the hammers of the men who are taking down the machinery. The loaded lorry takes the Erquinghem Road, covered with linen which disguises it from the German balloons, twelve of which show on the sky line. A shell, bursting at some distance from the road, speeds up the lorry. Across the bombarded region obstinate Labor is retiring. They are taking away the looms, the cylinders, the web: interrupted on the morning of the great gas attack—which will be resumed. *Everything is displaced; nothing is vanquished.*

For six hundred years war has been the portion of the good workmen of the cotton districts of Flanders. Over this plain have passed the stubborn Englishmen of the Hundred Years' War, the destroying Huguenots, beggars in shoes greased with holy oil, imperial troops marching to the life. But none of these has conquered the Labor of the Looms. Armentières, long-suffering town of the old battle country, has always known the pillaging soldier, the torch, and the massacre. The German army has inflicted poison upon it. But the wind of the plain will again bring the low murmur of the wheat and the lemonlike odor of the flax steeped in the Lys. Thou shalt be born again, Laboring One.

#### Until They Die

TO the fire and destruction of 1339, 1382, 1566, 1645, add 1917. Patience, Valiant Worker, thy defeat marks but an instant in the ages. To ennoble the Spirit of Labor, which alone is the savior of the world, the blood of thy workwomen, undaunted by war, has stained the earth—mixed with that of the soldiers. Over the same spot the assiduous spinners will again march toward their rescued looms. The masonry of this town may be broken down; there remain the climate favorable to its native work, the river which flows there and the quality of its waters, the millenary track of its roads, that



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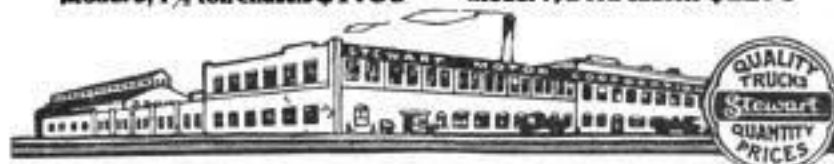
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of the railway which has followed it, the Soul of the inhabitants with all its memories, and the laborious force of one of the first races of workmen in the world. From the brickmakers with their bare feet in the muddy clay to the flax spinners perspiring in the torrid workrooms, we find here the hardest trades of the present day, the courage in continuous labor as shown by their ancestors who, when engaged on their fine work, handled their tools with great care, but knew how to use them with force to strike at the invading cavalier: the clubs of the fullers, the knives of the tanners which at Courtrai drew the blood of the cavalry in their golden spurs. Armies of workmen, furnished with more tools than arms, massacred at Rosbecque and in the Gavre Plain—their spirit lives again at Armentières and on the Lys in this army of workmen laboring on the edge of war.

It is always the same Flemish pugnacity continuing its glory. When

victory is to be gained by striking they strike hard. When victory is to be gained by working, they work until they die—at the loom as in combat.

Determined people, where bourgeois and worker, employer and employee, both in love with their labor, have always clashed to obtain that justice which is their due! From the fullers and watermen who revolted against the sheriffs of Ghent in 1164, to the spinners and weavers on strike against the employers of Armentières in 1902—they have all been tenacious in their determination to obtain the reward of their labors. Their whole lives have been devoted to their work.

Armentières shall not die by the cannon. And, compared with the course of earning misery and famine by the pangs of war and the shedding of blood, the ancient curse by which man earns his bread in the sweat of his brow is happiness itself. After the chastisement which he inflicted upon himself, God's penance is a blessing.

# Adventures with the Russian Army

Continued from page 9

the fields of buckwheat, and as we slowly climbed the long chaussée he dropped into a sort of monologue, in his quaint English, with all the "th's" into "s's."

He talked of 1914 and the great advance, and how they had attacked the day he got his wound. He charged, at the head of his own men. They had had a long wait for the final word, but when it finally came, he and all of them had just one thought—to scramble up and over. They ran for a few yards when something whacked him in the chest, and that was the last he knew. The bullet had gone through a lung, and when he was well enough his family took him down to a place in the Crimea by the shore, where he lay for weeks in a room in which he could hear the Black Sea water slapping on the wall below the window. The warm wind blew across from Turkey—it is down that way Russians like to go, to forget. He was all right enough now, although he could never run or climb or do anything that strained his wind.

And now, if he should go back to the army, his soldiers might kill him, simply because his family were "noble." Four of them had served in the war, one an old uncle, sixty years old, who had contrived to get a commission again—"and nobody now even to say 'Sank you!'" he said. He had no other profession; very likely after the war there wouldn't be an army in the old sense of the word—only some sort of militia. He would have to look for a job now—"Maybe I see you in America one of these days!" he said.

There are hundreds like him—polished young men of the old régime, with no place as yet in the new scheme of things. At the opera in Moscow, one evening, just such another sat in the box beside me. He had been twice wounded, and was now doing Red Cross work. "My men always seemed to like me," he said, "but my friends at the front write that it wouldn't be safe to go back there; they would probably try to kill me now."

## By Telegraph

**THE** Kornilov storm broke a few days after I came up from the front, just as I was leaving Kiev for the north. I had planned a peaceful afternoon, which was to consist of a visit to the Museum, and tea afterward, in the summer garden on the bluff overlooking the Dnieper.

About noon the young lady who was going with me telephoned that everything was off; that word had come that Kornilov had telegraphed from the Stavka at Mogilev to Kerensky in Petrograd, demanding the latter's resignation and that all the power, military and civil, be turned over to himself. Their organization—she was an enthusiastic "Cadet," or Constitutional Democrat—must meet at once and take some sort of action.

They were calling extras when I went out, in which the attempt was described as the long-promised "counter-revolution"; the cafés were full of talk, and nobody knew what might happen next. It was reported that the "Kiev-Lanin," one of the conservative newspapers, had been closed, and that its editor, the polished Mr. Shulgin, a conservative member of the Duma, and one of the perennial reactionary bugaboos, had been arrested as a conspirator. Just as I was leaving, the young lady telephoned again. The news as it had come

seemed incredible—people didn't make coups d'état by telegraph. There must be something they didn't yet know—the whole thing seemed, as she put it, such a *bêtise*—nevertheless, they had passed a resolution supporting Kerensky and the Provisional Government.

## Kornilov or Kerensky?

**I** REACHED the Stavka, a night's ride without trouble, and found Mogilev in a "state of siege." One had to pass a strict control before leaving the railroad station and to have special military permission to remain in the town. The walls were covered with Kornilov's proclamations, and the streets with his favorite troops—tall, slim, slant-eyed Turkomans in hairy shakos of black and white goatskin. The whole air was tense with the desperate nature of what was afoot, and while there was no doubt as to where the sympathies of the officers were, talk was constrained by the realization that to-morrow all of them might be traitors or saviors of their country, depending on whether the rebellion succeeded or not.

The Mogilev version was quite different from the one—sent out from Petrograd, of course—we had heard in Kiev. Kornilov had not demanded the dictatorship; it had been offered to him, and after he had accepted it they had turned on him and called the country to rally against the traitor. Lvov, the former Procurator of the Holy Synod, had come to the Stavka and offered in Kerensky's name, so one story went, three alternatives: (1) Kerensky was to leave the Government, or (2) he was to remain in the Government, or (3) Kornilov was to accept the dictatorship and the Government make an announcement to that effect. Kornilov had accepted the latter alternative, but asked that Kerensky and Savinkov be associated with him in a sort of directorate. Lvov, however, returned to Petrograd and told Kerensky that the commander in chief had demanded that he be made absolute dictator. Kerensky at once ordered Kornilov to give up command of the army and to come to Petrograd. Kornilov refused, dispatched his troops to Petrograd, and called on the army to support him.

The officer who gave me this version—one of those close to Kornilov—went back to the beginning of the disagreement, and, speaking slowly, with the air of one endeavoring to be calm and judicial in spite of intense inner excitement, told the story as he saw it. General Kornilov had taken command of the army, he said, on condition that the death penalty be restored. This had never been carried out. Later, discipline becoming more and more demoralized, he had asked that the commissaires—the half-civil, half-military functionaries whose work was described in the preceding article—be done away with. Kerensky had promised to do something, but his party were always too much for him. He had continually held back. Then came the curious visit of Lvov, which he described bitterly as an act of provocation—"a *sale affaire*."

## How the Armies Stood

**GENERAL KORNILOV** had felt, he said, that the safety of the army, and of the country on which it depended, demanded prompt and decisive action, and he had refused to give up the command. As for what would happen now, I could



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see, he said, how things were at the Stavka—the officers were of one mind: they had plenty of reliable troops; two divisions equally loyal were on their way to Petrograd. He gave me copies of the various Kornilov proclamations, the circulation of which had been forbidden in Petrograd. One was a long and apparently circumstantial account of the whole affair; another, perhaps the most picturesque, an appeal to the Cossacks—Kornilov himself was the son of a Cossack father and a Turkoman peasant mother, as his addresses did not neglect to state—calling on each group of his "beloved fellow villagers" by name—"You, free and untamed sons of the quiet Don; of the lovely Kuban; of the boisterous Terek," and so on.

The officer suggested, apologetically, that if I were going to Petrograd at once, perhaps I might take some of the proclamations with me, but later said that it would be better not to try, as they might get me into trouble. He seemed astonished when I said that, as I was leaving Kiev the day before, the Cadets had declared for the Provisional Government. Messages of all sorts were coming in by telegraph and military wireless, among them one from the Southwest Army, which I had just left, announcing that they were with Kornilov. A foreign attaché, whom I met in the street, contributed the news that the Polish troops were "neutral" for the present, but there "was no doubt where they stood." There was no doubt, indeed, where the sympathies of all the foreign attachés stood. The northbound train from Kiev, the next day, came in with Kornilov's posters pasted on its sides. In short, up to the moment I left the Stavka on Wednesday afternoon of that momentous week, the Kornilov uprising seemed to be a going concern, with every chance of success.

### The Counter-Revolution

SO strong was this impression in Mogilev that it seemed best to get as soon as possible to Petrograd where the center of action would probably be, but we had not traveled far northward next day before we ran into a different air. Every station platform was crowded with soldiers, all talking at once, wondering where they were at, and at Vitebsk, in the early evening, Government officers went through the train demanding passes, and as soon as they saw mine, on the Great Headquarters paper—something that a few days before would have taken one almost anywhere—they put me under arrest. I emitted the roars usual in such cases, but the young officer said that he was a Kerensky man and had orders to arrest everyone coming from the Stavka. I was put into a room with several others, and after a wait of a quarter of an hour another officer stuck his head in the door and, asking where the American was, told me there was just time to get my luggage together and catch the train again.

We did not go far that night, and learned in the morning that Government troops had torn up the line to keep Kornilov's men from getting to Petrograd, and that we must make a long detour by way of Novgorod, and go in on the Moscow track. At the first station at which I got out to look round

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Volume 61 Number 8  
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there was a Kerensky poster surrounded by soldiers, the few who could read reading aloud to the others. "Where are you going?" it began. "Whom are you going to obey? Who is this man Kornilov?" A little farther on, as we were swallowing glasses of hot tea, in a station buffet, a French officer, bound for Kiev, said that Petrograd was quiet when he left it and all necessary measures had been taken to keep Kornilov's troops out of the town.

It rained all that day, and through the rain, as we edged slowly along, tramped various bodies of troops. They were wandering along the country roads as if lost, and very likely they were. When we finally reached Petrograd, twenty-four hours late, instead of civil war there was nothing at all, and my friends assured me that not only was the counter-revolution over already, but that it had been over even while I was in Mogilev! "They didn't know it," I insisted, but they were convinced, and told how they had driven out to see the "battle" when the "Savage Division" approached and had seen the two sides begin to talk, and that was the end of it.

As a matter of fact, it was the end of it. Kornilov, failing to get the support on which he had undoubtedly counted, gave himself up. General Krimov, who commanded the troops sent to Petrograd, had a talk with Kerensky and a few moments later shot himself. And within a few days most of the pleasant officers, who had clicked their heels and been hospitable during my days on the southwest front, were under arrest, and soldier committees, who had seized their commanders, were wiring in from all over Russia asking what they should do with them.

The immediate result of this curious and deplorable adventure was still further to demoralize the army, widen the gap between hostile factions, and, in general, to tear open wounds which showed some signs of healing. Every officer was now suspected, in addition to his other crimes, real or supposed, of plotting against the revolution. Kerensky, who had been drifting farther "Right," as the summer went on—be-

coming more and more "sensible," some would say—was now practically compelled to turn about and defy a felon and traitor the man with whom, it seemed, he might have cooperated and with whom, indeed, he had worked up to a certain point. For, according to Minister of War Savinkov, he had asked that a cavalry corps be sent to Petrograd to handle possible Bolshevik outbreaks—just such trouble as to come a couple of months later. To moderate liberals, on the other hand, Cadets, of the Miliukov type, who sat at the recent Moscow Conference showing sympathy of spirit with the officers and sat on their side of the chamber, and thus by implication given a certain backing to Kornilov, were now included by their radical critics among the counter-revolutionists. There is no doubt that many, probably most, of the Cadets, however much they may have disapproved of government by military dictatorship, privately regretted, at the moment, the failure of Kornilov.

### Enter—the Bolsheriki

IT seemed that the Provisional Government had no recourse but to execute Kornilov, yet day after day went by and nothing happened. Kerensky appeared at the Democratic Conference, which assembled presently, and gave an explanation which explained nothing but was full of noisy declamation and well stage-managed. The delegates, applauding, as it seemed, less acts than the actor, ended by giving him a sort of ovation. There were unanswered questions, and even hisses and hostile noise, but the performance was generally reported as a triumph.

It was enough so, at any rate, to suggest that things might drift on as they were until the Constitutional Convention. They did drift for a time, and then came the sudden explosion of the Bolshéviki. Kerensky disappeared, the ministers were locked up in the fortress of Peter and Paul, and the Russian "revolution" entered a new stage.

Mr. Ruhl's next article will be about Finland.

## A WHALER'S CONFESSION

BY HARRY KEMP

*Three long years a-sailing, three long years a-whaling,*

*Kicking through the ice floes, caught in calm or gale,*

*Lost in flat Sargasso seas, cursing at the prickly heat,*

*Going months without a sight of another sail.*

*I've learned to hate the Mate, and I've always cursed the Captain.*

*I hate the bally Bosun, and all the bally crew;*

*And, sometimes, in the night watch, the long and starry night watch,*

*Queer thoughts have run wild in my head—I've even hated you!*

*You, that have been my shipmate for fifteen years of sailing.*

*From Peru to Vladivostok, from England to Japan—*

*Which shows how months of sailing, when even pals go whaling,*

*Can get upon the bally nerves of any bally man. . . .*

*I'm glad our nose points homeward, points home again to Bristol!*

*I'm glad for Kate, who's waiting, far down a little lane:*

*I'll sign her for a long cruise, a longer cruise than this one,*

*And seal the bargain like a man, before I sail again.*

*Yes, I will still go sailing; yes, I will still go whaling:*

*I've done a lot of thinking along o' love and hate.*

*For signing on a woman's a cruise that lasts a lifetime—*

*And I'd rather hate a hundred crews than take to hating Kate!*

*Three long years of whaling—yes, a lifetime sailing.*

*Kicking through the ice floes, caught in calm or gale,*

*Lost in flat Sargasso seas, cursing at the prickly heat,*

*Going months without a sight of another sail!*





# ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR Government has requested that we put at the disposal of the War Department our entire output of the "makings"—"BULL" DURHAM tobacco.

And we have complied—fully, gladly. For whatever the Government wants, whatever it needs, it must have from us and from you fully and with a generous heart.

We have been sending immense quantities of "Bull" to our men at the front, and at the same time trying to supply consumers at home. But now we are asked to give *all* our output:—36,000,000 sacks, 2,000,000 lbs., 100 carloads of "BULL" Durham every month.

This call means more than just huge figures to me and I know it will mean more than figures to the hundreds of thousands of men everywhere in the country who "roll their own" and who look upon that little muslin sack of good old "Bull" as a personal, everyday necessity.

It means that the Government has found that *our fighting men need the "makings"*.

But, if "Bull" is a necessity to you, here, in the peaceful pursuit of your daily life, how much greater its necessity to those splendid Americans who have gone to fight for *you*—to *win* this war for *you*.

I know that you will think of them as I do—only of them. I know there will not be a single complaint. I know that you will give up your share of "Bull", however long you have enjoyed it, however close it is to you, as you will give up anything you have if it is made clear to you that our forces over there need it.

That the Government has requested the whole output of "Bull", the night and day output of all of our factories, must make this absolute need clear to you.

And I know that you will not forget the little muslin sack—gone for the present on its mission of hope and inspiration to our boys in the trenches.

"Bull" will come back, with ribbons of honor. Have no fear.

*James H. Hill* President

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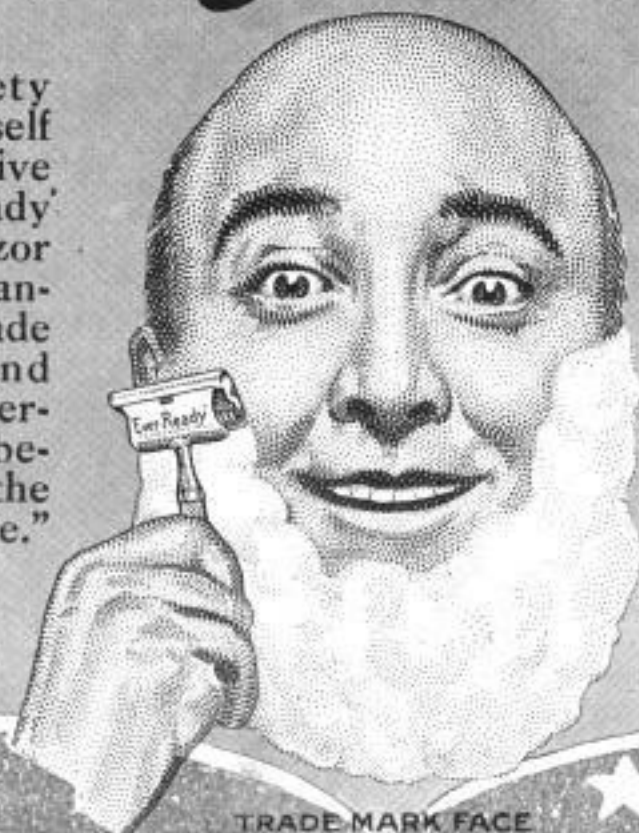
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

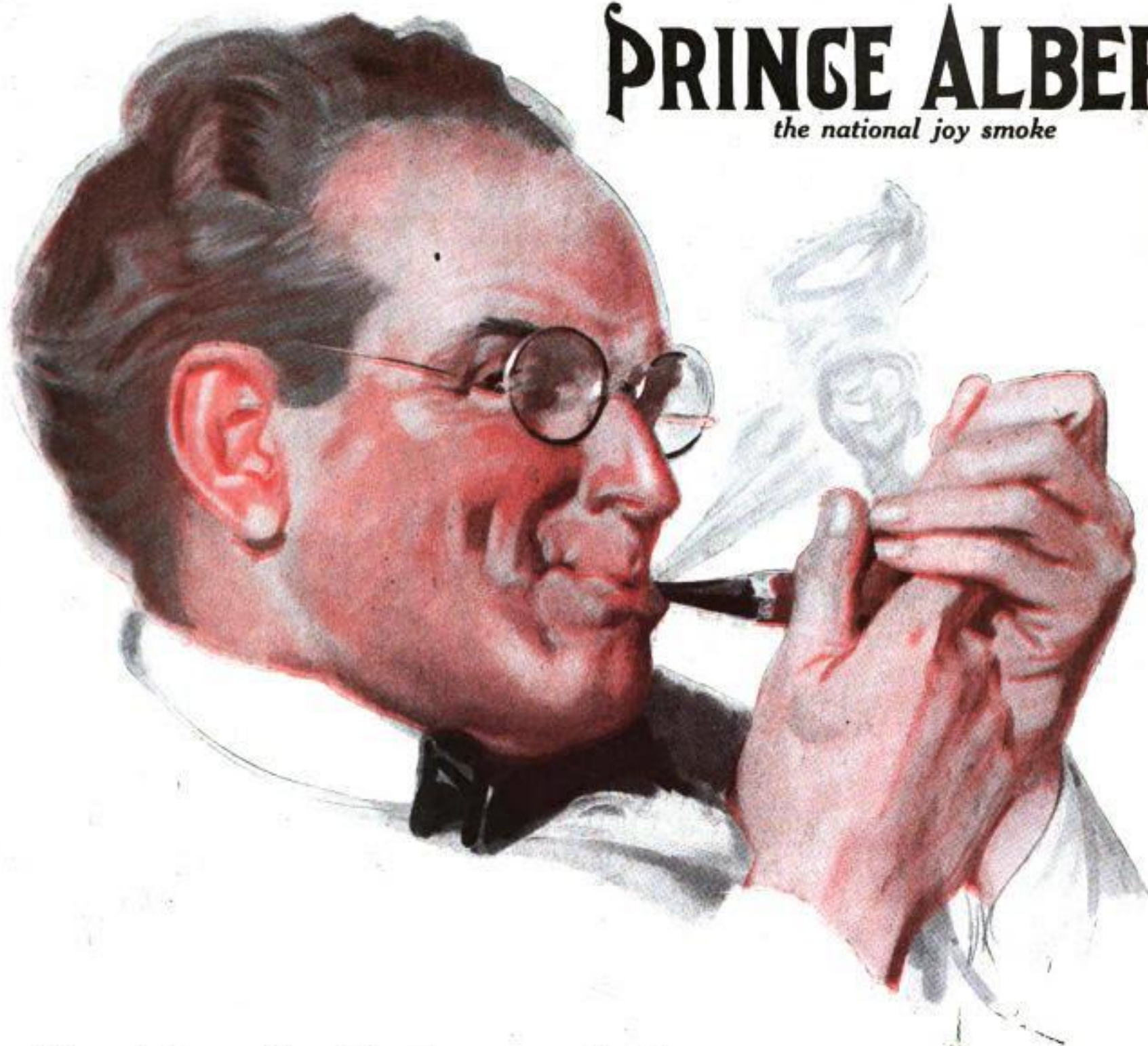


*Where Are The*  
**AIRPLANES?**



more than a million Every week





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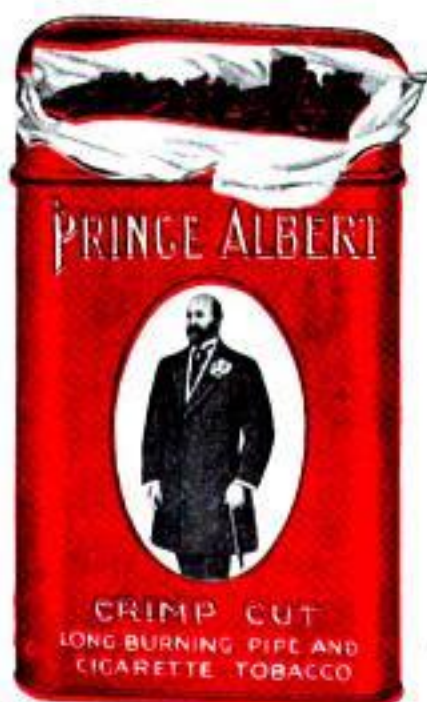
P. A. will do for your smokespot just what it has done for men from coast-to-tall-timbers! That flavor, that fragrance, that coolness just about knocks gallywest any smokegrouch you ever developed! Double jointed smokestunts for *yours truly* every time you put a match to P. A.!

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You buy Prince Albert *everywhere* tobacco is sold, in toppy red bags, tidy red tins and handsome *full* pound and *full* half pound tin humidors; also, in that clever, practical *full* pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



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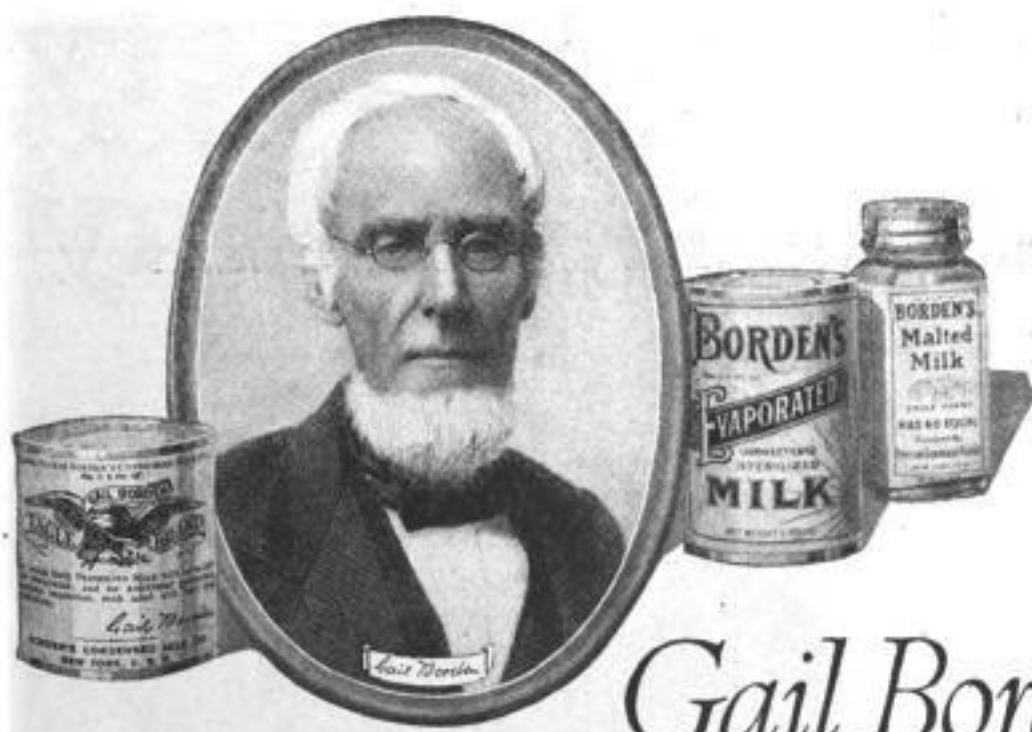


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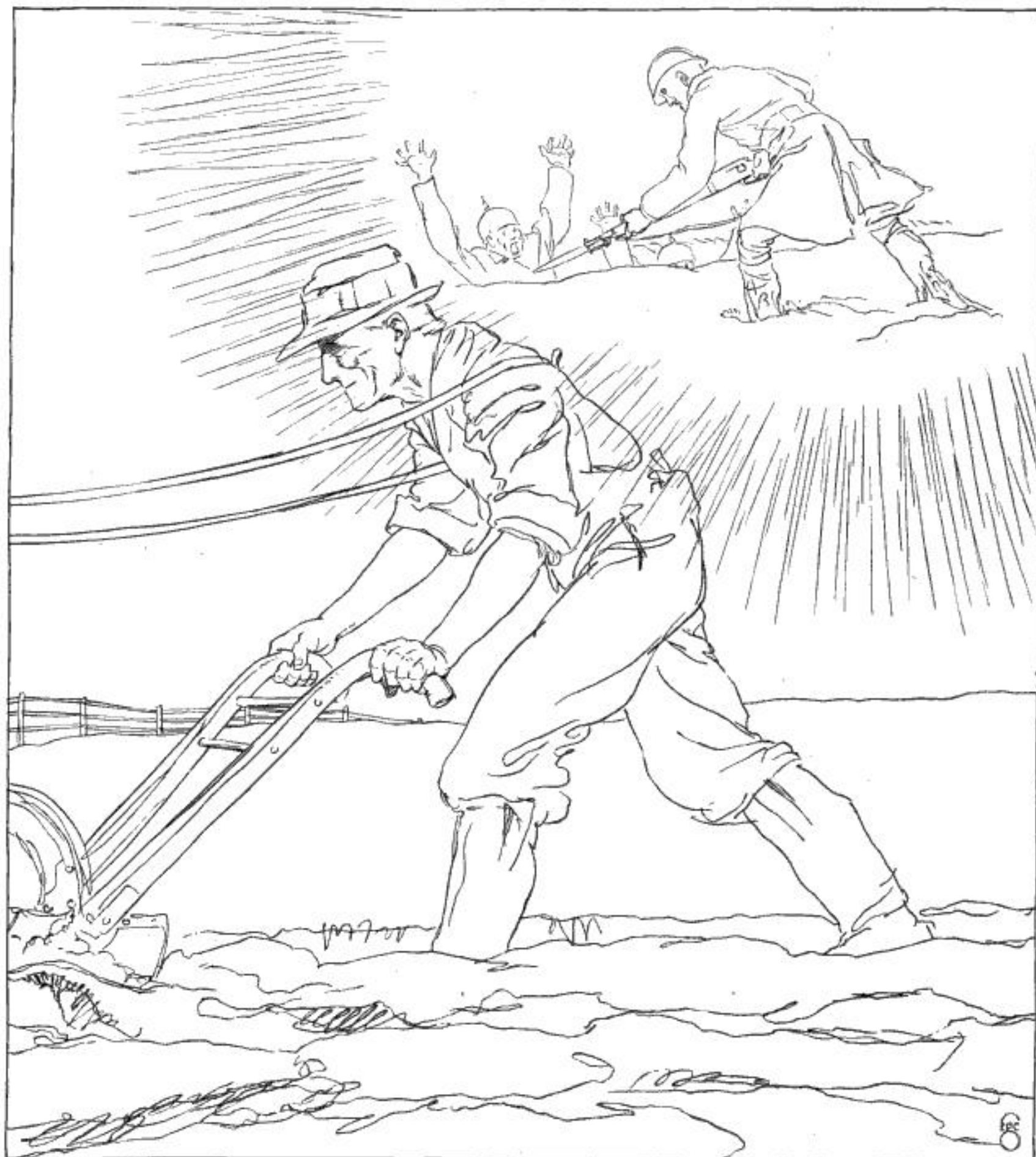


# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MAY 11, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 9



Drawn by F. G. Cooper

**TEAMWORK**





# WHERE ARE THE AIRPLANES?

BY MARK SULLIVAN

to which it is entitled. . . . The majority report is a blanket indictment; . . . the minority report is a sweeping defense. . . . After reading the majority and minority reports of the Senate committee, most people must find themselves in a greater state of bewilderment than ever."

After getting only disappointment from the senators and the newspapers, let us go to the experts—the business men, technical men, and engineers who are close to the heart of the subject.

On one day the newspapers contained two authoritative utterances from men of this class. One, an official of the Curtiss company, was violently critical of the Aircraft Board. He said that our army could have had 1,000 war planes in battle on the 1st of April, but had not. He said that his company could have produced 4,000 planes by the 1st of next July, but will not be able to because of delays chargeable to the Aircraft Production Board.

On the same day Henry Ford said:

"All of this talk about the aircraft division of the Government falling down in its work is all wrong. Department heads are working out a mammoth proposition, and they will be successful. I know what is being done in the aircraft division of the Government right now. You can tell the people for me that the aircraft department will live up to the expectation of the American people and of the Allies. They are doing things, big things, and it is only a matter of a little more time when they will show the public that what was considered impossible has been accomplished."

With all these contradictions, what is the truth of the case?

It may not be possible to come to a final judgment as sharp as the difference between black and white; but it is possible to clear the ground and state the elements of the case in a way that will leave the people at least a little more fully instructed.

## German "Influence" or "Graft"

FIRST, let us clear away some of the nonsense that has befogged the real trouble. Much of the news given out during the uproar laid emphasis on "German influence"—German intrigue among high officials, German plots among manufacturers, German spies in the factories, sabotage committed or inspired by Germans. The "Providence Journal" contributed a lot of this. Borglum also dealt largely in it. "Teutonic retarding influences," he called it. But he wasn't able to put his finger on anything that a court or committee could take account of. The fact is you run into this sort of talk everywhere. A man takes you off into a quiet corner of the hotel lobby and whispers: "How much do you know about Colonel Deeds?"

You tell him that you have met Colonel Deeds only casually, and that you merely know him as a member of the Aircraft Production Board, with a history of successful manufacture in the automobile line.

Then the caller reveals his important information.

It consists of the assertion that Colonel Deeds is a German, with implications that he is in

the pay of the German Government for services which consist in retarding our airplane output. The alleged evidence, if you listen long enough to hear it, consists solely of an assertion that Colonel Deeds has camouflaged his name, that the real name is not "Deeds," but Dietz.

The next time you meet Colonel Deeds you make humorous allusion to the incident, and Colonel Deeds says yes, he has heard it, and he believes that probably there is something in it, although he has never been able to run it down. The name has been spelled "Deeds" for four generations, but he thinks it probable that originally it was spelled "Dietz."

This sort of thing is not merely frequent but typical. I can't recall how many persons I have heard engaged in serious discussion of the implications alleged to be involved in the fact that the middle D in Secretary Baker's name stands for Diehl, that his wife's maiden name was Leopold, and his mother's maiden name Dukehart. All this is pretty disgusting. There is a good deal of available material for a debate as to whether Newton D. Baker is the best man now living in the United States to be Secretary of War at this particular time, but none of it has anything to do with his wife's name.

Another bit of nonsense, which should be quickly and decisively dismissed by anyone who wishes seriously to get at the heart of the trouble, is the talk of graft. Borglum's report was colored with this suspicion. That was one of the things that made his report unconvincing. In any serious investigation graft is a charge which should either be proved or else not mentioned. The Senate majority report hinted at profiteering. Profiteering is something less than graft. There is some profiteering in this war, and some time that subject will bear a good deal of talking about. For the purposes of this article it is enough to say that, if there has been any profiteering in the production of aircraft, it has been less than in other areas of war work. For present purposes it may be accepted as the verdict of all who looked into the airplane situation that nothing was uncovered which reflected on the moral integrity of any person affected. The members of the Aircraft Production Board are good men, able men, and honest men.

## False Hopes

HAVING dismissed the mare's nests, let us, just as a matter of clearing the ground, take up the less important of the charges against the Aircraft Board. One of the indictments against the board is that its members led the public and the Allies into false hope. And they certainly did. They first adopted a military censorship which forbade anybody to give out any information except themselves, and then they proceeded, through their own press agents, to give out inspired and exalted state-

ments, appetizing hints and flamboyant predictions which, in the light of results, are disagreeable to look back upon. They gave out statements, sometimes directly and sometimes by inspiration, that the aircraft work was "a whale of a success"—the quotation is literal. On June 8 of last year Colonel Deeds said: "If we start immediately, we can put 10,000 aviators on the French front by this time next year, and win the war." Of course that was no

more blamable than any other excess of optimism in the expression of a hope. But Secretary Baker's official statement of last February 21, that "the first American-built battle planes are en route to France, nearly five months ahead of schedule," was perilously close to giving a misleading impression of existing conditions. Anybody who thinks it would be worth while can go over the files of the newspapers for the past year and gather an array of flamboyant utterances from the Aircraft Board, official and unofficial, direct and

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Eleven members of the United States Senate, composing the Committee on Military Affairs, spent several weeks hearing testimony as to whether or not the aircraft work of the United States is as it should be. They had access to every bit of information, secret or public. They had power to summon, and did summon, all the officials and outside experts who could contribute any facts or judgments considered to be essential. At the completion of the investigation the majority, composed of all the Republicans and three of the Democrats, reported that things are very bad indeed.

"The production of Liberty motors to date is gravely disappointing. . . . The production of combat planes for the United States for use in actual warfare has thus far been a substantial failure."

On the other hand, a minority of the committee, composed of three Democrats, reported that:

"On the whole, the record of the Signal Corps [which has charge of the aircraft work] is one of which every American can be justly proud. In the face of unparalleled difficulties it is accomplishing an unparalleled task with characteristic American energy, capacity, patriotism, and enthusiasm."

## Who Was Right?

WITH two such directly contradictory reports, what is the public to conclude? The public is very serious about this matter; it is earnest, almost prayerful, in its wish to support the Administration; the country wants to have confidence in Mr. Wilson, his Cabinet members, and other appointees, and the progress of their disposal of the people's resources. In such a mood the public is troubled by rumors, newspaper articles, and headlines. It would like to get a clear and final judgment. In that wish the work of the Senate committee doesn't help very much. It leaves a troubled and questioning people exactly where it was.

The best of the newspapers don't seem able to give the people any conclusion more definite than the Senate's. The truth is, the newspapers, after going as far as they are able to go in the direction of getting the facts and forming a judgment, are in just about the same troubled state of mind as the public. They are not able to come to any conclusion in which they have confidence, or which they can ask the public to accept with confidence. The New York "World" has a corps of Washington correspondents which is certainly one of the largest and ablest in the capital. And the "World's" correspondents, both in Washington and throughout the country, have devoted especial attention to this aircraft question. But at the close of the Senate investigation the "World" was only able to say of the two contradictory reports:

"Neither gives the country the information



Rolling out an almost completed machine to test the motor





inspired, such as would make the board look ridiculous in the light of present facts. But there isn't any use in going into all this now. Recriminations don't win wars. What is needed is a forward-looking program.

(But some time somebody ought to look into this whole matter of the employment of official press agents. So many newspaper men have been absorbed by official, semiofficial, and unofficial organizations and persons in Washington that the supply of good newspaper men—men responsible to the public only and free to write critically—is not as large as the need. An official or an organization, in employing a press agent, will ordinarily pay a much higher salary than is the custom among newspapers, and many of the good men are withdrawn from their true function. It is gravely to be doubted whether the employment of press agents is a proper use of public money. However, that is all merely incidental to the aircraft situation.)

### The Military Mind

SOME of the trouble undoubtedly has been due to what can be suggested by the term "the military mind," the disposition of some officers to accept nothing until it has been incorporated somehow into the army, to take toward civilian business men, inventors, and engineers an attitude which is occasionally hostile and frequently unsympathetic. The officer whose personal contacts have been exclusively military is accustomed to two classes of men, those who rank above him and give orders, and those who rank below him and take orders. In relations less fixed and less clearly indexed, the military mind is ill at ease and at sea. One civilian engineer who has been occupying a high place in Washington since the war began told of being urged to accept the rank and uniform of a colonel, "so that he would fit into the organization," as they put it. "I thought it over," he said; "I would really have liked to take it. I would have had a good deal of pride in it, and it would have been nice for my children. But I decided not to take it. After all, to get the work done efficiently and fast is the main thing; and if I had a uniform on, it would obviously be impossible, when the occasion came, to tell a major general he was a damfool, or make him wait outside my office door until I had finished more important business with a lieutenant."

One of the civilians who was asked by the President to investigate this airplane situation, the first time he encountered the military mind, burst out in a tirade which, in the words of a bystander, "almost caused the old general to maul his buttons." "The trouble with Washington," he said, "is too much authority without ability, and too much ability without authority. You military men want to absorb everything into your organization. If Isaac Newton came along here, you wouldn't do business with him until he put a uniform on; and you would resist the law of gravity until it was formally adopted as a military ordinance."

As is the way with epigrams, this contains both less than the truth and more than the truth. It merely suggests a certain amount of the atmosphere of Washington. "The military mind" has had something to do with the airplane trouble, but, as we shall see, that part of the trouble has been only minor.

Where the military mind did its worst was in the factory. A military mind in a factory is much more deadly than a bull in a china shop. One of the chief benefits of the reorganization now going on is that



Above—U. S. Aircraft Production Board. Col. Deeds in center, Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the board, at right end of table; next is Brig. Gen. George O. Squier. Below—Simultaneous boring of five airplane propellers in an American factory

the army will come to a stop some distance outside the factory door. Factory production will be a separate function, wholly in control of factory men. During the first year the army had control right through the factory, and some of the results were rather appalling. One factory owner said that after the original design for the Liberty motor was in his shops he received 529 telegraphic orders for changes—orders such as this: "Numbers 432, 433, 434, 435, and 436 ordered replaced by Numbers 11,456, 11,457, 11,458, 11,459, and 11,460. Scrap all finished and unfinished material of original numbers and await new drawings and specifications."

Of course this sort of thing was inherent in the original decision of policy. Instead of going ahead with such motor models as were already in existence, and perfecting the Liberty motor as a laboratory matter, in a single factory segregated for laboratory purposes, the Aircraft Board was using all the factories as laboratories. But this will be discussed later. The collision of the military mind and the factory mind, with the military mind in authority, was a minor phase of fundamental policy. It caused a good deal of the trouble, but is now cured.

### Unmentioned Achievements

WHAT, then, are the fundamental things that go to the heart of the question whether or not the Aircraft Board has done well? And that is a large question. The members of the board had a big job. There was almost nothing to start with, and in one year they built an organization which, measured in financial operations, would be nearly equal to building the United States Steel Corporation from the ground up. They have done a lot of things which were not even mentioned in the recent uproar. Nothing was said of their creation, from a start of nothing, of an aviation corps which is as large to-day as the whole United States army was a year ago. Nothing was said of the laying out of the immense aviation schools. Nothing was said of their restoration in this country of the lost art of castor-bean raising and castor-oil milling, which involved the importation of seeds from India and the planting of a hundred thousand acres in Texas. Previous to the publication of Mr. Wolf's article in COLIER'S for April 20

almost nothing had been said of the organization of a legion of men to bring spruce out of the remote forests of the Pacific Coast. All the discussion hung on the number and quality of motors and planes produced.

### Quantity Production

WHEN the war broke out, and when the men charged with aircraft production surveyed the problem, they found a situation which was, so far as the United States was concerned, completely zero. The slate was clean before them; they were bound by no precedent; they were given \$640,000,000, and they could do what they pleased. There were a hundred plans they could adopt, and their first job was to choose one plan. They did choose one plan, and the great consideration now is whether or not the plan they chose was the best one. That first decision of policy was fundamental.

The plan they chose to adopt was what is called "American quantity production." The easiest way to describe what is meant by American quantity production is to say that the conspicuous example of it is the Ford car. American quantity production consists first of all in the adoption of a single model, then every part of that model is completely standardized so that it can

be produced in large quantities by machinery. You start at one end of the factory with the raw material; the material flows along a fixed route through machine after machine, and emerges at the other end of the factory a completed product. The central idea is the maximum of machine work and the minimum of handwork. When this system is perfected, it results in a volume of output impossible otherwise. To make clear the distinction between American quantity production and the European method, one example will help. Assume that a one-inch bolt is to go into a one-inch hole: the European method is to make the bolt and the hole exactly the same size; then the bolt is taken by a workman who with a file laboriously grinds it down by hand until it will slip into the hole. The American method of quantity production is to make the bolt about one-thousandth of an inch smaller than the hole, so that it will slip in without handwork. The purpose is to make one tool which will rapidly cut the holes and another tool which will rapidly make the bolts. When this method is perfect, the product can be turned out with enormous speed, but the preparation for such a system involves time—and it is precisely that time which has been used up during the past year and which has resulted in the delay of which we now hear so much. The system of American quantity production will produce a huge quantity of planes at the end of a prolonged period of preparation. But the element which existed in the present situation was the need of some planes in a short time. And that element was of necessity neglected when the system of American quantity production was adopted.

### Where Are the 1918 Models?

I HAVE said that out of all the possible plans the members of the Aircraft Board were able to choose one. The fact is they could have chosen two. And it was their choice of one, instead of two, that is at the heart of their present trouble. They could have—and in the judgment of fair critics they ought to have—adopted two plans, and carried them along together. They ought to have adopted the plan they did adopt, of ultimate quantity production, on a large scale, of a highly stand- (Continued on page 34)



# THE NEW AMERICA

BY OWEN JOHNSON



IF one can divest oneself of the personal tragedy of the war and perceive it with the distant view of history, which, like the eye of the airplane, assembles detached units into the significance of unified masses, the impression is of harmonious multitudes. Yesterday a million men of varying characteristics and clashing opinions were diffused in farm and village, in the bowels of the earth, in the smoke of furnaces and the strident confusion of cities—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Slav, Semite, Scandinavian—and we perceived but a confusion of accents, customs, and tendencies. To-day this multitude has taken rank, moves in rhythm and discipline, and we perceive a type, a will, and an ideal collectively significant of America. But preeminently the clarifying blast of war discloses the mass, the momentum, and the direction of ideas. Wherever we look, whether abroad or at home, we are met with the shock of ideas. The military struggle has become a test of the sanity, of the steadiness, of the faith in sacrifice, of two irreconcilably opposed points of view: the sovereignty of the individual and the sovereignty of the state. Internally we are readjusting our estimates as we perceive the strength and tendencies of certain organized ideas. We recognize that in a decade, in the economic scale, a revolutionary transposition has occurred. In the struggle for existence the solidarity of the wage earners has raised them above the great educated middle class—the preacher, the teacher, the clerk. We recognize the organized intentions of a great semiforeign body moving toward that conception of extreme socialism which aims to raze the foundations of government to erect a new experiment. We perceive great masses of immigrants, obstinate or friendly, solidified in traditions that are not American. Institutions; philosophies; religions; doctrines, political and social, are being laid bare by the surgical test of war, to discover either the health or the malignant threat which lies beneath the surface. This anxious process of self-examination which is going on is philosophic, intellectual, or instinctive as men are old, middle-aged, or young.

## The Tragic Generation

AS a people, we are ruled by men from thirty-five to fifty. At thirty a man is still apologetic for his youth; at fifty he is already resisting the relegating pressure of those who are newer to the struggle for preeminence. What we call middle age is intellectually a great drifting desert of doubt. It is that period when man, facing the shortening horizon, arrives at the barrier of reality. What he has hoped for will not come. It is a period of readjustment. In it he rebels at the causes which have turned him from his destiny. He rebels against the pursuing generation, which comes leaping over paths his feet have plodded out. He rebels against these younger men, of no more talents than his own, who may outstrip him because, with greater fortune, they have passed unawares those blind alleys on the road to success down which he has spent so much of the precious store of years.

He questions everything. He experiences new temptations. He wrestles with his belief. If he has faith, he doubts. If he is agnostic, he wonders. He is conscious of the passing of ardent impulses. His enthusiasms are no longer blind. He is suspicious of the younger generation knocking at the door, and on the passing generation he looks with impatience. In times of peace this collective mentality which is supreme may exercise a certain necessary restraint on the too-rapid course of public experiment, but in time of war the salvation of the country lies not in it.

When from this period of ferment and revolt man passes into that final period, the philosophic acceptance of life; when the intellectual conflict has given place to a twilight contemplation; when in the mellowness of his experience he returns to the consoling memory of distant things, he returns with impulsive sympathy to that ardent onward sweep of youth against which in his middle age he so often set his face in bitterness. In a new fecundity of impersonal ideas, he comprehends youth's unfettered aspirations, its incredulity of limitations, its boundless capacity for sacrifice, its gay loyalty to the idea which has stirred its emotions. In this war nothing is more striking than this alliance of the old and the young. Old men lead with ardor where young men gravely perform.

When lately we saw War, like a specter astride the wind, come riding out of the east, we beheld a sudden transformation of values. With the first leap of the bugle on the air, youth, the great tragic generation, stood forth, unreasoning, undaunted, ready, supreme.

In one of the haunting works of the distinguished master, Daniel Chester French, death is represented as coming to the sculptor as a hooded angel with gentle, arresting finger. The young man at the unfinished monument turns in wonder, gazing into the inscrutable destiny which calls him in the full joy of the working.

Just so the summons has come to our tragic generation. Unprepared, incredulous or mystified, in the midst of other destinies, swinging along clear roads, engrossed in safe ambitions, buoyed up with a faith of comfortable success, in the midst of the playtime, in the midst of life's season of laughter, in the keenest of pleasures, suddenly, the traveling finger of that equally mysterious angel of duty touched here and there the young men of the land and marked them for a sterner purpose. While others, old in the knowledge of sorrow, rebelled with the chill vision of sacrifice, they gathered silently, grimly, without complaint and without hesitation. Yesterday they were but fragmentary. To-day they are the youth of America, the tragic generation that goes out to perform.

What new ideal shall rise phoenixlike from the holocaust will depend, preeminently, on this great body of youth—in the questioning, in the new longings, in the need of the consoling vision of a clearer nationalism, which will come to them in that dread moment between the dark and the dawn when, facing the supreme sacrifice, they put to themselves this question: "For what do I stand ready to give all that a man can give?" The new ideal of nationalism, which we who remain behind must build, shall be their monument.

## America's Mental Awakening

IF there is one thing strikingly apparent to-day, it is the mental awakening which is sweeping throughout this country.

Heretofore the American has bothered himself but little with political speculation. Politics has been an incident in his life. In the great universities, once in four years, for a few weeks there is a little dramatic flurry. For the rest of the time the political future of his country is as far removed from the memory of the undergraduate as the laws of the Gracchi. So simple and so obvious has been our need of political expression that, whereas the German Reichstag and the French Chambre des Députés each represents a dozen shades of political belief—tenacious, aggressive, and uncompromising—America has known but two enduring political parties. Originally opposed to each other on the clear issue of cen-

tralization or decentralization of power, this distinction has become so confused that each succeeding presidential test has increasingly become a vote of confidence to be given or withheld on the record of administration.

The average American's conception of his country has been one of complacent self-satisfaction. He has believed it to be the greatest country in the world, as a matter of parochial pride. He has been convinced by the mounting numbers of the census and the record of industrial expansion, as his eye has been convinced by the skyscraper which has visualized the New World's superiority over that Old World which is still fettered to the earth. He has believed that a special providence removed his country from the necessity of those stern military obligations which exact their toll on the precious years of youth and saddle on the country a burden of taxation. He has flung wide his doors to the oppressed of the world, in a childlike faith that it needs but the feel of American soil underfoot to transform, by the miracle of political liberty, the German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Slav, and the Russian Jew into that noblest work of God, the good American citizen. He has seen the immigrant not only absorbed, but casting off, with enthusiasm, his own inherited tradition to embrace that superior ideal of nationalism, the American spirit.

## Questionings

DURING these last transforming decades the American has been troubled with few doubts. His theory of his relation to the state has been that the state exists for the service of the individual; a sort of convenient telephone central with certain necessary policing powers. If at times he has sought its protection with a willingness to extend its authority, it has been, as in the matter of commercial evolution, when he has believed his rights as an individual to have been threatened. Beyond that he has been willing to have it regulate the moral conduct of others and has been critical only when he has felt that it in some way interfered with his business.

His whole attitude has been one of complacent opportunism rather than of any profound political questioning. He has gone his way, and a very pleasant, happy, and untroubled way it has been.

But to-day your American is startled, troubled, awake. His complacency has been rudely shaken. He is beginning to compare, to question, and to analyze. He is asking himself questions. What is the significance of this crystallizing of immigration into colonies, tenacious of inherited customs and ideals? He believed those great waves were to fuse into the one clear sea of American democracy. Why should the foreign press of the United States have increased until it reached the colossal figure, bearing in mind the total circulation, of over 1,500 newspapers and periodicals? If these colonies cling to their national characteristics to the extent of founding their own theatres, clubs, and restaurants, worshipping in their own churches and coalescing in open or insidious organizations, what is the explanation? Is it because America fails to offer them as high a conception of nationalism as the country from which they have come? Why should this country, the greatest industrial power of the world, as he believes it, with its rich genius for organization, have been brought to a paralysis of industry which not Germany, nor England, nor France, cut to the heart, has been forced to in four years of war? Was it due to a political blunder? Was it rather the result of a chaotic condition, the fruit of commercial disunity?

Through all the perplexities of his self-examination he is passing from temporary explanations to



a search for a central cause. In order to reach a just estimate of his own strength or weakness he is earnestly considering the nations of the world now in conflict and seeking to comprehend the causes of their strength and their weakness as they stand revealed in the white, staring light of war.

### Germany Plans More Wars

FROM an early mystification as to the responsibilities for this present cataclysm we have come to certain unalterable conclusions. The German Imperial Government has been tried before the patient bar of public opinion and pronounced guilty. It has gambled away its honor on a scrap of paper. It has adopted a code of military morality which means a continual and deliberate policy of deceit at home and abroad. It has made inhumanity and frightfulness logical expedients. In the spiritual and moral record of humanity it stands bankrupt. We perceive this, but how many of us realize the alarming intent beneath this moral perversion?

The German conception of war is of logic superseding morality, the declaration of martial law in the domain of the conscience, the sentiments, and the emotions. If a lie will win a temporary advantage, lie, for a lie is now a military feint. Hypocrisy is military camouflage back of the lines. Massacre, rape, looting, devastation, destruction are, in the logical analysis, no more than thoroughness and efficiency. They accomplish the maximum of harm in the present, strike the enemy in his reserve of future resistance, and sow a terror of the German anger that will facilitate the peaceful course of future diplomacy. Back of every atrocity, back of every deed of fiendishness, magnifying it and eternally damning it—because it acquires the quality of a logical act, instead of the impulse of barbaric rage—back of every display of savagery, is a cold, deliberate, definite intention.

When Germany in the devastating march of her armies gives flames to terror; when she lines up innocent men, women, and children for slaughter; when she permits her soldiery to pillage, to murder, to ravage women, to impale children, it would be fatally dangerous to regard this simply as an expression of barbaric lust. She is deliberately sowing the terror of German vengeance so that now and in future conflicts little nations shall recoil before the obliteration which confronts those who, for any reason whatsoever, refuse to do her bidding. When she loots Belgium by unjust levies, when she imports Belgian manhood into slavery and, having enslaved it, wrecks it physically, so that, in the long trains which return the shadows of men to their homes, from three to five corpses have been taken from a car; when she does this, it is not simply from wanton cruelty, but to remove deliberately from the ranks of her future enemies that one nation which, she rightly judges, will curse her to the end of time.

When Germany evacuates northern France and levels, not only all that man has constructed, but defiles the fields, strikes down everything, even to the fruit trees; when she leaves a scientific wilderness; her idea is not primarily one of irresponsible savagery. She is carefully planning that when the next test comes the France which has balked her of her destiny shall be still staggering under the weight of her wounds. When the full record of the exposure to epidemics in her prison camps has been spread before a horrified world we shall at last comprehend to what diabolical detail Germany has pursued her preparation for her next appeal to arms.

All this is true, but the danger is that we, with every sentiment of horror stirred, shall fail to perceive that the menace to us is not in German barbarism but in the enduring vitality of German civilization—not in the things we hate, but in the things which compel our admiration.

### The German Idea

IN this era of imperative readjustments it is supremely necessary that we discard all prejudices and cut straight to the truth. We may conceivably hide the fact of unpreparedness or minimize a military disaster, but in the domain of ideas it

will be folly to stop anywhere short of the final truth. If the German menace were based simply upon military efficiency, we should never have beheld a Germany which in a generation whitened the seas with her fleets, crowded her commerce into every remote market of the globe, evolved a science which drew the admiration of all nations. We should not have seen the penetration throughout the civilized world of German culture in the form of German literature, German philosophy, German music, and German art, at a time when other nations were subjected to the dilution of cosmopolitan influences.

To-day the prevalent conception of Germany is of a people held in unwilling slavery by the supremely concentrated control of a small military caste, as the circumference of a wheel and every vital spoke is controlled by the hub.

No responsible student of world affairs who has lived in Germany or studied Germany believes this or that there is any easy way to escape the challenge which has been flung out. Back of the German army is the German Idea. You may balk, you may defeat, you may conceivably shatter the German military machine; there will still remain to be dealt with the German Idea.

### Nationalism or Individualism

IN the last century there have been two distinct movements in the world of political ideas: the Anglo-Saxon recession toward the supremacy of the individual and the German progression toward the deification of the state. Back of the shock of armies these two ideas confront each other, and when the sound of cannon has ceased to vex the air they will continue to confront each other in irreconcilable combat until one or the other prevails. These two ideas, these two points of view of man's conception of government, cleave through all outward forms. Republic or monarchy, despotism or commune, are but names. The vast tenebrous tyranny of Russia has in a twinkling become a chaos because back of the frowning façade the iron frame of national solidarity did not stand. The Republic of France, despite shifting political leadership and blundering in high places, has not budged an inch from its clear determination, because, while Germany imposes her unity by education and discipline, the essence of national solidarity in France springs from the deepest of spiritual and emotional sources.

Does man exist for the nation or does the nation exist for man? This is the great problem which has emerged out of the smoke of battles which is like the smoke of history. This world conflict has ceased to be merely the march and countermarch of troops. We have come to the glacier clash of fundamental ideas.

Which will emerge supreme in the first test? Which way will America incline in her new self-analysis, seeking a higher spiritual ideal? Indeed, the choice may yet be forced upon us either by the indeterminate issue of the war or to give answer to the rise within our body politic of a great movement from the masses.

For our people will have it dinned into their ears that the solution of the democratic struggle for the equalization of opportunities lies in the socialistic enmity toward private property. There will be a great organized, persisting effort to obliterate all national lines for the panacea of internationalism. What shall we oppose to this disciplined anarchy? The same disorganization of the forces of order, the same loose ideal of Americanism—opportunism, individualism, drift, and confusion?

Back of the conflict of these two ideas of man's conception of his duty toward the state—on the one hand nationalism, the spiritual unity of France, and the scientific discipline of Germany, and on the other that centrifugal movement toward individualism which has swept the English-speaking world—there is discernible a conflict between faith and agnosticism. If a man, when he reaches the age of reason, looks out at the world in which he moves without consciousness of any superior call than his own personal ambitions, his attitude is frankly agnostic. If, on the contrary, he regards himself as spiritually related to his fellow beings, by a sense of family unity and by dedication to national service, his attitude, whatever his religious speculations, is essentially the attitude of faith.

The development of Anglo-Saxon political characteristics has been increasingly along the line of political agnosticism which has tended more and more to develop an extreme type of individualism. In large measure this is due to the fact that the principle of family solidarity—which is the foundation of the political, economic, and spiritual development of France and of Germany and has the quality of faith in that it consecrates the

individual to the group—has no social authority here. It is only a natural progression for the individual citizen, once freed of responsibilities to the family group, to conceive of the state, not as an ideal, supreme in his destiny, but as a loose and convenient organ of opportunism which must interfere as little as possible with his own individual rights in the pursuit of happiness. This has been the tendency of our political philosophy in the past. To-day events abroad compel us to ask with increasing anxiety whether a nation so conceived has the power effectually to resist such a nation as Germany is now revealed to be.

It is for this reason that it is essential to analyze the Teutonic rise, to seek to comprehend not the things which have made her name loathsome, but those elements of strength which have convinced the German people itself that it is destined, like another Rome, to sway the world.

### The Real Menace

WHILE other nations have been spreading out in centrifugal circles toward individual liberty of thought, action, and responsibility, the German race has merged in concentrating purpose toward a central dominating ideal.

The Germans have not balanced the structure upon the perilous base of the king idea. With all his theatric preeminence, the Kaiser is not the hub of the great German national wheel. To have constructed along such traditional lines would have been to intrust the German destiny to the hazard of inherited personalities. Louis XVI and Charles I were in their memories.

It is not the Kaiser but the state that is supreme, and the Kaiser has been glorified only so much as it is essential to visualize for the multitude the deification of the state. To what extent the Kaiser was responsible for the outbreak (Continued on page 41)



The Tragic Generation





## THE WAR OF MOVEMENT HAS BEGUN

*For more than three years the cavalry has been impatiently waiting its chance. Trench warfare having restricted their usefulness, most of the cavalrymen were dismounted and became either machine gunners or aviators. Now that the fighting is again in the open, the cavalryman has once more come into his own, and will doubtless play a conspicuous part in coming events. Above is shown a detachment of British yeomanry*



*The French hussar, a picturesque figure from Napoleon's day to our own*



*General Pershing has asked for five more regiments of American cavalry*

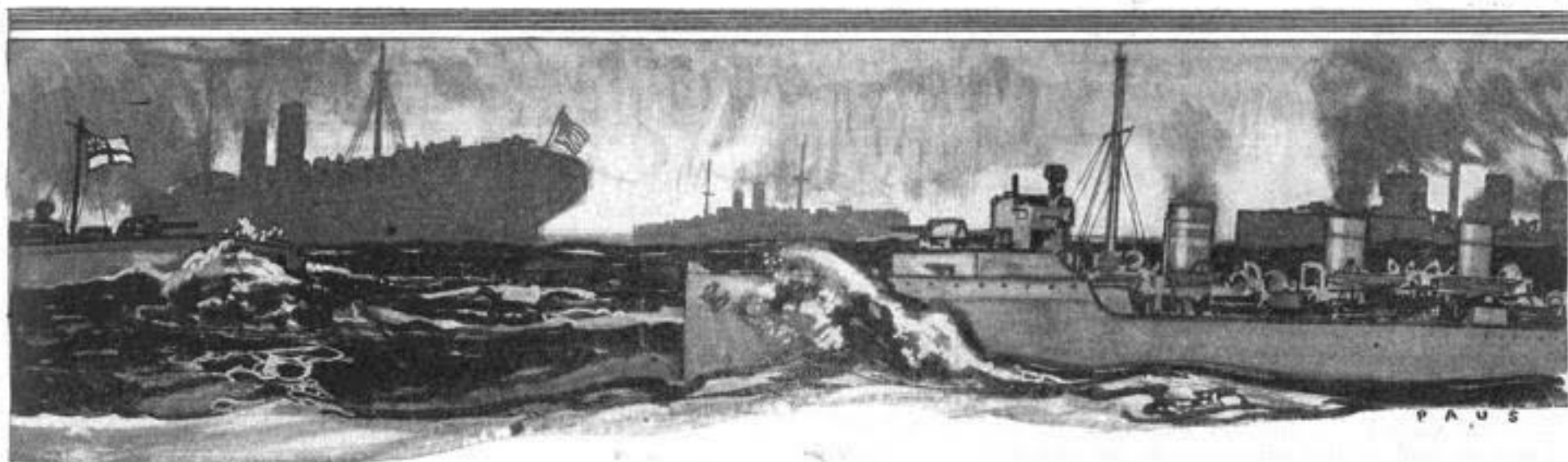


*The uhlans, Germany's famous mounted scouts*



All © Paul Thompson





# THE AMERICAN DESTROYERS

BY A. H. POLLEN

THE worst of Ireland—or it may be the best—is that, once in that magic country, you clean forget, in a hundred irresistible fascinations, the thing that brought you there. The country's tragic history; its brave, fey, wayward, faithful, inconstant, ill-understood—perhaps incomprehensible—people; the haunting beauty of its literature; the bewitched ruins of the splendid past—each is a challenge to the memory and to the mind; and so arresting a challenge that it is an effort to get back to workaday things. And then the beauty of the land as you see it from a car window!

It was a stormy day in February when I ran through on my recent mission. At times the rain came down in spates to hide land and sky and sea. Then there were spells of bright, warm sunshine, with clouds careering in great battalions across the heavens, some uniformed in fleecy white and others in purplish gray, and some again in every tint of brown from russet iron to gold. Always in the distance one could somewhere see the rising peak or the gently slanted shoulder of a miniature mountain range. In the middle distance were the fields, where the cattle made party-colored patterns against the brilliant green, with gray stone walls shutting one field from another, or turf banks, with here and there a goat feeding on the top; or lower banks edged with hedges of ash or hazel, or scarlet dogwood. The air is crystal-clear, and the vividness of the coloring beyond all belief. For centuries the emerald alone has been thought to do justice to the Irish green. But to depict the sky or landscape or the foreground floods that reflect them both, one would surely have to seek one's other pigments at the jeweler's. What but sapphire could give you the clear, transparent blue of the far-off hills? Where but with lapis could you render the tint of the forest lying between us and the farther mountain? Rubies, cornelian, jacinth, and beryl could alone do justice to things, so commonplace in themselves, as a red-haired cow or an ivy-grown cottage, or the dogwood growing where the turf is cut in a great bank compacted of velvet, colored like a ruddy burst of flame. To get the texture of the leafless hedges and of the ash trees that have fought their battle with the winds and grown, one would have to learn from some infinitely soft fur, like sable. And to paint this scudding, ever-changing sky nothing would serve our needs but pearls of every color turned to vapor and, like vapor, changing shape and hue as the sunlight falls upon it; and it would be to the turquoise and the topaz one would have to turn for the clear sky between the clouds. And then perhaps, before the picture was begun, all would be blotted in gray, cheerless, blinding rain.

## "Motley's the Wear"

THESE alternations of faerie beauty and fierce, driving storm—with memories of the storm in all the beauty, but with woefully little of the beauty in the storm—strike ominously on the mind as signs or emblems of the changing fortunes and constant struggles of this people, great in aspiration, faithful in hope, yet seemingly the mere playthings of chance—if it be indeed chance that creates their trials, and not the evil passions of men. Nor can one pass it by without thinking of the Greater Ireland that lives in the hearts of her sons and daughters, exiled and scattered east and south and west about the world, happy maybe in their exile, but ever with an eye on home, in whose faithful hearts—though they never shall return to it—this enchanted country sits ever, like a tabernacled relic, the object of undying hopes and of constant prayers.

From Admiralty House, standing high up the hill, the view of the harbor is broken only by the noble lines of the cathedral, itself largely an offering of the far-off piety of the Irish in America. There, some at their moorings, some alongside the parent ships, lie such of your destroyers as are not out at sea on their work of escort and convoy. But they are like no destroyers ever seen before—like nothing on earth, one is tempted to exclaim: more correctly, perhaps, like nothing that ever used to be on the sea. Till man has won his stealthy secret from the chameleon he must, if he wishes to disguise the obvious, learn in the school that has so flecked the leopard and striped the tiger that, though unhidden, neither can be seen in the dappled shade of leaves or in the long lines of shadow that the grasses throw. If you come with your mind intrigued with the paint box needed for the Irish scene, you will be tempted to smile at these giant efforts at mad coloring you see here. The sleek, slim gray destroyer of old times is gone. "Motley's the wear," and with a vengeance too. Cubists—futurists—there is no crank school that would not envy these effects. One shuddered to reflect on what would happen could one of Marryat's vinous heroes have seen a flotilla like this. You remember how, when in a hard drinking mess, a rat one day dropped from a beam to the table, ran across, and then dropped to the floor. Everyone sat in thoughtful and immobile silence. None could be the first to acknowledge that his time had come. Was it Mr. Daniels's prophetic soul that decreed that only a teetotal navy could face the shock of modern camouflage?

## The New Sea War

IF there is no one boat here that looks like anything else on earth, there is also not one boat like any other. There is something bizarre in this new livery of war. When Codrington took the *Orion* to join Nelson's fleet before Trafalgar, proud as he was of that noble seventy-four, it was some time before he dared paint her in the black and yellow streaks of the great admiral's choosing. To be precipitate in classing himself with Nelson's great brotherhood might have seemed presumptuous. Is it not startling that every new craft that joins this honorable company below us must begin with a crude disguise of such little dignity? It is as if the crested helmet of a paladin had made way for the jester's cap and bells. But sea war has lost its pristine grandeur and become entirely an affair of stealth and secrecy. These fighting men will rarely, if ever, see an enemy's face. It is perhaps never to be theirs to have the joy of battle, with a close-hauled line and the guns roaring broadside to broadside. For these, war is an affair of craft and cunning, of plot and counterplot, of artifice and surprise—a wild crook novel of the sea, but with eighteen-inch torpedoes instead of automatics, with hydrophones and wireless instead of dictographs—and with very few arrests indeed—a submarine leaves as little "spoor" as any victim. There is not less danger than in the old days; there is indeed more. The weapons of this new campaign, the torpedo, the depth charge, the mine, the bomb—these are all devastating things; let a single one get home and what were a ship and a crew are turned and twisted steel, mangled flesh and suffocated corpses, and all on the sea's bottom in a trice.

How good it was to get on board the flagship and meet her gallant captain, with a promise to see all the captains of the flotilla afterward! There were not, it is true, very many in port, but it was my luck that there were not fewer still. Six days at sea

and three, possibly four, in harbor is the apparent rule. But it is often honored in the breach—and it is not often that the breach is made in the sea time! Don't think six days at sea and three in port is the same thing as six days' work and three days' play. The time in port is very little of it even rest. Stout as these good boats are, the Atlantic is stouter still, and that its rude buffets do so little damage is largely because, on each return to port, every plate and fitting on deck and sides and below is carefully surveyed, every incipient weakness detected, and so remedied against the next return to sea.

## Back to "Mother"

IT is here that the mother ships come in. There are two of them, a mother ship and—shall we say?—a grandmother ship. This not in irreverence, but affection. The latest is so much younger, has learned so much from the older generation, and—well, really, she is a wonder. Take Park & Tilford's, Wanamaker's, and Brown & Sharpe's and roll them into one, add a cold-storage warehouse and a few such unconsidered trifles as an arsenal, a hospital, and a torpedo store, and you will have a few of the flagship's features. If only she had towed a floating dock along, she would amount to an automobile naval base. I am sure there is nothing that they have not got on board that they could not make on board; nothing, that is, that the most exacting destroyer could possibly need after four days at sea, or six months at sea on active service. A boat that wants patching or refitting has only got to nuzzle up alongside when she comes in and, forthwith, she has all attention. The foundry can make her a casting up to nearly a ton in weight and, in the machine shop, there is no casting nor steel bar but can be turned into the wanted fitting while you wait. You don't have to wait very long either. It is a factory in which there are no union rules, or eight-hour days; the work is done as it is wanted, quickly. There is steam up day and night, and Sunday is no exception. The mother ship, of course, is not all stores and toil and warlike work. There is a superb canteen where the American bluejackets—lucky fellows!—can still buy candy to spoil their teeth and tooth paste to clean them with afterward, and almost everything else, for that matter, the palate can wish for, or the stomach crave, or the mind of the seafaring man desire. If he wants more kit than the regulations provide, the best can be bought at cost. There is only one department not equal to its task—the post office was never designed for so large a fleet at sea, or for the big reserve camp forming on the hill above us. It was the only untidy thing in the flagship; and it was hopeless to try and keep it tidy. I expect it will be banished to the beach.

## Old Hands and New

THE inspection over, I had, of course, a hundred questions to ask. Serving in this flotilla are a score or more of that first batch of volunteers who were made naval officers at Annapolis in record time last autumn. But a few weeks before I had been dining with the parents of one in New York and playing golf with the father of another at Garden City. I was anxious to see the sons, still more anxious to know how the intensive-culture principle had worked in practice. A comparatively raw hand who is intelligent, keen, and hardworking can do a hundred things on board a battleship without his deficiencies as a seaman ever being evident. But there is no room for a landsman—however willing—in a destroyer in an east Atlantic gale. To be no seaman is to be much worse than to (Continued on page 30)





# Collier's

## Man Power

IT is strange that a man whose business it has been since August, 1914, to create and superintend war industries in this country for Great Britain and France should only now be called upon to help in the direction of the war industries of the United States. No one has had greater experience in the industrial side of war making than C. M. SCHWAB. He knows it down to the ground. He has been one of the most important allies of Great Britain and France in withstanding the German onslaught. The chorus of approval of his appointment is significant of the general desire for the application of great practical knowledge and experience to the problems of the hour. Mr. SCHWAB will accomplish no miracles. The program of the Shipping Board is now under full swing, and with him or without him the yards will turn out an enormous tonnage in the next two or three months. But his experience and energy will be of immense help to the board.

The most cheering thing about the appointment is that it is a sign that under the pressure of the time the President has lost or is losing his old antagonism to the "big business man" and realizes that if you want a particular job well done you must hire a man who knows how to do it well. COLLIER'S has never believed much in the demand for a "business administration." The government of a nation and the management of a business are things apart. A business is run for profit; a government is not. The points of view of the public man and the politician are different. Business men generally have not made good political administrators. They are apt to look too closely at the ledger and take its figures as the measure of their success. But when a nation is at war, it is absolutely essential to military success to bring the industries of the country into the closest relations with the government. If they are not organized to the highest point of efficiency, if transportation and production do not cooperate with each other and jointly with the military arm, failure must follow.

But to gain such efficiency and cooperation, men of the highest degree of technical knowledge must be placed at the head of each of the productive branches. It was not very encouraging in the early stages of the war to have a lawyer at the head of the Shipping Board, a speculator in stocks as director of raw materials, the president of a college Fuel Administrator, and a mining engineer Food Administrator, while the appointment of Mr. WILLIAMS to a commanding position on the Railway Board seemed much like making a man superintendent of a shipyard because he had once been discharged as a calker. The natural intelligence of some of these officials has enabled them to surmount their difficulties, but they themselves will admit that their inexperience caused costly blunders and much loss of valuable time.

The truth is that a year ago Washington was a distracted family—distracted by the bigness of the job ahead, by politics and by personal feuds. "The water pipe is broken and the water is flooding the house. Send for the plumber." "No, don't send for him. He's a Republican. Send for the Democratic music teacher, who is one of us." "We can't get him. He is down in the village shoeing a horse." And so it went until the confusion and failure opened the President's eyes to the necessity of drafting into the service of the Government the most highly trained men available. It was too much to expect the burdened President to supervise everything himself. He was badly advised as to his appointments early in the war. It is greatly to his credit that he has grasped the situation and is conscripting vigorously among the ranks of the men who know, demanding that they put all they have of experience and knowledge at the orders of the Government, and standing behind them in their disagreements with the prehistoric survivals who still haunt some of the departments. The results are plainly to be seen in the greatly increased efficiency and speed at Washington.

## Our Reward

SPEAKING of criticism, can anyone who knows the conditions at Washington doubt its value? Does anyone think mere compliment could have wrought the change that has been brought about in a few months? Human nature is the same everywhere. No one will do his best if his faults are ignored and only his virtues published. Three years ago, when it seemed to us that the national danger was so imminent as to make a great effort of the Navy Department necessary, COLLIER'S laid the hand of gentle reproof

on the wrist of JOSEPHUS DANIELS. In ignoring the recommendations of the General Board for a greatly increased navy, or at least subordinating them to his own mild program, we felt and still feel that he was trifling with a great peril. This criticism was widely reflected throughout the country. Since then a happy conversion has occurred in the spirit of our illustrious friend. He no longer tries to "run the navy." He lets the navy run itself—and he bosses the Navy Department, which is another thing altogether. He has turned over the job entirely to the men on the job, and he is doing his own work with patience and good nature. Once he appeared to grow testy, to dispute with contractors and others, to quarrel with literary admirals and unsympathetic editors. But now his soul overflows with tenderness. He is kind to all, even the makers of steel plate. He greets the representative of COLLIER'S hospitably. Washington is darker when he is absent, which he sometimes is, for wineless banquets thirst for his words of unfailing hope and good cheer. In short, he is the JOSEPHUS DANIELS we used to know. Never was there a better example of the effect of friendly monition on a character with a substantial foundation of goodness.

## The Stitch in Time

COLLIER'S is informed, on what it believes to be indisputable evidence, that coal production is diminishing to an alarming degree. Recalling that the fuel shortage of the winter of 1917-18 was one of the consequences of the muddle in handling the problem of coal production last summer, wouldn't it seem sensible for the authorities at Washington to set to work at once to devise a plan to stimulate coal production? The heatless days of last February were due to the superheated days of July, 1917. People shivered in the winter because public officials, coal operators, and union labor leaders were sun-struck in the preceding summer. The time to protect the public against coal shortage next winter is this spring and summer. Heatless days were bad enough; but the greatest coal-bearing country in the world ought to be free from danger of heatless weeks.

## Our East and West

IT was a long time ago that KIPLING wrote his nursery rime: Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat—"

He didn't mean our East and West. But lately we have been hearing his words applied to them. And our twain have met, upon the authority of a traveler who has just made a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back. They are fused together, he thinks—and he suggests that they do stand at the Judgment Seat if ever a people did.

We in the East have been hearing that this war that we are waging had stirred only some Americans, not all. We have heard that this was a war of the Eastern Seaboard, and that one traveling westward would find, day by day, less thought of the war. This traveler says that is not true; he says it vehemently and with indignation.

He went west with that idea in his mind. And all along the Pacific Coast he found a profound and touching humility. Its people had heard this legend of their indifference to the war so often that they had come to believe it. They asked him if it were true that in the East folk took the war more to heart. They said they knew they were far away, but that they were trying to do their part.

He tried to reassure them. He told them that, man for man, acre for acre, they matched and outdid, indeed, the East in all that had to do with the making of war. He told them that, of all the cities he had seen, Portland, in Oregon, was doing most to work with HOOVER for the conservation of food.

And he told us how, in Arizona, along the railway, in desert country, he had seen Indians working in their fields. These Indians had doubled the area of land they had put under cultivation.

"Don't talk to me of East and West," says this traveler. "I've seen America. That is all—just America. I have seen its camp fires burning. I watched them from the rear platform of my train, coming across Kansas. Little points of fire, burning in the darkness. I heard what they were—fires for burning tumbleweed and corn shucks. But they were the sentinel fires of the harvest. I wish the Kaiser could have seen them. They might have taught him enough to make him quit!"



# Editorials



## One American Contribution to the War

THERE were people, during the first months after our entrance into the war, who wondered why Mr. WILSON, with views of his own on international policy and procedure, made no attempt to press his viewpoint on the Allies. The answer is simple. Mr. WILSON was waiting for America's investment in the war to pile up to a total commensurate with the right of a voice on the Allied board of directors. Before we ventured to offer advice we were going to render service. Before advancing a viewpoint we advanced money, men, food, ships. Only it would be wrong to suppose that at any time there was in the minds of the Administration or of the American people the intention to step in, when our holdings had mounted up high enough, and show France and Great Britain how to run the war. We had only to wait long enough for our influence to assert itself in the counsels of the Allies, without bluster, without intrigue for the seizure of a 51 per cent control. To the extent that our men and food and ships poured into the war, our own legitimate ideas about the conduct of the war would assert themselves automatically.

That process has now been for some months under way, and it has been successful largely because we have shown no ambitions or prejudices of our own. We consented, from the first, to take orders. If the Allies wanted ships, we set to work at building ships. If the Allies needed food, we began cutting down on our wheat consumption. The Allies now want men, and we are pouring men into France. When the needs of a critical situation demanded that a large part of the American army give up its separate existence and merge with the British and the French, we consented readily. We gave unselfishly, without pride and prejudice. We worked for the common cause.

Because we thought singly of the common good, our influence began to make itself felt. Without making any specific demand, it was inevitable that our own subordination to the need of unity should arouse reactions elsewhere. Because we claimed no place in the limelight for ourselves, we were able to help bring about that unified command among the Allies which should have been established long before. Because we were putting every ounce of power into our effort, we established a silent claim on our partners to rid themselves of preconceptions and prejudices that handicapped the war. With the result that LLOYD GEORGE had this to say about home rule for Ireland:

Now I come to the third consideration. What about America? American opinion, so far as I have been able to judge it, supports the justice of the Man Power Bill provided self-government is offered to Ireland. That is the American opinion, and it is vital to us at the present moment. I wish I could tell the House how vital it is. America at the present moment is coming to our aid after one of the most remarkable decisions ever undertaken by any executive [the placing of our army at the disposal of the Allies]. Nothing would help more to secure the full measure of American assistance than the determination of the British Parliament to tender to Ireland such a measure of self-government as will satisfy reasonable American opinion.

America, readily giving all it has for the one aim of the war, by its silent example compels that historic feuds and injustices shall be done away with wherever they exist to hamper the cause of the Allies.

## Is Mr. Burleson on Our Side?

THE unanswerable objection to that postal-zoning law which aims to put barriers of higher postage rates between readers living in various parts of our country and the periodicals which serve them has been strongly stated by Postmaster General BURLESON himself in a letter to Vice President MARSHALL on March 4 of this year. We quote from the second column on page 13 of "The Official Bulletin: Thursday, March 7, 1918":

Communication is a means primal to the gratification of all human requirements. It should therefore be made as accessible to all persons, whatever their fortunes may be, as considerations of public economy will allow. This means that ample facilities should be provided by the Government which is charged by the Constitution with this great function. It means, too, that the service should be provided at reasonable cost; in fact, at as low cost as efficient service permits, so that the largest number possible may use it.

We are far from indorsing the entire letter. In it Mr. BURLESON says: "The entire revenue-collecting and accounting system can be practically displaced." That last is a dark mystery, and we'd like to have the secret explained—maybe we could use it in our business. But the principles laid down as to communication (see above quotation) are absolutely sound, and we hope the Post-

master General sticks by them. If he does, and if he examines this postal-zoning act, he will find that it makes hay of his creed. It sets up artificial and unnecessary bars against the flow of communication: bars not dictated by any consideration whatever of cost or public economy or good service or any other real criterion. The truth as to the postal business is one and the same for all purposes, and it is Mr. BURLESON's business to find and follow it. If he does, then in this agitation against a bad law he is on our side. If not, why not?

## F. O. B. the Kitchen Door

DO it with your hoe. Or, if you are too progressive to use that implement, the full suite of modern earth tools will do just as well. Whatever you grow in the yard this year is f. o. b. your own back door. It does not need to be crated or hauled; no busy station agent will have to waybill and rate and fuss with it; no freight handler need worry or not worry over the strength of its packing case. Probably your vegetables would not fill a whole freight car, but fancy what five or ten million times your own output would mean in the way of terminal congestion and track space. Try f. o. b. the kitchen door as a slogan for Maytime.

## The Pride of Puget Sound

SOME time ago we published an article by WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT on "How Does the Far West Stack Up?" McNUTT had been out to Camp Lewis in Pierce County, Washington. He liked Camp Lewis. He said Camp Lewis was the biggest of all the National Army cantonments. He said Camp Lewis had the finest site. He said Camp Lewis was the healthiest cantonment. McNUTT explained this last statement on the ground that Camp Lewis was on Puget Sound and all Puget Sound ports were healthy places. "Why," said McNUTT—and here is where he did the dastardly deed—"Seattle has had the lowest death rate in the country." Since we unsuspectingly printed that sentence McNUTT has gone to France, and we have been flooded with letters from citizens of Tacoma who want to know why McNUTT dragged in Seattle and failed to mention Tacoma in an article on Camp Lewis. They say Camp Lewis is in Tacoma's back yard, that Tacoma contributed 90 per cent of the \$2,000,000 Pierce County raised in order to present Camp Lewis to the Government, that Seattle isn't even in Pierce County, and they send us maps to prove it. Well—the truth will out. We have discovered the weak spot in McNUTT's armor, the Achilles heel. Citizens of Tacoma will understand that this is not only the truth but a complete explanation. Here it is: WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT was once a citizen of Seattle.

## Are You?

IN an idle interval our eye is caught by a high-voltage advertisement which challenges thus:

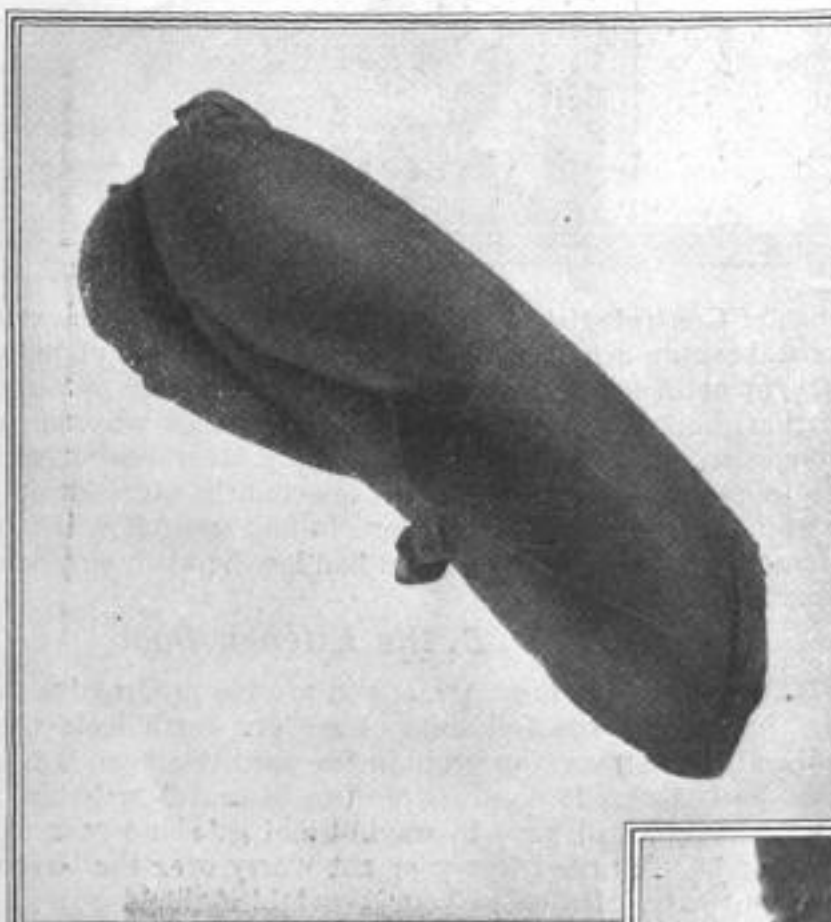
? GOING ANYWHERE ?

And continues in a minor key with confident assurance of full detail as to:

How to prepare, How to go—When to go—Where to go. It gives the worth-while things, and tells what not to see.

(We used to have a maiden aunt who attended to that last item most conscientiously!) Think of doing all that, and "up to date understandably," for only one dollar. How it must simplify life for the fortunate and the faithful! Why, LUDENDORFF, HINDENBURG, WILHELM, and company have spent over \$30,000,000,000 on their projected grand tour and have not reached any such effective simplicity of procedure as that promises. But, of course, Potsdam's real difficulty is in answering that opening question. One sees it answered, each after its own kind, during these spring days by the hustling beneficiaries of sun and soil. Compared with the average sitting hen or twining bean vine, the ordinary civilized human being seems somewhat rudderless, having lost the guidance of imbedded natural instincts without having acquired that of habits based on sound sense. The present crisis will help a lot of us if only we meet its demands with clear eyes and honest souls. To us at home this war may be something of a grim blessing in that it gives us a cause to which we can tie, a polar star of patriotism by which we chart and fix our course. "Going anywhere?" Yes! Toward better things, toward justice and mercy and freedom, and that despite all the Prussians that ever came out of Prussia.





*A British observation balloon*



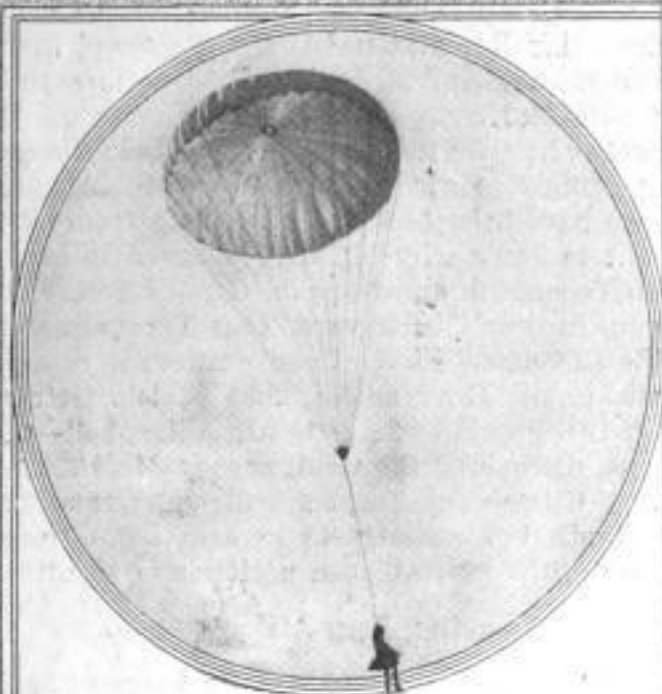
*Is hit by an enemy plane*

## BY THE SKIN

*A British Balloon Observer Gets*

## OF HIS TEETH

*Into a Tight Place—and Out*



*Meanwhile the observer made a daring parachute drop from the burning balloon*



*it falls*



*Uninjured he is having the parachute harness removed from his shoulders*



*and burns up*

British Official, © Underwood & Underwood



# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

SIXTH INNING  
BY H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"But why do you have to go to the Parée?" she asks

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, no doubt you will be dumfounded to get another letter from me, after I had gone to work and claimed in my last that I wouldn't write to you no more, not even if you was runnin' a puzzle contest. But I have just got your letter with the news that you have enlisted, so as long as you ain't too proud to fight, why, I ain't too proud to write!

I will also do what I can, Joe, to keep the war goin' until you get here. It certainly would be tough if you come all the way over, only to find this brawl had been called off on account of wet grounds or somethin'. If I was you, I wouldn't take no chances on it, but get them to send me over at once, or even before if possible.

I sure was glad to hear you had fin'ly decided to carry a gun for the Land of the Free, instead of simply standin' up in the theatre when they play the "Star-Spangled Banner" and lettin' it go at that. You can't win this here war by wavin' a flag and hopin' the Kaiser gets caught in the rain without an umbrella, or somethin' like that, Joe. Singin' all them popular patriotic songs ain't gettin' us guys nothin' over here. That stuff is all right for vaudeville, but it don't take no trenches! It's a case of "Come on in, the war is fine!"—them three cheers and the like will keep till we come back—hey, Joe?

I knowed all along that you had the stuff in you, Joe, and sooner or later you was gonna get in it—especially when the draft come along.

They was a bunch of new guys got here the other day, and I been busy lookin' them over to see if you was amongst them. I ain't seen you yet, Joe, and they ain't no way for me to know if you're gettin' my letters or not. So if this fails to reach you, kindly let me know in the next mail that you didn't get it and where you are located. It makes it easier to write to anybody if you have some idea where they are at.

They was a lot of colored guys come over with this last gang, and while we ain't had no chance to see them work, they sure look like scrappers. They are more good-natured than a young kitten which has had a shot of catnip and they go around grin'n' like hyenas all the time. I was on guard duty the other night, Joe, and one of them guys come along. I halted him.

"Friend or enemy?" I says.

"This ain't no time to argy, white man!" comes the answer out of the dark. "I'm out yere in dis No Man's Land and them Germans ain't got no love fo' me! One of them there sharp shooters has been wastin' the last ten minutes, tryin' to hit me where it'll show!"

Joe, I had a hard time to keep from bustin' out laffin'. I throwed a flashlight on him, and this baby was scared stiff. His eyes is poppin' out till you could of hung a cane on either of 'em.

"Who are you?" I asks.

"Boss, I'm jes' nothin' but Sam Hendricks—Happy Sam, the Laughin' Man, they calls me," he says, whilst his teeth is knockin' together like them castanet things, "but Ah ain't done a piece of laffin' fo' the last half hour, and that ain't no lie! That there German sharp shooter is suah handy with a gun!"

"Where do you belong?" I says.

"I belongs around a Hundred and Thirtieth Street and Amsterdam Avenue," he tells me—like he was standin' on Broadway instead of France—"and Ah'd be insane with pleasure if Ah was there right now! C'mon, boss, lemme pass—if that there German

sharp shooter had missed me any closer jes' now, y'all wouldn't have nobody to talk to out yere!"

"Well, let's hear the password," I says.

"Man, Ah done fo'got it!" he tells me. "Seems lak Ah kain't git mah mind to workin' on nothin' out yere jes' now but that German sharp shooter—"

"You can't get in here without the password!" I says.

"Looks like A'm havin' plenty of luck to-night," he says, "and all of it's bad! Kain't you gimme an idea of how that password goes, boss? You know, don't tell me outright, but jes' get me started, see? Y'all can say: 'Well, brother, it begins with a Z,' or somethin' like that, heh?"

"Nothin' stirrin'!" I tells him. "For all I know you might be a German spy. We can't take no chances!"

"Boss, I ain't lyin'," he says. "Ah'm simply boilin' ovah with the truth jes' now! I ain't no more German spy than you is, if not less. I ain't no German nothin'. Ah'm jes' a pore little ole Tennessee nigger with one foot in the grave and the othah on a banana peel! If y'all don't lemme past, they ain't nothin' fo' me to do but start walkin' to Germany all by mahself, and as long as we-all come ovah this far togethah, it don't look jes' fair fo' me to be the first one into Berlin!"

"Well, you can't stall around here!" I says. "Go on back wherever you come from. I got orders to let nobody pass, and that's all they is to it!"

He give a groan, Joe, and hitches up his pants.

"Boss," he says, "jes' do me one favor. When General Pershing finds me missin' in the mahnin' and starts rarin' around and tearin' up the whole camp to find me, you tell him how come I ain't yere. Throw me out a couple of them long baynets and a gun. Ah'm goin' ovah to them German trenches and make 'em wish this yere nigger had let the war go on by itself!"

"Wait a minute!" I says, fightin' off the hystericals. "How did you come to get out there in No Man's Land?"

"Boss," he says, "Ah'll tell you the truth. All mah life Ah been workin' on jobs where fresh air was as scarce as honesty in a crap game! Down home in Tennessee Ah worked in a quarry which was so deep that the only way you could see the sky was with a pair of opy glasses. Ah comes to New Yawk, and the only job Ah can git me is sand hog in the new subway. Yere Ah am workin' mahself to death, between two and three miles under the ground. Ah goes in the army, and Ah gotta stay in the basement of the ship all the way ovah yere. When Ah gits yere, they put me in a trench. Seems lak they don't wanna let this pore nigger come up fo' air no time, and when Ah dies and gits buried it'll suah seem natural to me! Ah come out yere to-night lookin' fo' the cap'n. Ah wanna get me a transfer to the aviation. Ah'm gonna git some fresh air one time, anyways!"

Oh, boy!

I let him in after that!

Well, Joe, we gotta lot of new songs over here now, besides "Where Do We Go From Here?" which same is our favorite and a lot more of the old stand-bys, which runs more to the sob stuff. This one is all the rage here now with the English, and we often sing it together. It was wrote by a English guy which used to be a actor and is now tryin' to live that down by fightin' for his country. I'll tell you the words so's you can learn it before you come over and also because the words is as good as the music,

which happens very seldom in songs—hey, Joe? The tune is "A Little Bit of Heaven." (Remember how John McCormack used to make that baby lay down and roll over?) This one is called "A Little Bit of Hell." It goes like this:

*Have you heard the tale about the land that lies beyond the Rhine,  
And who it was discovered that home of Huns and swine?  
One day old Satan felt distressed, the sparks flew from his eyes,  
And he said: "I'll find another home somewhere beneath the skies."*

CHORUS

*So old Satan found a spot on earth, all steeped in blood and crime,  
And he hollers out with all his might: "This bit of earth is mine!"  
'Tis the land of Huns and Kultur, is this little bit of hell  
Where they butcher babes and mothers, as they murdered Nurse Cavell.  
They sent their imps in submarines to murder on the sea,  
And the rotten Kainer never thought what would the harvest be;  
So the Devil sent for all his mob and shouted out with glee:  
"I am going to move my Demons here," and he called it Germany!*

Some ballad, hey, Joe? The English sing it more than we do, but we got a new line for the end of the chorus:

*When we get through with Kaiser Bill, they'll be no Germany!*

Well, Joe, I suppose the baseball season will be openin' over there soon now, and I am sure a long ways from the Polo Grounds. I don't have to tell you how much I'd like to be standin' there in the old box once again, burnin' strikes over the plate for Cobb and them guys to laff at and no doubt Connolly would be callin' 'em balls, as usual. However, I ain't got no kick comin'. I been wounded a coupla times, and a guy can't have everything—hey, Joe?

I have got a fourteen-day leave of absence comin' to me and naturally enough I'm gonna spend it with Jeanne, my practically newly made bride. Joe, every time I look at this here human angel from above, I wish Rockefeller and them well-to-do millionaires was around so's I could snap my finger at 'em and say: "Hah! You guys ain't got nothin'—look what I drew!"

Yours truly,

Sergt. ED HARMON. (The Kaiser's nemesis.)

P. S.—That nemesis thing is class, hey? They ain't nobody in my outfit, includin' me, knows what it means. I got it off a movie titel. ED.

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Whoops, my dear—I been to Paris! Joe, I have had more adventures since I wrote you last than Sindbad the Sailor. You no doubt remember that guy, Joe; he was champion liar of the Arabian Nights. But all comical jokes to one side, I been to gay Parée, as we used to say at the work-house, and it ain't no wonder to me the Kaiser is so anxious to get there, because, Joe, I'll tell the world fair this Paris place is some village!

If you got my last letter, no doubt you'll remember I give out the information that I was due for a



fourteen days' leave of absence, and it was my idea to spend at least two weeks of it with Jeanne, my blushin' bride. Well, Joe, on the day I was supposed to leave the American army flat on its back for one-half of a month, I get word to report to the captain. I naturally figured I was gonna get promoted to assistant general or somethin' of the sort, and I walked up to the captain's tent whistlin' melodiously. My dope was slightly out of true, because the first thing the captain said, after we have got the salutes all took care of, was the following:

"Harmon, I've selected you out of the whole company for an important mission. You are to take a message from General Pershing to Major General — at the — Hotel in Paris. Do you know Paris?"

"Well, I heard tell of it, anyways," I says.

"Are you pretty well up in your French?" is the next question.

"Sure!" I says, "I'm up in the air on it!"

"Hmph!" he says. "Let's see. *Parlez-vous français?*"

"That's a cinch!" I comes back. "*Oui, oui, monsere—also, merci beaucoup, sil vous play, tres bien, allons, viola, and likewise aux arms!*"

He grins at me.

"Where did you pick up that collection?" he says.

"I got one of them 'French While You Wait' books," I tells him.

"Do you know what those expressions mean?" he wants to know.

"Well," I says, "I ain't got that far yet. I figure if I can only remember to wave my hands whilst I'm talkin', I'll get away with it!"

He laughs and gimme the message from General Pershing in an envelope.

"Report back here in two weeks," he says, "and — don't spend all your money in Paris."

"They ain't a chance of that, sir," I says, "because I'm savin' all my dough for the big blowout in Berlin!"

The first thing I done then was to go over and break the bad news to Jeanne. She has dolled herself all up on account of expectin' me and, Joe, she looked as good as \$400 a week would look to a chorus girl. She gimme the smile which is one of the reasons we are a young married couple and folleys that up by placin' both of them soft little white satin arms around my neck.

"But you have disappoint' me, *mon chéri*," she says, poutin'. "For two hours I have wait all alone by myself for you."

"You ain't got nothin' on me, kid," I says, givin' her a lovin' kiss, and why not? "I waited twenty-seven years for you!"

Joe, conversation was at a premium, as the guy says, for the next three minutes.

Grabbin' hold of the first breathin' spell, I told her I had been ordered to Paris. Joe, she gets pale.

"But why do you have to go to the Paree?" she asks.

"Search me!" I says. "I must of been born lucky, hey?"

Well, Joe, we have our first set-to since we been man and wife. Jeanne claims that I'm tickled silly at the chance to see Paris, instead of spendin' my furlough with her. She also remarks that once I get inside of gay Paree I will go to work and forget I ever knowed her, and the dashin' young city dames will steal me away. She's talkin' so fast that an addin' machine would of quit like a dog if it had been tryin' to folley her, and all they is left for me to do is wait till she wears herself out. When she has got all through tellin' me what a crool-hearted retch I am, she turns on the weeps for a rousin' finish.

Joe, they ain't no man livin' could deny Jeanne anything when she merely requests it, but when she weeps for it, Joe—well, this here baby would make Von Hindenburg throw away his unction!

"Listen," I says. "You have got me figured all wrong. Paris don't mean nothin' in my young life,

and I'm only goin' there because I been ordered to do the same. As far as havin' a gay time is concerned, I'll lay the mayor of Paris eight to five I can show him more excitement on Broadway on even a rainy Sunday than he seen since he's been in France! But to show you I'm honest and true, I'm gonna take you to this Paris place with me—what d'ye think of that?"

Joe, she looks at me for a second like can I have heard it right? and then she jumps up, claps her hands together and smothers me with kisses. Once again I am the white-haired boy with my family, and we got peace and quiet.

"*Merci, tu es bien aimable, quand partons nous?*" she says.

"I doubt it," I says. "It looks more like rain to me."

"You do not the understand, *mon chéri*," she tells me. "I say you are of the very kind to me, to take me to the Paree, and I ask of you only when we start — *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Listen," I says. "I have gone to work and learned you a dozen words of English, and it looks to me like you could get them in now and then when talkin' to me and lay off that French! Half the time I don't know whether you're makin' love to me or bawlin' me out!"

"*Eh bien, mon chéri!*" she says, showin' me all her pretty front teeth. "It shall be as you wish. I shall to you speak none but the américaine. After all, it is of the simple, *oui vraiment*, I shall to you show, see—'Allo Kit, of the gee whizz but yes, you are the baby's doll, I for you!'"

"Hey!" I hollers, droppin' my hat in the excitement. "Where did you learn that stuff?"

She throws the smile into high and looks down at the floor.

"But the brave, gallant américaine soldiers all have say that to me before we marry." She puts her arm around me and points to our wedding ring. "Now, *mon chéri*," she says, "I show them this and say: 'You have come not too soon!' *N'est-ce pas?*"

I let it go at that, and I might as well of, Joe, because they ain't no man can lick the whole American army, hey? And then again, who am I to blame them guys for tryin'? You ain't never seen Jeanne, Joe, or you'd get me!

Well, we grab a train outa this burg that same afternoon, and it's about two hours' ride to Paris if the engineer is lucky. The trains over here, Joe, looks like a lot of taxicabs towin' each other, and

adventurers. I ain't no more than got into the next car, which is marked "*Billets de Première*," when I seen an American doughboy havin' it out with what I figured was prob'ly a admiral in the French navy, from his unctionform. He turned out to be nothin' less than the conductor. The doughboy come from somewheres south of Washington, D. C., from his accent, and is bigger than the Polo Grounds, whilst the conductor could of hid hisself behind a flock of dust. The conductor don't speak no English, and the doughboy don't parlez-vous the French, but that ain't stoppin' either of them from talkin'. It sounded like a dress rehearsal of a race riot when I batted in.

"What seems to be the trouble here?" I asks the doughboy.

He swung around and gimme the once over.

"Say, sergeant!" he hollers, "Ah could jes' naturally fall on yuah neck and kiss you! Ah thought Ah nevah was gonna heah nobody talk United States no moah. This yere little grampus is fixin' to put me off his train and—"

The little French guy winds up and cuts loose with everything he had in the line of conversation. By listenin' to every tenth word, I found out that the doughboy had a third-class ticket and was in a first-class compartment. Outside of that he hadn't wronged a soul. I pulled out a five-franc piece and slipped it to the conductor.

"Here!" I says. "Take this and can that chatter. This guy is fightin' for his country so's to make the world safe for the Democrats, and all you're doin' is takin' tickets. If—"

Joe, the minute I mentioned the word "fight," this here little French guy brightens all up. He shoves out his chest about a mile and throws open his coat. Oh, boy! He's got a whole handful of them Croix de Guerre medals on his chest and, believe me, Joe, a guy has got to be a fightin' fool to get them babies over here now! I never felt so much like a boob in all my life, not even when I presented Crawford with a home run, that rare off day I had in Detroit. This doughboy gets wise in a minute, and he looks like he wished to Heaven he could drop through the floor. Here's this little French guy been doin' his bit and got wounded, no doubt savin' France, and all I done was to get hit a couple of times in one of the brawls we had with the Germans. Can you imagine how I felt, Joe, after bawlin' him out?

Well, Joe, I begged his pardon till he got sick of hearin' it, and the doughboy says he's ready to hop off and walk into Paris if the French guy says so. But this bird was an ace. He told us he got his at Verdun, gas and machine-gun stuff, and he hopes to get in it again in a month if he's lucky. As long as we're American soldiers, we can ride first-class and welcome, and in a minute he comes back with a coupla bottles of *vin ordinaire*. Joe, you can't beat these French guys for either fightin' or hospitality, hey? We drunk the health of France, America, England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Italy, Yonkers and Lenox Avenue, and we would of drunk some more, only they is a limit even to *vin ordinaire*.

I took the doughboy in and introduced him to Jeanne. He come from Nashville, Tenn., and is a great big kid with skin like a baby. His old man has got \$8.75 for every Irishman in Dublin. One flash at my blushin' bride made him dizzy, and when I told him she had three sisters which was pro-matrimony, he insists on joinin' our party into Paris. I took pity on him, bein' all alone in a strange land, and declared him in. Joe, he was a good guy and had a express money order for five thousand bucks, so I figured he could use a coupla gardeens, hey?

We arrived in Paris at a place called the Gare Saint-Lazare, which is a burlesque on Grand Central Station. This here doughboy won't have it no other way but that we go to the (Continued on page 45)



Anybody which gets lonesome here ain't got no one but hisself to blame!

instead of everybody sittin' together in one car, they are all divided off into separate compartments. Four people can sit in each one, if they've knowed each other for years. The tickets is sold first, second, and third class and, Joe, they could call 'em all steerage and let it go at that, because they ain't no class to any of 'em. We have been on our way about an hour, and still on the track, Joe, and Jeanne is studyin' the English language by tryin' to read an old B. & O. time-table I give her, when I decided to walk through the train and look over our fellow





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# THE TWO-HANDED SWORD

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH  
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



They worked side by side through the warm afternoon

HE judged each act of the passing days by three pictures in the back cells of his brain. These pictures never weakened, never receded; neither during his meals, which he shared with the other students at Frau Grosser's pension in the Dahmannstrasse, nor during his hours of study and research spent over glass tubes and crucibles and bottles and retorts in the Royal Prussian Chemical Laboratory overlooking Unter den Linden, with Professor Kreutzer's grating, sarcastic voice at his left ear, the rumbling basso of the professor's German assistants at his right.

There was one picture which showed him the island of Kiushu rising from the cloudy gray of the China Sea, black-green with cedar and scarlet with autumn maple, and the pink snow of cherry fluffing April and early May; the island which stood to him for princely Satsuma, and Satsuma—since he was a samurai, permitted to wear two swords, the *daito* and the *shoto*—for the whole of Japan.

There was the picture of his grandfather, the Marquis Takagawa—his father had gone down fighting his ship against the Russians under Makarov—who in his youth had drawn the sword for the Shogun against the Mikado in the train of Saigo, the rebel chief, who had finally made his peace with his sovereign lord and had given honorable oath that he would lay the lives, the courage, and the brains of his descendants for all time to come on the altar of Nippon to atone for the sin of his hot youth.

There was, thirdly, the memory of his old tutor, Komoto, a bonze of the Nichiren sect who had made *senaji* pilgrimages to the thousand shrines, who had taught him the Chinese classics from the Diamond Sutra to the Kin-Kong-King, later on the wisdom of Ogawa and Kimazawa and the *bushido* no *ichi-gon*—the lessons of Bushido, the lore of the two-handed sword, the ancient code of Nippon chivalry.

"The spiritual light of the essential being is pure," Komoto had said to the marquis when the governors of the cadet school at Nagasaki had decided that the young samurai's body was too weak, his eyes too shortsighted, his blood too thin to stand the rigorous military training of modern Japan. "It is not affected by the will of man. It is written in the book of Kung Tzeu that not only the body but also the brain can raise a levy of shields against the enemy."

"Yes," the marquis had replied; for he, too, was versed in the Chinese classics. "Ships that sail the ocean, drifting clouds, the waning moon, shores that are washed away—these are symbolic of change. These, and the body. But the human mind is essential, absolute, changeless, and everlasting. O Takamori-san!" He had turned to his grandson. "You will go to Europe and learn from the foreigners, with your brain, since your body is too weak to carry the burden of the two-handed sword. You will learn with boldness, with patience, and with infinite trouble. You will learn not for reward and merit, not for yourself, but for Nippon. Every grain of wisdom and knowledge that falls from the table of the foreigners you will pick up and store away for the needs of the Rising Sun. You will learn—and learn. But you will learn honorably. For you are a samurai, O Takamori-san!"

And so the young samurai took ship for Europe. He was accompanied by Kaguchi, an old family servant, short, squat, flat-nosed, dark of skin and long of arm. A low-caste he was who had sunk his personality in that of the family whom his ancestors had been serving for generations, who had never considered his personal honor but only that of his master's clan which to him stood for the whole of Nippon.

IF Takagawa Takamori had been small among the short, sturdy daimios of Kiushu, he seemed wizened and diminutive among the long-limbed, well-fleshed men of Prussia and Mecklenburg and Saxony who crowded the chemical laboratory of Professor Kreutzer. Gentlemen according to the stiff, angular, ramrod German code, they recognized that the little parchment-skinned, spectacled Asian was a gentleman according to his own code, and so, while they pitied him after the manner of big blond men, lusty of tongue, hard of thirst, and greedy of meat, they sympathized with him. They even liked him; and they tried to help him when they saw his narrow-lidded, myopic eyes squint over tomes and long-necked glass retorts in a desperate attempt to assimilate in six short semesters the chemical knowledge which Europe had garnered in the course of twice a hundred years.

Professor Kreutzer, who had Semitic blood in his veins and was thus in the habit of leaping at a subject from a flying start and handling it with consciously dramatic swiftness, was frequently exasperated at Takagawa's slowness of approach and comprehension. On the other hand, his German training and traditions made him appreciate and admire the student's Asiatic tenacity of purpose, his steel-riveted thoroughness and efficiency which made it impossible for him to forget a fact which he had once mastered and stored away. Perhaps his method of learning was parrotlike. Perhaps his memory was mechanical, automatic, the fruit of his early schooling when, with the mountain wind blowing icy through the flimsy shoji walls, he had knelt in front of Komoto and had laboriously learned by heart long passages from the Yuen-Chioh and the erudite commentaries of Lao-tse. Whatever the basic cause, whatever his method, the result was peculiar—and startling to his fellow students. Given a certain discussion, a certain argument which sent his German classmates scuttling for library and reference books, the young samurai seemed to turn on a special spigot in his brain and give forth the desired information like a sparkling stream.

"Sie sind ja so'n echter Wunderknabe, Sie Miniatur gelbe Gefähr!" (for that's what he called him: a "miniature yellow peril") the professor would exclaim; and he would give him a resounding slap on the back which would cause the little wizened body to shake and smart. But, sensing the kindness beneath rough words and rougher gesture, Takagawa would bow old-fashionedly, with his palms touching his knees, and suck in his breath noisily.

He was learning—learning honorably; and at night, when he returned to his rooms in the pension, he would go over the garnered

wisdom of the day together with Kaguchi, his old servant. Word for word he would repeat to him what he had learned, until the latter, whose brain was as that of his master—persistent, parrotlike, mechanical—could reel off the chemical formulae with the ease and fluency of an ancient professor gray in the craft. He had no idea what the barbarous foreign sounds meant. But they amused him. Also he was proud that his young master understood their meaning—his young master who stood to him for Kiushu and the whole of Nippon.

Summer of the year 1914 found Takagawa still at work under Professor Kreutzer, together with half a dozen German students who like himself were using the Long Vacations for a postgraduate course in special chemical research, and a Prussian officer, a Lieutenant Baron Horst von Eschingen, who on his arrival was introduced by the professor as "a rara avis indeed—pardon me, baron!" with a lopsided, sardonic grin—"a brass-buttoned, much-gallooned, spurred, and booted East-Elbian Junker who is graciously willing to descend into the forum of sheepskin and learned dust and stinking chemicals, and imbibe knowledge at the feet of as humble a personage as myself."

The German students laughed boisterously, while the baron smiled. For it was well known throughout the empire that Professor Kreutzer was a *Liberaler* who disliked bureaucratic authority, sneered at the military, and was negligent of imperial favor.

FROM the first Takagawa felt a strong liking and even kinship for Baron von Eschingen. He understood him. The man, tall, lean, powerful, red-faced, ponderous of gesture and raucous of speech, was nevertheless a samurai like himself. There was no doubt of it. It showed in his stiff punctiliousness and also in his way of learning—rather of accepting teaching. For the professor, who welcomed the opportunity of bullying with impunity a member of the hated ruling classes, took a delight in deviling the baron's soul, in baiting him, in putting to him sudden questions hard to solve and pouncing on him, when the answer did not come swift enough, with such remarks as: "Of course, lieber Herr Leutnant, what can I expect? This is not a hollow square, nor a firing squad, nor anything connected with martingale or rattling scabbard. This is science—the

humble work of the proletariat—and, by God, it needs the humble brain of the proletariat to understand it."

Another time—the baron was specializing in poisonous gases and their effect on the human body—the professor burst out with: "I can't get it through my head why you find it so terribly difficult to master the principles of gas. I have always thought that the army is making a specialty of—gas bags!"

Von Eschingen would bite his mustache and blush. But he would not reply to the other's taunts and gibes; and Takagawa knew that the baron, too, was learning; learning honorably; nor because of reward and merit.

They worked side by side through the warm, soft July afternoons—while the sun blazed his golden panoply across a cloudless sky and the scent of the linden trees, drifting in through the open windows, cried them out to field and garden—cramping their minds with the methodical devices of exact science, staining their hands with sharp acids and crystals, with the professor wielding his



... a dirk—a splendid, ancient blade





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pedagogic whip, criticizing, sneering, mercilessly driving. More than once, when Kreutzer's back was turned, Takagawa would help the baron, whisper him word or chemical formula from the fund of his tenacious Oriental brain, and then the two would laugh like naughty schoolboys, the German with short, staccato bursts of merriment, the Japanese discreetly, putting his hand over his mouth.

FINALLY one afternoon as they were leaving the laboratory together and were about to go their separate ways at the corner of the Dorotheenstrasse, Takagawa bowed ceremoniously before the officer and, painfully translating in his mind from the Chinese book of etiquette into Japanese and thence into the harsh vagaries of the foreign tongue, begged him to tie the strings of his traveling cloak and deign to set his honorable feet in the miserable dwelling of Takagawa Takamori, there to partake of mean food and entirely worthless hospitality. Baron von Eschingen smiled, showing his fine, white teeth, clicked his heels, and accepted; and the following evening found the curious couple in Takagawa's room: the former in all the pale-blue and silver glory of his regimentals, the latter, having shed his European clothes, wrapped in a cotton crêpe robe embroidered on the left shoulder with a single pink chrysanthemum, queer and hieratic—the *môn*, the coat of arms of his clan. To tell the truth, the baron had brought with him a healthy, meat-craving German appetite, and he felt disappointed when all his host offered him was a plate of paper-thin rice wafers and some very pale, very tasteless tea served in black celadon cups. His disappointment changed to embarrassment when the Japanese, before filling the cups, went through a lengthy ceremony, paying exaggerated compliments in halting German, extolling his guest's nobility, and laying stress on his own frightful worthlessness.

"And the funny little beggar did it with all the dignity of a hidalgo," the baron said the next morning to a major in his regiment who had spent some years as military attaché in Japan. "Positively seemed to enjoy it."

The major laughed. "Why," he replied, "you ought to feel highly honored. For that Jap paid you no end of a compliment. He has initiated you into the *cha-no-yu*, the honorable ceremony of tea sipping, thus showing you that he considers you his equal."

"His—his equal?" flared up the other, who, away from the laboratory, was inclined to be touchy on points of family and etiquette.

"To be sure. Didn't you say his name is Takagawa Takamori?"

"Yes."

"Well—the Takagawas are big guns in their own land. They don't make 'em any bigger. They are relatives of the Mikado, cousins to all the feudal houses of Satsuma, descendants of the gods, and what not—"

It was not altogether snobbishness which caused the German to cultivate the little Asiatic after that. He really liked him. At the end of a few weeks they were friends—strangely assorted friends who had not much in common except chemistry, who had not much to talk about except acids and poisonous gases. But they respected each other, and many a sunny afternoon found them strolling side by side through the crowded thoroughfares of Berlin, the baron swinging along with his long, even step, the tip of his scabbard smartly bumping against the asphalt, while Takagawa tripped along very much like a small, owlish child, peering up at the big man through the concave lenses of his spectacles.

Only once did the samurai mention the reasons which had brought him to Europe. They were passing the Pariser Platz at the time, and stopped and turned to look at the half company of Grenadiers of the Guard who were marching through the Bran-

denburger Thor to change the castle watch, shoulders squared, rifles at the carry, blue-clad legs shooting forth at right angles, toes well down, the spotless metal on spiked helmet and collar and belt mirroring the afternoon sun, while the drum major shook his horse-tailed bell tree and a mounted captain jerked out words of command:

"Achtung! Augen—links! Vorwärts! Links an! Links an! Marsch!"

Takagawa pointed a lean, brown finger.

"The scabbard of my blue steel spear is the liver of my enemy," he quoted softly, translating from the Japanese. "I carry the red life on my finger tips; I have taken the vow of a hero!" and when the baron looked down, uncomprehending, asking astonishedly: "Hero? Hero?" the other gave a little, crooked smile.

"The mind too fights when the body is too weak to carry the burden of the two-handed sword," he explained. "The mind too can be a hero. Mine is!" he added, with utter simplicity. "For my body aches for the touch of steel, while I force my mind to drink the learning of books. My mind bends under the strain of it. But I do it—for Japan."

The baron's hand descended on his friend's lean shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "I understand, old boy. I have an older brother. No good for the King's coat—lost a leg when he was a kid. Family shot him into the Foreign Ministry. Works like a slave. But, *auf Ehrenwort*, he hates it, the poor old beggar!"—and, seeing a drop of moisture in the other's oblique eyes, he went on hurriedly: "Now, as to that gas—that new one Kreutzer is drizzling about—with some unearthly, jaw-breaking Greek name and that fine, juicy stink to it—do you remember how—" And a moment later they were deep once more in the discussion of poison gases.

JULY swooned into August and, overnight, it seemed, the idyl of peace was spattered out by a brushful of blood. Excitement struck Berlin like a crested wave. People cheered. People laughed. People wept. A conjurer's wand swung from Spandau to Köpenick, thence east to Posen, and north and northwest in a semicircle, touching Kiel, Hamburg, Cologne, and Mayence. A forest of flags sprang up. Soldiers marched in never-ending coils down the streets, horse and foot, foot again, and the low, dramatic rumbling of the guns. They crowded the railway stations from Lehrter Bahnhof to Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof. They entrained, cheered, were cheered, leaned from carriage windows, floppy,

"This car for Brussels!" "This car for Calais!"—and, twenty-four hours later, the world was startled from stupid, fattening sleep through the news that Belgium had been invaded by the gray-green hordes, led by generals who had figured out each chance of victory and achievement with logarithmic, infallible cunning, and that already the Kaiser had ordered the menu which should be served him when he entered Paris.

The wave of war struck the laboratory and the pension in the Dahlmannstrasse together with the rest of Berlin.

People assumed new duties, new garb, new language, new dignity—and new psychology. The old Germany was gone. A new Germany had arisen—a colossus, a huge, crunching animal of a country, straddling Europe on massive legs, head thrown back, shoulders flung wide; proud, defiant! And sullen!

TAKAGAWA did not understand. He had come to Berlin to learn honorably. He was not familiar with European politics, and Belgium was only a geographical term to him.

War? Of course! War! It meant honor and strength and sacrifice. But—

There was Hans Grosser, the only son of Frau Grosser, the comfortable, stout Silesian widow who kept the pension. Long, lean, pimply, clumsy, an underpaid clerk in the Dresdner Bank, he had been heretofore the butt of his mother's boarders. When at the end of the meal the *Kompottschale*, filled with stewed fruit, was passed down the table, he was the last to help himself, and then apologetically. The day after war was declared he came to dinner—his last dinner before leaving for the front—in gray-green, with a narrow gold braid on his buckram-stiffened collar, gold insignia on his epaulet, a straight saber dragging behind his clicking spurs like a steel-forged tail. Overnight the negligible clerk had become Herr Leutnant—second lieutenant in the reserves, detailed to the 124th Infantry. The butt had become the potential hero. He was listened to, bowed to. He was the first to dip the battered silver spoon into the *Kompottschale*.

Dinner over, cigars and cigarettes lit, he held court, leaning over the piano in all his gray-green glory. He received congratulations which he accepted with a yawn. But when Takagawa bowed to him, saying something very kindly and very stilted in his awkward German, Grosser looked him up and down as he might some exotic and nauseating beetle, and it was clear that the other boarders approved of his strange conduct.

It was the same in the laboratory. When he entered the students who were already there turned stony eyes upon him.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. A harsh, rasping sound, something between a cough and a snort, was the reply.

Only the professor seemed unchanged.

"Good morning, miniature yellow peril!" he said, while the German students formed into a group, near the window whence they could see the soldiers file down Unter den Linden, with the hollow tramp-tramp-tramp of drilled feet, the brasses braying out their insolent call. They seemed silent and grave and stolid, though at times given to unreasonable, hectic fits of temper. They talked excitedly among themselves: about "Weltpolitik," about "Unser Platz in der Sonne" and "Deutsche Ideale." Every once in a while one of them would whisper something about "die Engländer," pronouncing the word

as if it were a dread talisman. Another would pick up the word: "die Engländer," with a tense, minatory hiss. Then again they would all talk together, excitedly; and once Takagawa, busy with a brass crucible and a handful of pink crystals, could hear: "Japan—the situation in the Far East—Kiauchau—"

Baron von Eschingen, usually punctual to the min-



Takagawa went through a lengthy ceremony before filling the cups

unstarched fatigue caps set jauntily on close-cropped heads, singing sentimental songs:

*Lebt wohl, ihr Frauen und ihr Mädchen,  
Und schaffet euch einen And'ren an. . .*

The cars pulled away, bearing crudely chalked legends on their brown sides—"This car for Paris!"





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ute, did not make an appearance at the laboratory that morning.

"Getting ready for the wholesale butchery," the professor explained to Takagawa in an undertone. "Sharpening his cleaver and putting a few extra teeth in his meat saw, I've no doubt."

Takagawa felt disappointed. He would have liked to say good-by to his friend, ceremoniously. For he remembered how his father had gone forth at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. He had only been a small child at the time, but he recollected everything: how his mother and grandmother had bowed low and had spoken unctuously of *naijo*, of inner help; how the little girls of the household had brought their *kai-ken* dirks to be blessed by the departing warrior; how Komoto had quoted long passages from the Po-ro-po-lo-mi, reinforcing them with even lengthier quotations from the Fuh-ko; how his father had taken him to his arms with the true *bushi no nasake*, the true tenderness of a warrior, and how immediately after his father had left the women had put on plain white linen robes, without hems, as the ancient rites prescribe for widows.

"You—you don't think he'll come back here before he leaves for the front?" he asked the professor.

"Certainly," laughed the other. "He isn't through yet with these!" indicating a wizardly array of tubes and pipes whence acrid, sulphurous fumes were rising to be caught, yellow, cloudy, whirling, in a bulb-shaped retort which hung from the ceiling.

"But—he is a samurai, a soldier!" stammered Takagawa. "What have these—these gases to do with—"

"With war?" Kreutzer gave a cracked laugh. "Don't you know?"

"I know the ingredients. I know how the gas is produced."

"Oh, you do; do you?"

"Yes. And Takagawa, turning on the right spigot in his fact-gathering brain, reeled off the correct formula in all its intricacies.

The professor laughed again. "And you mean to say," he asked in the same sibilant undertone, "that you have no idea what the gas is for—that you have no idea why Baron von Eschingen has honored us these six weeks with his spurred and booted presence?"

"Why—no!"

Kreutzer slapped his knees. "Blessed innocence!" he chuckled. "Blessed, spectacled, yellow-skinned, Asiatic innocence! It is— Well, never mind!"

He turned to the German students who were still talking excitedly among themselves.

"Silentium!" he thundered. "War is all very well, gentlemen. But we are not here to kill or to remake the map of Europe. We are here to learn about— And then a lengthy Greek word and the hush of the classroom.

The baron, who had shed his pale-blue and silver regimentals for a uniform of gray-green, came in toward the end of the lesson. He spoke courteously to the students, who instinctively stood at attention, shook hands with Takagawa with his usual friendliness, and drew the professor into a corner where he engaged him in a low, heated conversation.

"I won't do it!" Takagawa could hear Kreutzer's angry hiss: "The lesson is over. I insist on my academic freedom! I am a free burgess of the university. I—" and the baron's cutting reply: "This is war, Herr Professor! I am here by orders of the Ministry of War. I order you to—"

**TAKAGAWA** smiled. Here was the real samurai speaking; and he was still smiling ecstatically when, a moment later, the professor turned to the class.

"Go downstairs, meine Herren," he said. "I have a private lesson to give to—to—he shot out the word venomously—"to our army dunce! To our saber-rattling gray-green hope! To our so intelligent East-Elbian Junker! To—"

"Shut up!" came the baron's harsh voice. "Don't you dare, you damned—" At once he controlled himself. He forced himself to smile. "I am sorry, gentlemen," he said, "to disturb you and to interfere with your lessons in any way. But I have some private business with the professor. War—you know—the necessities of war—"

"Yes—yes—"

"Natürlich!"

"Selbstverständlich!"

"Sie haben ganz Recht, Herr Leutnant!" came the

May 11

chorus of assent, and the students left the laboratory together with Takagawa, who went last.


"Wait for me downstairs, old boy," the baron called after him as he was about to close the door.

Arrived in the street, without civil words or touching their hats, the German students turned to the left to take their "second breakfast" at the Café Victoria, while Takagawa paced up and down in front of the building to wait for his friend.

Troops were still marching in never-ending files, like a long, coiling snake with innumerable, bobbing heads, and crowds of people were packing the sidewalks in a dense mass, from the Brandenburger Thor to beyond the Schloss.

They whirled about Takagawa. A few noticed him—only a few, since he was so small—but these few glared at him. They halted momentarily, mumbling: "A Japanese!"

"Ein Ausländer!" ("A foreigner!")



## Wren-house To Let

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

*This house was built, Miss Jenny Wren,  
For you, your mate, and fledglings ten,  
With solid walls and airy roof,  
Salubrious and weatherproof.  
The door, just large enough for you,  
Will let no rowdy Sparrow through;  
That row of spikes in sharp array  
Will keep marauding Cats away;  
Our garden beds will furnish food  
For all your ever-hungry brood  
(We highly recommend the Worms).  
So be our tenant; name your terms.  
The rent? No, not one feather tip  
Just neighborly companionship!*

There was sullen, brooding hatred in the word where, only yesterday, it had held kindness and hospitality and tolerance.

**TAKAGAWA** stepped back into a doorway. Not that he was afraid. He did not know the meaning of the complicated emotion called fear, since he was a samurai. But something intangible, something nauseating and hateful, seemed to float up from the crowd, like a veil in the meeting of winds—the air, the people, the music, everything, suddenly shot through with peculiar, disturbing, prismatic diffractions.

He was glad when the baron's tall form came from the laboratory building.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," said the officer, slipping his white-gloved hand through the other's arm. "I've only a minute for you at that. Got to rush back to headquarters, you know. But—a word to the wise—is your passport in order?"

"Yes. Why?"

The baron did not seem to hear the last question. He took a visiting card from his pocketbook and scribbled a few rapid words. "Here you are," he said, giving the card to Takagawa. "Take this to my friend Police Captain von Wilmowitz, at the Presidency of Police—you know—near the Spittelmarkt. He'll see to it that you get away all right before it's too late—you, and your old servant, Kaguchi—"

"Get away? Too late? You mean that—"

"That you'd better wipe your feet on the outer doormat of the German Empire. Get out of the country, in other words. Go to Holland, Switzerland—anywhere."

"Why?"

"War!" came the baron's laconic reply.

"Yes, but Japan and Germany are not at war!"

The baron had put back his pocketbook and was buttoning his tunic. "I know," he said. "But England declared war against us three hours ago,

and Japan is England's ally. Hurry up. Do what I tell you. I'll drop in on you to-night or to-morrow and see how you're making out." He turned and came back again.

"By the way," he went on, "be careful about any papers you take along. Destroy them. Your chemistry notebooks—the notes you made during class. There's that poison gas, for instance." He was silent, hesitated, and continued: "I'm sorry about that, Takagawa. Puts both you and me in a devilishly embarrassing position. You see, I had no idea—honestly—that war was due when the powers that be detailed me on that chemistry course. I thought it was all a tremendous bluff. Otherwise I would never have dreamt of working side by side with you, comparing notes on these poison-gas experiments, and all that. Well—he shrugged his shoulders—"what's the use of crying over spilt milk? Burn your notebooks—chiefly those dealing with the gas."

And he was off.

Takagawa looked after him, uncomprehending. The poison gas! Here it was again. The same mysterious allusion. First Professor Kreutzer had spoken of it, and now the baron.

But what did they mean? What did it signify?

**FINALLY**, obeying the suggestion of the dusty laboratory windows looking down on him from their stone frames, Takagawa reentered the building and went straight to Professor Kreutzer's lecture room.

He found the latter seated at his desk, his chin cupped in his hands, his haggard face flushed and congested. The man seemed to be laboring under an excitement which played on every quivering nerve of his body; the hand supporting the lean chin showed the high-swelling veins, and trembled.

He looked up as Takagawa entered, and broke into a harsh bellow of laughter. "Come back, have you, you stunted yellow peril!"

"Yes. I want to ask you about—about the gas."

Again the professor laughed boisterously.

"The gas!" he cried. "The poison gas! To be sure! Not quite as innocent as you made yourself out to be a while back, are you? Well, by God, I'll tell you about the poison gas! Got a remarkable sort of brain, haven't you? Retentive faculty abnormally developed—don't need written notes or any other sort of asses' bridge, eh? Just as good! Couldn't take anything written out of Germany. But your brain—your tenacious Oriental brain—they can't put that to the acid test! All right! Listen to me!"

Professor Kreutzer did not stop to dissect himself or his motives. He obeyed, not a feeling, a sudden impulse, but a pathological mood which was the growth of forty years. For forty years he had hated autocratic, imperial Germany. For forty years he had battled with his puny strength against militarism. Now the steel-clad beast had won. The shadow of war had fallen over the land. His gods lay shattered about him.

Forty years of ill-suppressed hatred—brought to a head, half an hour earlier, by Baron von Eschingen's curt command: "This is war, Herr Professor. I am here by orders of the Ministry of War. I order you to—"

That uniformed, gold-braided jackanapes to order him, a scientist, a thinker!

**KREUTZER** swore wickedly under his breath. He turned to the Japanese, and talked to him at length, going with minute care over the whole process of making poison gas, from the first innocuous-looking pink crystal to the final choking cloudy yellow fumes. He made Takagawa repeat it, step by step, formula by formula. Finally he declared himself satisfied. "You know it now, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You'll never forget it?"

"No, sir."

"All right. You have what you came here to get. In one respect at least you know as much as the German War Office. Go back to Japan—as soon as you can." He returned to his desk and picked up a book.

Takagawa went after him. "Herr Professor!" he said timidly.

(Continued on page 32)



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*John*



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U-S FOOD ADMINISTRATION



# SEEING ALMA FIRST

BY W. P. LAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER HERFORD



was a pool table, and in bechune, under one of them coal-oil lamps swinging from the ceiling, was a cyard table. They was some fellers setting round it playing poker and around them was some more fellers sweating the game and one little chunky feller with tow haar and a cigareet was bringing a couple of loads of drinks from behind the bar and carrying them over to the table. One load was on the tray and the other one the feller was packing internul. He seemed right drunk.

A SIZABLE jack pot was being decided in the poker game, which was the reason nobody paid us any attention. So we j'ined the sweaters and looked on and one of the sweaters whispered to us finely, arter we'd asked him, who the five fellers playing was.

He says the tall, sollem feller, who was about as fat as a match, with a plumb terryfying mustash curling back like the horns on one them mountain goats, was Brad Thomas. He was the salloon proprieter. And he says the feller opposite, wearing a big sombrero with a convict-wove horsehair hatband and silver buttons on his vest, was the sherreff. This here sherreff was a Mexican, but when I first seen him I thought he was a niggero. He looked plumb light-struck.

The sherreff and Brad, seemed like, was bucking each another, so I didn't pay much attention to the other fellers. Two on 'em was deppity sherreffs, the sweater says, and the last one was Sim Wood, who owned the rival salloon across the street. The sweater says competition betwixt the two salloons wasn't right keen how so ever, because Sim was accustomed to close up arter taking in a dollar or two in the morning, and then to come over and spend the balance of the day in Brad's salloon, where they was more life. If he didn't git cleaned out afore evening come, the sweater says. Because this Sim was a gambler.

Well, Brad Thomas win the jack pot and begun laffing at the sherreff, who looked right mean like he couldn't take a joke. Then Brad called for drinks for the house, and that's where the sweaters got action on their time and their encouraging applause. It's their bizniz to stand around and back the winner; if he's gen'rus, that is. And if he ain't they back him anyway, trusting to luck. Because they're gamblers too.

When the tow-headed feller had come around with another double-bar'l order, one for him and one for the balance of the company, Brad glanced up to see if everybody was getting theirn, and he seen us and riz up and went behind the bar and begun polishing glasses inviting like.

So Allingham and me and two-three other fellers lined up on the more 'xpensive side of the bar and Allingham says: "Well, I reck'n we best take one!"

"What will you take, mister?" says Brad, looking at me first, because Allingham was ordering.

"Whisky!" I says.

"I ain't drinking," says Allingham; "I'll take beer!"

"Won't you and your friends j'ine us?" I says to Brad, looking meanwhile at the fellers standing by the bar.

"They ain't no friends of mine," says Brad, look-

ing at them also, only in a diff'rent way. "They's jest bar-rail birds, as you mought say, and their present bizniz is listening to see if they kin hear any inf'mation about you-all and your affares."

Then the fellers turned around and j'ined the sweaters again, and Brad says: "I'll take a finger or so with you-all, and much obleeged!"

"Have one on the house!" says Brad when we'd dranked up.

So we had one on the house and then, them formal'ties being over with successful, I ordered another because I wanted it. And arter that we all begun to git better acquainted.

I looked around and seen two or three pitchers on the walls and behind the bar was a big mirror, cracked in some spots where fellers had let their guns go off into it keerless. In the middle of the mirror was a large sign which says: "No Wartalk And No Babytalk A Loud Here."

"That there's my motter," says Brad, noticing me reading the sign.

"It's a right good motter," I says. "Does it mean pers'nal or furrin war talk?"

"That depends," says Brad, "on whether furrin war talk gits pers'nal or whether pers'nal talk gits furrin to deecorum. It means either of them two."

"Well!" I says.

"And again," says Brad, "if it's a case of furrin war talk, it's important which side you're talking from because we're for the alleys."

"Which ones?" says Allingham.

"I was speaking of the Mex'cans' revolutions," says Brad.

"Oh!" says Allingham.

"And how come I spoke of the alleys," says Brad, "we-all got a saying out yere that they's an afare a ranged by the alleys Father Time and ole Grand-paw Death agin the Mexican people. And we're waiting watchful for the first two compadres to win. Them illit'rit Mexicans, they ain't ary one of them can rekernize the 'pearrens of two bits, if it's shoved up close to their faces. But they ain't so plumb bad; they're fair workers, when they're hongry, and if it wasn't for skinnin' them four ways from the ace, they wouldn't be none of us prom'nent citizens nigh so well fixed as we is now. But yere, I mustn't take up your time talking, forgetting meanwhile the hostility of the host. What will you-all drink?"

"Keep right on augrin', Mister Thomas," says Allingham, "your idees is plumb fassinating. I'll take beer."

SO Brad set out the drinks and says: "You seem to be a avridge good conversationalist, young feller. Are you fixing to stay here any len'th of time?"

"We ain't decided yit," says Allingham, "we're jest looking round."

"Well," says Brad, "you won't see a grate deal."

"It'll likely be enough," returned Allingham. So then Brad begun looking at Allingham right funny, and I says: "How many is the population of Alma, Mister Thomas, if I ain't too inquis'tif?"

Brad glanced around the room keerful and finely he says: "You ain't, because your queery is simple to answer."

(Continued on page 37)

FIRST off I got to admit Almy is a town, not a gal. It is a town in south New Mexico, not so fur from the border. It is inhabited by a dozen or so men and certain wimmen. That's why Allingham says I've got no right to call this ins'dent I'm about to mention by the title I chosen, because them folks was there when we come. Besides, Allingham says if we'd seen Almy first we wouldn't ever of visited it a-tall, but I dunno. Offen a feller can't tell what he wouldn't of done arter it didn't happen. So I b'leeve I'll leave the title ride.

How come we happened to think of stopping at Almy was we were broke. Leastways badly bent. And it was the nearest town to which we found ourselfs when the holdup feller we'd run onto had finished his bizniz. We'd started from the ranch where I'd been working as cook, with the idee of making a hossback toor of some of the littler known sections of the State. And we was headed for Silver City when we met our mix-up with the holdup feller.

It was a couple of hours afore sundown when we seen this feller standing in the road p'inting a pair of six-guns at us right snaky.

"Who goes thar?" says the feller.

"Friends!" says Allingham. "Leastways we was till we started out on this ding-bustid toor!"

"It was all your idee," I told Allingham. "Making a toor!"

"Shet up!" says the holdup feller. "And advance and deliver up the goods!"

We had a slug of money on us, because I'd drawn seve'l months' back wages when we started out and had split with Allingham half in half. Because his only perffessional occupation being talking, he didn't make no money reg'lar.

But we done what the holdup feller suggested, because it seemed only right, although I held out a couple or three dollars agin trouble.

Then arter he'd putt our money into his pocket the feller p'inted out the dyrection Almy was in perlite and went onto his way.

ALLINGHAM and me begun riding again then. I was right irritated, being held up so plumb open, but seems like Allingham wa'n't keering grately.

"It's only what toorists can 'xpect," he says, "and we got to admit this yere natuff son has acted plumb shivvalrus. If you notised, he refrained from adding insults to robbery by bragging on the climate or claiming we suffered the privilege of seeing God's country for the first time."

So we didn't say no more then; and arter a spell we seen a light ahead and thar was Almy. I looked around cautious when we come nigh and obserfed it wasn't much to look at. Almy, I mean. They was a gen'ral store and a salloon and a dobey building which seemed as if it mought be the hotel. And they was two-three little tumble-down cabins scattered round like somebody had forgot to take them along when they moved. Hit looked plumb shiftless.

"Well," says Allingham, "I'm right diss'pinted in this yere settlement. It reminds a feller of a Kris-mus card without no icing onto it. Or p'raps like a wedding to which the bride has failed to respond."

"It ain't overly exciting to the eyesight," I says, "and that's a fact. But the salloon's got a light into it. Mebbe we'll take more int'rest arter we done dranked one or two!"

So we walked into the salloon and looked around, and on one side we seen a bar and acrost from it



"Shet up!" says the holdup feller. "And advance and deliver up the goods!"





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# PROHIBITION? THEN GOOD-BY, AMERICA!

BY FREDERICK LANDIS

**T**HE corkscrew has not the pull it used to have. So let us consider some of the calamities of prohibition which have been overlooked.

Think of the madhouses which will be emptied; the strait-jackets and padded cells rendered useless. Think of our happy penitentiaries, our beautiful electric chairs, our contented executioners! In partnership with Liquor, the Tubercular Bacillus has established a most active business. Shall we lay it waste? Shall we repeat the outrage visited upon the yellow-fever mosquito when we revoked his license, confiscated his pus, and destroyed his pianola, without compensation? According to the dampest statistics we have, there has been invested in cauliflower noses in the United States nine hundred million dollars and sixty-three cents! Are we to pillage all this vast wealth?

Take the steel industry. Prohibition will reduce the demand for padlocks, jimmies, balls and chains, cheap pistols, daggers, manacles, handcuffs, and prison bars! Armies of steel workers will cry for bread! And this does not include the multitude of skilled workmen now engaged in making brass knuckles. And there is glass. Prohibition will all but wipe it out; bottles will hesitate; dark lanterns will stagger; door-knob diamonds will gasp; red globes will grow pale and the demand for "glass houses" will largely cease! What is the test of national prosperity, recognized by all political economists? The price of fish-worms of course. Adopt prohibition and fishworms will not be worn in the eyes; they will be used only for bait, and the worm diggers of our beloved land will be driven to the soup house, while shovel factories will suspend. It will be bad enough to throw hop pickers out of work, but think of the quarrel pickers! The poker-chip industry will wither; the manufacture of marked cards and loaded dice will expire; gamblers will be reduced not only to want, but to work! Their lovely hands will grow hard; they will not be able to play the piano. The devastation will not end here; it will strike the Philippines. Halt the eager throng crowding up our scaffold steps, and the price of hemp will go down! We cannot ignore free lunch. It is still "free" here and there. Being "free," it costs us only a trifle over two billions and a half of dollars annually. What will we do for and with pig's feet when we are all compelled to pay for them? Pretzels will pass away—even from public office. Gravediggers will grow sullen, and merry millions, now singing "America" as they whittle stakes for potter's fields, will be cast adrift! And the hearts that will break when Mr. Barley-corn's beauty parlors close—his statistical valets, his political masseurs, his oratorical barbers, his newspaper manicurists, his legal chiropodists, his judicial hairdressers! It means farewell to the kings of the witness chair—the noblest admirals the sea of perjury has ever known! There are other legal complications. For instance, Liquor has rented many influential gentlemen; it has rented not only their cerebriums, but their cerebellums also, and these leases have a long time to run. Now, will Liquor be entitled to a rebate or will it be permitted to stuff these gentlemen and stand them in the library?

The change will upset social life. If a drunkard's wife now wishes to perfume the house when she gives a reception for the Hungry Club, she can just have Henry sit down by the whatnot and breathe for a few minutes. If this good woman desires to keep her social position after prohibition comes, she will be compelled to buy a goat.

### Nobody Having a Fit!

**W**HAT will happen on the stock exchange when half a million old washboards are thrown upon the market? Will it not ruin everybody's eyesight when Blue Monday turns pink? Will we not lose much of our tenderness if we stop sleeping in woodsheds with the rats? Will it not destroy our climate if twenty million stomachs cool off at the same time? What if in a great emergency we should run out of epilepsy and our scrofula reserve should

become impaired? Can any nation hope to lead the march of human progress unless it has locomotor ataxia?

Can the home survive the ravages of sobriety? After prohibition, father will hang around the house, and a certain degree of familiarity will be unavoidable, and "Familiarity breeds contempt." Picture the family potentate's chagrin on Saturday night. Now he drifts in grandly with the tide, but soon he will be compelled to walk! How the Viking in him will groan when his children will run to meet him instead of crawling under the bed! How dreary the sitting room of the future! Nobody throwing anything; nothing to dodge; nobody choking anybody; nobody breaking the dishes; nobody kicking the dog; nobody upsetting the lamp; nobody having a fit! And the monotony at the theatre—no getting up and making yourself thin between the acts while some hippopotamus walks all over you on his way out and then on his way back!

### A Bottle of Vanilla

**H**OW flat life will be when we are no longer backed against the livery stable and told how the town drunkard loves us! Imagine sitting through six banquet speeches, fully conscious! Think of watching the old year out—perfectly sober!—not one "pillar of society" upset; not one "first citizen" trying to kiss a bearded Bohemian waiter. It will be rough on our very best people. Not only will they live longer, but it will be harder to get divorces!

But the worst will come when millions drink flavoring extract. This era in American history is almost here. A few more months and the lord of the household descends the stairs on Sunday morning—shattered—chaotic! He has been all over the United States trying to get liquor, only to encounter an endless panorama of pumps. He is desperate; lightning flits across his brow; he glides through the dining room like a cat; he peers upon his wife, sitting in the kitchen. His eyes dilate; his thoughts are scarlet; he grasps the potato masher; he lifts it to strike the fatal blow, and then he sees she is picking the side burns off the Sunday chicken. The tender scene touches his heart; he puts the deadly weapon down; he will accomplish his hellish purpose, but without bloodshed! Stealthily he creeps to the pantry; he is in the pantry—with the door shut. He lifts his hand to the top shelf; he clasps something, and now he holds before his frenzied eyes—a bottle of vanilla! The amount that a man drinks depends on his companions. Think of the crowd in that pantry; there our friend stands, surrounded by the clothes wringer, the rat trap, the mop, the coffee mill, and the canned tomatoes. In the midst of that depraved lot, he drinks to excess; he drains the bottle, and in a little while he has delirium tremens—but he does not have snakes. The poor fellow has sponge cakes!

### The Moderate Drinker

**M**ANY "judicial temperaments," not only those which have been sold and delivered but also those which are in a receptive mood, insist that prohibition cannot stand before the courts. They base this opinion upon reasons which are conclusive from their legal standpoint.

**FIRST.**—If we stop chewing cloves, it will injure the commerce of Turkey, with which we are not yet officially at war, and this would violate treaty obligations.

**SECOND.**—The Declaration of Independence guarantees the "pursuit of happiness," and this means a gentleman's inalienable right to chase his family around the house.

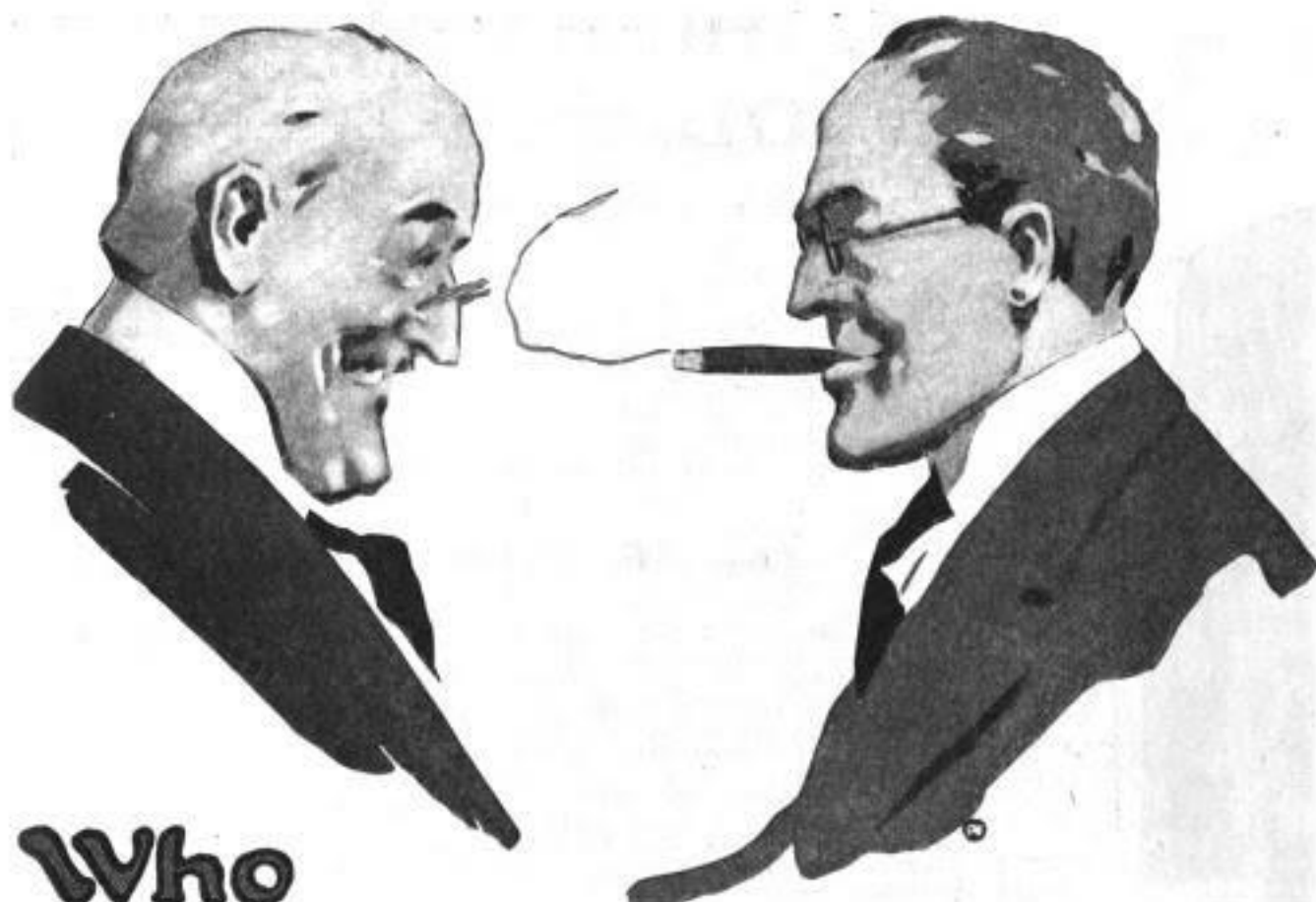
**THIRD.**—Prohibition is unconstitutional for the following reasons, designated A and B:

**A.**—The Constitution guarantees the right of trial by jury in criminal cases, and prohibition, by robbing man of his desire to commit crime, would destroy the value of this guaranty.

**B.**—The Constitution guarantees the writ of habeas corpus, but this will be worthless when prohibition shall have

(Continued on page 30) Google





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"I bit off the end, lighted up and puffed it. 'Well,' I said, 'What's the answer? This is as good as the cigar I smoke, and probably costs as much.'"

"That's *half* the answer," he replied, "It's as good as your cigar—but it costs only 8c. It's a Ricoro, the Corona size—*imported duty free* from Porto Rico."

"As an Efficiency Engineer you are sure *some cigar expert*," I remarked."

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## Each Package Saves About \$2

### If Used to Displace Meat

Each large package of Quaker Oats contains 6220 calories of nutrition. In meats and eggs—on the average at this writing—that same food value costs 7 or 8 times as much.

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Calories Per Pound			
Quaker Oats . . .	1810	Veal Cutlets . . .	705
Round Steak . . .	895	Young Chicken . . .	505
Eggs . . . . .	720	Fresh Halibut . . .	565

Then mark the great difference in cost. You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one meat or egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It has twice the energy value of beef, and several times its minerals.

It is a complete food, supplying every needed element. And its flavor makes it wondrously inviting.

It is the advised food for the young, where cost is not considered. And the favorite morning cereal in mansion or in cottage.

The delightful way to reduce your food cost is to serve more Quaker Oats.

# Quaker Oats

## The Extra-Flavorly Flakes

We use queen grains only in Quaker Oats—just the rich, plump oats. The small grains, which lack flavor, are discarded.

Thus we get but ten pounds of

Quaker Oats from a bushel. But those ten pounds are the flavorly oats. And they bring you these exquisite flakes without any extra price. Be sure you get them.

13c and 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

(1906)

### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 cups boiling water  
½ cup lukewarm water

½ cup sugar

1 cake yeast

5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 40 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, ½ cup flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats in which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very far on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 60 cookies.

pillaged the freeman of his desire to go to jail.

Only yesterday prohibition was a far-off dream and now it is a next-door neighbor. The Moderate Drinker did it: he said John Barleycorn was asking too much for liquor. But John only asked a little over a thousand per cent profit, and then he only asked to put in any adulteration that appealed to him; and then he only asked for the Government, local, State, and national; and then he only asked for mountain ranges of blasted homes; and then he only asked for the youth of the land; and then he "just kinda felt" that he'd like to have the eyesight of the babies and the peace of old age! He only wanted political ambition for a cockroach and the law of the country for a doormat; he only

wanted the sword of Bunker Hill for a cheese knife and the flag of Yorktown for a bar towel; he only wanted to rob the graves of all our heroes from Washington to Lincoln and drag them forth as brewery agents.

It seems as if Mr. Barleycorn did want something else; oh, yes, he thought it would be nice to have posterity for a sewer!

And just because he wanted these, the Moderate Drinker got up from the beer table and shouted right into Barleycorn's face: "I'm going to put you out of business." But the worst was what happened outside. The Moderate Drinker batted his eyes, as if waking from a trance, and then he said to himself: "Why should it take a hog so many centuries to commit suicide?"

## The American Destroyers

Continued from page 11

be quite useless. It is to be a public, unmitigated, intolerable, all-pervading nuisance. And with this elementary little piece of knowledge in my mind, I asked my question, but in a form that was not felicitous: "How are your amateurs getting on?" I certainly got the answer I deserved when the captain rapped back: "We have never had any." Not one, it seems, has missed a day's work, or failed in any single day to do two days' work. It is a tribute to Annapolis that trained them and to their captains and brother officers, older in the profession, who have made them, but most of all it is a tribute to the men themselves. The transformation is complete. In the ensign there is no trace left of the lawyer with his newly growing practice, nor in the great banker's son, nor any touch of the civilian in any of these stout, cheery, hard-driven last comers to the sea. What is true of the after cabin is true too of between decks. The training camps for bluejackets have done their work faithfully too. They tell me that it is only the personal record sheets that prove there is a difference between the old hands and the new. But then, of course, the work is really prodigious, incessant, so that the "sea change" is suffered in the briefest time.

### What the Records Show

THE flag captain keeps a complete statistical record of each boat's doings day by day. At the end of the month a tabular statement of the work of each from the very beginning is brought up to date. In the first column the destroyers' names—and what names! Each a memory and an example of gallant fighting, of duty nobly done, a stirring memory that challenges to emulation! Then follow the total period of the boat's service, the mileage run, the days on escort or convoy, the time in harbor, the period when under repair, how the repairs were done, whether by the boat's own men, or with the resources of the parent ship, or in a dockyard; the numbers of submarines seen, the numbers engaged and how engaged, and so forth. In its way the two half sheets of typewritten foolscap that make up this return are about as eloquent a document as I have ever seen. I would like to print it here and would ask no better text on which to write. But all the really interesting things are secret. You see they would interest the Huns more acutely even than us!

Perhaps those that have never been to sea in a destroyer, and do not know the kind of seas that are usual where the east Atlantic lanes merge into the Channel and the Irish Sea, would hardly realize what a regular service of five thousand miles a week must mean in strain on material and strain on men. Remember that four days at sea means, all through the winter time, almost twice as much darkness as light, and that in war it is real darkness, because no lights are used. These fragile-looking craft must be taken in and out of harbor and go about their escort and conveying duties without showing a glimmer, and never meet a ship—or escort or convoy a ship—that carries a warning ray. Remember that a high mileage has to be run at quite high speed. Steam for the highest possible speed must always be kept up, for Fritz may turn up anywhere, and you must go for him like a shot, or not at all. As a mere test of vigil and seamanship, this kind of thing makes a demand on officers and men of a kind utterly unknown in any naval experience before this war. Yet the vigilance and

seamanship that mere safety calls for are only a secondary factor, for these boats are not here to take care of themselves, but to find and fight and sink the submarines. And the submarines know it, and their whole energies are bent on not being found. For it happens too often to be pleasant that "found" means "fought," and "fought" means "foundered." It is in darkness that the submarine on the surface runs least risk of being seen, and for that reason is it that in darkness the sharpest lookout for submarines must be kept.

The mere mileage, then, means vastly more than meets the eye, but it is the other entries that are the more tempting. "Submarines seen, engaged, and how engaged." I wish I could give the totals or the results! They are agreeable reading. But one thing is intensely striking. There are boats here that have done as great a mileage as any, that have spent above the average of days at sea, whose record is blameless—yet have never seen a submarine at all! There is, in short, as much luck in this as in all other forms of hunting. There are cases, I believe, in the British Service, of men assiduously out in search of submarines for a year together and never seeing one, and then suddenly and for no apparent reason having a burst of luck that repaid a thousand times their persevering patience. Still, to the captains who have been out of luck the denial of a scrap of any kind is, of course, intensely trying. One felt so sorry for them, I could not help being reminded of the little boy who, on being bidden to seek edification in a picture of the Christians thrown to the lions and tigers in the Roman amphitheatre, called out: "Look, mummy, there is a poor tiger that hasn't got a Christian!" Here it is a Christian or two who has not yet got a tiger. But they know that their time will come—and I would hate to be Fritz when it does.

### A Family Affair

I WAS writing just now of the mother ship—it seems a natural word to use, and natural too to borrow Nelson's phrase again in writing of this "band of brothers." For the whole outfit, flag captain and destroyer captains, British admiral and the British Service and the British Admiralty—one sees that it is all a family affair. The bonds between the two services are intimate and strong and curiously cordial. It is something far better than tact or courtesy that has made them so and keeps them so. It is largely the common aim that does it, but chiefly, I think, the common pursuit of the highest standard of skillful conduct in trying to achieve that aim. To win the war by beating the submarine—for this is all that is needed to win the war—is certainly the aim. But what makes things go so sweetly is the intense desire to find the best and surest way of doing it. You may think that there is a rivalry between the services. There is, God bless them both! But then there is just as keen a rivalry between the boats of each service. And the admiral and the authorities at Whitehall are entirely impartial in making all useful information common to all and spreading to each the experience of all the others. Blame and praise and criticism and suggestion are all impartial too. Do not think for a minute that, when the British admiral recommends an American officer for the Distinguished Service Order, he is doing it out of politeness or with an eye to international propaganda. I do not know

(Continued on page 32)




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# WETPROOF SHOT SHELLS—

## Steel Lined ARROW and NITRO CLUB

*For Your Fall Shooting*

### *The Remington UMC Improvement in Shot Shells Everybody is talking about*

THE Wetproof development by Remington UMC is a patented and exclusive process of Waterproofing the shell in crimp and top wad—sealed against wet. It makes the shells exceptionally firm in the crimp—strong and dependable where the average shell is weakest. The Wetproof process is now applied to all Remington UMC smokeless powder shells. Wetproof shells do not cost any more—simply ask for "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Remington UMC.

WHETHER he ever hunts in the wet countries or not, there is not a sportsman anywhere but is welcoming the Wetproof development by Remington UMC as a solid contribution to shooting progress.

Here is an interesting fact—no Remington UMC development, once announced, has ever had to be recalled or even modified.

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provement in "Arrow" and "Nitro Club"—all these were adopted without question by thinking sportsmen everywhere, and their position grows stronger and stronger every season.

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Wherever you find "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" labels, you find the Wetproof shells—Remington UMC. Look for them. It is worth while.

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Smokeless, Wet-  
proof and  
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Smokeless, Wet-  
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## Sir Walter Raleigh

was one of the first men to smoke a pipe in England. You perhaps remember the story. How his faithful valet thought he was a fire and how he tried to put out the flames by throwing on a mug of ale.

It is quite different today. You see a man smoking a Wellington and somehow you envy him the sheer joy of it. Calm, cozy and contented he looks—the original portrait of happiness!

Nowadays, a pipe is as much a part of a man's equipment as his watch or knife or the inevitable black notebook.

## Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

will not wheeze or bubble. The "well" catches the moisture. The Wellington is made of genuine French briar, seasoned by our own special process. It breaks in sweet and mellow. The bowl is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. Any tobacco tastes better in a Wellington.

ALL  
GOOD  
DEALERS  
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AND  
UP



The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is on pipes of every style and size—each grade the highest possible quality at the price. See that it is on yours.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.  
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See how  
much soap  
you get.  
You can use  
it all.

# COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"

Saves 50 Shaves  
right in the Metal Grip

Per Stick  
25c.



Besides the quick, plentiful, softening lather that makes your daily shave a pleasure, you have the satisfaction of thrift when you use Colgate's "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick. With its new and clever construction you can unscrew the last of the soap (usually thrown away) and stick it on a new stick.

The Stick for Shaving Economy



Unscrew  
the last  
1/2 inch



Stick it  
on a  
new stick

how things are done on shore, but there is no mincing of words, no mealy-mouthed business where the American hounds are slipped from the leash on the coast of Ireland.

### Wisely Silent

THEN came luncheon in the captain's cabin—a real American luncheon, cooked by a Japanese cook, served by a Philippine waiter, beginning with grapefruit and ending with Java coffee. All the captains were there. The lunch was excellent, but the talk was a failure. I, of course, was trying to get the captains to tell me of their work, and everyone was willing enough that the other fellow—the last to have a scrap with a submarine, or a couple who had been recommended for the D. S. C.—should do so. If they had, of course I could not have written their stories. But it is a simple fact that everyone would talk of anything in the world except himself.

Get them on the admiral, for instance, and you had real eloquence. But, like the simple, efficient, hard-working fellows that they are, they were hopeless when one tried to get them to talk of their own achievements. It was just luck that one had been recommended for high honors—just a chance that another had got an enemy with all his officers and crew. Politeness might compel the bare statement of a fact or two; but there are no stories going, and it was no use trying to get them.

But there was no shyness when it came to asking questions. Anyone who had been in New York as recently as December 20 must surely be a mine of

home news. How were things going? How were the troops getting over? When, and on what scale, would their brothers of the army get to work? What about the shipping program, ordnance, machine guns? Then what was the news about other antisubmarine commands? How were they doing? What did the recent changes at the Admiralty mean? Were more coming? What of France and the great expected German push? The Russian peace? Austria? The German strikes? Before I realized what had happened, the interviewer had become the interviewed. And I noted again a thing I had often noted before. If we are to believe the tales of travelers, whatever reputation or other things the Englishman or American enjoys abroad, he is seldom charged with overmodesty. He is, to put it mildly, generally thought to be something of a bragger. Perhaps I am not traveler enough to say whether this is, in general, a true bill. But one thing I have always found. It is that the genuine professional man is never overconfident and never boasts. He has too much respect for his craft; knows its difficulties too well; knows always the gulf between the task and the achievement. He knows, in short, that there is no end to learning; and he is wisely silent so long as there is anything to learn. And there is nothing conscious or artificial in the thing at all. It is this serious modesty of purpose that is the secret of the success of this outwork of the American navy—the secret of its brotherly concert with the British Service. It is above everything intensely, solely professional. And the result is extraordinary.

## The Two-Handed Sword

Continued from page 23

"Well? What is it now?"  
"I—I—" the samurai hesitated. "I know the gas. I know how it is produced, how it is projected, how it affects the human body. I understand all that. But what is it for?"  
"You—you mean to say you don't know?"

The professor twirled in his chair, utter incredulity in his accents. Then, reading the question in Takagawa's oblique eyes, sensing that the man was asking in perfect good faith, in perfect innocence, he rose, took him by the arm, and led him to the window. He pointed. Afternoon had melted into a soft evening of glowing violet with a pale moon growing faintly in the north. The linden trees stood stiff and motionless as if forged out of a dark-green metal. But still the soldiers tramped. Still there was the glitter of rifle barrel and sword tip and lance point. Still crowds packed the sidewalks, cheering. The professor made a great gesture. It was more than a mere waving of hand and arm. It seemed like an incident which cut through the air like a tragic shadow.

"They are going out to kill—with bullet and steel. But gas, too, can kill—poison gas, projected from iron tanks on an unsuspecting, unprepared enemy! It can win a battle, a campaign, a war! It can change the course of world history! It can ram imperial Germany's slavery down the throat of a free world! Poison gas—it is a weapon—the newest, most wicked, most effective weapon!" The professor was getting slightly hysterical. "Take it back with you to Japan—to France, to England—anywhere! Fight us with our own weapons! Fight us—and give us freedom—freedom!" And, with an inarticulate cry, he pushed the Japanese out of doors.

Takagawa walked down the Dorotheenstrasse like a man in a dream. His feelings were tossed together into too violent confusion for immediate disentanglement. "You will learn, not for reward and merit, not for yourself, but for Japan!" his grandfather, the old marquis, had told him. And he had learned a great secret—for Japan. And Japan would need it. For, passing the newspaper kiosk at the corner of the Wilhelmstrasse, he had glanced at the headlines of the evening edition of the "Vossische Zeitung":

"Japan Stands by England. Sends Ultimatum. War Inevitable!"

War inevitable—and he was a samurai, a man entitled to wield the two-handed sword, though his body was too weak to carry the burden of it.

What of it? The professor had told him that poison gas, too, was a weapon, the most modern, most effective weapon in the world; and he had its formula tucked snugly away in his brain.

The poison gas! It was his sword!

But first he must get out of the country. He hailed a taxicab and drove straight to the Presidency of Police. A crowd of foreigners of all nationalities—anxious, nervous, shouting, gesticulating—was surging in the lower entrance hall of the square, baroque building. But the baron's card proved a talisman, and in less than half an hour Takagawa had seen Police Captain von Wilmowitz, had had his passport viséed and had received permission for himself and his servant Kaguchi to leave Berlin for Lake Constance on the following day.

CAPTAIN VON WILMOWITZ repeated the baron's warning: "Take nothing written out of Germany. Neither yourself nor your servant. They'll examine you both thoroughly at the Swiss frontier. Be careful," and Takagawa had hidden a smile.

Let them search his person, his clothes, his baggage. They would not be able to search his brain. He started figuring rapidly. He would go to Switzerland, thence via Paris to London. The Japanese ambassador there was a second cousin of his. He would give him the precious formula, and then—

He returned to the pension in the Dahlmannstrasse, settled his bill, and ordered Kaguchi to pack. Notebook after notebook he burned, and as he worked he was conscious of a feeling of power. There was no actual presentiment, no psychic preliminaries. It simply was there, this feeling of power, as if it had always been there. He was a samurai, and his was the two-handed sword—a two-handed sword forged in a stinking, bulb-shaped glass retort and shooting forth yellow, choking, sulphurous fumes.

In the next room a half dozen Germans were smoking and drinking and singing. He could hear Hans Grosser's excited voice, and now and then a snatch of song, sentimental, patriotic, boastful, and he thought that he too would soon again hear the songs of his fatherland, back in the island of Kiushu, in the rocky feudal stronghold of the Takagawas. The bards would be there singing the old heroic epics; the *uguisus* would warble the old melodies. Komoto would be there, and he himself, and his grandfather, the marquis.

"You will learn honorably!" his grandfather had told him. And he had learned. He was bringing back the fruit of it to Nippon.

He turned to Kaguchi with a laugh. "I have learned, Kaguchi, eh?"

"Yes," replied the old servant, "you have learned indeed. O Takamori-san!"

"And"—he said it half to himself—"I have learned honorably."

Honorably?  
He repeated the word with a mental question mark at the end of it.



Had he learned—honorably?

He stood suddenly quite still. An ashen pallor spread to his very lips. He dropped the coat which he was folding. Doubt floated upon him imperceptibly, like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk. Something reached out and touched his soul, leaving the chill of an indescribable uneasiness, an indescribable shame.

"Honorably!" He whispered the word.

HE sat down near the window, looking out into the street. Night had fallen with a trailing cloak of gray and lavender. The tall, stuccoed apartment houses on the Kurfürstendamm, a block away, rose above the line of street lamps like a smudge of sooty black beyond a glittering yellow band. Still people were cheering, soldiers tramping.

Kaguchi spoke to him. But he did not hear. He stared unseeing.

He said to himself that he had come to Germany, to Berlin, as a guest, to partake of the fruit of wisdom and knowledge. Richly the foreigners, the Germans, had spread the table for him. Generously they had bidden him eat. And he had dipped his hands wrist-deep into the bowl and had eaten his fill in a friend's house, giving thanks according to the law of hospitality.

Then war had come. Belgium, France, England, Russia—and tomorrow Japan. To-morrow the standard of the Rising Sun would unfurl. To-morrow the trumpets would blow through the streets of Nagasaki. Peasants and merchants and samurai would rush to arms.

And he was a samurai; and he had a weapon, a weapon of Germany's own forging—the formula for the poison gas, safely tucked away in his brain.

They had taught him in good faith. And he had learned. Nor would he be able to forget.

Professor Kreutzer? He did not count. He was a traitor. But his friend, Baron von Eschingen, the Prussian samurai who had worked side by side with him, who had even helped him get away?

Takagawa walked up and down. His labored, sibilant breathing sounded terribly distinct. From the next room there still came excited voices, the clink of beer steins, maulin singing:

*Von allen den Mädchen so blink  
und so blank . . .*

winding up in a tremendous hiccup. But he did not hear. In his brain something seemed to flame upward, illuminating all his thoughts.

They were very clear. He could not stay here, in the land of the enemy, while Nippon was girding her loins. Nor could he go home. For home he was a samurai, entitled to wield the two-handed sword. And he carried that sword in his brain, the formula for the poison gas. He would be forced—forced by himself, forced by his love of country—to give it to Nippon, and thus he would break the law of hospitality, his own honor.

He had learned the formula honorably. But there was no way of using it honorably.

A great, tearing sob rose in his throat. Then he heard a voice at his elbow: "O Takamori-san!"

He turned. "Yes, Kaguchi?"—and, suddenly, the answer to the riddle came to him. He looked at the old servant.

"You love me, Kaguchi?" he asked.

"My heart is between your hands!"

"You trust me?"

Kaguchi drew himself up.

"You are a samurai, O Takamori-san. The sword of Kiushu is unsullied."

"And unsullied it shall remain! And so," he added incongruously, "you will speak after me the foreign words which I shall now teach you, syllable for syllable, intonation for intonation"; and,

step by step, formula by formula, he taught Kaguchi the meaningless German words.

FOR hours he worked with him until the old man reeled off the strange sounds without hitch or error.

"You know now?" he asked him finally, even as the professor had asked him earlier in the afternoon.

"Yes."

"You'll never forget it?"

"No."

Takamori Takagawa smiled.

"Kaguchi," he said, "you will go from here to London, using this passport." He gave him the official paper which Herr von Wilmowitz had viséed. "In London you will seek out the ambassador of Nippon, who is my cousin. You will tell him word for word what I have just taught you, adding that it is the formula of a poison gas and that this gas is mightier than the two-handed sword and will, perhaps, win the war for Nippon and her allies. You will

furthermore tell him—and let this message be transmitted by him to my respected grandfather—that I learned this formula honorably, but that I could not take it back with me to Nippon without sully the law of hospitality, since the foreigners taught me in good faith. I myself, being thus caught between the dagger of my honor and the dagger of my country, have tried to make a compromise with fate. Honorably I tried to do my duty by Nippon, honorably I tried to keep the law of hospitality untainted. I do not

know if I have succeeded. Thus—" he made a gesture, and was silent.

Kaguchi bowed. His rugged old face was motionless. But he understood—and approved.

"You! Ah—" the word choked him.

"Yes," Takamori inclined his head. He used the old Chinese simile which his tutor had taught him. "I shall ascend the dragon."

He put his hand on Kaguchi's shoulder. "Come back here in half an hour," he said. "Fold my hands as the ancient customs demand. Then notify my friend, the German samurai. He will help you get over the frontier—with the formula safe in your brain."

And the servant bowed and left the room without another word.

The young samurai smiled slowly. An old quotation came back to him: "I will open the seat of my soul with a dagger of pain and show you how it fares with it. See for yourself whether it is polluted or clean."

He walked across the room, opened the mirror wardrobe, and took from the top shelf a dirk—a splendid, ancient blade in a lacquer case, whose guard was of wrought iron shaped like a chrysanthemum. Then he took off his European clothes and put on a voluminous white hemless robe with long, trailing sleeves. Very slowly he knelt. Carefully, according to the rites, he tucked the sleeves under his knees, to prevent himself falling backward, since a samurai should die falling forward. He took the dirk from the scabbard.

The next moment it had disappeared beneath the flowing draperies. He made a hardly perceptible movement. One corner of his mouth was slightly twisted, the first sign of great suffering heroically borne. His right leg was bent back, his left knee too. Then he drew the dirk slowly across to his right side and gave a cut upward.

Crimson stained his white robe. His eyes, glazed, staring, held a question—a question, a doubt to the last. Had he acted honorably? Had he—?

He fell forward. . . .

IT was thus that Baron von Eschingen, lushed in by Kaguchi, found him.

"Hara-kiri!" he said, drawing a sheet across the dead man's face; and then, quite suddenly: "Yes—yes. I understand—honorable little beggar!"



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## Where Are the Airplanes?

Continued from page 7

ardized motor. But they ought to have adopted also the plan of immediate production of existing models on as large a scale as American factories could turn out. This latter plan would have resulted in the quicker delivery of planes for the present fighting on the western front—inferior planes, to be sure, but still entirely useful and most urgently necessary. The other plan would have resulted, and will result, in large quantities of a very superior plane for the fighting in the fall of this year. Both plans, carried along together, would have been a perfect program.

This dual system which the Aircraft Board ought to have adopted can be found in nearly any large factory, especially in automobile factories. In any large factory you will find, somewhere off in a corner, a room, or a floor, which is closed off, which does not share the regular steady hum of production in the rest of the factory. In it are engineers and laborers who work minutely with hand tools. This small room is the laboratory; in it is being perfected the machine which the factory is going to produce next year. But the main factory is organized for steady and uninterrupted production of this year's model.

Now, the Aircraft Board's mistake consists in this, that it focused all of its energy and time and resources on the laboratory instead of on the factory. Not only did it use all its own resources as a laboratory; it used the factories of the country, so far as it used them at all, as laboratories. That is the reason for all the complaint from factory owners of constant changes in design and blue prints. The factories couldn't get a final O. K. and a final "go ahead" order. This was very slow, wasteful, and irritating to the manufacturers.

The Aircraft Board sacrificed everything to perfecting a superb 1919 model, doing little toward producing machines of the present 1918 models, and it is the 1918 machine which is this month most sorely needed on the western front.

Last July, nearly a year ago now, one of the greatest of the French generals gave to an American newspaper man a message for America on the subject of airplanes. The transmission of that message to America was forbidden twice, first by the American military authorities and later by the American Ambassador, Mr. Sharp. The essential part of that suppressed message reads:

"America will therefore need to make great haste if she wants rapidly to attain big results. She must not hesitate before any effort to act quickly and accomplish much. Equip yourselves as if the war were going to last ten years, but speed yourselves as if it were going to end in six months. Above everything, use speed."

That was the need, eloquently and forcefully put. The Aircraft Board met only half the call.

One wonders whether we Americans have a temperamental weakness on this point. We did the same thing about rifles. We did the same about machine guns. We declined to get busy with existing models. We perfected a model of our own. Our new model is a wonderful gun, but we were not ready to make it until several months after we were in the war. The quest for perfection is admirable, but it is slow. And the Germans move fast.

It may be that this sort of thing reflects either the American mental attitude or the army mental attitude. Or possibly it is Secretary Baker's mental attitude.

### Stifling Ingenuity

THE Aircraft Board's decision to focus on one model, and one model only, had another unfortunate result. Once the model was adopted, in the shape of the Liberty motor, all the initiative and ingenuity and energy of all the engineers and inventors and factory managers was discouraged. It was as if some Government board, in, let us say, 1905, had issued an order to the effect that the best model for automobiles was the Ford, and that all the energies of the country must be devoted to turning out Fords in huge quantities, to the exclusion of all other models. That would have had some very desirable results. It would have given us a huge number of automobiles at a very low cost. We should have had the many benefits of standardization. A bolt or a nut, or any part, from

one automobile would have fitted into any other automobile. (These benefits, applied in the Liberty motor, will be apparent and potent in action on the western front.) But the adoption of the single Ford model in 1905, with the suppression of all other production, would have deprived us of most of the invention and development which have given us several automobiles which are faster than the Ford, more powerful than the Ford, and in a score of ways more desirable than the Ford. This discouragement of engineers, factories, and inventors devoted to other models than the Liberty has formed a measurable part of the criticism of the Aircraft Board.

"Standardization," says the editor of "The Aeroplane," "is a dangerous game to play with so immature a product as the aeroplane and the aero engine."

### One-Man Control

WHAT precedes covers the fundamental decision of policy which lies at the heart of the uproar of criticism. There is one other difficulty. This second difficulty is characteristic, not of the Aircraft Board alone, but of most of the war work at Washington.

Even Henry Ford in his blanket indorsement of the Aircraft Board admitted this second trouble. He said: "The chief trouble has been with the form of organization. I have endeavored to advise the Washington authorities in this matter, and I now believe that we have worked out a plan which will roll out any little wrinkle that might appear."

Now this "chief trouble" which Mr. Ford referred to is indeed a chief trouble. It is lack of centralized responsibility. Because there is another man who can express it with more force of authority than I can, I shall quote him. The authority is Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, chairman of the Aerial Coast Patrol Commission:

"The production of aircraft is an incident. It is an incident not merely of one, but of more than one other activity. To name only a portion of the boards which have a finger in it, there is the Aircraft Production Board, the Aviation Section of the Signal Office of the War Department, the Joint Army and Navy Aviation Board, and the Aeronautic Advisory Committee.

"The Aircraft Production Board is responsible equally to the army and the navy. On the side of the army its head is the chief signal officer of the army. On the side of the navy its head is chief of the Bureau of Construction. Not only has it two heads, but each of those two is also the head of other activities. Its head on the side of the navy has also upon his shoulders the entire responsibility for the construction and repair of the ships of the United States navy. Exigencies of war might necessitate his going to Great Britain, and his place on the Air Production Board would be filled with an officer unfamiliar with the work. The army half of the two heads is also the chief signal officer of the army, Brigadier General Squier. He is first of all an army officer; he has responsibility for the army means of communication, the wireless, the telegraph, the telephone—all the army's ears and nerves.

"Many of the officers working on the air program already had upon their shoulders a man's load before they undertook this additional work. Numbers of the officers connected with our air program are primarily army and navy officers, and as such the army and navy have first lien upon them. There have been five different heads of the Aviation Section of the army within ten months.

"I submit to business instinct the fundamental axioms that divided control and a transient personnel are fatal to speed and efficiency.

"The submarine has held the world's spotlight for the last two years. Its deadly efficiency is universally conceded. That deadly efficiency is the direct result of Admiral von Tirpitz's unyielding insistence on a centralized, independent, untrammelled department for the submarine.

"We must adopt the same methods if we expect to attain equally deadly efficiency in the air.

"We must have a separate, independent Department of Aeronautics to handle all the governmental activities in that field; a department which shall have a permanent personnel of men

(Continued on page 36)





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who are first of all airmen; a department under one-man control; the right man, with full authority and held to strict accountability.

"It demands the entire and undivided energies of every man who has to do with it, and it requires at its head one of the biggest executives the country can produce."

That utterance from Admiral Peary tells a large part of the whole story.

England went through all this, under conditions exactly like ours, and now has achieved unified control, centralized responsibility.

Just a year ago, and more recently, in January, there were determined efforts on the part of thoughtful and earnest men to bring about exactly the thing Admiral Peary here insists upon, a Department of Aeronautics. These efforts were defeated. The reason they were defeated was that President Wilson didn't want the change.

The difficulties which Admiral Peary makes clear as respects aircraft are not peculiar to that part of our war work; they exist in nearly all the other departments. They are characteristic rather than exceptional. Sooner or later, through disasters of greater or less degree, reorganization will be forced upon the Administration. The Administration is not properly organized for functioning as, what it now is, a gigantic business engaged in the work of turning this whole nation into one great factory engaged in producing the implements of war. But that is a bigger matter than can be covered here.

### Fleets of Them!

HOWEVER, in this aircraft situation, too much time and energy have been given to looking backward. Investigations don't stop German bullets. The defect in our aircraft management is already being cured. In so far as the same defect exists elsewhere, it will be cured sooner or later. With travail perhaps, but it will be cured. What is now needed is a forward program, an affirmative program, a win-the-war-by-air program. That is not merely a slogan of exuberance. Suppose we adopt this as a concrete purpose: to achieve in relation to the air the same relation that England has to the sea. Suppose we could keep the German airplanes at home as effectively as the British fleet keeps the German navy at home. Any man or group of men at the head of our aircraft production is a failure unless he or it has that vision and that purpose; we have the money, we have the metal, the spruce, and the manufacturing facilities. We have in our nation more of the raw materials that go into an airplane, and we have them in larger quantities than any other nation. Especially are we richer than other nations in the one element of aerial dominance that is more important than the others: we have an infinitely larger supply of the type of young man who makes a successful aviator, the gallant, adventurous youth with courage, dash, and gameness. If we fail to bring these elements together, it will be because we lack the one raw material that is intangible and unmeasurable. It will be because we, as a nation, lack the spirit to wish it, and the endurance and determination to achieve our wish.

We must stop thinking in terms of single airplanes and single combats. We must think in terms of aerial fleets. Air fighting is at this moment about where sea fighting was when the wooden ship went out. We must think of air fleets in all the complexities of sea fleets: air cruisers, air dreadnoughts, air destroyers, air battleships, air supply ships. Nine-tenths of us are still thinking in terms of one lone aviator shooting at another lone aviator. But read this description, written by Mr. Howard Coffin, of a battle on the western front:

"It was at the battle of Messines Ridge last spring that airplanes were first used en masse against troops on the ground. With the drive scheduled to begin at daybreak, the British airmen sallied forth with the first touch of dawn. The light fighting machines climbed to an altitude of twenty thousand feet and swept the skies clear of German fighters. Thereupon the spotting machines rose to their positions 10,000 feet above the German lines and directed the British batteries so accurately that two hours after daybreak seventy-two German batteries had been silenced, and the infantry was able to charge without artillery interference. Thereupon the new and unexpected airplane element was introduced. Heavy bombing machines, operating near the ground, swooped down on lines of com-

munication, flew in flocks over troops, raked the trenches with their machine guns, charged gun batteries and scattered their crews, and made themselves generally effective with bombs and rapid firers."

There you have a hint of what is coming, the germ of great battles in the air which will make history as the great sea fights did, like Trafalgar. We must have, not airplanes, but airplane fleets. We must send, not single airplanes, but airplane fleets of thousands, by night, to bombard Krupp's, Essen, and the bridges over the Rhine.

### Stop Thinking in Figures

THE army man, the military mind, is still thinking of the airplane as an incident of war. He thinks of it as a device that helps him in his maneuvers on the ground. He hasn't seen what is coming, the airplane as a primary branch of war, ranking equally with the army and the navy. Ultimately the aviator may well be in authority over the soldier. It is just like the general riding on horseback in the old fighting. The elevated position, the better facility for seeing the distant enemy, the superior power to move quickly, were the officer's outside equipment for leadership and authority. This very war may yet see a phase where the movements of the army will be directed and controlled from the air, where the fighting on land will be incidental to the fighting in the air. To put any man at the head of our Aircraft Board whose vision is less than this will be a mistake.

We should turn out airplanes in huge quantities. We shouldn't think in terms of quantities. We must not think in figures. We must not fix any figures. We must do our best. We must make a supreme effort. Suppose all the factories now engaged in airplane building should burn down tonight. Would we then quit? Would we acknowledge defeat through that accident? Would we then bow to the Prussian? We would not. Well, let us act as if that accident had happened. Let us do what we would do if that accident had happened. Let us make a maximum effort. The critics of the Aircraft Board say that only 5 per cent of our airplane facilities are being used. The Aircraft Board says 20 per cent. I think that on this point the critics are much nearer the truth. This country has a capacity of 2,000,000 gasoline engines a year. We have piano factories that turn out 400,000 pianos a year. You may be sure that the most musical of countries, Germany, is not making any pianos this year. Her woodworkers are busy making airplane propeller blades. As a matter of fact, she has taken over, in addition, some of the principal Swiss piano factories. When Lord Northcliffe was in America he told us that as soon as the machines could be converted to the new work there would not be left in England a single factory making corsets. When we reach that temper we may begin to believe we are doing our best, that we are using the resources of the country to the maximum.

Much of the work of airplane manufacture is of a kind that women can do as well as men. We should use them. And we should go at the whole program of airplane building in an exalted spirit, as if our salvation depended on it—which, indeed, it does.

A recent number of the American "Air Service Journal" contained an advertisement offering to deliver, in three or four weeks, airplane engines of 210 horsepower, weighing 508 pounds.

Note the point that deliveries can be made in three or four weeks. The very existence of that advertisement is proof that the Aircraft Board has not absorbed the country's airplane capacity.

### There Are No Limits

WE should do our best. We should make a maximum effort. We should not think in numbers. One member of the Aircraft Board has said that 100,000 airplanes are not practicable. He said that such a quantity would reach from end to end of the western front, with the tips of their wings touching. That utterance is the worst thing I know about the Aircraft Board. It reflects the mind of a man who thinks in terms of limitations. We should be prodigal, reckless. Why shouldn't there be a row of airplanes from end to end of the line? And back of that another row? We should be as prodigal with airplanes as with old shoes.

An aviator at the front should not hesitate, nor have to hesitate, about scrapping a damaged airplane as freely as he casts aside an overheated rifle.



## Seeing Alma First

Continued from page 26

I reck'n all of the boys is here. You kin count them for yourself. Did you all say what your bizniz was?"

"You mought call me a traveling man," Allingham says.

"What line?" says Brad.

"The line of least resistance—jest now," says Allingham. "And my friend here, Mister Lem Allen," he says quick, afore Brad could speak at him, "is a author."

"What all is he author of?" says Brad, putting on his spectacles which he took out of the cash redishter box and looking at me suspicious like he thought Allingham was lying. Which he was.

"Only short stories," says Allingham, "so fur."

"Well," says Brad, "they's wuss trades than the author bizniz, I wouldn't wonder. School-teaching, frinstans."

"That there ain't a trade," says Allingham, "it's a marderdom!"

So Brad says: "Well, I reck'n you fellers want a bed. Beds is four bits and meals is two bits each, hoss feed extra."

"I b'leeve we could do with a couple of beds," I says. So we went over to the hotel and didn't take long getting to sleep, because we was sleepy.

I WAKED up right early in the morning and begun worriten, because here we was owing mighty nigh all our capital for room rent and breckfast and a eye op'ner we hadn't dranked yit. And no ways I could figger of getting outen the tight. Allingham was asleep and I didn't aim to wake him. I imagined I was doing enough mental wrastling for the two on us.

But mebbe my being agitated that-away stirred up the air uncomfortable, for soon Allingham twisted around a couple of times and come alive.

"What are you doing setting up in bed this ungodful hour for, Lem?" he says.

"I'm worriten," I says.

"Shucks," says Allingham.

"We got reason to worry," I says; "a feller's got to live."

"Lots of fellers don't," says Allingham cheerful, "in the long run. But quit being downhearted, you'll spile my appetite, which is so fur so good. You got to buck up, Lem! When a feller's broke is jest the time he should brush up and putt on a clean collar and fassen a smile onto his face and offer to lend his prospectif bennyfactor money. In short, all you got to do is look like ready cash, and first thing you know you kin shed your disguise, because you won't need any."

"I ain't got ary clean collar," I says.

"Well," says Allingham, "tie your handkerchief around your neck and attack the finger boles v'ient at breckfast and leave the rest to me. And chirrup, if you got any regards a-tall for my feelin's."

"And besides that, what?" I says.

"It looks like to me," Allingham says, "that we got to stay here at Almy for a spell."

"What on?" I says.

"I dunno, less'n it's sufference," says Allingham.

"It's got to be something more substantial than that," I says, "if I ain't got this yere Brad Thomas figgered plumb wrong. I b'leeve he's right close. I wouldn't undertake to pry a nickel from him, not for a hundert dollars!"

"We got to git to work," says Allingham like he'd done made up his mind.

"Yes," I says, "I think it."

"In some ways," says Allingham, "the idee don't hold no lure a-tall, but in other ways it kin be countenanced. When I think of work in contrast to being idly rich, or richly idle if you preefer, my mind shudders at the pitcher of toil and settles like a hongry butterfly onto the latter concept. But when I see starvation and work walking hand in hand towards me, I xclaims with the pote: 'Lives they a man with soul so dead which never to hisself has said I'll try anything once!' And I imbrace work."

"Supposing they ain't no work," I says.

"They's allus work," says Allingham. "The pinch comes when a feller wants to git paid money for doing it. It's the old, old fight of labor for capital."

"I dunno what we could do," I says. "I don't b'leeve they want any cook yere, so that lets me out. And you ain't never give no proof of being right versatyle as a lab'ring man yourself."

"You fergit," says Allingham, "that work is one them double intended words

which can be used in the trans'tif or the intrans'tif or the subjectif or objectif or the pers'nal or gen'ral."

"What are you talking about?" I says, impashunt.

"Work, a lass!" says Allingham.

"What I'm gitting at is we kin work ourselves or we kin work somebody else, the latter procedure being more biznizlike and therefore more remuneratif. Do you ketch my drift?"

"Do you mean stealing?" I says.

"I kin tell you better later," Allingham says, "when I see whether we git away with it or no."

"I don't want to run no risk of gitting into trouble," I says. Because I'm cautious.

"You got to run risks to git easy money," says Allingham, "less'n you're rich to begin with. Confiscation is agin the law unless the feller committing it kin prove he don't reely need the money but is jest taking it with the idee of protecting sassity by keeping wealth in respectable hands. Then he's called a bullwork of the nation instead of a thief. Or leastways that's what they tell me."

"I don't know as I'd like to be called either of them two," I says.

"Oh, we won't have to chance nothing so huzardous as that," says Allingham. "I got a better idee, based on the principle that the only thing worsen owing money is not being able to owe it. My idee is to see if we kin run up a bill with Brad. We'll likely make some money afore long to pay him back with. And anyway we can't be no wuss off than we are now."

"We mought be in jail," I says.

"Well," says Allingham, "if you ain't satisfied with my plan you best sudget a better one."

But I couldn't think up nothing, although I tried, and then I thought: Oh, well, owing a bill ain't a crime and besides I didn't figger we could git credit with Brad nohow. So I just says: "Well, I'm agreeable."

So we walked over to the salloon and found Brad augrin' with a feller about whether the feller should git a drink or not. When we come close up we found it had been decided not. So I ordered the drinks and we all had one.

I didn't think it a right favorable moment to approach Brad, but arter Allingham had swallowed down a couple of fingers of whisky he taken a deep breath and hitched at his trowsis and begun to look pensif, like he was meaning some devilmint.

Then finely he says: "Brad, you done made a grate hit with me. I dunno when I met a feller I could talk with more soshable. I been figgering out how me and Mister Allen could do you a good turn. Without losing nothing by it, that is."

"Did you say 'do me to a good turn'?" asked Brad.

"No," says Allingham, "you disturbed my words."

"The words ain't noways as important as the meaning," says Brad, glancing keerness at the cash redishter. Then he taken out his spectacles and putt them on.

"Now," he says, tapping his head caushus with one nuckel, "I'm knocking wood, young feller. Make your talk!"

"First off I b'leeve we better have another drink," says Allingham.

"This one's on the house," says Brad, "and if the balance of your speech is as dry as the first stanza, you and your friend kin drink all you've a mind to till the perorashun comes."

"Look out for a filibuster!" says Allingham, laffing hartly like he'd said something funny.

I RECK'N he wanted to git Brad into a good humor, but Brad didn't laff hardly a-trill. He jest says: "You kin shoot Griddely when ready!"

So Allingham taken another drink and says: "First I better tell you a little about myself."

"Be shore it's little and make it pethy if possible," says Brad.

"I got a duel persnality!" says Allingham, leaning over and whispering like it was something right important. "I'm allus at war with myself!"

"Hit ain't noways uncommon," says Brad, yawning.

Allingham didn't look discouraged hardly any, but kept right on talking. "Sometimes my better nacher gits on top," he says, "and sometimes my animal tennencies is victor'yus."

"That ain't nothing to me," says Brad. "What is it you're wanting?"

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Madison continued to use Tarvia extensively during 1917 and the Tarvia mileage in Madison will be bigger this year. For Madison, like hundreds of other American



(Upper picture)  
Madison Street, Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with "Tarvia-S," protection method, 1917.  
(Lower picture)  
Baptist Street, Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with Tarvia Taper. See on old mainstem later, 1917.

Towns, has found in Tarvia the solution of the vexatious road problem.

The Street Superintendent has written recently in a published article about the streets of Madison:

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"A chance to talk," says Allingham, irritable.

"Well," says Brad, sinking his head onto his hand wearily; "go to it. Only remember I ain't had no sleep last night to speak on. Nor to listen on neither!"

"Yere it is in a nutshell," says Allingham. "Some time since I found myself possessed of considerable money and I begun to think: 'Here, this ain't right!'"

"You was what wasn't right," says Brad, "you should of been putt to the sanitary test. They should of got you then!"

"They didn't, though," says Allingham, "because about that time they was a crusade agin money started and I found myself plumb in the fashion, having learnt to hate the horrible stuff thataway."

"That there brand of insanity never reached Almy," says Brad.

"It ain't nothing strange nor new, however," says Allingham. "They been abusing money offen on ever since the first coin was struck. If money could talk like they falsely say it kin, what a plumb pitiful story we would hear!"

"Money would allus find a friend in me," says Brad. "It wouldn't never have to call on my name in vane moren once."

"Well, that's the way I used to feel long ago," says Allingham, "afore I got this idee I was telling you of and noticed it was gitting disreppitable to have any doin's with money a-tall. I recall when I first seen the light. 'Twas one night when a friend says to me suspicious: 'Didn't I see you with money last evening—when did you git crooked?' That was the turning pint for me!"

"Since then," Allingham says, "money and me has been, if not strangers, at least only caswell acquaintences. We ain't seen together but seldom, and at this partik'lar moment my character is unsalable and withouten stain or belmish. I kin stand up and face the sun rising in the yeast and swar on a stack of almanacks a foot high I ain't shook hands with a cent for days!"

"Is your friend afflicted the same way?" says Brad shortlike.

"Not from prinsipel," says Allingham. "He ain't clumb to my spirit-school level as yet. But the author bizniz has been right trifling of late, and the results attained is similar."

"Are you fellers broke?" says Brad. "Hit's putt crude," says Allingham, "but I wouldn't say we wasn't because it would be a ontruth."

"You could of passed me that inf'mation in three words," says Brad, "and I could of answered in one. Lookit the time and liker you've wastid!"

"In the first place it ain't been wasted, and in the second place I ain't finished my argyment yit," Allingham says. "Here's my idee; it come to me whilst I was a-figgering things out that p'raps you and Mister Allen and me could make muchoolly advantage arrangements by leaving you extend us the right hand of fellership and a sufficient line of pers'nal credit to do us till we git in funds agin. It seemed like a right good idee to me."

"It ain't no idee a-tall," says Brad, "it's a false hope. Amongst the few things charged in yere is not 'xpensive drinks. The only credit I'll gin you-all is for the honesty of your intentions in trying to owe me money. Kin you pay your present bill?"

"We kin if it ain't too much," I says. "Well," says Brad, "I'm waiting for the proof."

So I disklivvered we could pay the bill, and I done so and kept forty cents which was left over. Then we went outside on the salloon porch where they wasn't so much temptation to spend the forty cents and begun to figger out some more ideeas about working.

IT was evening before we got a idee how we was to earn our living. And then we didn't exactly light on the notion by ourselves. It come trickling up from behind like one them onry Mexican dogs which the first thing a feller knows they're nigh is when they takes him by the undefended sector of the trowsis, as you mought call it.

We had spent the best part of the day on the salloon porch where it was warm in the sun and we could see the stream of traffick pass by on the road. Only it wasn't a stream hardly, it more closther resemblt an arroyo, which is dry and empty. They wasn't no wild Western life visible a-tall.

"This is shore a bustling little set-

tlement," I says to Allingham, arter we'd watched a spell without seeing nothing more exciting than the sevel citizens what dropped into the salloon offen on, and a burro nibbling lone-some onto some tin cans in Brad's back yard.

"Yes," says Allingham, "it is plumb lifely here. They tell me a feller was kilt in front of the post offis last week and they didn't disklivver the corps till three days arterward."

Then Allingham reached into his pocket to git out the makin's and drewed out a cent instead, which he didn't know he had.

"Lookit!" he shouted with his eyes glissening.

"What about it?" I asked.

"Why, now we kin gamble more than the time away, till a idee comes to us," says Allingham. "You got forty cents, ain't you?"

"Yes," I says, "but what way kin we gamble? They's a poker game going on and we can't use the cyard table."

"We kin play pool," Allingham says. "I can't," I says; "not for money!"

"I'll show you a right new and interesting game," Allingham says.

So we went into the salloon and Allingham stood at one corner of the pool table and rolled a ball around the table with his bare hand, hitting on three cushions, and the ball come back to where he was standing and dropped into the pocket thar.

"The one who kin do that the most offen by trying with the hull fifteen balls," he says, "gits the money."

IT looked right easy, so I says "All-right!" and Allingham putt up his cent and I putt up a cent and I got three balls outen the fifteen into the pocket and Allingham got four. So he win.

Then we bet two cents a piece and Allingham win again. Then we bet four cents a piece and I lose. And in about half an hour or sech a matter Allingham was wuth forty-one cents and I was broke.

"It ain't as easy as it looks," I says. "No," says Allingham; "it's shore a money maker."

So I didn't say no more then, and Allingham begun rolling the balls around and whistling loud and cheerful and d'rectly some of the fellers sweating the poker game come over and begun watching, and finely one of them says: "What all kind of a game is that there?"

"It's a plumb simple little gambling game," says Allingham, and then he 'plained the workin's of it to them.

"I b'leeve I kin play that game," says Sim Wood; "let's start playing at a quatter a piece!"

So three-four of them putt up quatters and Allingham putt up twenty-five of the forty-one cents he had win and I agreed to hold the stakes, and then they begun to roll.

ALLINGHAM win the first game and a dollar and then he lost the second game and then he win two-three games hand running.

"Yere," says the feller which had win the second game, "this yere's a fascinating pastime, only the stakes ain't high enuff to putt a man onto his metal. Let's play for a dollar a throw!"

So that's what they done, only nobody win ary game arter that but Allingham.

Finely one or two dropped out because they was broke, but in the meen-time the poker players, hearing the shouts of mirth and deviltry, had quit their cyards and gathered round the pool table to watch. And as fast as one feller dropped out they was more to j'ine in.

Sim Wood, who was a big feller that looked like he'd wear about a number seventeen collar and p'raps a number six hat, running more to heft than head as they say, was shooting better than the rest, and he win every once in so offen.

But still Allingham kept gitting a bigger lead all the time, and my pockets was plumb full of money.

Then finely Brad, who had been watching the game from a loof, come over and says to me: "What is it your friend is starting round yere?"

"Hit's a new game," I says.

"And what mought be the name on it, if I ain't overly inquis'tif?"

"It's called Pickpokkit Pool," says Allingham, coming up jest then arter shooting his turn.

"Well!" says Brad, and then he



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says: "Seems like you're gitting together a slug of money, Mister Allingham!"

"Yes," says Allingham, keener, "I ain't counted it yet, but I reck'n afore we git through me and Lem will have enuff so's we kin snap our fingers into the face of toil. We will likely be above sordid considerations of expeditiousness then!"

"Well," says Brad; "I got a word to say, and that is that if you git outen this simple and onassuming community with the money you got in your friend Mister Allen's pockets you will have to show more of that there expeditiousness than anybody's had what's been through Almy for the last twenty year or so."

"What do you mean?" asked Allingham, giving a startle.

"I mean this," says Brad; "if my ears don't deceive me I kin hear the best part of all the loose money in Almy jingling not two feet away at this minit, and these fellers yere ain't agoing to part with it perm'nent without something happening first. They been sending scouts around town for the best part of a hour to draw in new blood and silver dollars in the hopes of winning back their capital by honest gambling. But if they fail thar, watch out!"

"Holy Hossifat!" says Allingham, looking plumb backed. "Shorely them fellers wouldn't do a unsportsmanlike trick like shooting up a stranger because he win their money. Why, it would be cold-bloodit murder on their parts!"

"Either that or hot-bloodit soocide on youn," says Brad. "Depending on how a feller 'xamines the a fare. Because this yere game's got beyond sport now; it's degenerated into a matter of bizniz. And, as you are doubtless aware, bizniz is war and war is hell. Specially if you're outnumbered and outshot."

"We got the most amount of metal," says Allingham, doubtful.

"It ain't the right kind for a mix-up in this yere lokal'ty," says Brad. "Coming down to cases, they was the case of a feller come through from Santa Fe not long ago, riding one of the best hosses I ever see. He was a gambler and he left here with a considabel amount of money. And a couple of days arterwards they found he had shot hisself accidental down the road a piece. He was plumb dead."

Allingham begun to look right solemn and says: "Forewarned is disarmed. What would you do if you was me?"

"In the first place I wouldn't be you," says Brad; "the idee's redik'lus. But I should say offhanded that your ackshuns will depend on which is the strongest, your avarishness or your desire for a safe and pleasant voyage hence. You got to rec'lect that a vessel from a neuter country ain't the only place in the world where a innercent traveler kin meet up with a accident!"

ALLINGHAM'S turn to roll the pool balls come round about then, but he didn't preform with the same sperrit and dash, as the feller says. Nor I wasn't nothing loath to see him lose seve'l games and feel my pockits getting lighter. Seems like I'd plumb lost my taste for packing round such a onweeldly amount of money.

Soon they come a lulling in the game and all them Almy fellers got in a bunch by theirselves and begun talking and I begun counting up what I held. It amounted to nigh six hundred dollars, which seemed a hull lot of money when broke up small.

Brad noticed what I was doing and he asked me how much was thar and I told him.

"How much did you start out with?" Brad asked Allingham.

"One cent!" says Allingham.

Brad begun to whistle reflectful and finely he says: "You got a nerve, ain't you?"

"I ain't totally lacking in moral courage," says Allingham, "if that's what you mean."

"I was speaking more partik'lar of immoral courage, commonly called gaul!" says Brad.

"You kin callit what you're a mind to," says Allingham; "it's did me yoman's service this day."

"Remember," says Brad, warning-like, "he laffs best whose laff lasts!"

"Sho!" says Allingham, indifferent. "And another thing," Brad says; "this ain't no laffing matter nohow. My idee is when them fellers makes their final splurridge, you best leave them win back their money."



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Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

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"Well," says Allingham, "I will think over it."

Jest then Sim Wood broke away from the Almy feller and come walking towards us.

"I been choosen to reppisent Almy in the wind-up of this here gambling contest," says Sim. "Some of the boys has got weak h'arts and we decided not to spin out the agony any longer. You got about three hundred dollars of our money and we got about the same amount left. I'll roll you for a hundred dollars a game till one of us is bust. What do you say?"

"I say you're taking a big chance of getting cleaned out," says Allingham. "but it's all right with me."

"Well," says Sim, "let's git going."

So Sim and Allingham gathered around the pool table and the rest on us stood back and watched.

They throwed up a nickel to see who would start, and it was Sim's first shot. So he taken the fifteen pool balls and stood at one end of the table determined and everybody held their breth.

Then he rolled caushus and the ball dropt in the pocket slick as you please. And all the Almians set up a yelling so's you couldn't hear yourself think, till Sim moshunned them to stop.

Sim missed the second ball, but got the third, and then he missed seve'l in koncushion and the Almians begun to look right discouraged. And when they found out he'd only putt down six balls outen the fifteen they done some right clever cussing to theirselves. And anybody else who wanted to listen to it.

But they didn't make no noise when Allingham got up to roll; only glansed at him right earnest. I reck'n, though, if wishes was hosses, he'd of been kicked in the back a couple of times afore he'd growed a minit older.

ALLINGHAM seemed right nervous when he begun to roll and he missed the first four-five balls, which clotted up around the pocket so's they blocked the way for the others. He cussed once or twice, but not right convincing. And afore he'd got through I'd begun to figger he'd took Brad's advice and was playing off.

He only got four balls to Sim's six and you should of heard them Almy fellers holler. 'Twas plumb sickening and I begun to wish Allingham didn't have to lose thataway. I felt as if I'd jest as soon take a chance on the results if he win. If he'd carry the winnin's, that is.

Sim acted right jubilent.

"Hit's more easy sometimes to pre-dick winning than put her over, ain't it?" he says to Allingham, sneering.

Allingham didn't say nothing, only got right red in the face and looked at Sim plumb vishus. Then he called for a drink and took his place to shoot. And then he give a slite smile at me right cold-bloodit like he was meaning for me to git ready for the worst, and then he begun to roll. And twan't mopen a second afore I see he was cutting her the best he knew.

It shore done me good to see the way he putt them pool balls in their place. And every time he rolled the Almians give a grone because I reck'n they had a feeling the balls was ascart not to go where they was sent.

Well, when he got through shooting they counted up eleven balls and the best Sim could do was to git six, which was right good for him. But nobody yelled about it only me. My voice sounded right lonesome. But the exercise gin me a heap of plessur, and that's a fact.

Then Sim says: "Lookit here, Mister Allingham, let's putt all we got left on the one game and finish her up!"

So Allingham says "Allright!" and they turned over the money to me and then they shoot; but they wa'n't nothing to it only Allingham. He win standing still, as they say.

Then Sim walked over to the bunch of Almians, and they-all begun to talk together plumb bitter. It gin me the creeps to watch them arter what Brad had been saying. So I made haste to give Allingham the winnin's, which he shoved into his pocket absent-minded like. Then he says to Brad: "I wisht you'd take keer on my vallybles in the safe, Brad!"

"No," says Brad severe, "you done made your bed, now you got to lie on it. And if the corncobs in the matress pokes up into your frame you got only yourself to blame."

"Well," says Allingham, "I reck'n it's the price of success; oneasy lays the head what's going to be crowned!"

"I warned you not to win," says

Brad, "but you wouldn't lissen. You're like all these headstrong fellers, you got to glom onto easy money when you see it. If you should apply your talons respectable and git working in some legitimate industry, you could earn all kinds of money, I wouldn't wonder."

"Yes," says Allingham, "but I wouldn't git it. Or only the small kinds, like nickels and dimes. Any feller what works in one them legitimate industries ain't got no more sense than a snowbird. It's the clever fellers which owns the industry and therefore don't have to work in it that gits the high-living wages."

"You didn't talk so smart ellicky this morning," says Brad.

"No," says Allingham, "I was broke."

Then jest as Brad started to say something, the salloon door swang open and that Mexican sherreff busted in, waving a couple of guns around his hat plumb feeroshus.

"I hear the law's been broke," he hollers. "Where'bouts is the culprits?"

ALLINGHAM give a start, but the sherreff had him kivered and hollered agin: "Don't nobody move! It ain't nothing to me if I kill a couple or three fellers. It's come to my ears that they's been gamblin' going on yere for money, and it's my dooty to make a 'xample of the fellons."

"Are you arter the losers or the winners?" says Brad.

"The winners," says the sherreff, indignant; "how could I arrest them withouten they had ev'dence onto them?"

"Well," says Allingham, looking cress-falling, "it is tag day for me. I'm it. I reck'n I got about all the ev'dence in Almy onto my person at this minit."

"Aha!" says the sherreff, "I'm glad you owned up so frank. I'll mention it to the persecuting attorney and it won't be held agin you. In the meantime you're a restid."

With that he taken all the money offen Allingham and says: "Now you're released on your parole!"

Then the sherreff backed out of the salloon door without no more said.

Well, sir, it was plumb surprising, and the funny part of it was nobody amongst the Almians made no move to foller the sherreff. They jest stood around looking sollem.

"Whyn't you chase arter that dobey colort raskil and git that money back?" says Allingham to the fellers.

"We ain't prepared," says Brad, sying. "Why don't you follow your own idee?"

"If they's any fi'tin' to be did," says Allingham, waving his arm right eloquent, "me and my one friend will be found in the front rank. But it don't do no good for us leaders to go out by ourself. Give us the men and we'll guarantee to git 'em so worked up they'll be diss'p'nted if they don't come back dead."

"You come to the wrong place for that kind of talk," says Brad cold, "we're peaceables here. We go on the prinsipel here that a soft ans'er turneth away wrath!"

"Hit may," says Allingham sarkastik, "but yit it ain't a right good shield agin a soft-nose bullit. I'm aware they's a lot of fellers like you going round shouting for peace at any price they kin git for their speechmaking; but hit's been my experience if a feller's got anything wuth gitting they's allus somebody willing and ready to relieve him of it at his inconvenience, less'n he keeps his eyes open and his guns iled. You'd ought to git prepared, and you'd ought to git out and catch that robber. Who's game to foller me?"

ALLINGHAM looked around when he'd finished his discussion and found that they wa'n't nobody left in the salloon only him and me and Brad. The Almians had all snook out quiet, seems like, while we'd been augrin'.

Then Brad begun to laff: "The boys is out dividin' up with the sherreff now," he says. "I told you fellers they'd git their money back; but they used more tact than I 'xpected. You kin consider yourselfs lucky."

Well, Allingham looked right hacked. "How fur is it to Silver City, Mister Thomas?" he says.

"Around eighty mile, they callit," says Brad.

"Well," says Allingham, "I got a enemy at Silver what I'm convinced wouldn't see me starve, because he's waiting to attend at my hanging. Let's go, Lem."

That's what we done. Went, I mean.



# The New America

Continued from page 9

of hostilities and to what extent he yielded to pressure is still point for discussion. But what is not doubtful is that to-day the appeal to the German strikers at the moment of an incipient revolt was signed, not by the Kaiser, but by that military autocrat who represents the centralized determination of the Pan-Germanistic party.

The state and not the Kaiser is exalted to the dignity of a faith. It is a faith if it still lacks a church of its own. If there is not a German religion, there is a German god—that German "God" so often invoked by the Kaiser, so often the cause of merriment to those who do not perceive the true significance of its relation to the German idea—the necessity of founding centralized political institutions on the rock of one supreme faith. The early conflicts of Bismarck with Catholicism and the "May Laws" against the Jesuits came because of a refusal to admit this essential German doctrine of the supremacy of the state.

## The German Lesson

THE Germans have conceived of a national solidarity such as not even Rome produced, and they have carried it out to the minutest detail. They have nationalized all education and animated it for two definite ends—to make each class of citizens efficient for the work which has been allotted to it in the needs of the national scheme; second, to imbue in the imagination the conception that the result of this service will be to produce a civilization so great that its duty will force it to dominate the world for the world's own good. They have nationalized their commerce. Whenever a German industry has sought to invade any portion of the world, in any guise, the German Government has stood back of it. Wherever one German trader has penetrated the sum of German Kultur has followed. Labor—its welfare, its health, its insurance against disability and old age, even to its happiness—has rightly been regarded not as a separate problem, but as an inseparable element of German commerce which in turn must be an inseparable element of German greatness. If the empire has lacked an industry which even to the slightest degree might make it dependent on foreign assistance, individual initiative to remedy the deficiency has always met with popular chauvinistic support. Even to the question of the physical type to be developed nothing has been left to chance.

German art, German literature, German science, all expressions of mental activity of which man is capable, have not been allowed to wander and to struggle along unrelated paths. Each has been made to feel that it is a necessary arm in Germany's disciplined march toward the future; just as beyond the massed battalions of infantry and artillery the modern army, in its intricate mechanism, depends on its engineers, its electricians, its telephone corps, its scientific laboratories, its financial organizers, its winged Pegasi of the air, even to the trumpeters of the national faith in the press and on the platform. What other nations struggle to improvise in the crisis of war, in the supreme need of unity to obtain the maximum of power, Germany achieves continuously in time of peace.

It is well to ponder this contrast. If suddenly, put to the test of existence, we seek an industrial control to protect the citizen from the extortion of the great producers of his necessities; if to obtain a maximum efficiency in destroying other men we assemble and give direction and unity to the scientific forces of the country; if to stop waste and extravagance we put an end to that industrial civil war which is now waged between capital and labor; is it not worth while to consider why, in times of peace, such a conception of nationalism could not accomplish equally imperative results?

## There Is No Easy Way

ADMITTED, then, that the German idea is grandiose, is it not probable that this menace will be swept away either by internal revolution or broken by an Allied victory? This is the greatest danger we face to-day, the danger of deluding ourselves into a belief that there is any easy way out.

What probability is there of revolution? You will find in the directing classes no indication of revolt against the German national conception. Against the barbarity of Prussian discipline,



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against present sufferings in war time, against temporary and incidental burdens, yes, there is both resentment and rebellion; but not against the cardinal faith of German nationalism, "Germany above all and all for Germany." The very issue of the war, if it should be utter defeat, will magnify this sentiment in the necessity of rebuilding a new industrial fabric. There will be as much need of efficiency after the war as during the war.

How will we shake the German's disciplined faith in his own theory of government when he contrasts the records of the Allied democracies—decentralization, waste, extravagance, and blunders—with the efficiency of a nationalism which does not need to improvise?

There remains the uprising from the mass—a French revolution or a Russian anarchy. Those who fondly hope for this easy solution do not remember that revolutions succeed only when either the accident of a weak or vacillating personality, such as Louis XVI, or a long succession of corrupting events, has weakened the central authority. Revolutions which have meant the overturning of the forms of government have never succeeded when that central authority was united, alert, and relentless.

Will a German defeat in itself make the world safe for democracy? There are developments in war that it is given to no one to foresee, but, as far as we can judge from what is on the horizon to-day, and to be prudent, sane, and loyal to our trust, we should build for the future on the basis that now and in the future the one outstanding fact to be reckoned with is a great German Empire.

Granted that Germany may to-morrow give up Alsace-Lorraine, restore northern France and Belgium with indemnity, her compensating future lies across the shattered Russian Empire. If she is temporarily balked from forcible annexation, she has the opportunity of peaceful penetration such as she alone knows how to wage.

What the power of German emigration into Russia was able to accomplish during this war, in treachery and nullification of threatening Russian thrusts, we know to-day clearly. To-day she is there on the Russian frontier, alert and ready. If Russia continues to disintegrate into detached fragments, the task will be easy! If the revolution goes the way of anarchistic excesses, when the final revolt of the law-abiding and property-holding classes arrives, Germany will be prepared to assist as the friend of law and order.

The original intention of Germany in launching this war was not annexation on the western front. She intended to occupy Paris, exact a staggering indemnity, and turn to cripple Russia. To-day Russia is hers. The Balkans are hers—Serbia and Montenegro annihilated; Rumania, victim of treachery, in her grasp—Berlin to Bagdad secure; Berlin to Vladivostok begun.

Yet, despite this triumphant spread of the German shadow, so irresistible that Europe seems to be moving into an eclipse, there are still some who cling to the idea that we can now, in the full tide of their arrogance, sit down at a peace conference and persuade the Germans to renounce their dream of world power.

### Our Fifty Years' War

THE German national leaders will never risk a crushing defeat. They intend to keep their war machine intact. With that, they have no fear of internal revolution. They may temporarily relinquish Alsace-Lorraine. They believe that they can win on the west to-day. They do not wish to give up Alsace-Lorraine, but they will do it to procure a peace that will save German territory from invasion. It may be that the Allied armies will persist until Germany has been invaded and large areas of German territory placed on the same economic level as northern France, Belgium, Serbia, and Rumania. It may be that German armies will be crushed and scattered like chaff in the wind and Germany so wounded that not in a century will she be able to lift up her head. This may happen, but with the temper, the longings, and the pacific vision of the Allied democracies, it is inconceivable.

Yet I go further. Even if the pacifist should realize his dream of disarmament, the eternal principle of nature, the survival of the fittest, would still hold true. The struggle would continue along industrial lines, and if we could not compete with equal

unity and efficiency with the spread of German civilization, we should find ourselves crowded out of the markets of the world, invaded in our own industries and forced to a dependence on German commercial science.

We shall still have to face the alarming fecundity of the German race, which in fifty years has not only doubled its home population, but sent out its surplus across the world: into Russia; into Austria, ten millions persistently and efficiently Germanizing that empire; into our own country, over five millions, to say nothing of their immediate descendants; into Holland, Scandinavia, South America, and Mexico, powerful, united German colonies able to swing public action to the ends of the Fatherland. Wherever they have gone, whatever their citizenship, they have never for a moment swerved in their belief in the right to destiny of German civilization.

The thing to perceive is that we have been at war with Germany for fifty years, that this resort to arms is but a second phase in Germany's preparation to Germanize the world, and that when peace comes, whatever be its phraseology on a scrap of paper, we shall continue to be at war with a nation whose guiding principle is to discipline itself to a singleness of purpose, and that purpose the subjection of our people and every other people in the tide sweep of Teutonic civilization.

To meet that challenge it is essential that we act now, when the necessity is clear to everyone, rather than in some future period of relaxation when the mass of the people will have returned into that complacency which prefers not to be convinced by speculative arguments based on a remote contingency.

Is this an argument for the autocratic centralization of all efforts in the state? Is there no way to resist Germany but to Prussianize American institutions? Yes; besides Germany there is the alternative of France; alongside the specter of Prussian militarism there is the bright democracy of Republican service; over against the scientific tyranny of Germany there is the spiritual fraternity of France.

### They Knew How to Die

THERE are many minds and many opinions still with us to-day, running the gamut of political speculation, from those who admire unreservedly the doctrine of autocracy to that social phenomenon, the parlor radical, who coquets with the Tolstoyan theory of nonresistance and the Bolshevik application which prefers that the nonresistance should be on the side of the enemy. There is wide difference of opinion as to whether the individual should consecrate more to the state or should extend further his individual liberties; as to whether this war should teach the necessity of military preparation or that such future training is to be fiercely resisted as inimical to that millennium of international amity which is finally at hand. But it is safe to say that on one thing all minds and all opinions are agreed: that it was an exceedingly fortunate thing for civilization that one nation at least was prepared, not only in military efficiency, but unified by a flaming and unquenchable spirit of dedication to its national honor.

Out of the hideous blur of war certain celestial deeds rise and fix themselves indelibly against the black memory. When we think of Belgium, out of the somber void there flare forth twin stars, the uncompromising saint-like figure of Cardinal Mercier and that republican king who has proved himself father and leader of his people, Albert of Belgium!

There is the "contemptible little English army" that went out to die at Mons and Ypres that France might mobilize; deeds that shine forth like the flaming belt of Orion. There is the luminous memory of stricken Serbia, sweeping back the first contemptuous Austrian invasion; Italy finding her soul in the darkest moment of the Teutonic invasion; the steadfast shining points of light of our own crusaders, Victor Chapman, Alan Seeger, Stuart Wolcott, and a hundred others who laid down their lives generously and without regret, not at the mandate of duty, but in the eternal love of right and liberty.

### France Shows the Way

THEN there is France—France, with the spiritual beauty of her mobilization; France of the Marne and of Verdun; France, united from the first; never wavering, never complaining; unshaken to-day after reverses to

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wilt the courage of the soul; Rumania; the Russian debacle; the Italian retreat. When we think of France it is of the simplicity of her heroes, the gaiety of her courage, the chivalry of her defense. Before us rises the vision of women moving in their white ministering robes to their posts of healing as their men went singing to the flaming front, as mothers, dry-eyed, sent out their sons in a greater love of country. We recall the eloquence of a simple soldier in the cry: "Debout les morts!" the epic simplicity of that officer who, when asked for what he was fighting, stooped, raised a sod to his lips, and replied: "For France!" There is the quiet, unswaggering figure of Joffre; the Roman stoicism of Castelnau. When we turn to France, her memory in the night of shining deeds is like the multitudinous effulgence of the Milky Way itself, that vast procession of stars, anonymous as her heroes have been anonymous.

Why is it that the very mention of her name stirs the pulse as nothing else? Consciously or unconsciously, what is the supreme quality that has convinced us, a nation of many strains and philosophic individualism? It is because when we turn to France we perceive a nation completely and spiritually united: a love of country that is not a defensive opportunism, but a flaming faith. Some who did not know France have seen in this a miracle. It was not a miracle. The consecrated sense of duty toward a common ideal was not improvised; it cannot be improvised. It existed in all the troubled years of peace; it is founded on that fraternity without which liberty and equality are but incentives to lawlessness and selfishness.

The German idea is an idea of materialism and discipline. The French idea of nationalism is an immortal idea that springs from the emotions in a spiritual impulse which gives to every duty the nobility of a faith.

### We Must Think Nationally

SUPREMACY, then, the question which confronts us to-day, in our search for an idea of nationalism, is a choice between order and disorder, between faith and agnosticism. Order and faith; without these two no nation has ever survived.

That there is a great unexpressed longing for a new attitude of faith toward the national ideal I gladly admit. It is perceptible in the tendency of the people to magnify the Presidency into a spiritual and mental leadership, the President into a sort of Big Father. Increasingly we have tended to elect a czar for four years, and the trust of the people which goes out to him in this time of war is mute evidence of a national groping toward some abiding inspiration which will be more than political or economic opportunism.

The cheerfulness, the common sense, the willingness to assume new and extraordinary burdens, the crystallizing of the spirit of sacrifice, the awakening of national pride and national determination, in a people which still but half comprehends the startling summons to war, but respects and trusts its appointed leaders and obeys without question—all these things are indicative of the power to conceive a higher nationalism. What remains to be shown is that the same unity which makes a nation formidable in time of war maintains its greatness in the competitive times of peace. What we must achieve is to think *nationally*. But that this faith, which we venerate in the new revelation of France, may become practical, the problem is one of order.

### Order—Faith—Nationality!

IN the profound instinct toward idealism which is the slumbering heritage of America are the treasures of such a faith. What we lack is order. Whenever we turn we perceive disorder. With us the family, that cornerstone of authority in France—France is minuscule—is not the expression of one impulse, political, spiritual, and economic. The family has been disintegrated by a spirit of individualism which often is carried so far that the father not only refrains from any mental direction of his children, but leaves it to his child's maturity to decide not merely the question of sectarian worship, but whether God Himself exists.

It may well be worth our while, in the thoughtful consideration of the great problems arising from the war, to consider whether any spiritual national unification comparable to the inspiring record of France or Germany can be

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evolved here which does not center around the solidarity of the home.

Politically we are in a state of ebullition; industrially we have been in a state of civil war, and we shall continue in this disorder so long as labor and capital are not unified under a new conception of an equal and vital responsibility in the efficiency of the nation. We spend millions of dollars yearly on operas under foreign direction, orchestras under imported leadership, and the cosmopolitan result effected has not advanced a school of American music by a single month.

Our literature, our art, and our philosophy are still restrained by international influences, nor has a constructive criticism yet arisen which will dare to proclaim that to us it is more significant to produce a talent which, with all its crudity of outward form, is a growing expression of America than to invite echoes of other literatures or reflections from other arts. We need pioneers, not disciples.

A nation does not just grow. Weeds flourish by themselves and multiply over the ruins of old civilizations. The beneficent plants, the wheat of the field, the fruit of the trees, the flowers of the garden, perish if they lack guidance.

We must present an ideal of nationalism equally inspiring as that which haunts the tragic memory of the immigrant, equally efficient as that which animates the purpose of competing states, present enemy or temporary ally; we must achieve the will to rise, not to sink, in the struggle of the fittest to shape the civilization of the world. Compulsory military training; the enforced publication in the English language of all newspapers; government operation of railroads and coal mines and the vigorous control of such necessities of life as cannot be intrusted to individual responsibility; the national coordination of education and research; national impetus to the liberal arts—all these measures, collectively or singly, may be achieved and still remain measures of opportunism. A revolution must first be worked in the mind of each citizen in his conception of his relationship to the state. We must achieve the will to think nationally.

## Destiny

THE great tragic generation, the youth of this country, has gone out to perform. In the new adventure it will put to itself many questions. It will test tradition. It will challenge institutions. Its instincts will penetrate through intrenched sophistries; neither oratory nor rhetoric will turn it aside.

We who do not stand in that forward line have a part and a militant part in the domain of ideas. Those who do not believe in nationalism; those who can see nothing but tragic futility in Belgium's sacrifice and France's heroic resolution to remain France; those who are willing that German Americans should continue German; that the Italian, the Swede, the Russian Jew, and the Czech should cling to their languages and their customs, on the plea that the more international we remain the nearer we approach to internationalism—those convinced and sincere advocates know clearly what they want. They have given organization to their desires while we are still temporizing with speculation.

More immediate than the call to make the world safe for democracy is the necessity to prove that this part of the world can be safe under democracy. Not in this year, or in ten years, will the menace of Germany be destroyed. Not in this year or in a hundred years will the agnostic forces of disorder cease their organized rolling up of their cataclysm of hate.

To be prepared in military defense is but a superficial measure. The present thing, the enduring thing, is to think nationally—from that central impulse to create order out of disorder; a fraternity of discipline to meet the challenge of rival civilizations and to breathe into the spirit of Americanism everywhere a dedication to all things American.

And when this new attitude of faith has been achieved, the humblest American citizen will find that illuminating compensation which all faith brings. In the forward destiny of his people he will perceive the higher purpose for his own existence and as his country, his civilization, his ideals move into the heritage of the future, he will find in that progress of the whole his own consoling share of immortality.

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## Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 16

best hotel as his guest, so we grabbed a taxi for the Grand Hotel, which a pal of mine had tipped me off to. I asked the clerk how much they was tryin' to get at the time for three rooms and a bath, and he says fifty francs a day. After thankin' him for the compliment of thinkin' I had it, I says we will give him sixteen, and he says all right.

Our rooms was on the fifth floor, and the doughboy's, whose name was Calhoun, was right across from us. They is every convenience with the exception of fresh air, light, hot water, soap, clean linen, and service. Once you get in a room they ain't no way of gettin' in touch with the clerk downstairs except by cable, and then he don't know what you're talkin' about and don't care. They is a lot of push-button bells in the room, and if you ring any given one of them, Joe, in comes a *femme de chambre*, which is French slang for chambermaid. She grins like a wolf and asks are you an officer, and no matter what you ask her to bring, she says: "Oui, oui!" and "Merci!" like she understood English as well as the next one. She never comes back with nothin'.

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WELL, the next mornin' I let Jeanne sleep, and me and this Calhoun guy goes out to get his money order cashed and give Paris the up and down. We passed a lot of places called the "Knickerbocker Bar" and "New York Café" and things like that, which made me homesick up until the time I looked into them.

Calhoun changes his money order for about 28,000 francs and we are off to stand Paris on its ear.

I know you are crazy to hear what I thought about Paris, it bein' the first time I ever seen it. Well, Joe, all I can say is that Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on! The streets is all called "rues" and the main one is the Rue de la Paix. It's a whole lot like Broadway would be, without the electric lights, theatres, hotels, and cabarets. Every other place is a restaurant, and the ones in between is cafés. The people here is so stuck on their home town that they won't even go indoors to eat, but sit right out on the pavement at little tables for all their meals, so's they can keep right on lookin' at that dear Paris all the time, not to say the dames which parades up and down.

The girls is pretty near all knockouts, and none of them is too stuck up to give a guy a pleasant smile and pass the time of day. I must say that anybody which gets lonesome here ain't got no one but hisself to blame, Joe! The men is all in uneyform and great little



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Volume 61 Number 9  
MAY 11, 1918





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guys. I think us doughboys is mixin' with the French better than anybody else. They go out of their way to make things nice for us and don't laff at us when we try to speak French and call eggs "woofs" instead of whatever it is.

Joe, a Frenchman is the politest guy on earth. If you go into a place of business here and ask a guy how to get to some certain street and number, he closes down his desk, calls a taxi, stops on the way to buy you a shot of vin ordinaire, and delivers you personally right outside the door, the while beggin' your pardon for not gettin' you there sooner! Can you imagine anything like that in New York? You go up to a guy on Broadway and ask him how to get somewhere, and what does he do? He says: "I never heard tell of it; I'm a stranger here myself!" Am I right, Joe?

When I first come to New York, I thought the place must of been deserted the day before, because everybody I asked for information was strangers there themselves, accordin' to their own confession.

**I** HEARD a lot of talk about Paris bein' up against it on account of the war, the people all downhearted, and food bein' as scarce as heat prostrations in Iceland. Joe, that is all the bunk! There is plenty of food here for everybody, and I put away some of the finest steaks I ever seen. If the people is downhearted, then I'm vice president of Egypt! Joe, they are the gamest nation on earth, and we are proud to be in the line-up over here with 'em. They've had a tough time for four years, and they know they been to the war all right, but that ain't gloomed 'em a little bit. They're as full of pep as a steam drill, and pretty near everything that was runnin' before the war here is still doin' business at the old stand. Why, Joe, one of these French guys could kid the Kaiser to death, on the level!

Well, I deliver the letter from General Pershing, and then me and Calhoun walks around. We seen the Champs Elysées and the Invalides, where Napoleon is buried. There's a thing which goes to show how game and stubborn the French is. Here this guy Napoleon has been planted since St. Looney win a pennant, and the French won't even admit he's dead yet—they call this joint the Invalides, which is only concedin' that he's sick! Can you tie that?

The dames all look us over, and this doughboy gives 'em a pleasant grin and keeps tellin' me what a riot of a burg Paris is. He claims the outlook is that they won't be a dull moment for him till he goes back to the front. I had my hands full with this bird, keepin' him from runnin' wild till we get back to the hotel.

The taxicabs over here is the same as New York, except that the chauffeurs is all bum guessers. They ain't even got the slightest idea of where you told 'em to go, and they take you somewhere else at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, swearin' somethin' terrible every time they miss runnin' over somebody. We started back to the hotel in one, and this guy took us there by way of Russia, I think, because I never seen so much of the country before in my life! We finally got outside the hotel and managed to make this bird stop. He acted like he was sore because we had cut the voyage short, and I made the mistake of askin' him what we owed.

"Quatre-vingt-quatre francs!" he sneers.

Joe, this was past me! I thought I knowed all about countin' in French, but this was new stuff. I found out later that the French has got a trick way of countin', all their own. Instead of sayin' "eighty-four," for instance, they say "four times twenty and four."

**W**ELL, Joe, we get out of the cab and start to give this bird an argument, and it begins to rain. We get back in the cab to continue the debate without gettin' wet, and this French Jesse James shoves the clock on again and keeps right on comin' back at us while the meter keeps registerin'! Here he is probly callin' us pigs and like that, and at the same time gettin' paid for it! Every time we agreed on the original charge, Joe, the clock would show somethin' different, and we'd start scrappin' all over again. This might be goin' on yet if a porter from the hotel hadn't come to the rescue. He sized the thing up in a second.

"Pay but fifteen francs, monsieur!"

he says. I give him twenty, and we beat it. The last I heard him and the chauffeur was runnin' down each other's grandfathers, uncles, parents, friends, and brothers. They was quite a crowd enjoyin' it.

**J**EANNE was dollin' up when we got upstairs, so we went into Calhoun's room to wait. He claimed walkin' around had made him thirsty and that buyin' vin ordinaire was helpin' France the same as fightin' was, so he presses a button. In about half a hour we hear a key in the door, and in comes a tall, thin guy, all dressed up like a fish. In a Paris hotel none of the help ever knocks—that is, they don't knock nothin' but the Germans—they let themselves right in your room with a pass-key. This bird has got on a dress suit, and he's featurin' a mustache which is sharper on each end than a bayonet. He looks like the ambassador from Coney Island, or somethin' of the sort.

"I guess you-all have got in the wrong room," says Calhoun.

"Ah, monsieur," says the newcomer. "I speak well the English. There is not of the mistake. I am the commissaire!"

"We're in right already!" whispers Calhoun to me. He turns to the stranger. "Commissioner of what?" he says—"fire, police, or water?"

"Ah!" is the answer, with a piece of shoulder waggin', "just the commissaire."

"Will you have a little swallow?" asks Calhoun, reachin' for a glass.

"It is the too early for the bird—she is not too good!" says Stupid.

"I'd been figurin' him out. I got him!" "This guy's a waiter!" I says to Calhoun.

"You're suah crazy!" he tells me. "They ain't no waitah goes around in a dress suit in the mawnin'. He's gonna get hisself married or somethin'. I'll betcha, heh?"

"What would monsieur desire?" asks Mysterious Mike.

"How's the champagne runnin' today?" asks Calhoun.

"Nothin' doin'!" I says. "You're an American doughboy, and you're on the water wagon!"

He gimme a frown.

"That goes!" I says.

"All right!" says Calhoun. "Bring us some seltzer lemonades."

"That I do not the understand," says the commissaire. "What is she that seidlitz lemonade?"

"Well," says Calhoun to me, "I done what I could—I asked for it, and if they ain't got it, can I help it?" He turns to the commissaire. "You claim you speak English, hey? All right! Bring us two Bronx cocktails, Parlez-vous?"

The commissaire looks more stupid than usual for a second, but he's game!

"Of the certainly!" he says, without battin' an eye. "I will return in a trice!"

Joe, we wait an hour. Jeanne is ready, lookin' like a million dollars and champin' on the bit to gaze on Paris, but Calhoun is firm.

"Ain't this great?" he says, smackin' his lips. "Imagine gettin' Bronx cocktails in Paris. Them guys is there, eh?"

We wait another half hour, and in comes friend commissaire. He backs into the room with a tray. Calhoun smacks his lips some more. "Your wife will like this Bronnix," he says. The commissaire turns around, grinnin' from here to Japan. Joe, he hadn't nothin' on me in the grin line when I seen what he brought. On the tray is the following—one set of chicken feathers; that's all!

"I have the time of the most difficult to get the cocktails," he says. "The hen she is of the easy, and I catch him, scald and pluck the feather. The cock he joomp the fence, and I have much run to catch her. But, *viola!* I am the success. I take off the magnificent feather of the tail. Here are they. I know not at all what monsieur requires of them. For madame of a certainty, perhaps for the *chapeau*—who knows! I have them. The price is nothing—forty francs!"

Oh, boy!

I got the hystericals, and Calhoun throwed all the pillers in the place at him.

Can you imagine us tryin' to kid them guys?

Yours truly,

Sergt. EDWARD HARMON.

(Hey, where's them cigarettes?)

(To be continued in an early issue)



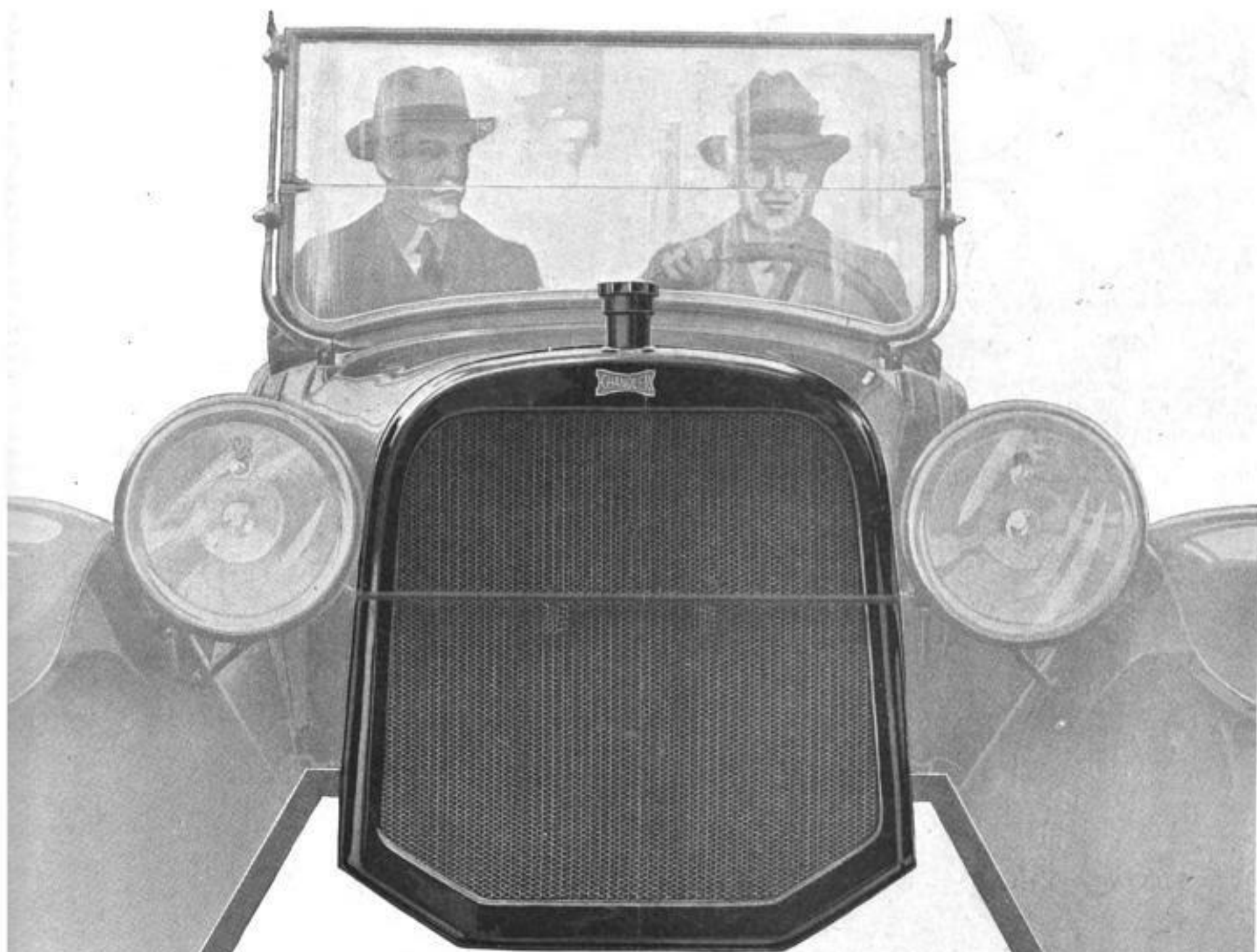
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May 18, 1918



# Collier's

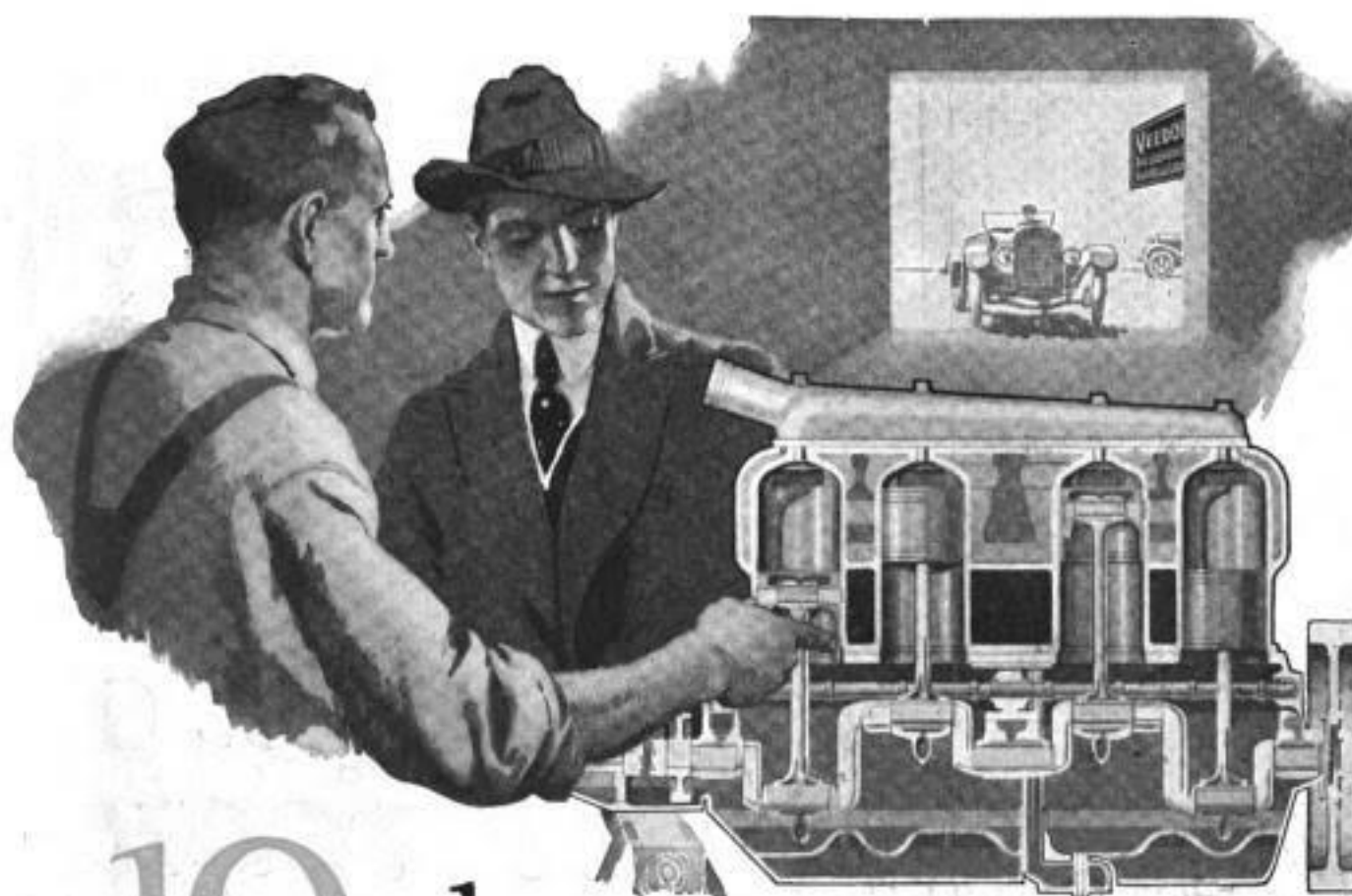
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

At The  
American  
Front



MORE than a million Every week





### 19 places where sediment damages your engine

1. Cylinder walls
2. Pistons
3. Piston rings
4. Wristpins
5. Wristpin bearings
6. Crankshaft main bearings
7. Crankshaft
8. Connecting-rod bearings
9. Connecting-rods
10. Valves
11. Valve seats
12. Valve cams
13. Camshaft bearings
14. Camshaft
15. Timing gears
16. Ignition driveshaft bearings
17. Generator shaft bearings
18. Oil circulating pump
19. Spark plugs

# 19 places where sediment damages your engine

**W**HEN your engine loses power, knocks, bucks and overheats, nine times out of ten it is sediment in the oil that is to blame.

Just look at the long list of vital parts that will quickly show serious wear when sediment is present in any considerable amount.

Ordinary oil cannot resist the intense heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. It breaks down quickly. The resulting sediment crowds out the oil with true lubricating qualities from points where it is needed most. Moving metal surfaces, which should always be separated by a protecting film of lubricant, are thus thrown into direct contact.

### Why sediment causes wear

A strong magnifying glass reveals millions of microscopic teeth covering the apparently smooth surface of a bearing or other working part.

When the cushioning oil film between these surfaces is destroyed or excluded by sediment these tiny metal teeth grind together, thus causing friction and wear.

When this happens in any important part of an engine, costly replacements soon become necessary. Damaged due to sediment in ordinary oil can never be averted.

That is why you cannot afford to buy ordinary oil at any

price. The cost of using it is appalling, because of its injurious effects on your engine.



A. Ludlow Clayden, Engineering Editor of Automotive Industries, and one of the most prominent engineers in the automotive field, says:

"In the past too little attention has been paid to lubrication. Our minds to be chosen for an engine almost more carefully than food for a child."

Chas. E. Duryea, consulting engineer and a pioneer in automobile construction, states:

"Buying inferior oil is the poorest economy a motorist can practice. Inferior oils must be used in greater quantities and, even then, they increase friction, loss of power, fuel consumption, heat and repair bills."

"Good oil costs a little more per gallon, but far less per mile."



P. M. Heldt, recognized authority on internal combustion engines, and author of "The Gasoline Automobile," declares:

"The proper selection of oil for the lubrication of an automobile engine is a very important matter. The grade of lubricant used affects not only the efficiency of the engine but also its life."

### How the problem was solved

Exhaustive research and comprehensive practical tests have proved that the formation of sediment in dangerous quantities has been successfully overcome.

Today over a million motorists avoid the sediment menace, with its accompanying troubles and repair expense,

and keep their cars running like new, at reduced operating cost, by using Veedol—the lubricant that resists heat.

How Veedol reduces sediment 86% is made plain by the two bottles, showing the famous Sediment Test, at the left of the page.

The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates as steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly through the oil filler in the form of vapor.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the formation of sediment, but also will not evaporate rapidly in your engine. You will get from 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

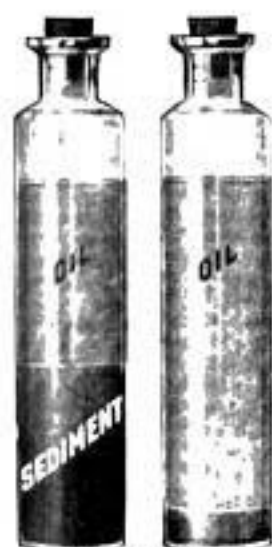
### Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

### Send for this 80-page book on lubrication

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.

**TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY**  
VEEDOL DEPARTMENT  
1829 Bowling Green Building, New York



Oil used after 1000 miles of running. Showing sediment formed after 100 miles of running.

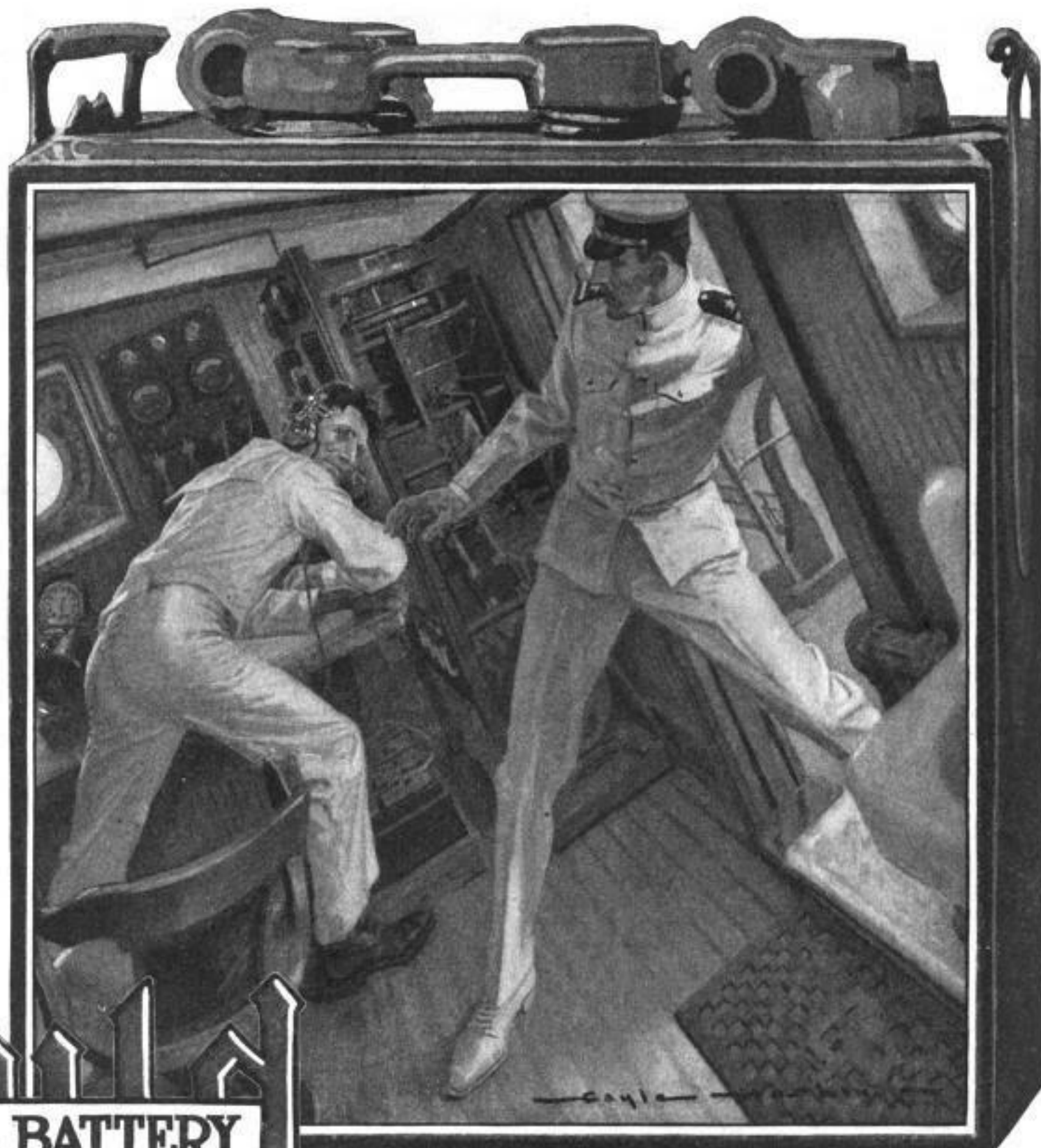


Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada



## The Last S. O. S.

Time to leave ship. Going down by the bow. Boilers awash. But wireless still working!—thanks to the Gould Storage Battery installed for such an emergency.



## WITH THE Dreadnaught PLATES

Gould Dreadnaught Plates are the *original* super-hard plates that have been the basis of *Gould Quality* for 10 years and have never been successfully imitated. The difference in durability between Gould Dreadnaught Plates and ordinary plates is as

marked as the difference between ordinary steel and chrome-nickel steel. The hardness of the Dreadnaught Plate reduces disintegration from overcharge and severe service to the minimum. The result is a long-lived, rugged, powerful battery.

**W**IRELESS Reserve, Gunfiring and Submarine Batteries built by Gould are known the seven seas over. They have made *Gould Quality* a term respected in the navies of the United States and other world powers.

When Starting-Lighting Batteries *built by Gould* were placed on the market five years ago, motorists were quick to say that a battery built by the makers of submarine batteries *must have quality*. Now, after years of service on thousands of cars, the reputation of the Starting-Lighting Battery *built by Gould* stands on its own bottom. It has lived up to the Gould tradition and *Gould Quality* which means a definite standard of service and satisfaction to a steadily growing army of motorists.

The Gould is not an untried starting-lighting battery, but one of the oldest. Its outstanding difference is not merely a matter of structural detail, but is fundamental. The service organization back of it is competent, trustworthy and country-wide. Put a Gould on your car this spring.

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To Fit Your Car**

### Gould Storage Battery Co.

General Offices: 30 East 42nd St., New York  
Detroit  
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Cleveland  
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Plant: Depew, N. Y.  
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**There's a Gould Service  
Station Near You**





TRADE MARK

## *The Dependability of Billings & Spencer Drop Forgings*

**O**N every front and in the lines behind the fronts Billings & Spencer Drop Forgings are silently, faithfully contributing their stamina and dependability to the forces of Democracy.

Over and under the seas separating the Old and the New Worlds, in the air, on land wherever Drop Forgings are relied upon to achieve smoothness, precision and thoroughness of action, Billings & Spencer Drop Forgings are fulfilling their mission of reliable performance.

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Forgings assure the quality of the machines they are used in — pistols, rifles, machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, aeroplanes, tanks, automobiles, armored cars, motor trucks, warships, bicycles, motorcycles.

It is such dependability as this, the knowledge that they will do what they are meant to do, that has put Billings & Spencer Drop Forgings in use in practically every foremost industry in the world and created for them a production of more than a million a month.

And it is this reputation for quality excellence and performance dependability that has made the Triangle B Trade Mark which appears on all Billings & Spencer products more than a mere mark of the maker.

**THE BILLINGS  
& SPENCER CO.   
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.**



# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAY 18, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 10



## THE AMERICANS ARE COMING!

*American troops, on their way to positions in the Verdun sector, entering a village of the Meuse, whose inhabitants, eager to show their joy at the arrival of "la relève américaine," have erected a triumphal arch bearing the only English word—barring "allright"—that most Frenchmen know*

© Underwood & Underwood





They're a brave, jolly, fine lot—the advance of our doughboys

# AT THE AMERICAN FRONT

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



© International Film Service

JANUARY 17 is the date, the historical date. On that day the American army went into the trenches for good; on that day the United States took over a sector of the long battle line in France. It is a very small sector as yet, but it will grow—it is growing, in fact, as I write—and perhaps it will end by changing the world. I have been there ten days now, and I am going to try to tell what I have seen there.

But, first of all, where is that sector, where is that advanced bastion of America in the fight to save civilization? Take a map of France, and mark with your pencil the long battle line. It starts on a beach of the North Sea, at Nieuport, in the last little corner of free Belgium; it runs then south (soon entering France) along the following towns, approximately (some of the towns I name are on one side of the line, some on the other), thus: Nieuport, Ypres, Lens, Arras, Combes, Péronne. Gradually it inclines eastward till it is running southeasterly along Saint-Quentin (held by the Germans), Laon (held by the Germans), and Rheims (held by the French). From Rheims it shoots frankly east to Verdun (everyone knows who holds Verdun). After Verdun the line does a queer trick. It goes southward for twenty miles to a little town called Saint-Mihiel, then turns at right angles and runs east to Pont-à-Mousson, almost up to the German frontier. The line then follows the frontier, a few miles within it, till it crosses into Alsace, a slice of which it puts back into France, and finally ends up against Switzerland, at a point near Altkirch.

Now, let us go back to Verdun, and that place where the line plays the queer trick. If Saint-Mihiel is not on your map, find Commercy, and make a cross about twelve miles north of Commercy, and call that Saint-Mihiel. Draw a cross at Pont-à-Mousson. Then, just halfway between those two crosses, draw another one, a big one—a red, white, and blue one, if you wish. You can now hang your map on a wall. Teach your eye to fall without hesitation upon the cross which is halfway between Saint-Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson. Look at that cross every day, look at it several times a day, look at it tenderly—that's where your boy is.

## That Cross in Lorraine

ONLY—he isn't. Or rather, it's a hundred to one shot he isn't. An army is a big affair; to keep one man in the trenches it takes many men behind. And the man in the trenches isn't there all the time

—not by far. There was in a town, in the American zone but well and safe in the rear, a boy who interested me. He was a private in the Quartermaster's Department. He was young and joyous; a big smile was ever upon his face; he had one front tooth missing—he looked like Jack London when Jack London was a boy. His special work was to act as clerk in the commissary store. He handed out across a counter the tobacco, the jams, the canned fruit, the bacon, the waterproofs, the boots, the sweets and trinkets which make of every American soldier in France at least a millionaire. But he did not spend all his time in this shop. This shop had given him a liking for all shops—and often you could find him at the greengrocer's, or the charcuterie or the Grand Bazar or the Magazines Réunis flirting with lots of busy but jolly French damsels in a French of his own which satisfied him and irresistibly brought smiles from those most resolute in fighting off his gay impertinence. He knew all the children of the town; they ran to him when they saw him and gave him their small hands, and he was an adept at praising the family baby—in short, he was having the time of his life. Yet when I mentioned that fact to him, he clouded a little.

"Sure, I'm having a good time," he said. "The only thing that bothers me is my mother, back in the States. She thinks I'm in the trenches."

"But you write to her, don't you?"

I objected. "Sure, I do," he answered. "I keep writing her I'm not in the trenches and all hunky-dory. But each time she writes, I can see she thinks I'm in the trenches, my feet getting all froze up, and me all torn up with boche shells. Can't make her believe I'm not in the trenches!"

Anyway, keep your cross on your map. If your boy isn't there, many boys are there, and they're a brave, jolly, fine lot—the advance of our doughboys, the nucleus of the fighting army which may end by changing the face and spirit of the world. But where is that cross? It is in Lorraine. There's a town that reverberates in history. For one thing, Jeanne, Mary of Orleans, was from Lorraine; Domremy, the village where she was born,

lies just south, not more than forty miles south, of the trenches held by our boys. What a difference between her and them—what a difference in outward attitude and gesture, in apparel of combat, and yet, probably, what a profound similarity in the quality of their courage! Since the maid, Lorraine has given France many heroes. She is a proud and indomitable land, ever a live and ready rampart against the continuous fluxes of central barbarism and hate. The Germans divided Lorraine in 1870, and now our world is saying to Germany: "Give back Lorraine to France." Thus our trenches there, in the land of Lorraine, become almost a symbol.

## Here the Huns Were Outgamed

TWENTY miles south of our trenches, maybe just a little east of south, you will find on your map the city of Toul, and east of Toul, Nancy. Toul—there's a name that sounds like the cannon, while Nancy expresses gay and almost coquettish courage. The names truly picture the cities. One is somber, the other joyous: both, in the course of the centuries, have often stopped the Hun. At the beginning of this war, in the last days of August and the first days of September, 1914, there was a great battle before Nancy. It was just after the Battle of Charleroi; the French armies and the little British force, beaten and outflanked there, were retreating from the frontiers of Belgium southward toward their position, between Paris and Verdun, where they were to fight the Battle of the Marne. While they were thus retreating, other German armies, backed by the formidable arsenal of Metz, tried to burst through over Nancy and Toul from the east.

Had they succeeded, they would have got behind the armies retreating from Belgium—and there would have been no Battle of the Marne, and France would have been lost. Well, they did not get through; Nancy and Toul stopped them. Before Nancy, De Castelnau spread an army which, outnumbered, outgunned, outmanned, fought for five days with the courage of despair. On the fourth day both armies, French and German, were bleeding to death; it



The real bond in Franco-American relations is the French child



seemed impossible the French could hold longer. De Castelnau then sent out orders to hold twenty-four hours longer at any cost. He had few illusions left. "It will be twenty-four hours more for France," he said—and that is about all he expected. The reeling army fought on one more day—and the following morning, as they prepared for the last of this hell, they saw the Germans retreating, outgamed. At just about that time the Battle of the Marne was beginning!

A little later, after the Battle of the Marne, while the French were fighting on the Aisne and extending their line northward in the famous race for the sea which ended at Nieuport, the Germans made another effort to break through to Paris from the east, this time by going between Nancy and Verdun. This move (a very menacing one at first) was finally held by the French along the Meuse. But from it resulted the angular salient Verdun, Saint-Mihiel, Pont-à-Mousson, which has existed ever since. Our sector is in the center of the lower line of that angular salient.

It was there I went. By a bit of good luck, too, I was whisked in one swoop to the farthestmost part of it; that is to say, within thirty-six hours from starting from Paris I found myself not only with the American army, but with that part of the American army actually in the trenches, and not only with that part of the American army, but with the detachment altogether in the first line of the foremost system—in short, with those of our soldiers farther away from home and nearest the boche. But I am going to tell about the getting there as well as about the there, for my effort is to enable you to visualize the American army and its surroundings, and the only way I see to do it is to tell what I saw myself.

### Like Coming Home

I LEFT Paris from the Gare de l'Est, which is already at the front. I had no sooner passed the gate into the great hallway than I knew I had left the rear, with its civilians and its worries. All about me were French poilus returning from their short leaves, on their way to their eternal toil—stocky, heavy, patient French poilus who, even when on leave, with nothing on their backs, walk with feet a little apart and legs stiffened from thigh to toe, in that attitude which months and months and months of marching under heavy burdens, along roads, along communication trenches, or behind barrage across No Man's Land, has given to them all. They filled the



He was all over the town and seemed to get on very well

(another "war correspondent") and me waiting there on the platform; he came up to us with a grin and said: "Are you the guys who're coming with me?" If it had been the French front we were coming to, we would have been met by a staff officer, at least a captain, who would have introduced himself formally, and given us the compliments of the general—which is all right too, in its way. But this—it was exactly like coming back, after an absence, to my little home town and being met by the old stage driver who has carried me so many times over the hill. We said we were the guys, and he led us to his car, we carrying our valises (blessed democracy!), and when we got to the car, it was a Dodge car! Had it been a Ford, I'm sure I should have wept; even as it was, though, a tenderness entered my soul. We got into the Dodge and were off—in Lorraine. The road went up and down, sometimes steeply, through a rolling country of soft brown

stubble oozing with wetness of melted snows, with woods here and there, leafless, of warmer browns. We roared like a meteor through a small stone village up to its knees in the mud, and perhaps ten minutes after we had left it behind, our chauffeur and mentor said: "That village, back there."

"Yes," we said, "what about it?"

"That's where that Joan was born—you know that Joan of Arc." Thus it was we knew we had been in Domremy. But there was still a long ridge to our right; on its slopes, we surmised, it must have been that the maid tended her sheep when the visions came to her; we looked at those slopes and tried to be satisfied. A little while later, though, our minds were taken up with a little incident expressive of two things—first, of that amusing insolence which comes to any man of any clime who drives a car; second, of that little *pique* which exists between nationality and nationality, be these even the best of allies. There came along behind us a large automobile blowing wildly with its siren a demand that we should let it pass. Our chauffeur, of course, held the road. The slimmest of malicious grins was upon his face; every once in a while he sent the little Dodge to the side of the road just long enough to tempt the pursuing machine to try a dash for it—upon which, smoothly, he would close the way again. Said he, turning to us nonchalantly: "I'll bet you that's a French machine back there." My companion and I, being neither of us betting men, did not take him up. But the machine behind was fairly tearing the air with its

get to a battle—or to dinner. Our chauffeur turned to us triumphantly. "I told you," he cried; "I told you it was a French machine!" And then, in a buzz-saw growl, he added: "They think they own the road—just because they are in France!"

### Ready to Be Let Alone

THEN we reached the town where we were to be billeted and saw for the first time American soldiers in force. A body of them was quartered there in that inelastic town of stone, quartered right together with a body of French troopers; the khaki mingled with the horizon blue. These men from the States struck me as different from those I had seen in the border warfare (how dry the land had been then, and how blue the sky! And now, how delicately hazy was the air, and how shining wet the houses of stone, the roofs of slate!). On the border they had been natty, sharp, and snappy of gesture, with that sort of compactness of body and stiffness of spine which come of long parade drills. Now you could see these had been busy with more serious things. They had retained, for one thing, more of their native quality. After seeing many, I thought the type could well be set down as the "rangy" one—a tall, lithe youth, narrow of hip, long of leg, and loose-limbed, with that relaxation of muscle which the true athlete learns, which holds the body in cunning rest for the effort to come, and which, when the effort does come, makes the transition from that looseness to sudden tightness as powerful as the reaction of a crossbow. His bearing was between the ridiculous "military" stiffness of the goose-step school and exaggerated sloppiness; it was a sort of natural ease, in some cases very close to grace, and beneath it one felt somehow something redoubtable—the consciousness of several things well learned: bomb throwing, for instance, and bayonet sticking, all sorts of skills which made that pleasing young man, with all his lazy grace, a being rather to be let alone. And he wore his campaign hat—I liked that. In Paris I had been told the campaign hat had been abolished. If an order had abolished it, our young man had abolished the order. He wore his campaign hat on his head, just a little tilted, cavalierly.

### "Tout-de-Suite"

HE was all over the town and seemed to be getting on very well and to be quite at home everywhere—in the shops, in the inns, everywhere. His ready smile went for much, but also he had learned some French. His vocabulary consisted especially of the phrase "tout-de-suite." The American, internationally, is distinctively a tout-de-suite man. On the other hand, the shopkeepers had learned some English: the principal word used on that side was "Finish!" Whenever that American, tormented with an eternal desire to buy, asked tout-de-suite for something which did not exist, the answer was "Finish!" Between "tout-de-suite" and "finish" you might think there would be little chance for complicated relations. Yet those complicated relations existed. The truth is I have not told the whole of the business. As a matter of fact, the real bond in Franco-American relations is the child—the little French child. When one enters a little shop in one of those small French towns, one really enters a family. The father, of course, is in the army somewhere. But the mother is there, behind the counter, and the eldest daughter, who may be old enough to be quite interesting. If she is not quite that, then she is a wise and good little schoolgirl, who attends the école communale, and who helps her mother after hours while she does at the same time her home work, snatch by snatch, at the end of the counter.



They wore no campaign hats, but steel helmets, khaki-colored, flat-brimmed helmets

train, they and their lithe, snappy young officers, and there was here as yet very little of America—only a lone khaki spot here and there.

It was only after an eight hours' ride, when I got off at a little station, that I met America. America came to me in the guise of the chauffeur of the military automobile sent to meet us. He wore a wrinkled army uniform, khaki spiral puttees, much muddled, and a greasy campaign hat. He saw my companion

hoarse cries of rage, and finally our man went to the side and let it pass. It was a French machine; we caught a glimpse, as it whizzed by, of the two soldiers in the front seat, their strong aquiline faces impassive under the blue steel helmets, and behind them, inside, sat a French officer of superior rank—some general in haste to

In that case, it's a ten-to-one shot she is studying English at school, and hence is the natural intermediary, proudly pushed forward by mother (who knows only "finish") when the American comes in. But, besides this, there is apt to be another child, some little tot, playing behind the counter somewhere, with cardboard boxes or something: the American has soon routed that one out. If it's a little girl—and somehow or other it always seems to be a little girl—so much (Continued on page 33)





# COOPERATION IN ROCHESTER

## HOW ONE TOWN SOLVES ITS WAR-TIME LABOR PROBLEM

### BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ROCHESTER is one of our industrial strongholds. Rochester is not a large city—not as we view large cities to-day. Her population is hardly over 250,000. But the quality of her workers is Rochester's industrial strength. The larger cities near by—Buffalo and Pittsburgh and Cleveland—far exceed Rochester in tonnage of manufactured output, but not in value. For this western New York city which I am going to make a text on cooperative effort turns out some of the most delicate and valuable products manufactured in America—cameras, lenses, scientific instruments, barometers, thermometers, motor gears. High-priced products mean high-priced labor. Rochester differs from Buffalo or Pittsburgh or Cleveland in the fact that she has no large sectors of foreign population—the result of low-priced labor—to be amalgamated and Americanized, if possible. Rochester's savings-bank deposits, built up on thousands of small individual accounts, run to a huge figure. She has subscribed most generously to the various Liberty Loans. Her per capita subscription to the second one ran well over \$100 to every man, woman, and child in the community. She is intensely American, and immensely proud of that. To this high-grade industrial community came last July an army officer upon an important mission. He found his way to the Chamber of Commerce, which had not then moved into its new home. To its secretary—Roland B. Woodward—he explained his mission. This officer's task was to help arrange the production of guns for the army. He was formerly of the regular army, in charge of an important division of the Watervliet Arsenal. Retired under the age limit, he had returned to the colors and was engaged upon the most important task of stimulating the gun production of the United States.

His was a real job. For while motor-truck agents thronged Washington day after day, while persistent men were offering to supply wool or cloth or canned corn or hats or boots, while a host of concerns were anxious to embark upon the rather dangerous business of powder making, not one manufacturer offered to engage in building guns larger than rifles or field guns. And only three concerns in the country—outside of the regular arsenals of the army and navy—were making or were equipped to make them.

#### Wanted: 12,000 Skilled Men

THERE was a cause for this reticence. Gunmaking is a ticklish business—not dangerous, but just ticklish. It's mighty exact. A gun manufacturer must not exceed a variation of two one-thousandths of an inch in a six-foot bore. Not every man who walks into a shop, his overalls under his arm, and announces himself as an expert mechanic, can build guns to as delicate measurements as that.

And a complicated business too. A single disappearing gun, of a standard type adopted by our army, has, with its disappearing carriage but exclusive of its sights and accessories, almost eight thousand parts. A three-inch gun battery requires 3,876 tools, accessories, and supplies which are simply part of its standard outfit. And yet our Government stands in great need of thousands of these guns—and their accessories.

The army officer made these things clear to the Chamber of Commerce man. And the Chamber of Commerce called a conference of several dozen of the leading manufacturers of Rochester. To them the man in khaki made the problem clear. He said that the program for heavy guns for the army until July, 1919, would run to a cost of \$2,000,000,000—perhaps even more. He translated these figures into those of size. He said that within that time there would be needed at least 65,000,000 tons of new parts for these guns in addition to 45,000,000 tons of replacement parts. Let me translate these figures still farther for you. There are 65,000 railroad locomotives in this country. Let us assume their average weight to be 200 tons each—it is a very fair estimate. That means that the railroad locomotives together weigh some 13,000,000 tons—or just one-fifth the castings required for the new parts alone of our heavy ordnance for the next eighteen months of the war. We have embarked upon no piffling enterprise!

"It is because of the remarkable skill and precision of Rochester workmen in the war work that



*Plumbe is a plain-speaking, hard-headed man who has known labor all his life*

they already have turned out," concluded the man in khaki, "that we have asked this city to be one of eight or ten to engage in the production of large modern guns for the army. And we have found one of your Rochester concerns enterprising and patriotic enough to shoulder its part of the task—provided it can get sufficient workmen."

From the back of the hall a small voice spoke—it was the voice of a local manufacturer.

"How many workmen will they need?" he asked.

"About 12,000," was the reply.

The silence was deafening. Twelve thousand skilled workmen from a town whose total operatives did not far exceed 70,000! But Rochester met the test. Before the army man had boarded the evening train back to Washington he had been told that the local concern could take the gun contract. It would have its labor, even if the lathes and benches of the other industries of the town were deserted. Its labor would have proper transportation—if it were necessary utterly to abandon some of the trolley lines in the residential portions. And if that were not enough, private automobiles would be commandeered. Its labor would have housing. And amusement. And special education. To these things Rochester pledged her faith—and Rochester is a town of high credit.

#### How It Works

THE community faced a real problem. It realized that if it did not find an adequate solution of that problem it would have labor chaos upon its hands. And as a result the Government would have gained nothing, the city would have gained nothing—the men would have gained nothing.

Without planning, industrial confusion was almost bound to ensue. Employers would begin stealing labor from one another—as is being done in other of our war-bride communities to-day: piracy rather than patriotism would result. The Government can do a community an almost irreparable injury by placing within it a plant and a working force that the town cannot digest.

Rochester wanted to be patriotic—to do her bit and a lot more—but did not feel that she should have to suffer a great injury in the doing of it. But there was a way out, and its gateway bore two words—"community cooperation."

Cooperation counts. But to make it count means far more than the canting or recanting of phrases. It meant in Rochester conference after conference. The employers of the city received many ideas, rejected some of them, adopted the best, and evolved a plan. In ultimate effect this was an employment

bureau which, although a fundamental part of the gun works, was quite independent of it—in fact, was to be financed and directly controlled by the Chamber of Commerce. It was to be, in effect, a central employment bureau for all the important manufacturing industries of the town. Like the gun works, they pledged themselves to engage in labor whatever except through it. And it, in turn, pledged itself to find the labor; to keep the men contented and on the job; their wage demands reasonable; to see that they had more than merely adequate housing, transportation, and amusement. A large contract? Not so tremendously large. The Underwriting Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, appointed to supervise the cooperation job, quickly raised a fund of \$25,000 and with it secured a sixteen-thousand-dollar-a-year man to carry on the workings of the new bureau. His name is R. E. Plumbe, and he came from Chicago, where he had had a large employment experience. In the midst of the contractor's welter and disorder from which the new gun works began to rise last fall, a small wooden building was erected. It is an unpretentious structure, but in it is housed undoubtedly the most important social experiment that has arisen in connection with the war-munition industry in America. Plumbe is a plain-speaking, hard-headed man who has known labor all his life and who respects and understands it—and incidentally has a decent measure of respect for employers. He showed that when he met the larger employers:

"I shall not call on you for your skilled labor until I actually need it, and you must not call on me for labor until you actually need it."

They ignored the last clause of this statement. "What are we to do when you call on us to furnish skilled labor, and we have important contracts?"

Plumbe did not hesitate. "Keep steadily training new men for the places of the skilled men you have promised the gun plant. It is part of my job to find the unskilled folk for you to train. We shall establish a school in every important plant in this city. I will supervise. And I give you my word that you will not be called upon for your skilled men until the works absolutely needs them. And you'll have at all times at least ten days' notice."

He faced the employers steadily. "Don't you see my plan as I see it? We are creating a reservoir of skilled labor in my little shop out at the arsenal. Each of you men who controls an important industry in this town will have a smaller individual labor reservoir which will draw its supply from outside sources chiefly—only occasionally from one another. The gun-plant reservoir will draw both from without and from these Rochester reservoirs. Only the Rochester reservoirs are the guaranty against drought or even shrinkage of outside labor supply. They must be kept filled and efficient."

"They will be kept filled and efficient," said the Rochester employers.

That was early last autumn. In April I went to Rochester to see how the plan was working; to see whether it was going to do the things it had promised to do. I found that the gun works had taken on fully half of its ultimate full quota of men, and that practically all the other large industries were working as large forces as last fall, when the plan was first placed in effect—perhaps slightly larger forces. There had been no strikes, not even any labor disaffection worthy of note. And the town had not lost its head and gone crazy over housebuilding.

#### Plumbe Always Finds a Way Out!

A REAL-ESTATE man had waited upon Plumbe soon after his arrival in town. "You're going to need a lot of new houses to accommodate these workmen. We're ready to lay out a miniature city near the new plant," he said, "and I understand that the Federal Government will get behind housing schemes for war workers like this and back them to the limit if necessary."

"You are looking for an appropriation," said Plumbe as he dismissed the real-estate man, "and I think that we can come through the situation without building any great number of new houses."

It looks as if he would. For he has been "taking up the slack" in Rochester's housing facilities—quietly but very efficiently. He has listed vacant



accommodations so thoroughly that at the time of my visit he still had available 818 furnished rooms, 9 furnished apartments, and 284 unfurnished houses (although Rochester never has been an apartment-house city), and 576 houses, with a total capacity of over 6,000 men—or just about the number necessary to complete the gun works—and the housing resources of the city under no serious strain! If the necessity should arise, Rochester will bring war-working folk into the homes on East Avenue, which to Rochester is as Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue to New York or the Lake Shore Drive to Chicago.

In a similar way Plumbe had tackled the city transportation problem. Rochester's street-car facilities have never been among her strong points. But the company came forward in the cooperative spirit and said that it would do its best to move the war workers, though it might have to call the city's promise to allow the partial abandonment of lines in certain residential quarters.

"Is there no other way out?" asked Plumbe.

The trolley people thought there was. If the different big manufacturing plants could be induced to let their 70,000 workers out at varying hours of the late afternoon, instead of all of them between five-thirty and six o'clock, the trolley people would get along. It was arranged. The different plants in Rochester now close each afternoon all the way from four-thirty to six-thirty, in accordance with a definite traffic plan of the transportation experts of the city; there is neither undue congestion upon the trolleys nor too big a "peak" at the power house. And it is worth noting that under the new plan for diffusing the rush-hour traffic, the power house is saving 125 tons of coal a day.

At the same time Plumbe was wrestling with an-

other problem totally different—the sex problem: women in industry. Rochester long has employed many women operatives, but the girl in overalls—the girl at a man's job, if you please—was something of a shock. And when two girls went to work in a big button factory at machines hitherto reserved for men the thirty men employed there struck.

Plumbe did not explode at the strikers. He had a definite feeling that they were human beings. So he argued with them. He asked them if they did not realize that the war demands upon industrial America were going to force many women into men's jobs. They did not realize that. They said they did not. And if they had realized the situation they would not have bucked in the traces. The strike ended forthwith.

#### A Central Employment Bureau

OVER the manager's desk at the Central Employment Bureau hangs a huge chart. It is too large to reproduce here. But one sees that it embraces many activities beyond the mere hiring of men and women. It includes elaborate welfare and amusement plants, schemes for training in the various industries of the city, checking of personal efficiency, and in addition some fairly elaborate advertising plans to secure labor in territories not thoroughly drained as yet by other war industries. The Central Employment Bureau of Rochester—the city's clearing house for labor—has four experienced men scouring those neighborhoods. It has them platted and understands to a large degree their human resources.

"But," you interrupt, "suppose that every town adopted the Rochester plan and sent its agents scouring out into the open country. You might have individual civic labor efficiency, but wouldn't you have a national labor confusion, employers bidding against

one another and stealing each other's workmen—the very thing that Rochester has striven to avoid?" Let us ask Plumbe.

"There would be no confusion or panicky bidding if there was proper correlation, or cooperation," is his reply. "It all comes to a question of organization. It would be an easy matter so to zone the country as to give each munition-producing city not only its immediate field round about as a supply territory for labor, but perhaps distant fields as well—in portions of the country not producing war supplies. It would be against the law for any community to cross the boundaries of the zones assigned to it. If there was not enough labor in its own fields, it would have to borrow, of course, from others—but only through the medium of central employment bureaus. Cooperation counts, you know."

At the very moment at which this is being written Kansas City—a community whose size roughly approximates that of Rochester—is torn and paralyzed by a species of civil war. The enterprising city at the bend of the Missouri is not engaged—extensively at least—in the production of war supplies. But it has keenly felt the labor pressure from other munition-producing cities. And for lack of a strong cooperative policy in its labor problem Kansas City allowed its great industrial district in the bottoms to become a sort of miniature Marne.

I would not want to prophesy absolutely that Rochester's policy of community cooperation would invariably prevent strikes or other labor upsets in her factories. I do believe, however, that it will be a powerful force in combating labor unrest. It is not an expensive plan; but, no matter what the cost, it will far more than justify itself in the long run. Cooperation counts.

# THE ACTOR AND HIS PART

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

TO my certain knowledge, Miss Sallie Lou Johnston is forty-eight years old, going on forty-nine, a dubious age indeed for a heroine of romance. More, she is not a beautiful woman. I don't believe she was ever pretty, not even as a young girl. Four times a day she trudges past my window, back and forth from her windy old house on the hill to Douglass School, where she has taught eighth grade for twenty-nine inexorable years: a large, square, sandy woman, in worn blue serge, its long, ill-cut skirt floundering about her large, square shoes, and a dingy velvet hat, with a black sateen bag full of review papers and a lean little mink muff with a fierce little mink head glaring atop. Not a vision to enthrall one's thoughts! Yet only to-night to Miss Sallie has been vouchsafed the eternal talisman. For her the white stars have been lighted. Their radiance will never go out, their glory dim.

NOW, Miss Sallie is the salt of the earth. All Salerno knows that. But she never was anybody much. Her vague old father died when she was eighteen and left her the meek, paralytic old mother to care for. Year on year Miss Sallie taught school and nursed her mother and went to prayer meeting and baked her incomparable chocolate cakes for the Presbyterian sociables, by way of recreation. It wasn't a vivid life. When old Mrs. Johnston died the sewing circle agreed piously that Miss Sallie deserved her release. And we grew a little tried at her stubborn and heartbreaking grief. We didn't understand, you see, that that old, helpless woman had been to Miss Sallie as her beloved, helpless child. But our impatience at her sorrow was as nothing to our impatience and our wrath at her behavior the year that followed.

Down Salerno Levee stands the Planters' Delight Burlesque House. On New Year's Eve one Barry O'Brien, a song-and-dance man, was stabbed to death on its steps in a drunken brawl. Barry was an unknown, a bit of the river drift. He left not a penny in the world. However, he did leave a broken accordion, a horseshoe rhinestone pin, and a ragged, sulky ten-year-old son. Up on the hill, respectable Salerno argued and wrangled as to which public charity could be forced to accept the child. And while we wrangled, didn't Miss Sallie step in and march him down to court and adopt him! Before you could say Jack Robinson!

Salerno gasped, then loudly disapproved. The poor, soft-hearted old maid! To adopt this young vagabond, when everybody knew she was now past forty and her salary only eight hundred a year! But I reckon Miss Sallie was clean starved out. All the thwarted mother in her was clamoring for its own. A while ago her own feeble old mother had fed that hunger. But now its urge was tearing at her flesh.

Well, from that hour she fed her starved heart on Chester—Chester Pinckney Johnston, she'd named him, for her own father. And Chester was mighty poor provender. He was as handsome as a picture, with red-brown hair curling round a clean-cut, surly young face, and long-lashed red-brown eyes and a cream-and-freckle skin and a slim panther body, grace in every tricky line. Tricky—that was the word. He was all trickery. He'd sing like an angel at Christian Endeavor Sunday night, then rob a melon patch Monday night, with equal aplomb.

He was as keen as tempered steel; he made his grades without turning a hair. Yet he'd let Miss Sallie sit up evenings and solve his algebra problems for him. He shot up like a green bay tree; at fifteen he was Salerno's one real athlete; he played football like a veteran, but he'd lie abed mornings while Miss Sallie climbed out in the freezing dawn to build fires and sweep snow. He was lazy and brilliant and churlish and adorable. All Salerno glowered at him and mistrusted him and snubbed him. That is, if you can snub a creature as beautiful as the morning, who saunters past you with the serene eyes of a young prince stooping to mingle a moment with his humblest peasantry. And Miss Sallie cooked for him and washed for him and spent her lean wage on his smart shoes and gay, spotless linen and tucked him up nights and thanked God on her knees that He had given her so glorious a son.

Chester cared little for his successes of class or field. One passion alone possessed the boy: the theatre. Barry O'Brien's vocation was stamped into his child's being. He had an amazing talent for mimicry. He'd sell the shoes off his feet for a

ticket to a show—any show. At eleven he'd tease Miss Sallie into taking him to everything that came to town, from Maude Adams to "East Lynne." At thirteen he bullied her into letting him "ush" at the Salerno Opera House. At fourteen he ran away with Kennedy's Carnival Kids. I never will know how Miss Sallie lived through that black fortnight while we traced him up. He came home an infuriate prodigal. Kennedy had paid him twelve dollars a week, and promised to put him into vaudeville the next winter. Why the devil had Salerno

folks butted in? How dared she let the town search for him? He stood there, slim, exquisite, flaming, and hurled the brutal, raging words at that big trembling woman like hail. Then, in a breath, his savage young voice fell. He stared at her blankly, a long minute. He thrust a shaking hand into his pocket and pulled out a green plush box.

"Brought you this from St. Louis," he growled. "Ketch." He slammed the box at her, and slammed himself out of the room.

Wide-eyed, Miss Sallie opened the box. It was a wrist watch, plated gold, set with large glass amethysts, hideous beyond belief. Miss Sallie just sat and looked and looked at it. And her drawn, pale lips relaxed, and pitiful, adoring laughter bubbled up into her haggard eyes.

"Isn't that Chess, all over!" she sighed. Yes, that was Chess all over, a black-browed young demon one minute; a sulky, appealing child the next.

Well, the drawn look came back soon enough. Chester swung straight ahead on his reckless road. At sixteen he toured all summer with a tent show, working the Mississippi River towns. He came back from those rowdy weeks to sing



Didn't Miss Sallie step in and adopt him!



"Jerusalem the Golden," fit to melt your heart, at Leda Carter's funeral, and to carry nine-tenths of the program at our Belgian Relief festival, and make it the one sweeping success of the year. Miss Sallie fairly thrilled with panicky triumph. Salerno tried to unbend then. But it is difficult to unbend to a cool-eyed, scornful cub who doesn't even listen to your felicitations. Further, it didn't take us long to hear how he'd sent Garrity's pool-room gang into whooping ecstasies by his unerring impersonations of his fellow stars. After that we hoped for the best in Chester—and looked for the worst.

Next winter he quit school flat and joined a vaudeville team which went on the rocks by March. Sullen, footsore, he made his way back to Salerno. And Salerno gave him a mighty cold shoulder. But Miss Sallie laughed and cried and rejoiced over him, filled him up with goodies and bought him a new twenty-dollar suit and two silk shirts. No use, sighed Salerno. She never would learn. You can't teach an old fool—especially a poor, tender fool of an old maid whose blind eyes see only the child that makes real her dreams.

Out of all our doomful chorus, just one voice spoke for Chester. That was the voice of old Major Stearns, Salerno's grim, ancient seer, throned in his creaking wheel chair.

"Tough? And selfish? And ne'er-do-weel? And rotten blood back of him? Yeh. He's all that. But he's something more. He's an actor born, a cracking big actor too—an actor who's never found his part. Let Fate once give him his cue, and you'll see. You'll see. Let Life once grab him by the scruff of the neck and shove him down to the big footlights—then watch. He'll wake up. He'll make good. You'll see."

But nobody listened to the major. He was getting pretty old, anyhow. By this time we had something else to listen to: a nearing, ominous thunder. The war!

ONE week after war was declared I went to Washington. I came back six months later. The morning of my return I met Miss Sallie on the street. I stopped short and gaped at her.

She didn't see me. She passed me by without a glance. In those six months Miss Sallie had aged ten years. Her big, sturdy body had caved in, her hair blew in gray wisps around her gaunt, wan face. She went by me like a hunted thing, stumbling in deathly weariness, driven, driven on.

"Oh, it's that scoundrelly Chester of hers. He's been playing aboard a show boat, the *Ohio Queen*, all summer. In September the Paducah sheriff pinched the show-boat boss for passing a counterfeit bill. They do say Chess wasn't mixed up in it—that he skipped so's to dodge testifying against the old man. Anyway, skip he did. Gone to France as mule tender aboard a transport, I've heard. Good riddance."

Maybe. But a cruel riddance for Miss Sallie. Day after day, that windy autumn, she plodded past my window, the dingy hat rammed down anyhow on her gray braids, her step dragging heavier every day. And once a week she mailed a letter to France—a pitiful, futile letter, sent in care of first one army organization, then another, in the senseless hope that somewhere, somehow, it might reach Chester's hands. Red Cross, Field Service, Army Y.—such a wild-goose chase grieved Salerno. As if Chester would ever trouble to answer her! She had fed him and sheltered him and slaved for him all his growing years. Now he had left her without a word of good-by. What could you expect of a cheap actor's son, anyhow? River drift, Chester had come to Salerno. River drift, let him go.

The weeks dragged by. We sewed and knit and rolled bandages; we scowled over the Russian enigma and raged helplessly at the treachery that lifted its head at our very doorsteps. Christmas came.

We packed and shipped boxes on boxes of cigarettes and candy, cases of sweaters and mufflers and jackets, to our own boys at the training camps. And Miss Sallie sent a box to France, in care of the Y. once more: a sweater that she'd knit evenings, heavy socks, a five-pound box of her own luscious pecan fudge. Once more Salerno shrugged and sighed. Why cast your pearls eternally before the swine?

New Year's dawned in bitter cold. January dragged through lashing winds and sleet. Day on day Miss

Sallie trudged by. Under the dingy hat, her gray eyes, those wells of kindness, clouded and grew dim. Under the patched and turned blue serge the heart in her breast—a child's heart, full of love and service—lay a lump of freezing lead. We were all sorry for her. Of course we were sorry for her. Poor sentimental old soul, to imagine she could pick a bit of raffia off the levee and make a man of it! If she could only realize her luck in getting rid of Chester, before he'd brought some lifelong disgrace upon her! But, poor stubborn thing, she'd never realize that. And then—

WELL, all the miracles happen just as simply, I reckon. Maybe this wasn't such a miracle, after all. Only the opening of the eyes of a very small, blind, obstinate town. Only the waking of one pygmy actor to the splendor of his part in the mightiest drama of all time.

Along five o'clock the Salerno "Courier" bumps on our porch floors, and we all teeter gingerly down the icy steps and snatch it in. To-night, when all Salerno sat down by the sitting-room table and snapped on the green lamp, I'll wager that our multitudinous glance fell on that flaring headline at one and the same moment. But be sure that it took many minutes for our Doubting Thomas spirits to grasp the meaning of those curt, unbelievable lines:

"Cited for gallantry, Corporal John D. Jones, Privates Hill and Murphy. While civilians are seldom mentioned in dispatches, it is known that high praise is due a boy of seventeen, named Chester Johnston. Young Johnston ran away to France in September, and has served as helper with the Red Triangle in every capacity, from entertainer, at which he is said to be an adept, to scouring floors. Early Tuesday morning, during a heavy bombardment, a German shell struck an emergency tent just back of the trenches, demolished it, killed four wounded, and fatally injured the surgeon and one orderly in charge. Young Johnston, who was giving first aid, was wounded by shrapnel, but set at once to removing the surviving wounded to the nearest field hospital, a mile away. Unaided, he managed to transport eleven helpless men aboard his car, making three trips in all. On the last trip a shell struck his car and smashed it to bits. Both he and his wounded received severe injuries, Johnston's left leg being broken and his head badly cut. However, he crawled out of the wreck and dragged his men into the nearest gully. Later a field-service car picked up all four. It is thought that young Johnston will survive, although his condition is grave. The eleven wounded will recover. . . ."

Right there I dropped my own "Courier," snatched my cloak, and rushed out into the clean, cold dark. I had to. I wanted the darkest corner I could find. But halfway down the block, didn't I meet Miss Sallie, coming home from the post office. And



Chester thrust a shaking hand into his pocket

again I stopped, and stared with all my eyes. For it wasn't my gray, tired Miss Sallie any longer. She walked like a goddess, erect, transfigured. Her head was up, her cheeks blazing, her gray eyes were gray fires. And, mind you, she hadn't laid eyes on the "Courier." She had not heard one word of the dispatch that had swept all Salerno. But in her hand she held a letter—a handful of flimsy pages, stamped with the Red Triangle: the first letter her boy had ever written, the first love letter that had ever come

to her, in all her long, gray woman's life. Without one word she put it into my hands.

It wasn't much of a letter either. It was dated four weeks back. It began abruptly:

"MISS SALLIE LOU JOHNSTON.

"DEAR FRIEND: Your Christmas box come tonight. Also 5 letters that have been stuck somewhere. Also socks & sweater. Also, Oh you pecan fudge! I ought to of wrote to you before, but kept putting it off. Now I am writing at the dug-out. I wish to tell you how I am employed. The Secretary and me take turns doing night duty. Just now I am on day shift. I climb out at 5 a. m., Start the coffee kettles, drink some myself, make sandwiches, a bushel or so like you used to do for our S. S. picnics, only they don't come up to yours not by a long shot. I then sweep the hut, wash up, drive to railhead for freight & unpack it, for there is always boxes coming. Between times I run the grub counter, make more sandwiches, clean our 3 cars, etc. The soldiers string in all the time and eat and ask questions. After 4 o'clock the place is jam-full. I usually do about 8 turns for the fellows. They like my black-face work. They also fall for my monologues, especially the one about the Chicken and the Axe. Also I bet they would keep me doing clogs all night if I would let them. When on night shift I pack cigs and sandwiches around the trenches. There is one American woman in Paris who makes peanut brittle that I can't hardly tell from yours. Some brittle! You would not believe it to see how tickled those dough-boys are when I slip them a hunk. Now and then the Boches pick off a Field Service man, and I grab his car, and drive till the new driver gets there. It is bully for the Boches know our roads and shell them and dodging shells and craters is some sport. But mostly I am kept jumping on my own job.

"The Y pays me 100 francs a month, which is 20 dollars of our money. It is good pay, for they give me my bunk and grub, etc. free gratis. In this letter I send you a money order for 35 francs. I want you should hire that Uncle Jess dardy to come tend furnace. This will pay him one month. By that time I will send more. Also I want you to hire his wife to iron. When I remember how you use to get up and tend furnace and iron my striped shirts it makes me sick. After I get home you ain't going to open that furnace door again. Believe me. Nor you don't cook for me nor nigger for me no more. I have learnt how to cook and to nigger myself and I don't put up no squeak am glad of the chanst to do it for the fellows but when I think how I let you do it for me I want to hike out into No Mans Land and holler Here Goes Nothin. You always treated me white and you took my part when those dam old Salerno stiff's would of skinned me alive if theyd got the chanst and you gave me a new suit and a dollar

every birthday and if you think I am not coming back to square up then you have got another think coming. I want to stay here as long as the Y wants me for it is one peach of a job it is like being in the grandest play ever and there is always something doing but when I come home I am going to get a mans job and get busy.

"I wish if not too much trouble you would send me some of your peanut brittle and a maple sugar Easter egg with my inishels on it like you always use to make me. I never did see how you poured that hot sugar into the egg shell & not bust it. The fellows say it cant be done & I will show them. It is now my shift at the grub so no more at present from

"Yours truly,  
"CHESTER P. JOHNSTON."

It wasn't much of a letter. Any boy of seventeen should be able to write a neater one. To say nothing of that rude and ungrateful reference to his home town! But when I

looked at Miss Sallie I knew that those three smeary pages had heaped her scale with minted gold against forty-eight gray, drudging years.

"Miss Sallie," I choked. "Dear Miss Sallie—"

But Miss Sallie wasn't listening. She stared straight past me—past me into the lighted window of Tucker's fruit and grocery store. "Do you suppose Tucker has got in any maple sugar?" said Miss Sallie, her eyes like stars. "But it's too early in the season. Maybe I can get some by sending to V. . . it."



# UNCLE SAM'S NIECE—AND YOURS!

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

WHAT is the greatest profession now open to young women? I mean by this, what profession offers them to-day the greatest opportunity for service to their country and at the same time assures them steady employment with an income advancing as the responsibilities of the work advance?

Ask this of your niece, Mr. Business Man, when she comes bubbling into your office, begging for a job as your stenographer. Ask it of your sister, lieutenant, when she wants to drive her car in France. And remember that what she does in this war is going to affect the country you are saving for her quite as much as what you do.

If the young woman of to-day cannot answer your question offhand, I will put it somewhat differently, to help her out. If you were asked to name the profession for women which combines the duties and the rewards of the mother, the teacher, the physician, the soldier, and the priest—what would you answer? Obviously this order is too large to be filled by the munition worker or the ambulance driver; the busy lady who serves so madly on committees and canteens cannot expect us to take her quite so seriously as this!

No, there is only one woman who can answer "Present!" when the roll is called in this tremendous fashion: she is the Trained Nurse.

I am not going to talk about the enormous constructive power of the trained nurse in times of peace; I am not going to draw your attention to that wonderful development of community life, the district nurse. Ask your wife, or any of her friends who are interested in this triumph of civilization, what is happening now to the babies in the rural districts; now, when the terrific demand for educated, capable, experienced nurses is stealing that one hope of the poor and ignorant from the districts which have no big hospitals, no free clinics, and no ambulances. They can tell you what is happening: the babies are dying. The rise in infant mortality is so great that it is startling county authorities.

But to the girl who is obsessed with the idea of Joan of Arc (and during the last few years I have almost wished that this famous young lady had remained a shepherdess!), to the girl with a trained mind and a sound body who feels that nursing is too tame and not modern enough for her powers, in the present great crisis, I should like to put a few questions.

## What Saves Wounded Men?

DO you realize, Miss Young America, that when Florence Nightingale and her little band of nurses arrived at the dreadful hospital barracks of the Crimea, the death rate went down from between 30 and 50 to about 2 per cent? How many fighting men do you suppose that saved the nation? Governments couldn't do it; money couldn't do it; kind hearts couldn't do it, any more than coronets. Professional trained nurses did it.

And what they did then they are doing now. The first American girl to make the great sacrifice for her country in this war died in a British base hospital in Etretat, France, January 17, 1918. She was Amabel Scharff Roberts, a young graduate of Vassar and of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York. Just before her death she wrote to her mother:

"He saves others; himself he cannot save." That is to me typical and descriptive of the soldier. I don't think we can do enough for them. These men have left everything—business, family, civilization. Yet surely it is better to die young than to live a hundred years to no account. I am more thankful every day that I took up nursing—even though my bit is so very small indeed. More than half my class at the training school are over here. Am I not fortunate?"

A soldier and a woman wrote that letter: the bed where she died of septicemia has all the honors of six feet of the trenches.

What saves wounded men? Nursing saves them—not surgeons nor medicine. That is why there must be, for every million soldiers, at the very least 12,000

trained nurses. Remember that when we entered the war there were hardly 90,000 registered nurses in the country. Nearly 20,000 were enrolled in the Red Cross by April 1, and an urgent appeal for an immediate increase of 5,000 was being made. By the end of the year more than 35,000 will have to

earn from \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year and upward? And how many, in offering this, add to the offer the satisfaction that goes with work of scientific standing and the knowledge of fulfilling inestimably important public service? If you know of any, especially in this crucial year of our national honor, when every

life saved, from the baby in the almshouse to the financier planning our national loans, is one more unit in our line of defense, then you are in possession of facts that have hitherto escaped me.

There is surely a great opportunity here for principals of high schools and instructors, who watch hundreds of high-school graduates go from them into the business schools, to urge instead the advisability of a three-year nursing course in any of our great hospitals.

"Of course," you must say, Mr. Patriotic Professor, "this is no get-rich-quick six weeks' course, young lady. Saving human lives is a little more important than pounding a typewriter; and, besides being many times more interesting, it offers a much bigger future, financially and socially. But you don't have to pay for it at the rate of a college education, because you earn your living at it while you are learning."

It should be the duty of all such instructors, clergymen, business men, and Y. W. C. A. directresses to inform every girl who has the slightest gift for such work that the great majority of training schools for nurses require no fee whatever for the entire course, beyond a slight deposit for breakage, etc.

Many a young girl who could not pay for three years' instruction does not need to be earning anything during that time, if only she could be sure of not being a drag upon her family.

## The College Graduate's Position

BUT now, to be quite fair, we must listen to the college girl; for up to now she has had a good reason for not enrolling herself very heavily in this profession.

"All this is very inspiring," she answers, "and I assure you that the career of nursing—especially now—appeals greatly to my imagination. I know that the income is sure, the figures show me that the need is great, and I have always felt that for the really important executive positions in the profession no brains or training could be too much. But consider my situation for a moment. I entered college at eighteen; I left it at twenty-two. The only nurse who has any standing with the Government—and very properly—is the registered nurse, the 'R. N.' This course consumes three whole years, with practically no vacations whatever. This would leave me twenty-five years old, and precisely on a par with the high-school graduate who began nursing years before I could. With four years' specialized training, practice in taking lectures, perhaps four years of biology and practical laboratory work, I have no credit for any of this, but am presumed to require all the teaching and drudgery necessary for the untrained mind of a younger woman who has had not a tenth of my cultural advantages. I could do more in her job than she, I am sure; I could get more out of it, and put more into it—but this is not recognized. I'm afraid—at the price and considering the fact that I haven't a burning call for it—it isn't good enough."

"And even if I thought it might be, this terrible year of all years—why, it would be three years before they'd have any use for me!"

Frankly, if Miss Vassar or Miss Smith or Miss Bryn Mawr had answered me in this way on April 6, 1917, I should have been obliged to cough politely and change the subject. For I should have agreed with her absolutely.

But now a change has come about, and what I firmly believe to be the greatest, the most thrilling, the most responsible war work open to educated women is to be offered to them, for the first time, in the most rapid, practical, and interesting manner possible.

(Continued on page 37)



For every million soldiers there must be at the very least 12,000 trained nurses

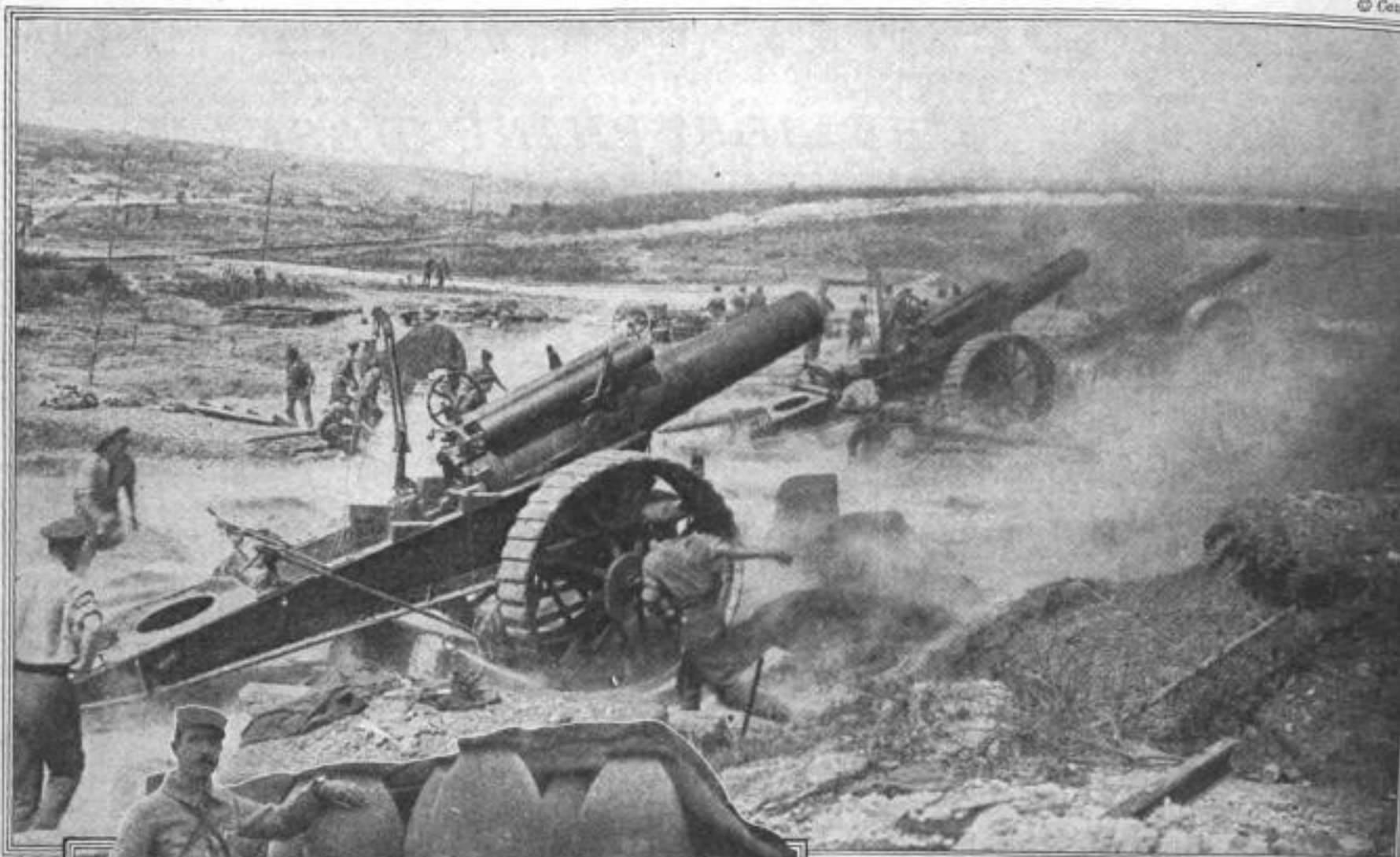
be in military service—if we are to give the aid for which our allies ask. Our nursing force as it now stands is not big enough for the armies alone. At the present rate of withdrawals from private work and the tremendous increase of need at home (for already war conditions are taking a terrible toll of health) we shall soon be facing a dangerous shortage of nurses.

## \$1,500 to \$5,000 a Year

IF you don't believe me, Miss Young America, wait till your little brother runs from bronchitis into pneumonia, next winter, and your younger sister has the measles at the same time, and her ear begins to swell and inflame, and the doctor fears mastoiditis! Your first-aid course and the twelve-lesson nurses' aid lectures that you took last summer won't help you much. Nursing is a science at bottom, if it rises to an art at the top, and you'll feel under the trying circumstances I mention, that thirty dollars a week is little enough to pay—if you could buy capability and experience with it.

And this brings us to the next point: How many professions, do you think, offer hundreds of positions



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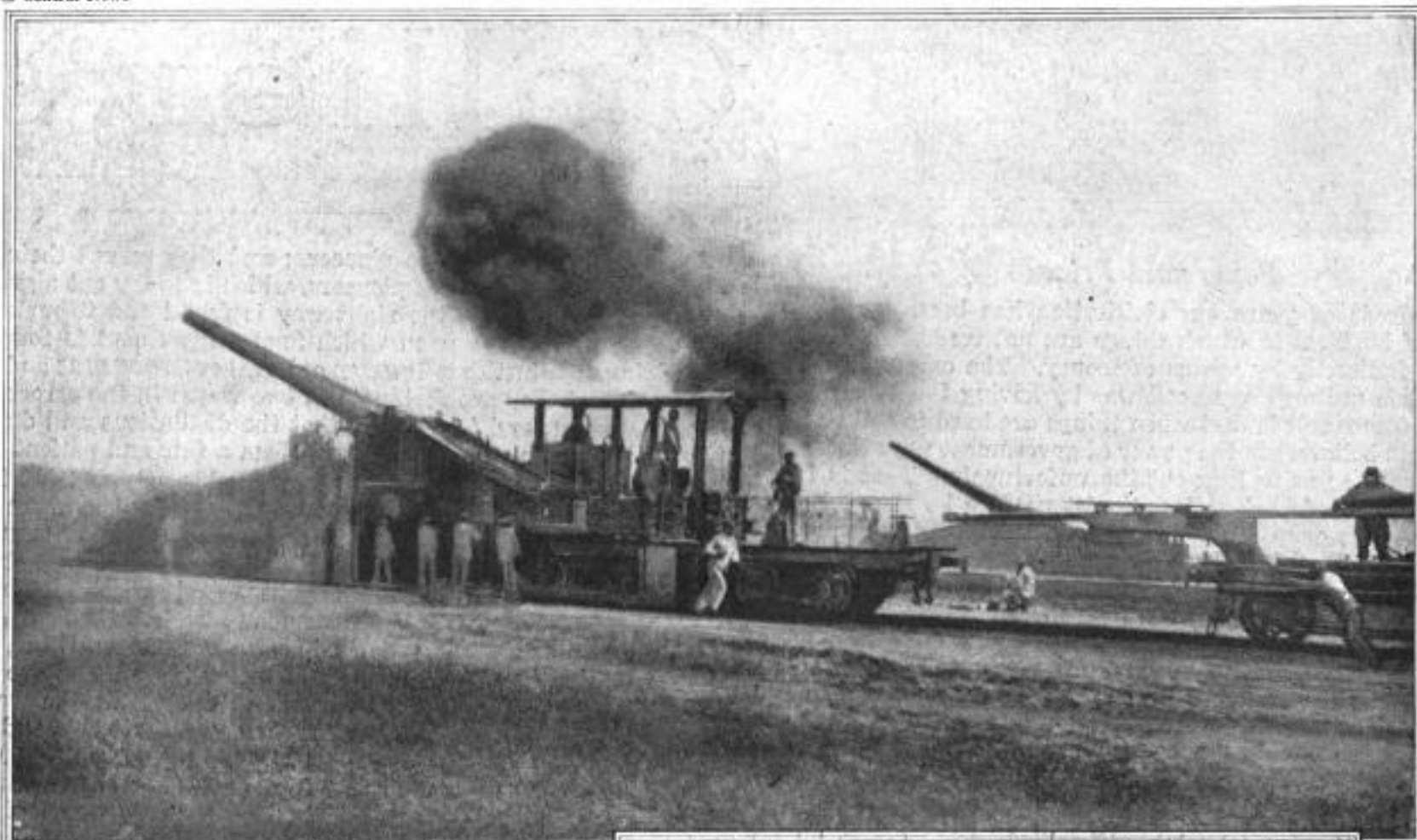
## THE HEAVIES

**T**HIS is the war of artillery, and above all of heavy artillery. Never before have so many large-caliber guns been employed. The picture above shows a battery of British 9-inch howitzers in action along the Somme. The center picture gives a good idea of the huge size of a group of 310 mm. (12-inch) shells. Below is an airplane view of the German lines during a heavy Allied bombardment with gas shells. Notice that the wind is spreading the gas to the rear lines. The German front trenches are on the left.



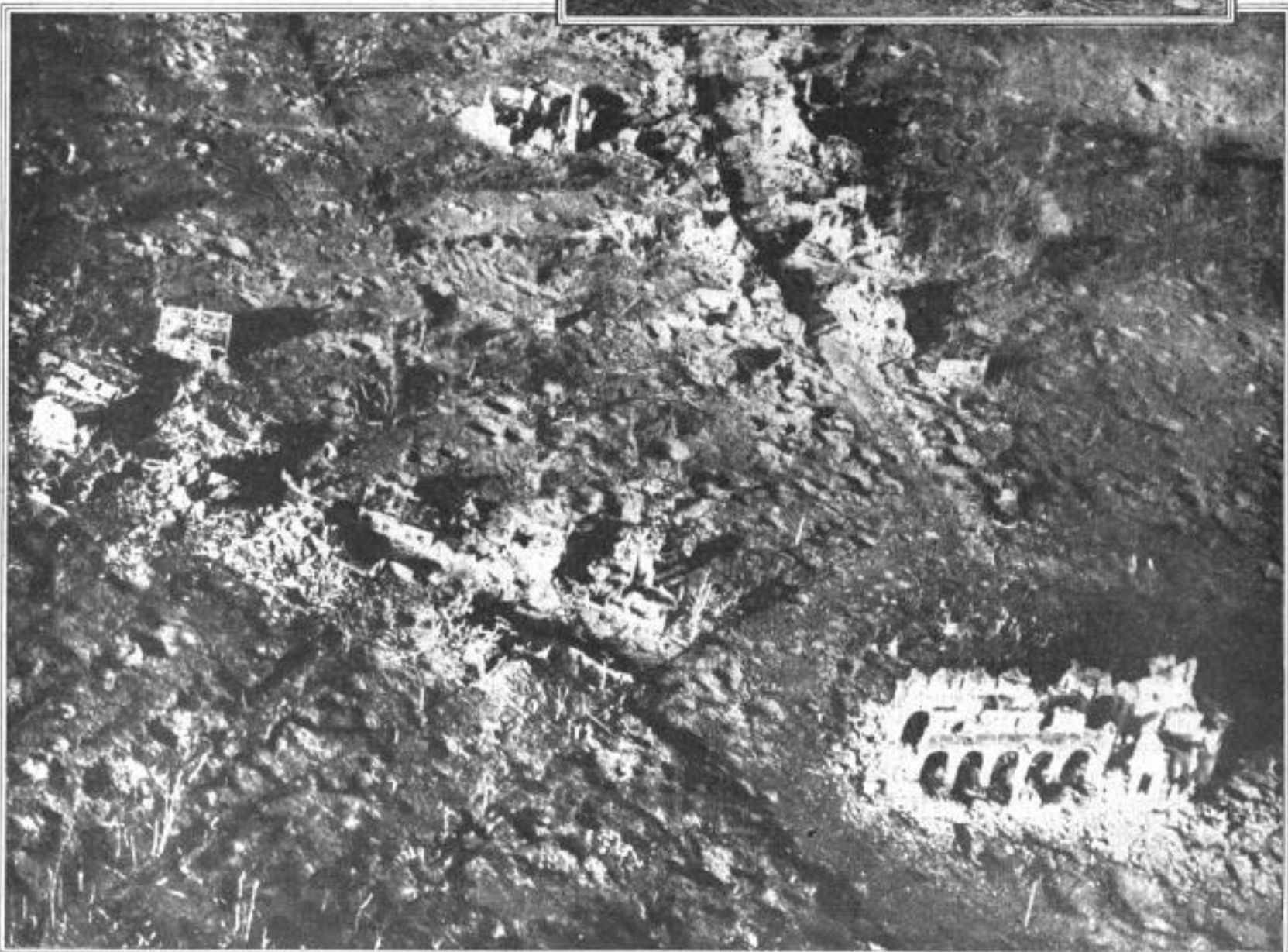


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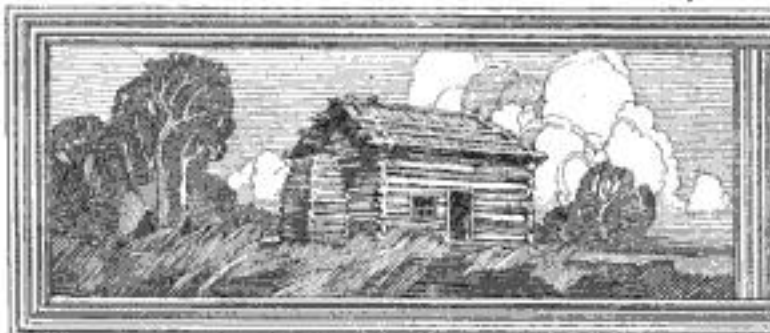
## ARE SPEAKING

ABOVE is a battery of big French naval guns in action, mounted on railway trucks. In the center is all that remained of a German 155 mm. (6-inch) gun after a French shell hit it. When one reads that "the British have captured the village of So-and-so," it is natural to think of houses and streets. What one of those captured villages really looks like is shown below. It is Passchendaele—or what is left of it after three and a half years of war. The photograph was taken from a captured German aviator.



© International Film Service





# Collier's

## Paper and Prices

FOR hundreds of years our civilization has been working up a way of business in which things are not traded directly for things, but indirectly by means of money. The only way money could be made uniform and good was by having the Government control it. One result is that when things are hard to sell or hard to buy certain believers in the power of government urge that more money be made so as to help out the unfortunate. That is inflation. The typical American inflationist used to be the visionary who thought that our Civil War was won by the printing presses that turned out the greenbacks, and his equally whiskered brother who held that more greenbacks would free Kansas from the mortgage chains of bloated Eastern bondholders. That is all ancient history now, and our modern inflationist is a close-clipped, keen-eyed sort of business man who is sure that plenty of bank credit will float our Liberty Loans, lessen taxes, stimulate production and trade, and, in general, keep our economic system full of red blood. The once despised pumpkin-belt philosophy now issues from the mouth of the stock ticker! Modern business has to have modern banking, which deals in credit, and the huge task of our nation's war production cannot go on without using such credit on an appropriate scale. But war is fought and won with things, and all the credit is only a means of getting things. Too much money, whether gold or paper or bank accommodation, means cheaper money and dearer things, means higher prices and all the friction, waste, and trouble which must (and do) follow when suddenly boosted prices give some people an immediate business advantage over others. Modern centralized banking under government control can inflate credit, and inflation is an easy way of getting a sort of fevered business activity. But, in the long run, the Government will have to borrow more money, pay higher prices, meet a bigger debt, and lay heavier taxes over a longer period. That is what the greenback issues did for our Civil War. That lesson should have been learned by now, and it ought to be clear to all of us that the true worth of our Federal Reserve banking system is the chance it gives to keep our country on a solid financial footing through this war. The general level of prices is the acid test of inflation.

## Hold Your Bonds

IF you will notice the current pictures, you will see that our soldiers and sailors and allies need things to use in their war business. The point is to help make those things and to go easy on using them. By doing just that you will be lightening your taxes for the next twenty years or more. What is the sense of lending your money to the Government and then forcing up the prices of what the Government buys? That is exactly what happens when people neglect useful work or waste useful goods. On any one day or during any one year there is only so much stuff to be bought, and when it is all bought it is all gone. What the Government wants is your buying power, part of your purchasing strength, and you can lend that by subscribing to these loans or give it up by paying taxes. But you will mess the whole thing and badly by then turning around and competing with the Government for what the market has to sell. If you insist on doing so, you had better be taxed, for your loans are only an Indian gift. The man who turns his Liberty Bond in at the store for merchandise is only faking; he has not lent his country a red cent. Inflation, by forcing up prices, tends to encourage that sort of action. The cures for inflation are working and saving. Americans usually know about how much work they can do, but saving is rather a novelty and might possibly be overdone. A safe working rule is to save for your country during 1918 10 per cent more of your income than you saved in 1917, and turn it into Liberty Bonds, War Savings Certificates, or Thrift Stamps. If your family gets paid, or makes, a hundred dollars a month, just add a War Stamp every two weeks to your family budget, and the good work is done. Saving on that scale will kill inflation, lower prices, lighten taxes, and help win.

## Pathfinders

WHILE CHARLES M. SCHWAB is helping to build our ships, JOHN D. RYAN helping to build our airplanes, and E. M. STETTINIUS is attending to the nation's marketing, we may spare a moment's consideration for the other men who were tried out in important places and found wanting. They were not all red-tapists and in-

competents. They were pioneers; and they served their country by fulfilling the duty of pioneers, which is to try out a good many wrong paths before the right way is found and to make all the necessary mistakes upon which final achievement is founded. It is doing no injustice to SCHWAB or RYAN or STETTINIUS and BARUCH to say that they are fortunate in two ways: in the errors of their predecessors, and in the fact that the disillusion and disappointments of a year of war will win them a fair and patient trial.

The history of our wooden ships holds a lesson. It is pretty well admitted now that the wooden ship has lost us more tonnage in the delays which began with DENMAN versus GOETHALS than all the tonnage we shall ever get from the timber boats. Yet we only have to imagine what would have been said about the Administration and war efficiency if the Denman idea had been turned down without a trial. The wooden ship came at a moment when we were all winning the war by a series of happy ideas. To have rejected the wooden ship would have been to demonstrate the worst that has been said about bureaucratic inaccessibility to bold and original thinking. Or, again, should Mr. WILSON have dismissed DENMAN within a month after the beginning of the quarrel with GOETHALS, instead of waiting four months? Perhaps; only we should be still hearing to-day that a fatal mistake had been made in refusing DENMAN a fair trial. So that in the long run, for our permanent peace of mind, we may not be the losers after all. As for DENMAN's carrying the fight to GOETHALS, and the other way about, it is not in the psychology of our people to blame a man for standing pat on what he believes.

It is right that the men who have been tried and who have failed should go; but their share of merit must not be denied them. There must be men to make the mistakes in war, as in every great enterprise, and to that extent they play their part in the scheme.

## Americans of German Blood

THERE crops up now and then evidence that some people in this country regard a German name as evidence of disloyalty. A man in Montana writes to us that he is dismayed to find nearly all the Government posters in his town bearing the mark of firms that to him "sound German." We have had other letters of similar import. In each case the writer seems to think "something ought to be done about it." We think something ought to be done about people who feel this way. We think they ought to examine the casualty lists of our army in France. If they will do so, they will discover that the activity of Americans whose names "sound German" is not confined to Government printing; they will find that Americans whose names "sound German" are dying under the Stars and Stripes in France. And perhaps it will occur to them that you can no more judge a man's loyalty to America by the sound of his name than you can by the color of his hair.

## The Point of Pride

ANY man in the National Army will tell you with utter conviction in each and every syllable that he belongs to the best company of the best battalion of the best regiment in the first prize division of all UNCLE SAM'S khaki-clad nephews. (That is, he will if it's not raining.) That word "belongs" is the key to his state of mind. Most of us are spiritually very much like the late ANTEUS of the old fable. We really depend on that sense of being part of something which is worthy to claim our best. That consciousness of belonging straightens the back and fires the eye and nerves the arm. Take these young fellows who mope around unattached in various odds and ends of reserves, training courses, and the like. They have no officers permanently in leadership to whom they can look for orders, but are only temporarily detained, and feel in consequence very much like new boys unwillingly in school. Practically everything is dubious if not worse, the food is unspeakable, the quarters are no good, the clerks or yeomen always have everything mixed up, and so on. "Grouse and grouch" is their golden text, and "anything you can get by with is all right" is their gospel. But let these men once get their hands on a machine gun of their very own or their feet on the narrow deck of the destroyer that is to be their home and field of glory, and all is changed magically. Their pride then has a point to hang upon, a hilltop from which to see that active world and know that it is good. Our country's cause can then claim its true place in their hearts.



# Editorials



## Our Red Cross in France

THE "Petit Parisien" gives us a charming and moving picture of the work of our Red Cross on behalf of refugees during the great battle in France:

Women and children from Amiens were still arriving yesterday. Most of them had left that city two or three days earlier. Passenger trains not being able to move freely now over lines encumbered with troops and with war material, it is necessary to send these convoys over the most improbable routes. The travelers arrive tired out, with the noise of the cannon that was raging at twenty kilometers from their city still ringing in their ears.

Two mothers are camped in the midst of their miserable bundles and thirteen youngsters—one of them has five to her credit, the other eight. Among them are children who hardly know how to walk, and the fear of losing one of the coveys is a veritable obsession of these two poor mothers, who are constantly looking this way and that without finding a place where they can be comforted.

On the station platform an American soldier of the Red Cross inspects the newcomers and offers his aid. Promptly he takes possession of the two smallest that he hangs on his arm. It is indeed infinitely touching to see these two tiny babies almost lost in the arms of this kind-faced colossus. He stammers to the mothers a few encouraging phrases, half in English, half in French, and indicates with a nod of his head the way to go, and, in a few seconds, the children are all dressed in new clothes from head to foot, and the mothers cannot restrain a happy smile before their little ones' exclamations of delight.

And so it was all day! The representatives of the American Red Cross would not let these unfortunate French leave the station till they could say: "We have need of nothing more!" How many meals were served in this station since our allies took hold! How many clothes distributed! How much money given! And all this with such an expression of true fellowship that our poor compatriots were profoundly moved.

Thanks to the service of the automobiles installed at the hours of arrival, the évacués finished the nightmare travel in a vehicle. Our allies installed their autos in separate groups—each bearing a sign lettered with the name of the station toward which the autos were going—in such a way that there should be no error, no loss of time. If the hour of the train which was to take the refugees out into the country was past, the auto takes the voyagers to a building where they can sleep; next day it comes back to look for them and for their baggage.

## The Verdict of the Press

WHEN various members of the Associated Press and of the Newspaper Publishers' Association met last month, the New York "Evening Post" interviewed them as to that new postal-zoning scheme. The one solitary man for it was JOHN S. SUNDINE of the Moline (Ill.) "Daily Dispatch," who argued thus:

Like most small newspapers, we are in favor of a limited zone. It keeps the large newspapers out and gives the home paper better opportunities. We have our own carrier and don't have to use the mails. We are not in sympathy with the newspaper of national aspirations.

This parish doctrine was at once repudiated by the others, as witness R. W. HITCHCOCK of the Hibbing (Minn.) "Tribune": "When it comes to the point of depriving us of the national newspapers, it is going to affect us tremendously." H. E. TAYLOR of the Portsmouth (Ohio) "Daily Times" was too angry over the zoning law to be able to express an adequate opinion. EUGENE KELLY of the Sioux City (Iowa) "Tribune" spoke of it as "a serious menace to the whole newspaper structure." Representatives of the Nashville (Tenn.) "Banner," of the Indianapolis "Star," the Findlay (Ohio) "Republican," the Tacoma (Wash.) "News," the Sharon (Pa.) "Herald," and the Birmingham (Ala.) "News" all joined their voices to this chorus of condemnation. Even so staunch a supporter of the Administration as HENRY M. PINDELL, editor of the Peoria (Ill.) "Evening Journal," "Morning Transcript," and "Sunday Journal-Transcript," held that "the new Postal Zone Law is a severe tax on the newspaper publisher which he should not have to suffer." GARDNER COWLES of the Des Moines (Iowa) "Register" and J. W. MILLIGAN of the Bradford (Pa.) "Era" called attention in this connection to the inefficiency of the whole postal system as "the root of the evil" and "the source of worry to all publishers." That makes a verdict of twelve to one against Mr. SUNDINE, and there were others. None of these men are publishing big metropolitan dailies, but they know a bad statute when they see it. That is the verdict of the press on this postal-zoning law, and Mr. BURLESON, and whoever else is responsible for so weird an act, will do well to heed it.

## Arithmetic Is Not War

A CERTAIN school of thought in our country and abroad seems to extract comfort every once in a while from churning over a lot of figures as to the "desperate condition of Germany's finances." Great play is made with certain stock phrases such as "ominous result," "danger limit," "growing snowball of debt," "last forlorn

hope," "fatal day," etc., etc., and the reader is left with a notion that all this means something real as to the war. It does not. Germany is bankrupt now and has been for some time, but what of it? Her leaders are concerned only with immediate military success. To get that success the entire nation has been organized into a rigid military serfdom, put on short rations, and forced to long hours of hard labor. If they can only win the war, something may be done about the debt; if they do not win the war, the troubles of the Potsdam group will be much more serious than any mere matter of bonds and taxes.

## Americans All

A RECENT census of Camp Devens at Ayer, Mass., showed the following languages available at once, in addition to the conventional United States:

French . . . . .	2269	Welsh . . . . .	21	Bohemian . . . . .	31
Filipino . . . . .	1	Ukrainian . . . . .	2	Serbian . . . . .	2
Hungarian . . . . .	62	Turkish . . . . .	67	Italian . . . . .	1354
Polish . . . . .	726	Spanish . . . . .	109	Chinese . . . . .	4
Slavic . . . . .	52	Flemish . . . . .	4	Norwegian . . . . .	37
Syrian . . . . .	36	Portuguese . . . . .	168	Hawaiian . . . . .	1
Slavonian . . . . .	28	Albanian . . . . .	9	Armenian . . . . .	59
Finnish . . . . .	24	Russian . . . . .	356	Arabic . . . . .	8
Dutch . . . . .	11	Rumanian . . . . .	7	Assyrian . . . . .	4
Greek . . . . .	218	German . . . . .	625	Danish . . . . .	41
Hebrew . . . . .	385	Bulgarian . . . . .	2	Egyptian . . . . .	1
Lithuanian . . . . .	115	Swedish . . . . .	389	Gaelic . . . . .	42
Japanese . . . . .	2	Lettish . . . . .	5	Persian . . . . .	2
		Maltese . . . . .	1		

As given in the "American Leader" magazine, it looks like a listing of the Tower of Babel, but the dictionaries are the least important part of it. Imagine behind those men the lands and races from which they came, the dim interminable ages of war and hatred that so long had set them one against another, and then behold them to-day under one flag and devoted to one cause. Surely WASHINGTON would be proud to command such an army, gathered as it is from all mankind and drawn hither by that freedom under the law which he suffered to establish. One can fancy the old ghosts of the men of Massachusetts, the men of the *Mayflower* compact, reviewing that later and mightier host of armed Pilgrims and murmuring: "All these are our children: it is well."

## Salt-Water Rimes

AN old-established British periodical called "Punch" rejoices in an ocean-loving versifier who signs the initials "C. F. S.," and his work is worth reading, for it brings home to all landsmen the maritime side of this war. He writes of the North Atlantic derelict: "We left 'er eaded for Lord knows where in latitude forty-nine, with a cargo of deals from Puget Sound, an 'er bows blown out by a mine." There's never a hand to reef an' furl an' steer an' strike the bell, so his hope is that she'll go to 'er rest as a good ship ought to do. The Clyde-built clipper of 1873 has been pulled off the bone pile and sent out to earn war freights and defy VON TIRPITZ, "with stunsail booms to every yard and flying kites both high and low to catch the winds when they do blow." Age and all, she'll show her heels to any concrete thingamajig that ever was poured into a dock-side mold. Your true sailor is uncommonly slow to change the habits of his calling, much more that calling itself, so in "London River" we hear of "half a score o' sailormen that want to sail once more." Torpedoed thrice before this, and seven days in open boats adrift up and down, makes no special difference to them. "Half a score o' sailormen that won't come home to tea, for she's dropping down the river with the Duster flying free, down the London River on the road to open sea!" Not that torpedoing is anything of a joke either, for one able seaman, DAN by name, has been there and gives his verdict: "Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea." Diplomats may argue about status quo ante, spheres of influence, and all that; while the economic experts discourse of their learning as to raw materials, trade agreements, preferential arrangements, and the like. DAN has endured the experience and the suffering; perhaps his word will have had its weight as history makes up her final record on the submarines:

When peace is signed an' treaties made an' trade begins again,  
There's some'll shake a German's 'and an' never see the stain;  
But not me, says Dan the sailorman, not me, as God's on high—  
Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your shipmates die.



# A DOCTOR OF CHEERFULNESS

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"NO, Teddy"—and she laid her tremulous hands on his shoulders—"it wouldn't and it couldn't succeed. I would marry you to-morrow if I saw any hope of its coming out right, but I can't, Teddy." Tears glistened in her eyes, and her lips quivered pathetically.

Even though she was pronouncing his doom, he adored her balance of emotion and reasonableness and, secretly, he felt proud that her emotion was on his account.

"Wait one moment, Rosalind." And with a tense nervous movement he laid a protesting hand upon her arm. "Just what is it exactly that is the matter with me? Say the word and I'll change it right now!"

"When you do change it, Teddy dear, I'll marry you"; and she wiped the tears from her eyes. "But I'm afraid you can't do it in a moment, and I can't do it for you. I have heard of men being cured of all kinds of habits," she continued more quietly, turning to the fire; "drinking, smoking, drugs—anything except everlasting gloom and nervous irritation. That must take time, and a man has to do it for himself."

"But I'll do it, Rosalind—" he began and paused. The nerves within him were at that instant vibrating like taut wires, a fact that Rosalind noted, and he knew she noted it.

"But marriage, Teddy," she took him up, "is too serious a thing to experiment with," and the glow of the fire lighted the silken hair about her face, producing a picture at once beautiful and spiritual. "Both of us," she added, "ought to be very sure of the outcome."

"But I love you, Rosalind; I love you," he broke in with a quick, appealing gesture, "and your very poise and steadiness will be a cure." His face was working with the tension of his despair.

"I know you love me, dear; and it means to me more than I can tell you"—she smiled tenderly—"but I could not live with a gloomy, irritable man, no matter how much I cared for him."

He winced perceptibly and turned away from the alluring picture she made by the fire.

"Look at the life of my cousin Winifred with Jack Leighton," she went on quietly. "He's driven her to the verge of insanity. She's had to take the children away and leave him. And that, of course, makes him worse than ever. Horrible!" And she gave a slight shudder.

"I don't mean to hurt you, Teddy," she added gently; "you know that. But we are not children, and we must talk of these things frankly, dear boy; don't you think so?" He stared for a moment at the lamp on the piano at the farther end of the room, as if hypnotized by the spot of light.

"But if you married me"—he wheeled about and drew near her again—"why, I couldn't be gloomy any more, don't you see, dearest girl? And my irritation would vanish, of course. Anyway, it's all due to the war and this miserable loneliness. Sometimes I feel the loneliness eating me like a disease. I'm a doctor, and I know the effects of mental states. Who wouldn't be gloomy in these con-

ditions? Say you'll marry me, right away, like an angel!" And, carried on by his own desire, he was about to seize her in his arms.

"No, no, no, dear boy," she protested, gently pushing him from her; "I know it would be a frightful mistake!" His arms fell to his sides and dejection once again resumed possession of his haggard features. "But I'll tell you what I will say," she put in, as though to still the turmoil in his mind. A faint ray of hope glimmered in his eyes.

"Some say a man's nature can't be changed," she went on, "but I think it can—by the man himself, if he tries hard enough." And though she was but twenty-six, she

suddenly seemed to him to be clothed in that intuitive wisdom which even young women possess by ancient inheritance.

"If you try to do that," she pursued softly, "in the next six months, and I see the change, I promise to marry you at the end of that time—that is, if you still want me, Dr. Theodore Smiley," and she made him a tender little grimace. "That is the best I can say, and you mustn't ask me in the meanwhile, Teddy, dear."

HE was silent for a moment. The play of his mobile features indicated a struggle of disappointment and hope for the mastery.

"Maybe I'll be begging you to marry me," Rosalind added, with a flash of her sweet smile that showed him how sympathetically she felt the pain of others. That smile seemed to caress and soothe him like a mother's hand. His heart had been thumping with pain and excitement, but suddenly, under the warmth of her gentleness, a stillness seemed to come over his jangling nerves.

"All right, darling," he finally answered in tones strangely quiet and firm. "If that is the best you can say, it's good enough for me. I'll do exactly as you wish."

"You dear," she cried in affectionate admiration, and she kissed him lightly on the cheek. "And when

do you begin?" she asked, still radiant, her hand upon his arm.

"Right now, Rosalind, this minute," he assured her with energy. "All I ask is that you let me come to see you as often as possible—just as I have been doing. Is that a go?"

"Of course it's a go. I'd feel wretched if I didn't see you, goosie!"

"Gloom and all?" he asked, somewhat baffled.

"Of course, gloom and all," she repeated after him. "I should miss it now."

"Saints of consistency!" he cried with an almost care-free laugh. "But never mind that. I'll be satisfied on any terms. In this case I'm a peace-at-any-price man." He kissed her gently on both cheeks.

"Good-by, Eve," he whispered, and walked swiftly out of the room. Had he turned, he must have seen the love and the hope that glimmered in her eyes.

HE was unaware of his steps and barely aware of the direction in which they led him as he walked out into the frosty night, his brain whirling with a chaos of plans, words, resolutions. He was eager to get into the seclusion of his own study and to think the whole matter out clearly, if that was possible, before he spoke to a living being. He walked briskly westward from Rosalind's house in Ninety-first Street and turned almost unconsciously into the wintry solitude of Riverside Drive, to let the shrewd north wind beat upon his forehead and his face, as a counterirritant and a tonic. The momentary exaltation under the influence of Rosalind's sweetness and sympathy was subsiding, and he knew now how men could be so filled with misery that they could seek annihilation of their pain and of themselves in the cold, mysterious river as the only way to peace. He turned and approached the very brink of the river, drawn forward by its icy glitter.

There was a momentary lull in the chill, flapping wind and then, on a sudden, a sharp gust struck him full between the eyes, and for an instant all the whirl in his brain, all the chaos and despair, were magically stilled. All thoughts of Rosalind, of himself, of his misery, were blotted out as a wave might overwhelm the flame of a match. In the roar of the wind he stood for a space, an eternity for all he knew, like an inanimate thing in nature, moveless, silent, still. His brain was empty. He was merely an object buffeted by the wind.

"Good God, what a fool I am!" he exclaimed, and



"Two of them are in France, enlisted, both. The draft had no chance at my boys"



# CAR OWNERS - Read This Message

IN  
EVERY TOWN  
FOR EVERY CAR

**JENKINS VULCAN SPRING CO.**  
**QUALITY SERVICE**

FACTORY  
RICHMOND, IND.

Automobile Springs

RICHMOND, IND.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

April 9th, 1918.

Mr. Seymour Schiele, President,  
Schiele Advertising Company,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Mr. Schiele:

There are four basic reasons why every car owner in America should replace a broken spring on his car with a VULCAN spring.

- (1) VULCAN SERVICE is such today that we have adopted the slogan - "IN EVERY TOWN - FOR EVERY CAR." When a spring breaks, anywhere, the car owner can get a VULCAN, an exact duplicate, a perfect fit, and he can get it quickly from a nearby dealer. Over 3,000 VULCAN dealers with well assorted stocks of VULCANS are ready for him.
- (2) VULCAN QUALITY means that every VULCAN is so made that it not only replaces a broken spring of weaker fibre, but the replacement is acknowledged to be as nearly permanent as human skill can provide.
- (3) VULCAN STABILITY is a tangible element demanded in every operation of the VULCAN process. This quality is best manifested when the spring is subjected to intense strain.
- (4) VULCAN SATISFACTION is the car owner's legitimate expectation - it is the logical result of the great care we have used in the making. The car owner should expect it - we want him to expect it.

Now, Mr. Schiele, we will close with the full knowledge that you will present our story with dignity and exactness. We prefer to under-promise and overperform.

Very sincerely,

*T.B. Jenkins*  
President.

TBJ-CSN

**DEALERS - WRITE**  
**The JENKINS VULCAN SPRING CO.**  
RICHMOND IND.



simultaneously a kind of glow filled his brain, and a flood of cheerfulness seemed to rush into his emptied soul. He had the feeling of a man who had been down into the depths and had miraculously emerged with a new lease on life. It was as though the momentary desire to lay down his life had brought to him the privilege of a new birth. The face of Rosalind glowed before him and a new courage surged in his veins. She was the best influence a man could have to live for. Just now she had miraculously interposed and saved him—

"What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed again, and instantly he was conscious that he had been overheard. Not a sound had reached his ears, but he had the instinctive feeling that another human being was near.

"So am I," said a voice, and not twenty feet away stood a tall, motionless figure which Teddy would doubtless have remarked earlier but for his self-absorption. He gazed for a moment in silence, and then slowly approached the stranger. The man was holding in his hand a bright metal object which a not distant street lamp disclosed to be a revolver. Deliberately the man unbuttoned his dark overcoat and dropped the weapon into the pocket of his dinner jacket.

"You, Leighton!" Teddy exclaimed in incredulous amazement.

"Yes, I, Smiley," Leighton answered quietly enough, but with a note of the most bitter ruefulness. "Let's go up to my apartment and have a smoke and a talk. We seem to be in the same boat—lonely bachelors, I mean," he added hastily.

SO this was in very truth Jack Leighton, Rosalind's cousin by marriage, whose wife and children had gone from him—John Sheridan Leighton, proprietor of a chain of newspapers, one of the richest men in America and, evidently, one of the most miserable.

"Why do you call yourself a fool?" remarked Teddy, as though he had not noticed the pistol in Leighton's hand.

"For being out in this perishing gale, for one thing," Leighton answered quickly. "And there are other reasons. Why are you a fool?" he added with a faint smile.

"For all the other reasons," answered Teddy blithely; "and though you may not believe it, I had just decided to go up and see you anyway, when you spoke."

"Good enough," declared Leighton. "I am ready to believe anything after to-night. Come along; it's only a step." He put his hand through Teddy's arm and faced northward toward the upper nineties. They breasted the gale in silence; speech was inadvisable and almost impossible.

Turning from the Drive into Ninety-fifth Street, where the Leightons occupied a floor in a large apartment hotel, they came face to face with a cripple, blind, making his way on crutches and led by a boy of perhaps sixteen. Under the corner light the faces of both were purplish-blue with the cold. The blind man wore a thin, flimsy overcoat that could no more keep him warm in that marrow-freezing wind than so much gauze. The lad had a sleazy reefer jacket as his only outer covering and his thin gangling legs showed that the rest of his clothes were of no better quality. Both were huddling toward each other in the bitter cold, and the blind man was visibly shivering.

"Wait a minute, please," Teddy called to them sharply, and suddenly his hands were busy with the buttons of Leighton's overcoat. In a twinkling he had the coat from Leighton's back and over the shoulders of the cripple.

"Why, man alive, what—" But before Leighton could frame the words, Teddy's coat also was off and thrown upon the back of the boy.

"Good night!" he yelled at them in the teeth of the wind. "Good luck! Come on, Leighton, let's run!" And before Leighton could reply he and his companion were sprinting like a pair of schoolboys to the brilliantly lighted canopy of the Orduna Hotel entrance.

Once within the doors they stopped, panting violently, and, finally, a grin overspread Teddy's wind-bitten features. He laughed out loud in the sheer boyish exhilaration he was suddenly feeling. Leighton, however, gazed at him bitterly, and at last found breath to utter:

"What the devil is the meaning of all that, Smiley? Call yourself a fool? Why, you're a lunatic! Give a meal or a dollar or an old coat—but my best overcoat, this weather—"

"Stop right there, Leighton," Teddy commanded peremptorily. By asking Teddy whether he called himself a fool, Leighton was referring to the scene that had been enacted by both of them in Riverside Drive. The impression on Leighton's mind was evidently ineffaceable. Teddy, however, suddenly realized that that particular episode was a thousand

years, an eternity, behind them. A change of vast moment had happened in his own soul, and he believed it must also have happened, at least to some extent, in Leighton's. He now felt himself strong with a new strength where earlier he had been weak and wavering.

"Come on up to your rooms," he added crisply. "I've got to talk to you. Come along. Don't give the bell boys a treat." And, passing his hand through Leighton's arm, they marched into the elevator.



## FAITH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*They say that You are dead....  
We know so little in this world of ours.  
Yet when the fall and winter kill the green,  
And when the sun sets o'er the western hill,  
We do not say that Earth is dead;  
We do not say that Light is dead;  
For we have seen the spring in its lush glory,  
And we have seen the sunrise,  
And what we see we know is true.  
So this we know: that all that seems to die  
But changes....  
And so the lovely frame that once held You  
No longer holds You—that is all;  
E'en as the tree no longer holds the green;  
E'en as the waning day no longer holds the sun,  
And as to-morrow's dawn will bring the sun;  
As winter melts before the rush of spring;  
So does that frame which I called You,  
But which was not You, any more than  
yon dead tree  
Is summer,  
Yield to another frame....  
I hear the murmur of the ice-clad brook,  
I hear a robin sing a note of spring.*



"Cold night," the elevator boy brought forth in one of the two or three phrases of affability by which he maintained his cordial relations with the inhabitants of the Orduna. "Some weather," he continued, glancing at their overcoatless condition.

"Isn't it!" Teddy caught him up without giving Leighton a chance to reply. "Good night to play indoors."

"Yes, sir; sure is," said the boy, letting the two men out on the top floor.

LEIGHTON mechanically turned a key, opened a door, and the two men stood in one of the most luxuriously furnished apartments in New York. A silent, grim-visaged servant seemed to be its only occupant, but for the rest those soft lights, the priceless rugs, and the rare furniture, collected from the ends of the earth, formed a setting for precisely nothing at all. On one or two other occasions when Teddy had been there Winifred Leighton had come forward to greet him, the voices of children had been audible from distant rooms. But now there was only a sepulchral stillness.

"Luxury, thy name is Leighton," Teddy cried out in an attempt at lightness. But the owner of that luxury merely glanced at him quizzically as he led the way into the living room and somberly sank into an opulent chair by the fire, motioning his guest toward another.

"Have a cigar," he murmured tonelessly, pushing toward him the humidifier that stood on a low table between them.

"Thanks, no," Teddy declined. "Had to cut that out—nerves. But, hang it, no!" he suddenly changed

his mind. "From to-night on I shall have no more nerves!" He clipped the end, lighted the mild Havana, and puffed with luxuriant deliberation.

"Jove, how good it is!" he pronounced. "How good everything is, if you only realize it!"

Leighton turned slowly and lifted his eyebrows.

"That from a cynical scientist," he mocked. "You must be done up. I know of a sanitarium in Connecticut—"

"Not for me, thank you, Leighton," Teddy interrupted eagerly. "I carry my sanitarium with me, thank Heaven, and so do you, old fellow."

"I?" Leighton queried. "You are mistaken, doctor. I haven't been giving overcoats away; I don't need one."

"You do need one," asserted Teddy, "and I can bring it to you."

Leighton laughed mirthlessly and poked the fire.

"If I didn't know myself to be sane," he finally uttered with a subdued drawl, "I would think we were both crazy."

"No, Leighton, we are neither of us crazy—neither you nor I."

"Thanks," whispered Leighton.

"But you need help, and I've come to give it to you."

"Very kind, I'm sure," answered Leighton, "but I have a family physician—friend of old standing. Besides, you don't practice generally—"

"Oh, don't apologize," Teddy replied with energy. "No, I'm not a general practitioner. But you don't need any. What you need, Leighton, is not a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of cheerfulness!"

THE roar of laughter that followed, for the first time that evening showed any trace of Leighton's old-time polo-playing, athletic vitality.

"And you think you're that," he chuckled, and again came a roar of vibrant laughter from his capacious lungs. There was still something strained in the laughter, but the gloom and even despondency that time had recently chiseled on his features were surely less marked than when Teddy had first seen them less than an hour before.

"Laugh myself to death," stammered Leighton; "that's what you'll make me do. Well," he added more soberly, "let's say I'm it. Now turn on your laughing gas. Where's this jet of cheerfulness coming from?"

"From yourself," answered Teddy quietly. "I have already turned on the gas: when I—when you gave your overcoat to the blind man."

"I wouldn't brag about that if I were you," said Leighton, the cloud returning to his face.

"I know you wouldn't; but confess that deep down in your heart you feel a glow of satisfaction."

"No, old chap," Leighton shook his head thoughtfully. "I am glad you came along there on the Drive and—all that. But you can't expect that coat business to make me jump for joy. Better have another try."

"Ah, there's the very point," cried Teddy. "You want me to have another try, and I will have another try. You want to be cheerful—jump for joy, as you put it—and you will jump for joy when I get through with you. Why, man alive, you ought to jump for joy every minute. You're one of the most powerful men in America. Think of the influence you wield by your chain of newspapers! Few kings in the old days had any such influence, or anywhere near such influence. And yet—" Teddy hesitated.

"And yet," Leighton took him up, "you think I abuse it; is that it?"

"I'll show you whether you do or not in a minute," Teddy met him; "and I think I can also show you what you do to do yourself."

"Shucks! That's easy," Leighton exclaimed bitterly. "Why, you caught me in the act."

"I meant all that went before that," Teddy hurriedly interposed. "But don't be peevish with me, Leighton. You've never had a better friend than I am to you at this moment."

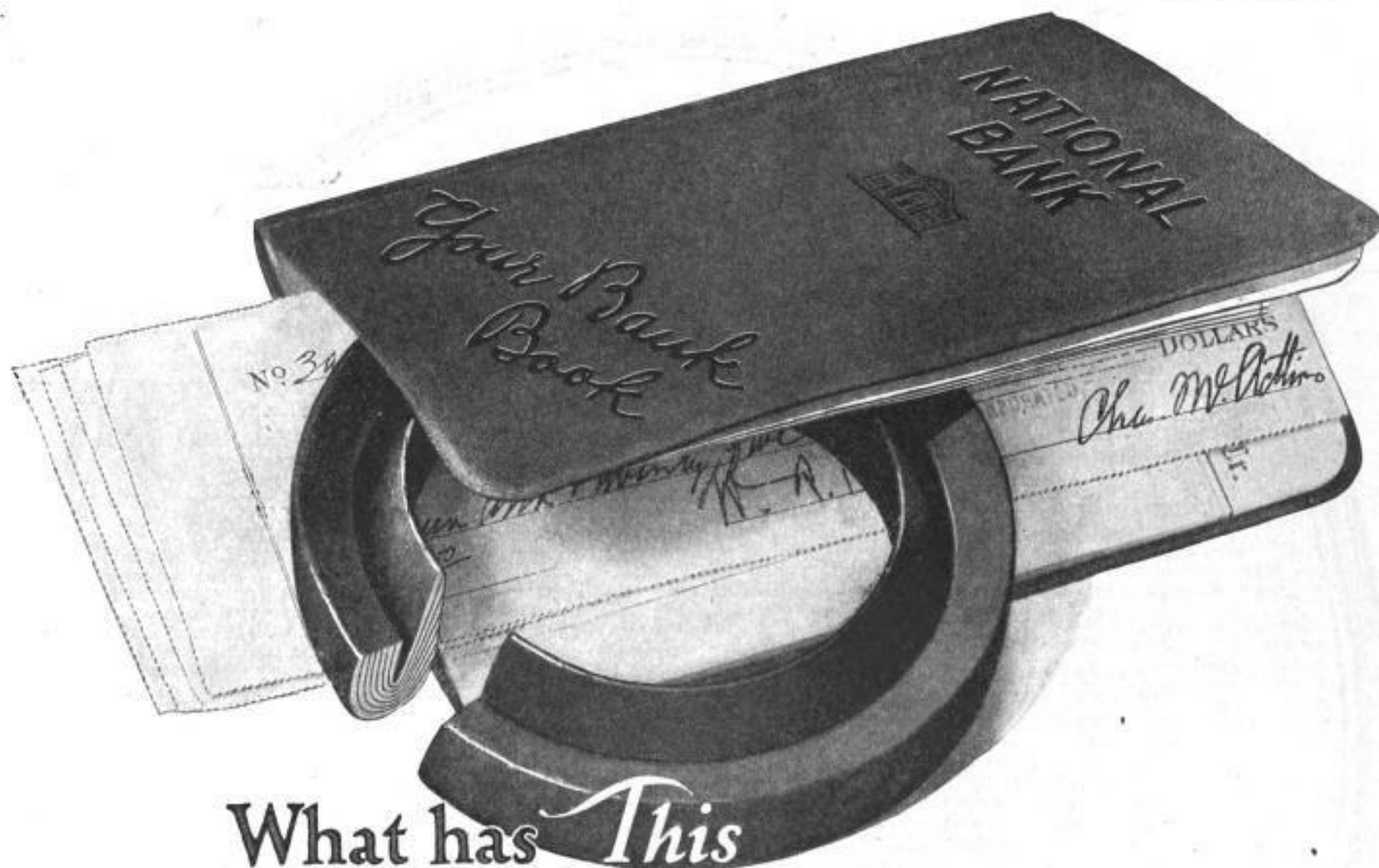
"Peevish with you. Oh, I think I've behaved rather well, considering. You took my best coat, and yet here we are. Isn't that cigar any good?"

Teddy laughed. "Yes, Leighton; you've been fine, I admit. But it's the very fineness in you that is the seat of the trouble. There is a war going on inside of you, and that fineness of yours makes you fully conscious that you're pursuing a wrong course. But you haven't the nerve to change it. Yet you and a world of people would be the gainers if you did change it."

"I must be deaf, dumb, and blind," Leighton declared in a resigned voice. "Would you mind telling me just what it is you mean?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, never fear. The troubles of this





## What has *This* to do with your Bank Account

ONE of the great responsibilities entailed by the war has fallen on the shoulders of the industrial plant. With restricted fuel supply, they are now accepting the role of "commissaries to the world." But were it not for one thing—industrial efficiency—this enormous overload might have left you neglected—deprived of necessities—and perhaps with an even lower valued dollar.

Plant efficiency has absorbed a great part of the overload—and thus protected your share of the supply. Ten thousand materials as strange looking and strange working as this Sea Ring Packing\* (maintenance materials as they are called) have added mightily in raising the production of the manufacturers—and protected your purchasing power—your Bank Account.

In our measure of values, there is no more important group of products among the many we make than those whose function it is to save power, heat, friction, wear and leakage, used in the maintenance of hundreds of plants. For to the extent that they have served and are serving industry, they are serving the public, which is the ultimate realization of this company's aims.



\*Sea Ring Rod Packing marks a new era in packing rods and plungers of engines, pumps and other machines. Other packings are put into the stuffing box and constantly forced against the rod, by the pressure of the stuffing box gland. Constant friction between rod and packing consumes and wastes power. Sea Rings are not forced against the rod by gland pressure. Their packing lip is forced against the rod by the pressure of the fluid that tries to escape and so the pressure of Sea Ring Packing automatically varies as the tendency of leakage. This automatic action saves power due to elimination of unnecessary friction between rod and packing. A reduction of friction also means less wear on packing and rod and longer life for both. The Sea Ring typifies the aims of the Johns-Manville Company in their conscientious effort to better conditions in every field to which we render service.

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NEW YORK CITY  
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# JOHNS-MANVILLE

## Service to you through Power Plants





# A New Sedan for The Hudson Super-Six

**T**HE Sedan is another popular type that was introduced by Hudson.

It is natural, therefore, that this new model should be an advance over the cars of similar type which have preceded it and which are now its contemporaries.

Those who have used Sedan bodies know there is much more than the mere appeal they make to the eye and to the comfort of the passenger. There is the vital question of sturdiness.

A body of its type with its permanent roof, if not properly designed and constructed, is apt to give endless annoyance. Such has been the experience of thousands who have had cars designed by those who did not know how to meet the various stresses which are responsible for squeaks, sagging roofs and the general breaking up of the bodies.

Then, too, not every chassis is suitable for carrying a Sedan body. Sturdiness of frame and power of motor are very essential.

These are things the inexperienced buyer is not likely to think about. They are important to know.

You may make a mistake and get a car that is not suitable to carry a Sedan body.

## Important That Car Stay in Adjustment

The best repairmen and mechanics are now in the army. They are needed to repair its motors. You either must have a car that does not require such frequent service attention or else put up with much inconvenience.

All motorists are familiar with Super-Six records for endurance. Every test showed ways to further increase Super-Six endurance. There are fifty thousand Super-Sixes in service. All that was learned from them has been put into the New Hudson Super-Six.

Ask any Super-Six owner about the service he is getting. Let what you can learn about it in your neighborhood determine if it is the best car for you to buy.

If the Sedan does not interest you, you will find a body you will like among the ten different types we are building this year.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

*Note the roominess of the Hudson Super-Six Sedan. There is the open airiness of a summer porch or the complete protection of the conservatory. Two doors on either side permit of easy access to front and rear seats.*



*The seating arrangement comfortably provides for five persons. Auxiliary seats fold out of the way when not wanted and give comfortable accommodation for two additional passengers.*



world are bad enough, but you and your newspapers have been madly busy exaggerating them, Leighton. And no one can go on doing that without absorbing blackness and fear and despair, any more than you can work in a cloud of smoke without swallowing some of it.

"Look at your headlines," he pressed on without giving Leighton a chance to reply; "every one of them contains either a threat, a menace, or a shock. If all that those headlines imply actually happened, this country would be nothing but a graveyard and a heap of ruins in a very few days."

"Do you know the effect of that? No? Well, I do. I am a psychologist, and it is my business to know. Day after day those alarming headlines and vague news items are putting gloom and fear and distrust into the minds of hundreds of thousands of people, including yourself and myself, until the whole universe looks black. The Day of Judgment seems like a Tammany field day by comparison. Leighton, I tell you solemnly that without intending it, you are as much a wholesale poisoner as though you poured arsenic into the water mains!"

"Look here," Leighton began with set teeth, obviously controlling himself, as he rose from his chair, "this has gone far enough—"

"Oh, you're not the only one, Leighton; I admit that," broke in Teddy.

"Thanks," muttered Leighton.

"No, no," Teddy added hastily, "there are plenty of others. But you own more papers than any other one man in this country, and you—you could set an example to all of them."

"Smiley," Leighton answered in measured tones, "after what has happened to-night, I'm considerably in your debt, I suppose, and, anyway, I don't want to hurt you. But the net of it is, you don't know what you're talking about. Your job is in the psychopathic laboratory at the hospital. I'd stick to my last, if I were you, pounding the knees of recruits and nervous old women, but don't tell me how to run a newspaper."

"Rot!" cried Teddy vehemently. "I know that tale: 'News is news,' and 'give the people what they want and the way they want it'—pshaw! a clown does that; so does a moonshine whisky distiller. They are not considered guides of the public mind, nor makers of public opinion."

"Wait a minute—just one minute," Leighton stopped him with a decisive gesture. "Drop the bit from your teeth and tell me just what you would do. What kind of dope would you give them in place of news? That Aunt Rosie's cow has calved, or that the pickle crop is up to standard? No? Well, where am I to get this optimistic stuff you think I ought to fill my papers with?"

"Man alive, it's all around you!" thundered Teddy. "Look at the spirit that has arisen in this country almost overnight. Men have enlisted by the hundred thousand, willing to give their lives—for what? For an idea! A little over a year ago people in Europe were saying that we cared for nothing but the almighty dollar, and we agreed with them. Now Wall Street bankers and speculators who made fabulous sums a year are working for a dollar a year. Mothers and fathers are giving up their only sons—for what? For a hope and a faith in a better future for unborn generations! Which is the bigger fact—that, or that a few boys out of several hundred thousand had pneumonia in the camps? They would

probably have had it anyway, but you never would have heard of it. Some Mexican bandits cross the line, and we read that 'Mexico invades the United States'; a German alien is interned, and we hear of a 'Dangerous Spy Caught'; a drunken Sinn Feiner wrecks a barroom, and the papers sound as though he'd tried to wreck the universe. Fear, gloom, terror, menace—that's what your headlines spread in the land. It's a perpetual crying of wolf, and that's why when the wolf came we were not prepared. What we want and need is hope, courage, and cheerfulness."

LEIGHTON merely laughed, but there was no joy in his laughter.

"Oh, what's the use?" he murmured wearily to the fire, "you don't know—by the way," he broke off with a glint of animation, "when did you get this crusader spirit? As we're telling each other the truth, I always thought you were rather a grouch."

"I got it suddenly—to-night—as you'll get it suddenly. I realized the truth in a flash. That's the way the truth comes to people. I suppose it's born in us and we carry it unconsciously for years, buried and plastered over by the so-called facts of so-called civilization. But some day a volcanic eruption takes place inside us and the poor thing comes to light. And, mind you, you can't bury it again—ever. You may laugh at the crusader spirit, but that's what we need just now. We are crusaders! People who fight for a great idea are nothing short of crusaders. The crusading spirit cannot die. It's the best part of the human race. It's because you forget this that, as Rosalind tells me, your own wife and children—"

"Stop!" shouted Leighton fiercely. "My wife and children must be left out of this. I won't hear another word." A tremor of violent anger shook his frame. "Rosalind and you must have gone crazy to—to—"

"Beg pardon, sir," the grim-visaged butler put in, taking advantage of Leighton's hesitation, "there are two persons at the door."

"What do they want?" growled Leighton.

"They want to see you personally, sir."

"Show them in," snapped Leighton.

In a moment the blind cripple and his boy, the recipients of Teddy's and of Leighton's overcoats, were standing before them. "You wish to see me," demanded Leighton blankly, without recognizing them.

"Excuse me, sir," the blind man spoke firmly. "We found this in the pocket of the coat you were so kind as to give me a little while ago. A picture of a lady and two fine children, my boy tells me. You see, sir, I am blind. A beautiful lady and such pretty babies, from what Dick here says. I know you wouldn't want to lose it, sir, and—I want to thank you for your great kindness to us to-night."

There was a silence in the room; the ticking of a grandfather clock made the only audible sound, though Teddy imagined he could hear Leighton's heart beating.

"Thank you very much," said Leighton, advancing to the cripple and taking the photograph. "Won't you sit down by the fire and warm yourself? This your own boy?" he added with an attempt at ease and naturalness.

"Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. He's the youngest of three. Two of them are in France—enlisted, both. The draft had no chance at my boys," he added

proudly. "Good lads, they are, sir, though I do say it."

Teddy shot a quick, triumphant glance at Leighton. "That must have made it hard for you," he remarked quickly to the blind man.

"Oh, of course, sir, it isn't easy. But this boy helps me a little—and so do the boys in France. We've all got to suffer some. At a time like this everybody's glad to do his share of suffering."

"Perfectly true," Teddy replied, and as he was mechanically adding—"if only this winter weren't quite so beastly," he was casting about in his mind for some means of discovering how a human being like this cripple lived at all. As if answering his thoughts, the man remarked: "You see, sir, I make brushes, and the war has hurt my trade like it did many others. I'm mighty glad," he added, "when I can make a dollar a day."

"Well, well," Teddy sympathized heartily, "that's too bad. Mr. Leighton and I need a lot of brushes. You must make some for us."

"Yes," put in Leighton, as though waking from a dream. "Surprising how many brushes we use up."

"Thank you kindly, sirs," answered the man with the soft, moonlike smile of the blind, "but you gentlemen mustn't spoil us. It's fine to think there are gentlemen like you in the world, but we feel we must give you back your overcoats. Warms a man up only to think there are people right here in New York who could do a thing like that. But hadn't you better take 'em back?"

"No, sir," retorted Leighton with a new and vehement cordiality in his tone. "We are not Indian givers. Can't do that, you know. Call it a little Christmas gift to the father of two fine American soldiers. So many coats," he went on with an engaging imitation of perplexity, "don't know what to do with them. You did us a favor by taking those two off our hands—didn't he, doctor?"

"Sure did," laughed Teddy. "Let's say no more about it." The old man gazed tranquilly straight at them from his sightless eyes, and presently they filled with tears.

"I guess—I'm—too weak—to do anything against a spirit like yours," he stammered tremulously. "Will you let me shake your hands, gentlemen?" Each of them warmly grasped one of his blindly extended hands.

"I can only repeat," he said, "thank you kindly, both, and—good night, sirs."

"Good night!" Teddy and Leighton chorused simultaneously, "and the best of luck."

THEY were gone, the man and the boy, and Teddy and Leighton stood looking at each other steadily without speech.

"Well, Smiley," Leighton finally spoke, "I'll go so far as to admit I'm glad you gave away my overcoat. What else would you have me say?"

"Don't say a thing," Teddy answered earnestly. "I can see by your face and your eyes that you would admit a lot more than that if I pressed you for admissions. I'm not going to do that. But I'll tell you what I will do, Leighton. I shall describe to you what happened to me on Riverside Drive just before I met you. That may explain a little of what you call my lunacy."

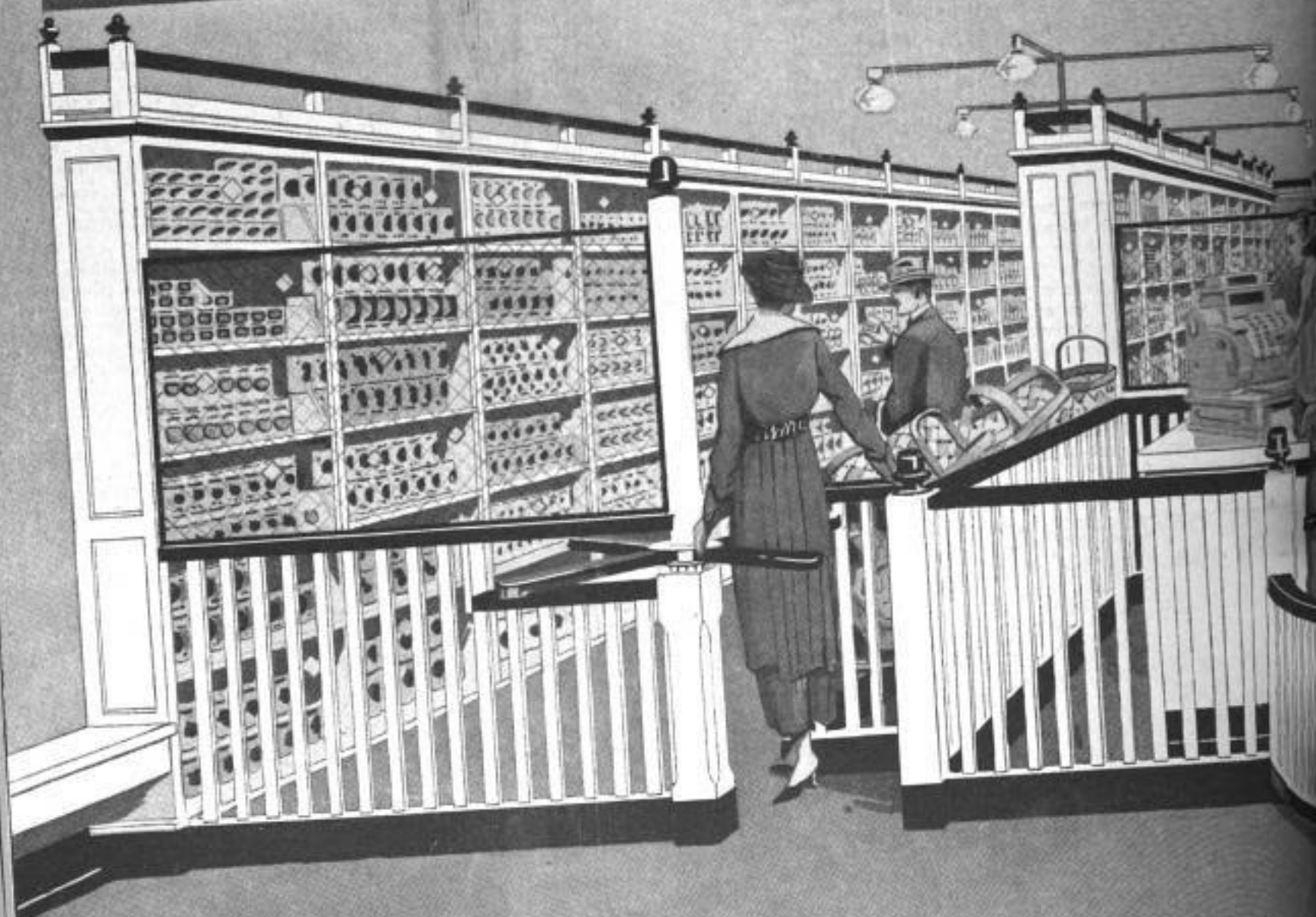
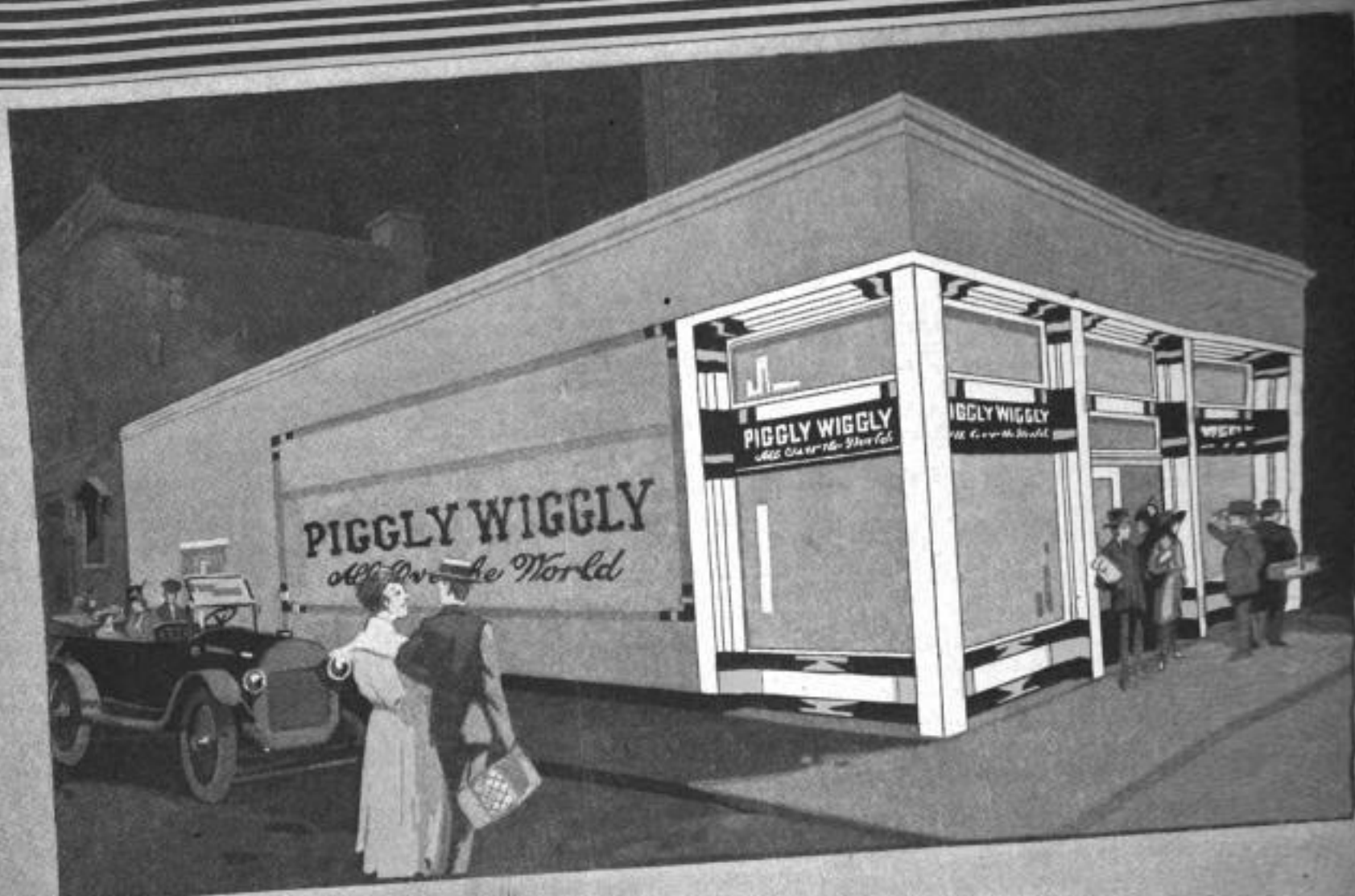
"I was so full of misery that I confess to you I thought longingly of the North River and understood why despairing

(Continued on page 41)



The man was holding in his hand a bright metal object which a not distant street lamp disclosed to be a revolver





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# PIGGLY WIGGLY

## *All Over the World*

A PICTURE OF THE OUTSIDE—A PICTURE OF THE INSIDE  
That the whole World may know how a PIGGLY WIGGLY Store looks

One can readily spot a PIGGLY WIGGLY Store in whatever town situated by the peculiar combination of blue, white and yellow, as shown on the outside of a PIGGLY WIGGLY Store front.

Interior arrangement of a PIGGLY WIGGLY Store stamps it separate and apart from any other kind of a store in the entire World.

It is new—scientifically proportioned in its many parts, producing the utmost efficiency in merchandising methods.

Standard and the most widely known brands of a comprehensive assortment of various food products is a distinctive mark of excellence of every PIGGLY WIGGLY Store.

Each customer with a basket that is loaned the customer while in the store, waits on herself according to her own no-

tion and inclination, having before her at the time of each selection a swinging price tag clearly indicating the exact price of each particular kind, size or assortment.

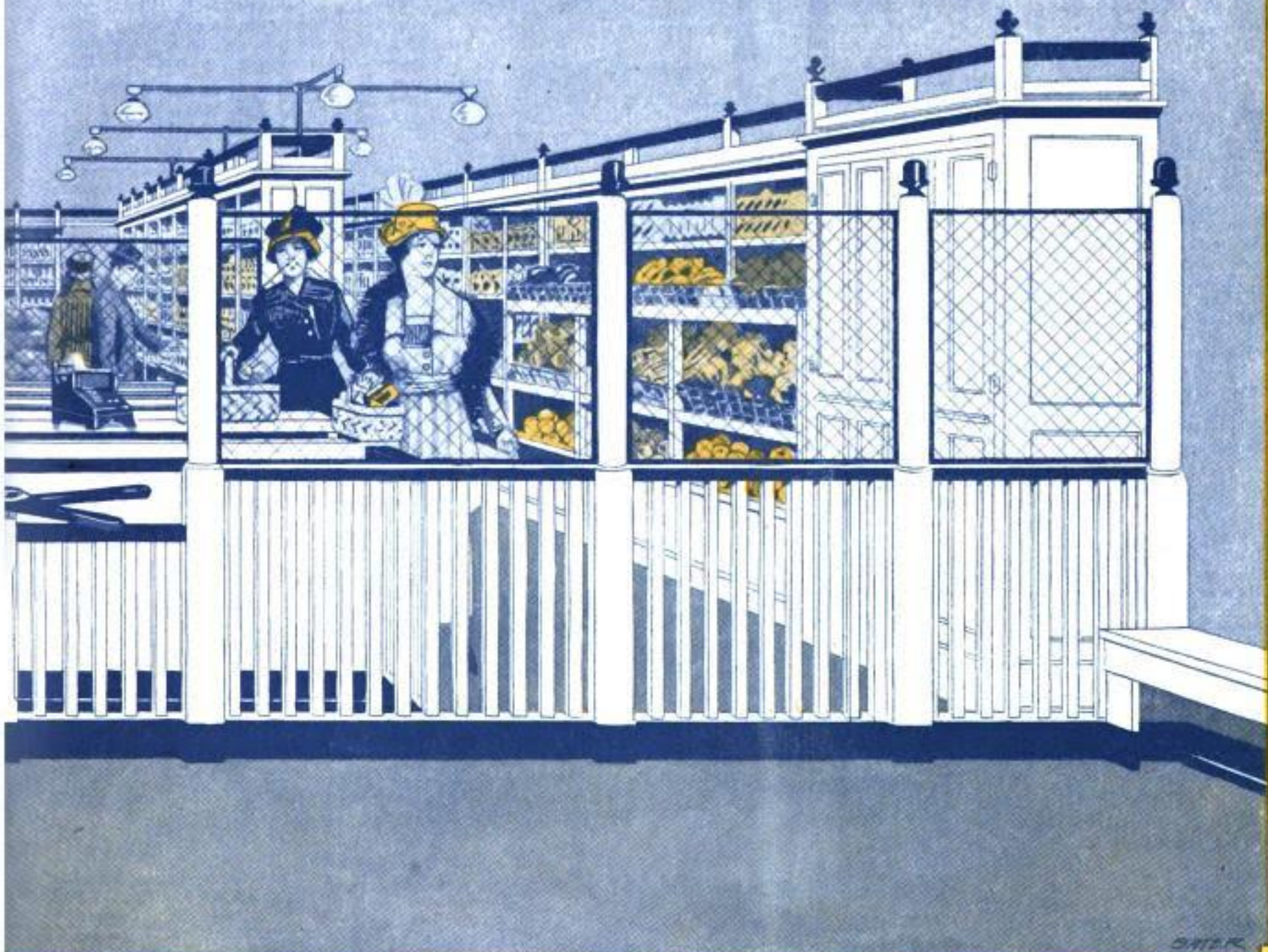
A continuous, circuitous passage-way is provided from the entrance turnstile to the exit turnstile along which every visitor of the store must pass, thus insuring a forward and methodical movement of all customers toward a given exit point.

PIGGLY WIGGLY Stores are now operating in more than fifty cities and towns—every one of them exactly alike as to general appearance, method and class of merchandise on display.

If one is not already in your city or town there soon will be one and more there.

A booklet descriptive of PIGGLY WIGGLY system and its stores will be mailed free upon request and you will be told how soon and where a PIGGLY WIGGLY Store will be in operation in your town if you will address a postal to the Piggly Wiggly Home Office, Memphis, Tenn.

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# OFFICERS

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. K. STARRETT

THE northbound train rolled under the shed of the rather dilapidated depot at Montgomery, Ala. I seized my suit case and started for the gate to find myself in a vortex of khaki. My progress was painfully slow.

Two rigid military policemen—the white M. P. on their blue arm bands being the sole mark to differentiate them from the troops of the line—stood just inside the gate inspecting passes. There was no confusion, no attempt made to hurry them. And they did their work speedily and thoroughly. One man was turned back—something wrong with his furlough. He was disappointed, but did not argue about it—much.

Once in the train, I hurried to the smoking compartment and took the one vacant seat: between a lanky cavalry sergeant and a heavy-set major of infantry. The train started northward, and I gazed with interest at my companions. I was the only civilian in the compartment. The others were Ohio troops of the Federalized National Guard.

The sergeant accepted one of my cigarettes. The match box by the window was empty. He looked around the car. "Somebody got a match?"

There was a concerted dive pocketward. But it was the major of infantry who beat them to it. He extended the box, and the sergeant accepted it quite as a matter of course. "Thank you, sir," he said, and the "sir" was the only sign of military inferiority.

I pondered. I was shocked. My pet aversion bubbled to the surface: an abhorrence of the National Guard system of officer choosing. It has never looked right to me. I had personal experience—some nine or ten years ago—with various National Guard organizations in the South. I know the fraternity between officers and men. I could not rid myself of the idea that in war time this fraternity must beget a lack of discipline and a subsequent contempt—however unconscious. And unless a soldier looks up to his commanding officer constantly, as a superior, that officer's efficiency as a leader is lessened. It may be negated entirely. That much is a tactical axiom.

A second incident obtruded itself just then. A first lieutenant—infantry, I believe—entered the smoker. He produced a cigar, lighted it, and smoked in silence. My sergeant, two privates, and a corporal were seated. No one of them made a motion to give the standing officer his seat. Nor did the officer seem to expect it.

The officers did not notice one another. I understood that in such a situation the rules of courtesy—attention and salute—are shelved, but the thing made a peculiar impression upon me. I was struck with the idea that these men did not respect their officers. Their chatter went on as it had before. And when the lieutenant and the major eventually left the smoker there was no sign to indicate a difference in the manner of any of them. I horned in with a question—a vital question. My companions were the square-jawed, clean-lived young fellows who make up the personnel at Camp Sheridan, in Montgomery. They are a high-class crowd, these Federalized National Guardsmen: perhaps the best men, individual for individual, to be found in our fighting forces.

"Your officers," I vouchsafed at length, "how do you like them?"

"A bunch of good fellows," retorted a keen-eyed private promptly.

"Sure, I know that. I've served in the National Guard. But I mean *as officers*!"

I was stared at. The sergeant actually grinned. "Best in the world. They're real officers."

"How is that possible?"

"Most of them are old-timers. Maybe they weren't the finest military men in the world when they were chosen years ago for commissions. But they were men, and they were fine men. They've studied and, by Jingo! they're going to show other line officers a thing or two!"

Others echoed his sentiments in no uncertain

terms. "You mean you like them better personally—" I hazarded. "They're not strict?"

A laugh went up. "Not strict? Holy suffering mackerel! Listen to that, would you. Strict? Jehoshaphat, man! they make you toe the mark every time. They know they're leading men who are in this thing because they want to be, and they're not falling down on the job. If you mean they ain't a bunch of damned fools on this military stuff, you're right. They've hit the happy medium. They're one with us—but we never are allowed to forget that they are officers. We'll follow them to hell and back—and we expect to!"

I hadn't looked for this. I made one last guess—another bad one. "But the regular army officers—the West Pointers—and the reserve officers?"

The sergeant threw up his hands in disgust. "Deliver me from West Pointers. They think they're commissioned by the powers in heaven. They keep the bars up all the time. Never would serve under one if I could help it. And as for the reserve officers, geewhillekens, they have all the cockiness of the regulars with none of their ability. Of all rotten things in the army, deliver me from the reserve officers."

"Reverse officers?"

"We call 'em that—it fits!"

## Satisfied? You Bet They Were!

I VISITED Camp Sheridan later. It is an ideal camp. On nights, when extensive absence leave is granted a great percentage of the men remain in camp because things are made enjoyable for them. And I moseyed around through the company streets and chatted with whosoever would smoke my cigarettes. The spirit of admiration for the officers was general. Of course there were a few martinets who were thoroughly despised. But, for the great majority, the men had a respect and admiration for their officers which bordered on personal affection. They had confidence in their leadership and ability. The sum and substance of it seemed to be put into the mouth of a skinny private from Akron: "They'll always see that we get a square deal. And while they'll always make us toe the mark, they'll never run it over us!"

As a patriotic American I was delighted to find that my theories were not shared by the men in the service. But then, thought I, perhaps this condition is peculiar to the Ohio ex-guard. I promptly visited Camp McClellan at Anniston, Ala., where the bulk of the New Jersey and Maryland troops—the ex-guardsmen—are stationed. And there I found an identical spirit toward the officers. And at McClellan I carried my investigation a bit farther. I talked with some of the officers.

Satisfied? You bet they were! They wouldn't swap their com-

former National Guardsmen are quartered. And this much I gathered: However wrong the National Guard officer system may have been basically, it has worked out well. The officers are ready to lead and the men to follow.

## "Finest Crowd That Ever Put on Puttees!"

BUT my visits had filled me with a contempt for West Pointers and for the graduates of the two series of officers' training camps. The guardsmen—ex—were unanimous in their ridicule of both of the other sources of officer supply. "Good enough men in their way, but too cocky!" Another fellow summed it up as: "Too impersonal." So I went to Camp Gordon, just outside of Atlanta, where one may find as heterogeneous a crowd of drafted men as have been gathered together in the country.

I bought the drinks for a crowd of half a dozen—and it is a commentary on new army conditions that the drinks were soft ones, ice-cream sodas for the most part—and then steered my easily won friends, five privates and a corporal, all infantry, to a pool room, where we indulged in an innocuous game over the green-covered slate bed. And there I broached my subject.

One thing has always impressed me in my wanderings about the camps: your soldier—be he regular, conscript, or ex-guardsmen, will drop anything to talk shop. My answering spokesman was a husky New Yorker, a drafted man. He was an educated man, a fine specimen, physically and mentally.

"Deliver me from West Pointers!" and he launched into a tirade similar to the plaint of the guardsmen. "And as for National Guard officers," he sizzled, "I'm glad I never joined up with one of those tin-horn outfits. The men are good enough, I guess, but they're commanded by a bunch of play soldiers."

"And your company officers?"

"Reserve officers, all of them. And say, bo, they're the finest crowd that ever put on puttees. They're strict, but they don't put on any lugs. They know they're green; they know they're learning just as much as we are. Some of them, of course—but then the exception proves the rule."

"Remember this, brother: the finest set of young men in the country got commissions from our two officers' training camps. They're men who've got heads on their shoulders—and the shoulders are broad enough to hold 'em. They're there because they want to be. They're strict, as a rule; but they're on the level. I'd follow them to—"

"Yes," I said, "I know where you'd follow 'em. I've heard of the place before."

There are a great many reserve officers at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. An old college friend of mine is commanding one company there. I asked his men about him. When they finished I sought my friend and shook his hand. "First time I knew what a wonderful man you are," said I, and he understood and grinned. "I've got the best company in the whole army," was his answer. "It's great the way they pull with me."

## West Pointers

I HAD proved conclusively that National Guard officers and reserve officers were the best in the army. I felt right sorry for the poor fellows who had fought their way through West Point. I had to carry it out, but I hated to do it. I didn't relish the job of sitting down and letting a bunch of enlisted men roast their officers. But it was up to me to take the medicine, and I traveled to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where most of the company commanders are West Point graduates. And squatting on the Chickamauga battle field, my head against a monument which, like thousands of its fellows, tells the world that "here the Ohio troops fought

nobly," I delivered myself of the burning officer question and waited with trepidation for the inevitable diatribe.

"Our captain is a regular," said one of them, an unusually intelligent fellow, "for which I thank goodness. He's a youngster, but, suffering Moses! what that lad doesn't know

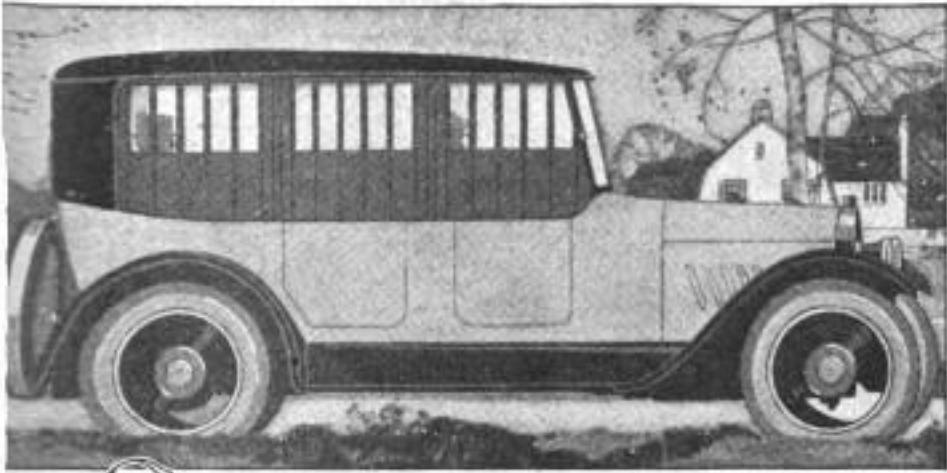
(Continued on page 32)



No one of them made a motion to give the standing officer his seat

mands for the best bunch of regulars or the finest N. A. crowd that ever donned khaki. They knew their troops, they said. They knew that wherever they'd lead those men would follow. I visited Camp Wheeler, near Macon, Ga.; Camp Sevier, near Greenville, S. C.; Camp Wadsworth, near Spartanburg, S. C.—all cantonments where

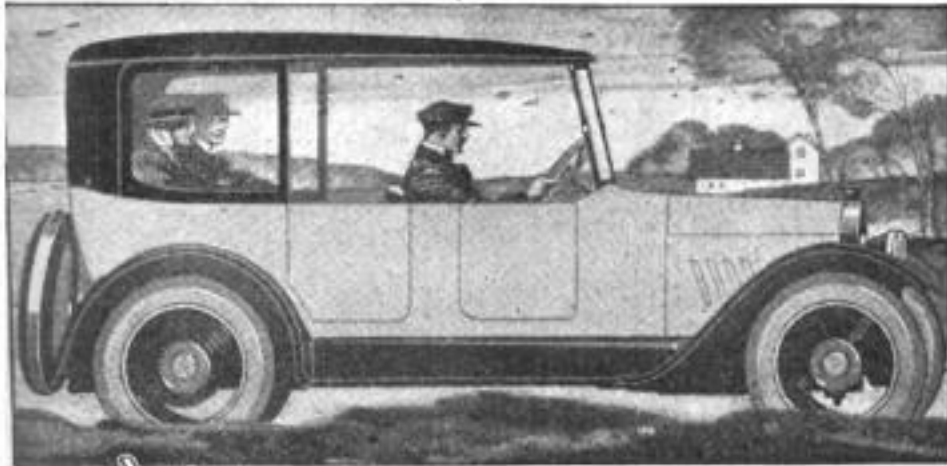




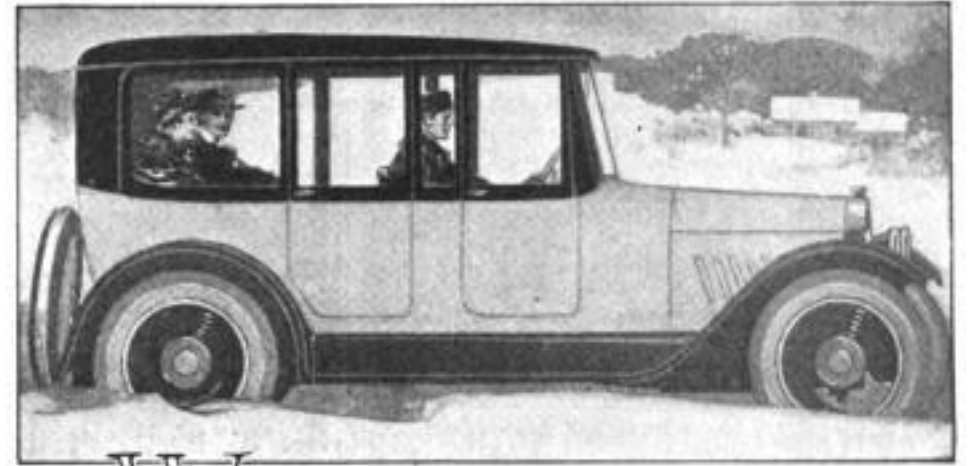
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JIFFY CURTAINS IN PLACE



*Summer* COMPLETE VENTILATION  
ALL PANELS REMOVED



*Autumn* TONNEAU PROTECTION  
REAR PANELS IN PLACE



*Winter* WEATHER TIGHT  
ALL PANELS IN PLACE

## Specify this TOP on your new Car

If you are planning to buy a new car this season, would you not prefer to add a fraction to the regular price and obtain *this car with the more useful Rex All-Seasons Top* in place of the regular cloth top?

Think what this choice will mean to your family—ideal shelter during all kinds of weather.

And think, also, that you will never again be obliged to struggle with the boot, straps and other riggings of a cloth top in a sudden rain—

And that you will always have a top which remains up and, therefore, remains unmutilated by folding—a top without fabric cracks and tears and broken windows.

The weight of the Rex All-Seasons Top, with side panels out, is only 25 pounds above that of the usual cloth top and, when the side panels are in place, the difference is less than the

weight of the average adult passenger: hence, the Rex-Topped car retains its full touring range and economy in the use of gasoline and tires.

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The greater comfort, usefulness and attractiveness of a Rex-Topped Car are obtainable at only approximately \$200 higher than the price of a cloth-topped model.

This means a saving of from \$300 to \$500 under the usual sedan construction.

Write for "A Rex Demonstration In Pictures"

Tell us the make and model of the car you expect to buy or now own and we will send you this interesting pictorial description.

The Rex All-Seasons Top is obtainable as standard equipment on leading popular priced cars.

Rex Manufacturing Company  
Connersville, Ind.

# Rex

## ALL-SEASONS TOP

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UNDER PATENTS THAT ARE BASIC



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# WHAT AN AIR RAID MEANS

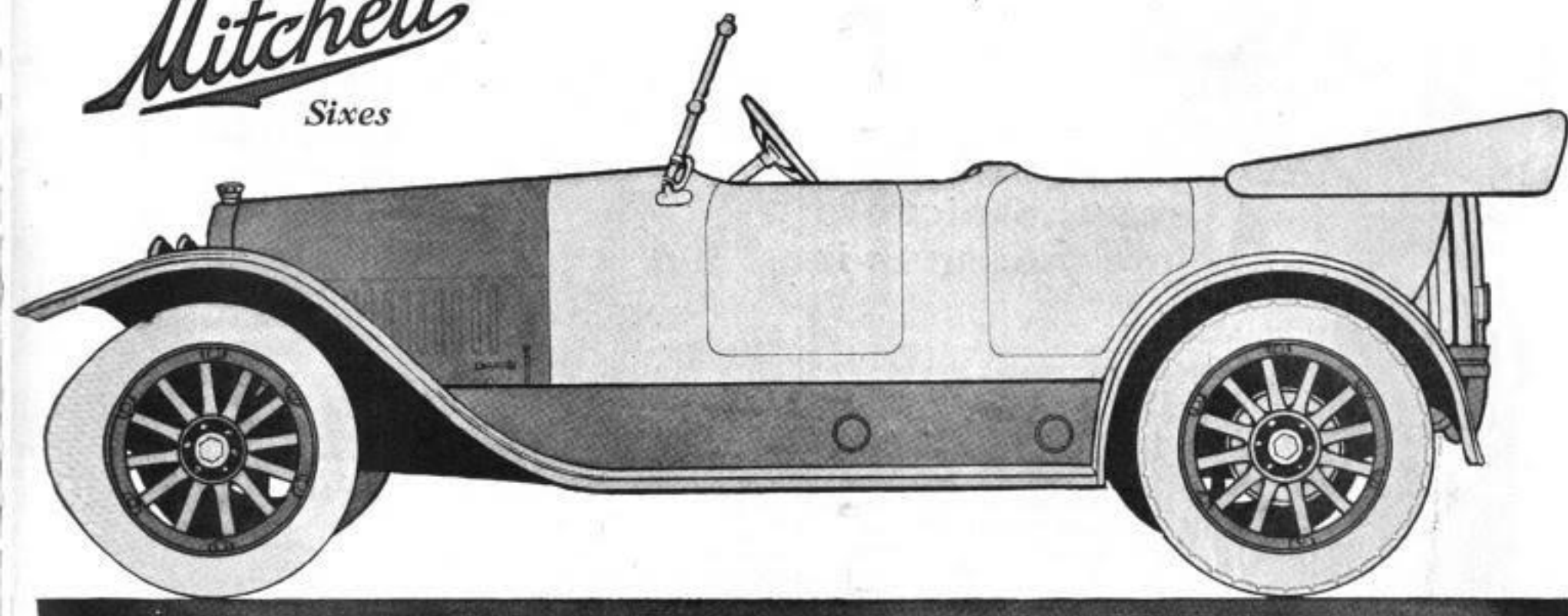
NO better idea of the effects of aerial bombs could be obtained than from these pictures, taken after a recent German air raid on Paris. The taxicab was running on one of the principal streets of the city. It was not struck directly by the bomb, but was going too fast to stop in time, and fell into the crater. The bomb pierced the paving and blew open a sewer. Two British officers who were in the taxi were instantly killed, as was the driver. The small picture shows one of the signs that are placed throughout the city on houses that have cellars suitable for use as shelters during a raid. This particular house has room for 120 people in the cellar.



AT the left is shown what one bomb did in the heart of the city. Two hundred people were imprisoned in the cellar of this house for nearly twenty-four hours. A cemetery was struck, too—rather an unnecessary bit of German thoroughness, it seems. It happens also to be the last resting place of Heinrich Heine, the great German poet.



*Mitchell*  
Sixes



## *We Have a Great Six* *For \$1250 This Year—Go See It*

**T**HIS is a time for utility cars—cars fit for any service. It is a time for reliable cars, needing little attention. Good service men are scarce. It is a time for good values. Extravagance and waste are tabooed. We ask you to measure the new Mitchell Sixes in the light of today's requirements.

### *Fewer Cars, But Better*

We shall, like others, build fewer cars this year. War demands require it. But reduction in output enables us to make this a record year for improvements.

In the past few months we have added numerous specialists to the able Mitchell staff. Each is an expert who has made his mark in some part of car building. Together they combine the knowledge gained in building hundreds of thousands of cars.

These men have fixed new standards on many important parts. On some the strength requirements have been even doubled. New steel alloys, new treatments, new designs have been adopted. Every part has been studied, to attain in these new cars the very summit of sturdy endurance.

Our tests and inspections have been doubled. Costly machines have been installed to aid them. The highest-priced car is not today more carefully watched and adjusted. A famous designer has been placed in charge of all our body building.

And all these improvements, remember, are added to a car with a 15-year fame. To a car which has won respect all the world over. To a car which has stood for superlative endurance, for beauty, for comfort, for economy and performance.

### *A Big, Roomy Six at \$1250*

The Mitchell D-40 — price \$1250 at factory — is by far the greatest value in this price-class today.

The wheelbase is 120 inches, which means long, low, impressive lines, and unusual room. The motor is a 40-horsepower Six—the final result of specializing for many years on Sixes.

This car embodies the new Mitchell standards. Every line and detail shows distinction. The rear springs are shock-absorbing, so the car is a marvel of comfort. At \$1250 this new Mitchell Six is this year's wonder-car.

### *Equal Over-Value at \$1525*

The Mitchell C-42 — price \$1525 at factory — offers equal excess value. Both these models, at their prices, offer more than you'll expect. Both are built to tests which are far beyond what cars in service meet.

These extra values are due to scientific methods, to remarkable factory efficiency. This model factory has been perfectly adapted to produce the Six type economically. These new Mitchells, in a hundred ways, show the results of those savings. Write for our new catalog.

**Mitchell D-40** Built as Touring Car, 3-Passenger Roadster, Touring Sedan and Coupe. Touring Car price is \$1250 at factory.

**Mitchell C-42** 127-inch Wheelbase—48-Horsepower Motor. Made in 12 styles of body, including Club Roadster, 4-passenger Surrey, Touring Sedan, Club Sedan, De Luxe Sedan, Coupe, Cabriolet, Town Car, and Limousine. The Touring Car price is \$1525 at factory.

**MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin**

(615)





### The Graflex

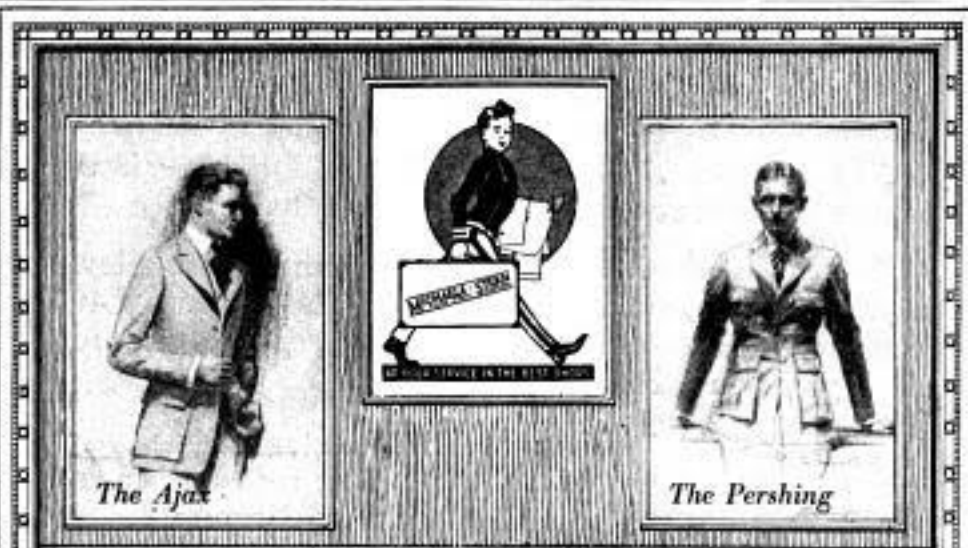
A reflecting camera that lets your eye see what the lens sees, before exposure, and right side up. You watch the ground-glass screen, adjust focus till the image of your picture grows clear and sharp—then snap it.

## See the picture before you snap it

**S**IMPLICITY, speed, absolute control of focus and composition—the satisfaction that follows increased certainty—this is the Graflex story. Automatic exposures from a tenth to a thousandth of a second; successful snapshots in failing light, where slow exposures with other cameras would result in failure; fully-timed negatives, in good light, of two-mile-a-minute motion that other cameras could never get. Ask for interesting booklet "Why I Use a Graflex"—free from your dealer or from us.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT  
Eastman Kodak Company  
Rochester New York

# GRAFLEX Camera



**C**OLLECTIVELY, the clothes purchases of the nation will have an important effect on our precious wool-supply and man-power.

Buy wisely! Seek "VALUE FIRST."

**N**EVER was it so important that you know the more than half-century old creed of Michaels-Stern: "VALUE FIRST." That creed is expressed in clothes skillfully tailored, of honest materials, to fit well and wear well:

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VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

Send for Style Catalogue.

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Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothes.

## DISPUTED DOCUMENT

BY C. P. CONNOLLY

**S**HOULD the signature affixed to your will be disputed after your death, would the jury be allowed to compare it with signatures of yours admitted to be genuine?

In Colorado many years ago there lived a very wealthy man named Andrew J. Macky. When he died he bequeathed practically all of his estate to the University of Colorado. In honor of Macky and in gratitude for his bequest, the university built a massive stone structure and called it the Macky Auditorium. After the trustees of the university had partially built the auditorium, there turned up this type-written letter, addressed to Oscar A. Johnson, the attorney for the adopted daughter of Macky:

"LAS LUNAS, N. MEX.,

"Sept. 5, 1909.

"DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: I have had to spend several days in the country a few miles east of this place, looking into the matter of an old land grant for Uncle Ed. On my way back I was detained and interviewed in a most unique fashion by an old Mexican woman, and you should have witnessed the proceeding. I speak bad Mexican and she spoke bad English, so by the end of an hour I had been made to understand only this much, or at least thought I understood, that this new and handsome pocketbook belongs, or should belong, or will or must belong, to you, 'Johnson, Lawyer,' and 'Colorado, Boulder City.' And then I remembered something, and said to myself: 'Hi there! My old friend Oscar A.' So I promised the poor soul to send it, and, 'weary and tired, continued my ride. I now regret not having had time to learn just what she wanted and tried to tell me, but, in truth, I was in such a hurry to get away from this hot, beastly, God-forsaken country that even the feminine charms of an old Mexican woman could not detain me longer. If it is of any account, or my sending it is due to a misunderstanding, which is quite possible, let me hear from you, for I shall not very soon forget the incident.

"I started from home about three weeks ago, after promising the folks that I would travel over the world for at least a year. I will spend the next few months in South America, though would much rather be back at my desk, then sail for Australia, which place, God willing, I must reach the early part of January. I will be in Melbourne about a month attending to some business for father. This will be the only long stop I expect to make. Father is still in the store and doing well. He will, of course, know my address from time to time.

"I met Charley Bentwell about three years ago. He said that you were married, had a good practice, and were living as a man should. I am still plodding along 'single,' but there is a brown-eyed girl back in the dear home State that I have not forgotten even in three weeks. But you know, my friend, when a man has two lungs that are only doing half duty, and a stomach that wouldn't bring ten cents at a country auction, he would better—well, one ruined life is not so bad as two. I trust, Johnson, that you are well and happy and will experience more of real life and the thing we call enjoyment than I can expect or hope to.

"My train will leave soon, so I must come to a close. With best wishes for you and yours, I remain, as ever,

"Very sincerely yours,

"C. G. DENMAN.

"P. S. Be sure and let me know what the pawnbroker or junkman offers for the pocketbook—or perhaps you are getting a collection of antiquities, or if nothing better, keep it as a token of remembrance from your old friend,

"C. G. D."

### Inside the Pocketbook

**I**NCLOSED with this letter was a dilapidated pocketbook, and in this old pocketbook was an apparently original contract of agreement, dated at Leadville, Colo., August 27, 1880, between Andrew J. Macky and John M. Bradford, the latter during his life a United States deputy mineral surveyor. The body of the document purported to be in the handwriting of Bradford. The contract was for the adoption by Macky of Moina May Bradford, only daughter of John M. Bradford.

In this contract, drawn in the usual

formal and traditional style of legal documents, it was agreed that

"Moina May Bradford shall, by father's consent become a member of the family of Andrew J. Macky, subject to the discipline and control of said Andrew J. Macky and his estimable wife, Adelaide B. Macky, from the day that she shall reach Boulder and that she shall continue to remain in the said home and in the said family for such indefinite period thereafter shall be agreeable to herself and to members of said family."

### Andrew Macky's Will

**M**OINA MAY BRADFORD was to receive a liberal and thorough school and college education in such schools and other institutions of learning as in the judgment of her guardian seemed most desirable and the best calculated to insure fruitful and satisfactory results. Her guardian agreed also to foster and promote such talent or ambition as might awaken in or become manifest on the part of Moina May Bradford during her years of growth and development from childhood to womanhood.

But the real core and gravamen, the very breath and significance, of the document lay in these testamentary words:

"And it is further agreed that the said Andrew J. Macky shall make actual and careful provision for the future welfare and maintenance of the said Moina May Bradford by preparing and having in his possession at all times a legally executed and valid will in which he shall name all money, property, and securities existing under his own right and title and comprising his individual assets, together with a specific enumeration for the disbursement and distribution of the same, which shall state in plain and direct language the wishes of the said Andrew J. Macky in the event of his death, and in which aforesaid legally executed and valid will he shall bequeath to the said Moina May Bradford a portion amounting in the minimum to a sum equal to not less than one-third of the valuation of his entire estate."

The alleged contract was witnessed by "M. F. West" and "Lee Kahn," who were never located or recalled by anyone connected with the case.

Oscar A. Johnson resided at Boulder, Colo. He claimed to have received the letter inclosing the old purse and the contract in regular course. He denied any knowledge of the man who had addressed him as "Dear friend Johnson," and who had with such hobnob familiarity referred to the business of his "Uncle Ed" and to the supposed mutual friend "Charley Bentwell," not to mention the artless reference to "a brown-eyed girl back in the dear home State."

Andrew J. Macky had no children of his own, and Moina May Bradford had actually lived for many years under his roof. She had left his home and guardianship when she married. Macky had no heirs other than two brothers, who received a small legacy, the remainder of the estate going to the University of Colorado.

### A Handwriting Expert

**S**UIT was brought by Moina May Bradford against the university for her one-third of the estate, and at the trial the vice president of the bank at which Andrew J. Macky when living was president testified that in his opinion the contract found in the ancient pocketbook was a genuine document. Two other bankers and numerous business men of Boulder testified to the same effect.

In addition to this opinion evidence there was the usual feeling of sympathy for one in Moina May Bradford's position. She had actually lived all those years with Macky's family, and there was no reason that the public could surmise, other than some gossip regarding a quarrel that was said to have taken place between herself and her guardian, why she should not have received a share of his estate, especially in view of the fact that practically all of it had gone to a public institution.

The central point of interest—the pièce de résistance—was, of course, the dilapidated pocketbook and the story of the old Mexican woman who had so fortuitously met up with Denman, who





## If you could watch HAVOLINE OIL in the cylinder

If you could see the cylinders of your automobile motor cut in half, with the piston going, you would see the reason for Havoline Oil.

You would see a film of oil evenly spread between piston rings and cylinder side. You would see the piston moving with lightning-like rapidity, hundreds of strokes per minute.

You would see heat as high as 3,000 degrees at the cylinder head, with the walls below at some 400 degrees—heat which the most perfect cooling system could not prevent from ruining your motor were not good oil protecting the closely fitting steel surfaces.

## HAVOLINE OIL

"It makes a difference"

It takes an oil like Havoline to maintain this thin film constantly even and indestructible under the wear and great heat in your motor. One little break in that protecting oil film would put dry metal against dry metal, and friction would quickly get in its deadly work.

Then, too, that fine film of Havoline between piston and cylinder wall acts as a seal to prevent the gases escaping between cylinder wall and piston. Should these gases break through they would eat into the oil, and kill its lubricating quality, then would begin your motor's breakdown. If you could see this you would know that Havoline is the safest oil you can give your motor under all conditions.

Havoline Greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Your dealer knows the kind of Havoline Oil and Greases for the motor and gears of your car. Ask his advice.

**Indian Refining Company  
Incorporated**  
Producers and Refiners of Petroleum  
NEW YORK



supposed himself to be the friend of Johnson, who was the lawyer of Moina May Bradford, who was the ward of Andrew J. Macky, whose signature was attached to the document so miraculously recovered.

When the case came to trial the University of Colorado secured the services of Albert S. Osborn, the handwriting expert of New York. It so happened that among the archives of Bradford's old office were found a letter and other writings of his of August 27, 1880, the date of the alleged contract. Also there turned up numerous specimens of Macky's handwriting. These the handwriting expert used for purposes of comparison. He pointed out that the design of the disputed contract was inconsistent with its lack of freedom and with its noticeable hesitation. The design was intended to indicate the writing of one who naturally wrote with great force, rapidity, and freedom. Words were connected with each other, and long words were written with continuousness.

But the most damaging fact of all was that from beginning to end the alleged contract was written over a carefully made pencil outline which had been imperfectly erased after the tracings in ink had been finished, and these erasures had broken up the ink-written lines in certain characteristic ways, as was easily shown under a powerful magnifying glass. Also, there were literally hundreds of places where the original pencil outline still remained, where it had not been quite covered up with the ink, or where the ink line had run off from it. This was true even in the signatures.

It was so perfectly apparent from the exposition of the handwriting expert that the alleged contract was spurious that the attorneys for Moina May Bradford, at the conclusion of Osborn's testimony, rose in court and, stating that they had been deceived in taking up the case, confessed judgment in favor of the University of Colorado.

### In Old Bibles

THERE is a psychology in crime and fraud which is easily readable to the expert who has studied the workings of the human mind under temptation. Dickens tells of the criminal who in his extreme caution to cover up his tracks omits the one precaution, the lack of which discovers him: just as the author of this forged document never dreamed of the searching power of a magnifying glass. But there is another phase, the overdoing phase, in which the one who seeks to deceive enlarges the story beyond its normal dimensions and introduces details, intended to give verisimilitude and to make the story narrable, which in reality condemn it as improbable.

The most common hiding place for such unhallowed documents is in the old family Bible. There is where most of the fraudulent wills are found: in the Holy Scriptures. And that isn't the only sinful use to which the family Bible is frequently put. The mind conjures up the thing most likely to disarm suspicion, and in this overreaching trips and falls. A legislator under investigation, trying to account for his sudden access of wealth, explained that a backward and uncertain debtor had paid him a large sum of money. Where did he pay it? Why, standing in the parlor of the country residence, he had laid a roll of large bills on the cover of the old family Bible which rested on the center table. He remembered the occasion very distinctly. But he had forgotten that his house had burned down a month before the alleged payment, and with it the old family Bible.

One might naturally ask why in the Colorado case the forged document was not produced without any fanfare and a prior knowledge of its existence admitted. Undoubtedly the thought of contesting the will did not at first suggest itself, and by the time it did it was necessary to trump up some story to account for the failure to assert its existence at the proper time.

### The Law in Other States

SO much for the illustration. Now for my text. If the case against the University of Colorado had been tried in any one of a dozen States of our Union, this forgery could not, under the law of those States, have been proved by a comparison of handwritings, as was done in this trial in Colorado, and the University of Colorado would likely have lost its case. I am not now dealing with the justice or merits of the case, but with the methods by which the ends of justice are achieved. Not

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By its adoption, unchanged in all essentials, for some of the severest of war services, the BUDA ENGINE has been paid the highest possible compliment.

Made by THE BUDA COMPANY, Harvey (Ill.), Ill.

THE BUDA ENGINE  
"HIGH CLASS"





# Sealpax

## A Better Athletic Underwear

### Sold in a Cleaner Way

**YOU** pay no more for Sealpax but you get more for your money. It sells at popular prices yet it possesses many exclusive features.

Sealpax comes fresh from the laundry to you in a crisp, sealed container, *clean as the driven snow*. You break the seal, put Sealpax on and wear it. That's convenience and economy.

You find the fabric caressingly soft and refreshingly cool and airy. You get a newer sense of freedom from the freer-cut of Sealpax.

You note with satisfaction that Sealpax Underwear is carefully sewed and neatly finished.

After months of service, you learn that there is unrivalled wear in Sealpax.

You'll conclude as have thousands of other particular men that *Sealpax is a better athletic underwear sold in a cleaner way*.

Sealpax is made in union suits and separate garments. If not at your dealer—write us.

THE SEALPAX COMPANY Dept. C., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Also Makers of Lady Sealpax Athletic Underwear

until 1913 could the Government convict a man in any Federal court of the United States for cashing a money order, the signature to which was forged, by comparison with the genuine signature of the payee of the order, unless somebody saw the payee write his signature. In other words, the Government was not allowed to introduce the known genuine signature of the payee for the purpose of comparing it with the forged signature and permitting the jury to decide as between the two.

#### Witnessing a Signature

**AND** if a man to-day die in certain of the States of our Union, and a forged will be produced, you cannot go to the bank where he kept his account and get a dozen of his checks, two or three of them drawn perhaps on the same day on which the will was alleged to have been signed, and say to the court and jury: "These show whether John Smith wrote this will or not." You have got to find somebody who saw John Smith write. If, sitting in an express wagon, I saw John Smith write his name in pencil in an express messenger's book, I can testify twenty years after and say whether I think his signature to the alleged will is genuine; and if nobody else has actually seen John Smith write, my testimony is apt to be conclusive; there is nothing to oppose it. There might be a hundred genuine signatures of John Smith extant, but these could not be introduced before the jury for the purpose of allowing it to compare them with the signature to the alleged will and to say by its verdict whether the latter was genuine or not. That was the law in New York until 1880 and in Pennsylvania until 1895. New Jersey, Illinois, and other leading States have but recently set aside this archaic rule. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Kansas, and a few other States the courts themselves, under the leadership of that remarkable jurist, Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, saw the light and changed the rule.

In some of these restrictive States they will allow you to compare the disputed document with any other document that happens to be introduced into the case for some other purpose; but they will not allow you to compare the questioned document with any writing outside of the case, and they will not permit you to introduce any genuine document into the case for the sole purpose of comparing it with the alleged forged document. To one who is not a lawyer this seems the height of absurdity. One of the legal reasons for it is that it is likely to introduce collateral questions as to whether or not the alleged genuine signatures are really genuine. But this is a matter usually susceptible of the most convincing proof. In the Indiana case of *Kahn vs. State*, decided in 1914, and tried before the passage of a later statute, the Supreme Court of Indiana said:

"The comparison by experts must be confined to papers in the case, which the party is estopped to deny, and such others as are admitted to be genuine by the party against whom they are offered." The lameness of this rule is apparent. No party conscious of a fraud on his own part is likely to admit the genuineness of a paper which he knows will expose his own forgery.

The doctrine was more lucidly laid down in an early case in Michigan, which read:

"The great majority of cases are against allowing any witness to make a comparison of the handwriting of the signature in question with other admitted signatures and then giving an opinion upon the genuineness of the one in dispute, but have generally allowed the jury to make the comparison by contrasting the disputed signature with that of any other document relevant to the issue already in the case. This is the well-established rule in England."

The English Parliament abolished this rule in 1854, but Michigan clung to it until a few years ago.

In one case a witness had seen the person write but once, and had forgotten how the signature appeared, but he was allowed to compare his uncertain recollection with the paper in the case and then to swear to his opinion. This was no opinion at all, or at best no better than anybody's opinion, but it shows how venerable and how absurd the law has become by much repetition and by constant application to variant facts.

Few people realize that common documents are comparatively recent in the

history of the world. Two hundred years or more ago an order was issued by the authorities of London that specimens of handwriting should be obtained of everyone in the city who could write in order that the author of a certain seditious article might be found. This instance illustrates the fact that illiteracy at that time was very common in England.

Undoubtedly many of the ancient restrictions regarding proof of handwriting go back to the time when the average juror could neither read nor write. "What purpose will it serve," it was asked in one ancient case, "for a jury to compare hands if they cannot read them?" And yet in one New York case not so long ago four alleged eyewitnesses testified to the execution of a will, and the jury decided it was genuine. In another New York case witnesses testified that they saw a certain contract signed, and the jury decided that the contract was a forgery. In still another New York case the jury convicted a distinguished member of the bar of a forgery of two words of typewriting that, by comparison, was traced to his own typewriter.

So much for the scientific knowledge of handwriting experts and for the intelligence of the average jury today. Unfortunately, there continue to be among the specialists who testify these technical subjects, frauds and charlatans who ought to be in jail with the lawyers who discover and keep them in business.

On January 23, 1913, Attorney General George W. Wickersham wrote Senator Clarence D. Clark, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate:

"Correspondence with a large number of the United States attorneys discloses that the Federal courts in their districts are adhering to the old common-law rule with respect to the proof of handwriting. That rule prohibits the use of genuine specimens of handwriting for the purposes of comparison, unless specimens are already in evidence admissible for other purposes. Reports of the various United States attorneys show that the enforcement of this rule has resulted in many miscarriages of justice, particularly cases against persons charged with sending obscene matter through mails."

Nor is there any more reason why the microscope should not be used to aid a jury to determine a fact of disputed handwriting than there is why a jury should not be allowed to compare disputed handwritings with genuine ones. Many jurors are required to wear glasses to enable them to read the evidence submitted to them, or to read the instructions of the court. If one of the jurors should lose his spectacles, would he rather a rigid sort of practice which would preclude the court from lowering glasses to be handed to him enable him to examine such writings as his duty required him to examine. A jury to gaze through a glass. The microscope is the most plastic and liberal of sciences; it can be made to fit the fact of any issue; but some of the judges who administer it are often hopelessly out of touch and sympathy with potentialities.

#### Catching the Forger

**IN** many instances the disposition of millions of dollars depends upon the correct identification of a single signature. This fact tempts many to commit forgery that would balk at the commission of coarser crimes. Nearly every term of court has forgery cases of minor or less magnitude. But the forger who imagines he can escape detection in these modern days dwells in a false paradise. John H. Wigmore, the eminent law writer, recently said:

"A century ago the science of handwriting did not exist. A crude empiricism still prevailed. This hundred years past has seen vast progress. The relevant branches of modern science have been brought to bear. Skilled students have focused upon this field many fold appurtenant devices and apparatus. A science and an art have developed. A firm place has now been made for the expert witness who is emphatically scientific and not merely empiric. Each age crime takes advantage of conditions, and then society awakes and gradually overtakes crime by discovering new expedients. Well down into the 1800's the most daring impositions were possible. But society at last seems to have overtaken the falsifier once more."



# TORBENSEN

## INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

### What it does



This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive lighter and stronger than ordinary drives. It carries *all* the load. It makes Torbensen Drive last as long as any truck. It makes rear tires give 20 percent more mileage. It is *patented* and is probably the main reason for Torbensen leadership.

Torbensen Drive adds 45 percent to rear axle road clearance. Where streets or roads are torn up or muddy; when the truck has to go 'cross country; when deep snow drifts are encountered; this extra road clearance often marks the difference between a stalled truck and free, clear driving.



Here you see how Torbensen Drive works. You can see how the sturdy I-Beam passes through the wheel hub and how it supports the differential housing. This construction absolutely separates the functions of the load-carrying and driving parts, yet it holds them in practically perfect, permanent alignment.

Unusual accessibility makes it easy for any driver to keep Torbensen Drive thoroughly lubricated and finely adjusted. Torbensen Drive is exceptionally free from mechanical troubles. It is made so readily accessible to cut down the time and cost of repairs or adjustments, *should* they ever become necessary.



Simplicity is the keynote of Torbensen Internal Gear Drive. Power is applied to the wheels through internal gears *at* the wheel and *near* the rim. This gives Torbensen Drive great leverage for driving just where it is needed. It increases pulling power and saves gas and oil. These gears are guaranteed for two years—two years of faultless rear axle service.

One pound of dead-weight equals *nine* pounds of weight carried on springs, in its effect on truck life. When you figure on this basis, knowing that Torbensen Drive is *half* as heavy as other types of equal capacity, you have very strong reasons for a 20 percent increase in rear tire mileage and big savings in gasoline, oil and repairs.



#### THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a Gold Bond Guarantee that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck and the internal gears at least two years.

***Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks***





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YA  
YAL  
YALE

Make today  
the day for "Yale"

EVERY house has at least one place where a Yale Cylinder Night Latch should be used—at least one place where a Yale Padlock belongs by right—at least one place where a Yale Cabinet Lock will bring proven security. And every day you put off installing "Yale"—just so long will you be without the certainty of protection and security that are assured by the trademark "Yale."

Make today your day for "Yale" protection—the same protection that the world has enjoyed for half a century.

Simply tell your hardware dealer what you want. And he will show you the "Yale" trade-mark on it—your guide and guarantee. Yale products include Yale Cylinder Night Latches, Padlocks, Cabinet Locks, Trunk Locks, Builders' Hardware, Door Closers and Chain Blocks.

See your hardware dealer today.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.  
9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street  
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE



Yale Cylinder Night Latches. Efficient, convenient, unbreakable, deadlocking.



Yale "Standard" Padlock, one of many styles—each giving 100% safety, all prices in retail packages.

Comfort and quiet with Yale Door Closers. Silent, water-tight.



## Officers

Continued from page 24

about military isn't in the books. Why, say—"his voice rang with an almost paternal pride—"our captain was an honor man at West Point!"

"You other fellows—your captains are West Pointers?"

An eager and general nod of assent. "You bet!" It reminded me of a bunch of college boys claiming intimate acquaintanceship with the captain of the varsity football team. "They're West Pointers, and they're there forty ways for Sunday."

"But—but," I said weakly, "aren't they too strict? Don't they think they own the world and—and—all that?"

"Think they own the world? Think it? Man alive!"—it was my first man speaking—"they know they own it. They know that they know what they're doing, and we know it, and they know that we know that they know it! They make us toe the mark, you bet. And we're glad to do it. Why?"

"Young fellow, it's because these are the men who are going to have command of us when we get over there—when a wrong command will send a bunch of us into Kingdom Come. And we know our captains won't give that wrong command. They don't know how to. This isn't any pink tea: it's a war. We're in the ranks to be led—and as for me, when I'm led I want to be led by a man who knows all there is to know about leading. And that's just about any West Pointer in the army to-day. Don't make any mistake about it!"

"And I guess," I suggested, "that

you'd all follow 'em to hell and back again?"

"Would we?" came the chorus. "Well I guess yes!"

"I thought so," said I. "It's what they all say!"

### The Best Officers

SO I returned home a considerably wiser man. I had learned that the best officers are—officers! I had learned that any one of the three classifications might lead their men to hell and back again; and this much I knew—that whosoever an officer leads, his men will follow and follow cheerfully. More: the men will follow with supreme confidence that they are being led with a superlative leadership.

I was amazed at my discoveries. And I was very, very glad. I had visited men in seven camps and talked with others from a half-dozen more. There was a unanimity of praise for officers which cannot fail to bear fruit when the hour of combat is at hand.

A writer of note on military subjects has said that confidence of the men in their leaders is a primary necessity.

Our men, in all branches and classifications of the service, have that confidence.

And more wonderful than that is the fact that the confidence is tinged with a personal pride which more often than not borders on affection.

Such a condition cannot fail to bear fruit!

## JIMMY HOPPER

THIS photograph of Hopper is a unique achievement on the part of the photographer who made it. At first glance it doesn't look anything like the Hopper we have seen in our office; at a second glance it reminds us of Hopper; at a third glance it seems more like Hopper, than Hopper himself. The truth is Jimmy Hopper is half French and half Irish.

When you look at him you see a short man with a chest like a barrel, powerful hands, and an extraordinary mop of reddish curls. No—this is not the Irishman in Jimmy Hopper. It is the Frenchman, sturdy as a Breton fisherman.

When you read Jimmy Hopper's writing you read the work of a literary artist, imaginative, occasionally impish in conception, and always beautifully clear in execution. This is the Irishman—the modern literary Irishman. If you do not believe it, remember Synge, Yeats, James Stephens, and the others.

JIMMY HOPPER played football at the University of California. Afterward he divided his time between newspaper reporting and the law, being admitted to the best magazines about the time he passed his bar examination. Whereupon he served for a year or so as an instructor in French at his Alma Mater. Then he went to the Philippines. For a while he served on the staff of "McClure's Magazine," in the days when S. S. McClure roamed two continents collecting writers as other men collect paintings or postage stamps or first editions.

Since then Jimmy Hopper has been a free lance, writing now a story and now a series of articles. He has been to the war zone twice. Two years ago he was on the Mexican border with Pershing, writing that series of articles for COLLIER'S which gave us, at least, the sense of having been there and hav-



ing seen everything there was to see. That is Hopper's extraordinary merit as a reporter—that he goes everywhere without prepossessions, observes everything with the wide eyes of a child, and then gives you the picture clearly, simply, and with enthusiasm.

Last winter, when an ulcerated tooth was delaying Hopper's third trip to France, somebody tried to sell him a patent suit guaranteed to keep a man afloat for days, and provided with a whistle to call for help. Hopper was interested—as anyone about to sail through the submarine zone would be. But he was inclined to be skeptical.

THE salesman suggested that he try it. So Hopper and the salesman went down to the Battery. Hopper put on the suit and jumped into the icy river. The suit worked perfectly. Hopper found himself supported head and shoulders above the water. And when he pulled the string the valve in the top opened and the air blew a shrill blast on the whistle. Hopper was delighted. But when he came ashore and got thawed out he began to run his hand through his curls in a manner indicating serious reflection. The salesman wanted to know what the matter was.

"Well," said Hopper, "it works too well. If I am torpedoed and go overboard in that thing, I will float like a cork—that's sure. But what will the rescuing party do? They will see me safe as a church and pass me by for some poor fellow who's got no suit with a whistle in the top." I will have to swim all the way to Ireland, and everybody else will go in a boat. I'd rather be like the rest—more an object of decent pity."

So Hopper sailed for France on behalf of COLLIER'S without any patent suit. His ship got through all right, and this week we are publishing the first of his articles from the front.

## An Incident in the Lives of Two Famous Smokers

It is related of Carlyle that once Tennyson, after they were both famous, came for the first time to call upon him. They were familiar with each other's work though they had never happened to meet.

Carlyle greeted Tennyson at the door and led him into his study. They sat down in front of an open fire. They loaded their pipes and smoked vigorously.

At the end of two hours, Tennyson rose and took leave. He declared warmly that to him the two hours just spent were the most satisfactory in his life. And yet these two world-famous writers had passed those two hours, puffing thoughtfully at their pipes, without saying a word to each other.

It's marvelous what depths of silence and understanding come to men with pipes in their mouths.

Pipe-smokers are called dreamers. It would be far more sensible to look more closely and perceive if they are not the real thinkers of the world.

An open fire, a pipe that is going well, and a pipeful of the right tobacco. "Oh, Mr. Khayyam, what you missed!" What more could one ask at the close of a busy or fretful day?

The right tobacco—that's the urgent need! One that has flavor and tang and individuality and yet doesn't dry up the mouth or tickle the throat. A tobacco that is soothing and yet never becomes tame to you.

Edgeworth is given credit for having these characteristics.

And yet pipe-smokers are so finicky that its manufacturers don't want to recommend it to you too strongly. It's possible that you might not like it better than the brand of tobacco you are using at present, though many have changed to Edgeworth.

It doesn't delight every pipe-smoker—it would be asinine to make any such claim as that—but it does seem to win and hold many fastidious smokers.

Its manufacturers would welcome your trying it to see what you think of it.

It isn't incredible that you may find yourself drawn to Edgeworth, as to some people, the first time you have a smoke with them. You may—like many other smokers—decide that it is not only less expensive than the tobacco you now smoke, but richer and tastier.

There seems to be something about Edgeworth that wins friends, so its manufacturers would be glad to have you put it to the test.

Send them on a postcard your name and address, also that of the retail dealer to whom you turn for supplies and they will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Then get out your favorite pipe—the one you've set aside to give a rest—make sure it draws well, scrape out the bowl, and load it up with Edgeworth. Lean back, find the most comfortable position in that old chair, light the willing mixture and puff, puff, puff it into your mouth, slowly—estimatingly.

Now, what do you think of Edgeworth?

You can pour Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed straight into your pipe from the tin. It packs thoroughly and it burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom, getting better and better as it kindles to its work.

Edgeworth Plug Slice greets you in thin slices to be rubbed a moment before being packed into the pipe. One slice loads the average bowl.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 13c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16-ounce tin humidor is \$1.15; 16-ounce glass jar \$1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c, and \$1.15. For free samples, write to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-ounce carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.





## Face the Day with a Smile

### Start with Bran

There's a bran-flaked breakfast dainty which everybody likes. But the joy of eating can't compare with the after-joy it brings.

It is bran flakes—Nature's laxative—hidden in rolled cereals. A studied mixture with a most delightful flavor—Pettijohn's.

It supplies what all folks need—the daily bit of bran.

### To Make You Fit

Bran acts as roughage. When you omit it, fine foods often clog.

Then come dull days, headaches, blues.

The world would be ten times as cheerful if folks kept clean inside.

Clear bran isn't likable, so nine in ten neglect it. Pettijohn's is likable and welcome.

To serve once daily means a constant bran supply.

Try it one week and watch results. See what it adds to the joy of living. You'll not go back to branless diet when you know the facts.

# Pettijohn's

#### A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Product—20% Oats  
25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose savory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard Flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

1918

## At the American Front

Continued from page 7

the better! Soon she is on his shoulder, pulling his hair intrepidly and rattling French at him. He has probably left behind, on the farm in Kansas or Nebraska, a little brother or sister of just that age—which explains his tenderness. But his real ecstasy comes from the fact that the little child on his shoulder is speaking French. Here's a miracle of which he never tires—that this small tot should speak French. So volubly too, and easily, each word coming out perfect as a pearl from the pretty lips! He can't get over it; reverence dwells in his eyes. Which reminds me: I was once on a steamer entering a Japanese harbor, and on deck was an American family, with a little girl, and also an English family, which was observing the American family. The little American girl, thrilled at the sight of the colored harbor, cried out some remark to her mother. A sort of rustling went through the attentive English family. And then I heard in an awed whisper: "Oh, Bertie, listen. Even the little one speaks that Yankee brogue!"

### Signposts of War

BUT I am afraid this is not writing seriously about the Great War, so I will skip all the other good stories I have, and get to my trip to the front trenches. We started the next day—in a limousine: that is the way one goes to war these days. Now (this is for the benefit of anyone finding himself wandering in the region of which I speak) there are two ways by which you may know whether you are going to the front or the rear, boche ward or safetyward. One is by the villages through which you pass; the other by the houses of the persons whom you visit. The villages, for instance, at first are intact and populous. You pass through one after the other; as you go on, the civilian population decreases and the military increases. Then you get to one in which a few houses are destroyed as though by earthquake. What's that? you ask yourself. Air raids? You don't know. The next village is still queerer. Half the houses are down; all the roofs punctured. Then comes one in which there is no house, only walls, angular and torn and where everyone lives in the cellars. The next village is just one razed, black horror. You've been going in the right direction. As for the people upon whom you call, well, first of all, the general lives in a beautiful château. You ride a while and call on the divisional general—a smaller château in which they carefully close the blinds at night. You ride farther and call on the brigadier general—and he is living in a house, a plain house, and right by is a very deep and comfortable dugout for emergencies. Farther on you find the colonel—he's in the reinforced cellar of a collapsed chaumière, and a big shell has just fallen in the garden. As for the captain, he's in a dugout scooped under a trench—a little bit of a place, very low-ceilinged, all shored up and leaking, which might be taken for the cabin of a fishing smack were it not for the penetrating, cemeterylike smell of earth, damp and deep.

### The Frontier of War

WE went through the whole gradation that day. We did it slowly, loitering on the way. We stopped, for instance, to view a British aerodrome which had been bombed during the night—the rival aviators play such jokes on each other these days. Three big sheds had been torn to pieces by bombs, but the British aviators, resting now and waiting for the night, walking slowly about in the pale sunlight, smoking their pipes, were little concerned—for they had not been here at all during the strafing. They had been out on a little expedition of their own, over there across the lines, and hence, as one of them explained to me, "perfectly safe, don't you see." We stopped also at an American aerodrome. I use the word aerodrome because I wish to be courteous to my country—but it was an aerodrome without planes and without aviators. Still, the emplacement had been chosen, and sheds were beginning to go up—and as long as something is going up or something is arriving, I suppose everything is all right.

Between stops we were burning up the road, the narrow, hard, little road, up and down, low rises and falls, with cold stubble to right and left, and now and then, farther off, a leafless for-



The words

# HEINZ

## 57 Varieties

### stand for good things to eat

IN all grocery stores, in many markets, delicatessen shops and other places where things to eat are sold, you will find some of the 57 Varieties.

In many places you will find all of them.

Some of these varieties are foods; others are condiments or relishes intended to give an appetizing taste to other foods. All of them, whether foods or relishes, have one very great thing in common—one thing that makes them characteristically Heinz—they are all good to eat. They are all made of good materials—the choicest that can be raised, or bought, or made. Many of the fruits and vegetables used are grown under our own supervision, from our own selected seed in those localities where we have found that soil and climate combine to produce the best.

### They are all clean, all pure— all wholesome

They all have just the right flavor, that perfect taste which makes them so likable, the result of careful cooking and preparation, the work of men and women who have spent their lives in the work of making food taste as good as it should.

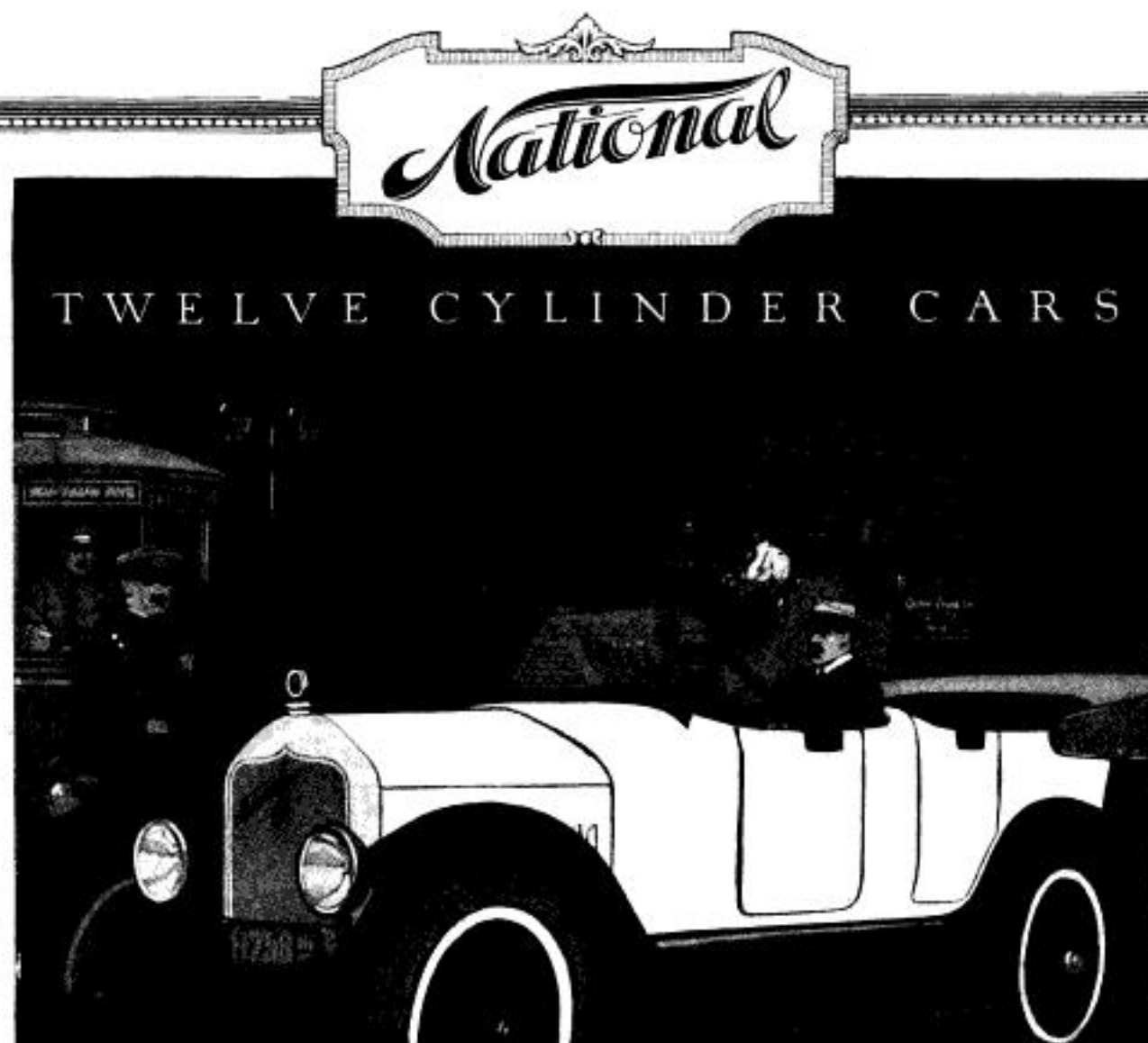
Heinz has many plants, preserving kitchens, salting stations, warehouses, all over the world, and thousands of happy, enthusiastic, loyal work people to keep the promise that wherever you find a product bearing the name "Heinz" on the label, that product is good to eat.

**Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup,  
Pickles, Vinegar, Olive Oil, etc.**

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

## 57 Varieties





## Essentially a Service Car

**I**T is true that a goodly portion of the popularity of National motor cars is due to their comfort and security.

It is true also that their pleasing design and the careful method of their manufacture have played a large part in their favor.

But their strongest appeal rests on a much sounder basis—a basis of unquestioned significance at this time.

It rests on the capacity of National cars for competent and sustained performance—for service under all conditions without failure.

New dependence on the motor car as a means of swift and eco-

nomical transportation has magnified the National's importance in this field.

The National is essentially a car to be used; built to last several seasons and to serve without waste.

With either the six-cylinder or the twelve-cylinder airplane-type motor it is conspicuously reliable and efficient.

Its smooth action and perfect balance, its staunch and enduring construction, make its fuel, tire and maintenance costs surprisingly low.

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION - INDIANAPOLIS  
*Eighteenth Successful Year*

*We believe that the twelve-cylinder National will outperform any genuinely "stock" car in the world*

National Dealers Now Offer Complete Range of Body Styles in Both

### *Six and Twelve Cylinder Models*

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Four-Passenger Roadster, Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan

est of marvelously rich browns. We'd slither through a village, up to knees in mud, between stone houses with expressionless façades, along main street peopled with cannon, geese, chickens, and children—healthy children of Lorraine with red cheeks. Little girls wore their hair down, boys wore the military forage cap horizon blue; they would get ready along the walls, as they saw us approach, and just as we would pass they'd wave their heels together and give us a salute—the American uniform was popular in these parts. Just these children, who practically knew never known days of peace, whose memory and experience is that of a land at war, on the frontier of a land at war!

#### *Waiting for the Chance*

**B**Y noon we were in Toul—Toul, in her old grass-grown ramparts, a woman in a medieval corset of whalebone (what is a whalebone when it is of iron?) One can get very good déjeuner at the Hotel de Comédie, in Toul. In fact, generally for good eating, I recommend the place. And also for joyous spirit; for the air; for blood that runs free through the veins; for the gaiety of soul that comes with action; for smiling, valiant optimism.

At the rear there are cartes de post and heavy, poisoned air, and old people, and inert people with stagnant minds who cower, all bent up on thoughts of disaster and impossibilities, of surrender and maudlin despair. Never listen to the rear.

From Toul, on again, still toward the north. We reached divisional headquarters, past which we would have gone on had we not been stopped by the enthusiasm of a young captain in charge of a supply company who brought daily food, ammunition, and clothes to a regiment in the trenches. I would not write of him were he not the first sample I struck on the top of something across which I wanted to come many times in the succeeding days—our young American officer, suddenly raised in rank and dropped in the midst of the world's biggest war, and tickled to death with his job; one eager to learn, to do it well; resourceful, inventive, impatient of routine, of old ways of doing things; prodigal of himself and—I must repeat it—ticked to death to be in the Big Thing. All the men I met later were not like that. But so many were that I have come away from that army, raw and unlearned as it still is, still small as a child and just learning to walk, with a burning faith in what it will accomplish—if given the chance.

#### *Through Seas of Mud*

**W**ELL, that young captain, who had created, all by himself, something which no one had seen, wanted to show it to us. He took us to his establishment—his sorting room (an ex-pigpen, sterilized, but not altogether evacuated, in a corner of which two porkers still grunted), his stables, his horse and mule hospital, his showers, his barber shop, his butcher shop, his restaurant, his shoe shop (where daily some fifty pairs of trench shoes were resoled and patched). He pointed everything out to us, and over everything his eye passed with love—for he had created all this in a few weeks, right in a sea of mud, out of nothing: he was a young god. His job was to keep a whole regiment in the trenches fed, clothed, armed, and equipped. He was in command of I don't know how many men (I've forgotten, to tell the truth), of five hundred mules (that I remember), and something like sixty-four wagons. Every morning at seven his long wagon train reported at railhead and loaded up the stuff ordered the day before. Then it went back to his headquarters (the little settlement he had created), and, while the animals fed and the men of the train slept and fed and rested, he, with a stationary detachment, unloaded, re-sorted everything by ration and company, and reloaded. At four in the afternoon the wagon train, reloaded, was on its way again. It had to pass through a forest while still it was day, and emerge out of that forest just as it was dark. The rest of the way was in the night, the train segregating as it went, sending some wagons toward one company, some toward another, and pushing all of its elements right to the trenches, to the company kitchens, there to unload—a long, rumbling, groping, mysterious journey, through darkness, through seas of mud, lit up at times by



sudden flares from the German positions and sprinkled also at times by shells. The way back was the same—in the dark. And at seven in the morning they were at railroad once more, to begin all over again.

We finally left the young captain and his enthusiasm. I could tell his story clearly, reading it between the lines, he said. He had been mad as the letter H when put on this job—he who dreamed of the first-line trench and glory. But he had got after it hard—and now he thought it the best job in the world and the most important in the whole army; it was to him the very center and pith of the universe. With men capable of such a charming illusion, and only with such, are things done—big things.

#### And Now Gas Shells

WE went on to the next village, and there our nostrils began to dilate. For things were manifestly changing. This village was nicked—quite a bit nicked up: the veriest tyro could see that things happened here sometimes. Also, the doughboys, of whom there were many, had a strange appearance. When you saw them near and peered at their faces, you saw they were merely young lads with amiable grins, but as soon as they were at a little distance they took on a sort of secretly formidable aspect. At first I could not make out why that was; then I saw it was because of the helmets. They wore no campaign hats, but steel helmets—the khaki-colored, flat-brimmed steel helmet of the British army. On the British, somehow, this helmet has a vague, Chinese air. A British troop, marching along a road, gives one visions of rice fields and pagodas. But somehow, on our young slim lads, the effect was different. It took me several hours to discover just what that appearance was—I'll tell about it later.

Besides the helmets upon their heads, they wore their gas masks at "ready," under their chins, and as we turned a corner in the village (a nicked corner) we saw a sign left by the late French occupants: "Le port du masque et du casque est obligatoire." So we in our limousine threw off our caps and put on our helmets and hitched our gas masks, which had lain on our hips, to the readier position on the chest, right under the chin.

The gas mask, by the way (as well as the steel helmet), is now at the front as natural a part of one's equipment as one's shoes. This is because of the evolution which has taken place in the pleasing art of burning out the other fellow's lungs. The gas waves, sent by complicated apparatus, densely and for small distances, is now out of fashion. Its use depended too much on fortuitous occurrences, such as the quality and direction of the wind. Asphyxiation, these days, is sent by shells. Besides the shrapnel shell and the high-explosive shell there is now the gas shell—of which there are several kinds, all quite different. So nowadays, when shells begin to drop, you not only sink yourself into a cellar or dugout or throw yourself on your belly behind a wall so as not to be torn to pieces; you also put on your gas mask—a most loathsomely uncomfortable contrivance—so as to escape asphyxiation. A most charming war, this.

We were now at brigade headquarters. A house—just as I told you—with a comfortable dugout at the kitchen door. It must have been once the house of the rich man of this humble hamlet, but it has been stripped of its furniture and refurnished. The furniture of the salon, or parlor, consisted now of boards laid across horses, of maps and telephones; it was here most of the business was transacted. Across the hall was the dining room, still a dining room, and upstairs was the brigadier general's bedroom—but I did not go up there. The general invited us to dinner, and, as it was quite time for dinner, we slipped across the street to the Salvation Army hut.

#### A Salvation Army Hut

THE reason we wanted to see the Salvation Army hut was that, all the way up here, everyone we talked to, from general to private, had gone out of his way to enlist us in a violent and (it seemed to me) unreasonable partisanship. Everyone, in most violent terms, had praised the Salvation Army huts and had "knocked" the huts of another organization (much stronger and richer than the Salvation Army) which also has huts at the front. Now I know that we Americans love to take sides and espouse causes. I remember



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# AJAX TIRES

very well a period in my life during which we who wore blue jerseys considered ourselves infinitely better, squarer, more moral, and at the same time more courageous than some fellows (regular skunks), a little farther down the line, who wore red jerseys; and yet I know also that, meeting since some of these red-jerseyed skunks, into whose stomachs it had been a delight to sink my head, I have found most of them quite decent men, and some of them, in fact, rather amiable and admirable characters. So I was a bit leery about this hut business. "But why?" I would ask, and also "How?" And they would speak vaguely of hot chocolate served to men just out of the trenches, and with more enthusiasm of pies and doughnuts, and I was not quite convinced. That is why I went into the Salvation Army hut to see.

It was night, by this time, and the place we entered, lighted only by a few guttering candles, was made vast and mysterious by the great shadows which massed in the corners and pulsed in the depths of the high ceiling. It was, as a matter of fact, I think, some big deserted barn, but it had the aspect of an old and ruined cathedral. At first this is all one saw—the old, thick stone walls; the floor of beaten earth, smelling damp; the high ceiling, patched, where there were holes of suspicious shape, with white squares of tent canvas; the candlelights, each with its humid little halo. Then we saw that beneath the candles were tables, and about the tables chairs, and that at some of the tables men, American soldiers—coated still with the mud of the trenches, their steel helmets upon their heads, their gas masks beneath their chins—sat reading or writing: reading news from home, writing letters home. The vastness of the place, the darkness, the discomfort of the place, together with the thought that to those from the trenches this was warmth and comfort, made of the scene something at once weird and touching. At the end of the room there was a long counter with a row of candles that made it look like an altar. It wasn't an altar, however; when we were near we saw that it held all along its length small packages of tobacco, of cigarettes, of nuts, of candies and dates and figs and cigars—little bits of sacks, made little so as to be cheap and within the means of all, little bags such as one makes for a Christmas tree, a great Christmas tree to which a thousand children, a thousand poor children, have been invited.

### Why This Hut Is Popular

HERE, by the counter, was another group of soldiers. One of them, back from his turn from the trenches, was holding forth to others who had not yet been there. He was a young lad, very young (how very young most of these soldiers look!): a stripling of a lad, tall and lithe. His attitude toward what he had just been through was one of intense and eager satisfaction: he was like a freshman just out of his first football game still athrill with it, and tremendously anxious for the next one.

His young face was all alight; beneath the steel helmet his dark eyes glowed and dilated as he tried to pass to his less fortunate fellows, who had not been there, some of the essence of what he had seen and learned. At that moment he was holding forth on the subject of poisoned gases. "Yes," he was saying, "and there's the mustard gas. That sort of burns you all over, and blinds you and makes you choke. Then there's the convulsion gas—it gives you coma and convulsion and nausea, and things. Then there's the pukation gas—"

One of the boys, farther away, rapped on the counter for attendance. A moment after the canvas screen behind parted, a young woman appeared—and now we knew the reason of that Salvation Army hut's popularity; we understood the vehemence of its many partisans. It wasn't a matter purely of chocolate and doughnuts and pies. The real answer was right here before us—the woman who had just come through the screen and who now was waiting most graciously on the lad who had rapped. She was a young woman, and she was very pretty and most becomingly gotten up in a khaki-colored costume which had something about it of military chic and yet remained subtly feminine. And when she spoke it was with a pretty, low, well-modulated voice, and her eyes were bright and frank. Many soldiers came forward now to be waited on, and she did this graciously as any queen (fairy-tale queen, I mean) who loves her people very dearly and is

bound to share their worries and their troubles and is filled with tenderness for their hardships and their perils—we could see she was adored.

After she had attended to many wants we introduced ourselves, and she invited us behind the canvas screen to see her kitchen. The kitchen was merely the farther end of the building like it, it had grimy stone walls, a dark earthen floor, and an absurdly high ceiling patched with canvas. But on the ground was a field range, and there were, besides, a deal table, several rough chairs, barrels, boxes, and a cart of provisions, and in a corner a little tent which was her home. We sat at the table and, while observing secretly, meanwhile the fact that she possessed humor and tolerance and understanding, a mind as beautiful as her external charm, we pursued our severe investigation (though now we knew). We asked why the Salvation Army, around these "diggings," was more popular than the other organizations. She deprecated such talk, of course. She said the other organization was an admirable one, and that it and hers worked together in mutual helpfulness and amity. But when we pressed our questioning she at last admitted that perhaps the unreasonable partisanship of the soldiers of the sector was due to the fact that her hut made hot chocolate and doughnuts and pies (once more the chocolate, doughnuts, and pies!). She called her helpmates, two blonde Salvation lassies, and asked them statistics on the subject, and they said the record was this: one day they had made fifty pies and two thousand (I say two thousand) doughnuts.

### "They're Arrivals"

AS we talked there had been a number of heavy detonations near by, and I, wishing to show I had been in this sort of thing before (man will always show off before woman), said: "You have a battery stationed near by, haven't you?" But she, in a rapid parenthesis, answered negligently: "Oh, these are not departures; they're arrivals," and went on with the subject thus disturbed. Now, a departure is when you shoot at the other fellow, and an arrival is when the other fellow is shooting at you (and coming close). For the first time I noticed, hanging on the back of her chair, on one side a steel helmet, on the other a gas mask. A dinner engagement is a dinner engagement; our watches, shake them as we might, now told us it was time for dinner with the brigadier general, and so, not liking (for the moment) the brigadier general at all, we said good-by and went to dine with him.

That dinner was interesting. In the midst of it a lively cannonade shook the close-shuttered window, and the general, nodding to one of his young aids, said: "Go find out." The young man disappeared through the door. I had a vision of him mounting a horse and dashing away, dashing to and fro at the gallop over an immense and dark battle field, from battery to battery. But he came back so soon I knew he had not done this, and his nice uniform, besides, was unsullied of mud and unflecked of foam. "It was a French battery, general," he reported. "It let loose at something—nobody knows what. It has ceased firing." And I knew that he had merely stepped across the hall and used the telephone.

### Is War a Game?

BESIDES the general's staff, there were several guests at the table—officers on mission or inspection, among them the son of one of our ex-presidents, a kindly, humorous, very conscientious, and tranquilly strong officer, I thought, as I watched him and listened to him. The talk was mostly of the business. These men, you could see, were not men, or were no longer men, who discuss the rightness or wrongness of war in itself. They accepted war fully, and their concern was as to the carrying on of it.

And listening to them, I could not help thinking that war is, after all, a game, terrible and engrossing, but a game, and that men are boys. I could not help thinking that there will always be war, because men are boys who like games—unless women finally take hold of things, for women are not boys, but are much more serious and have not the same fondness for games.

Dinner being over, we replaced our helmets upon our heads, tightened our masks up under our chins, and went out and on toward the boche.

Mr. Hopper's next story will appear in an early issue.





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## Uncle Sam's Niece

Continued from page 11

As a result of the decision of the Vassar Alumnae Council to use the grounds and buildings of Vassar College for some patriotic purpose during the summer of 1918, there has been created, under the plan of Mrs. John Wood Blodgett, an alumna and trustee of the college, an intensive training school for nurses. This "camp" will open at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on June 24 and close September 13. Candidates for admission are being selected from among the graduates of approved women's colleges who are members of the class of 1918 and those of the last ten years, including 1909.

### Actual War Work

AFTER three months of theoretical training, these students will be put directly into hospitals for two years, thus releasing many experienced nurses for the front. They will probably complete their training by actual war work; for as the war goes on, all first-class hospitals will affiliate with local base hospitals. Many of the best-known hospitals have already arranged to change their programs so as to take groups of from ten to fifty students and give them their degrees in the shortest possible time. Credit for a full academic year will be given graduates from this camp, reducing the regular course immediately from three to two years, and eliminating much of the drudgery of the ordinary nursing students' experience.

Dr. S. S. Goldwater, director of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, has a few illuminating words on the subject of the new training camp:

"More and more responsibility is being put upon the nurses, now that so many physicians and internes have been called into war service. I made a survey recently of some thousand hospitals and found that 28 per cent of their staff physicians and internes are now serving the Government. This means that some of the work handled by physicians and internes must now be done by nurses. They will have charge of the administration of anesthetics, for instance, and will assist in the operating rooms in X-ray work and mechanotherapy. The college woman who hesitates to take the training offered at Vassar this summer because she is afraid she may not be sent to the base hospitals in France should be reminded that the civil hospitals on this side of the water will probably care for many wounded men. One hundred thousand beds in the hospitals of this country will be used for military purposes, and, as there are only 250,000 beds in all hospitals in the country, a big percentage of our nurses will be caring for wounded men."

### The Demand Has No Limits

MISS M. ADELAIDE NUTTING, director of the Department of Nursing and Health in Columbia University, chairman of the Committee on Nursing of the Council of National Defense, makes a very practical suggestion for the benefit of the woman of unusual executive ability who may want to know where practical nursing can be made to lead: "But perhaps the most fundamentally valuable service which college women of genuine ability can render in nursing will be found in the important administrative and educational positions in our great hospitals and training schools. There are more than 1,500 training schools in the country calling for good leadership, for the preparation of young women of varying degrees of education, for the many forms of vital public service above outlined. The directors of these schools hold highly responsible and dignified positions of much public importance. It is high time for college women to give serious study to this rich field of social opportunity."

And in this connection do you know, Miss College Graduate, that the Allies are almost entirely dependent upon us for the reorganization (to say nothing of the restaffing) of their own nursing services?

Do you know that from all the Allied war fronts come constant and pathetic appeals for nurses, more nurses? Do you begin to see that even if the war should suddenly end to-day, there is practically no limit to the demand—what with the work for the actual wounded, the reconstructive and rehabilitating work that goes with this, the normal peace-time demands, and the incalculable reorganization and training, without mentioning the public-



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### Brake Inspection Movement

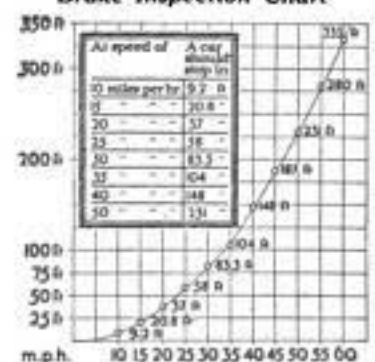
Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce automobile accidents by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins, and regularly thereafter. Give it your support.

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talked with the neighbors and seized upon any suggestion she could secure from them as to what might ail her. She had already gone in search of cancer specialists, kidney specialists, and others to treat her for the numerous specific ailments she had settled in her own mind that she suffered from.

### Try Mental Medicine

**NOW** the great mistake in dealing with these patients has been along two lines: First, the failure to examine the patient completely, thoroughly, and exhaustively, and arrive at a definite knowledge of the exact conditions present; second, the failure on the part of the regular medical profession to understand and practice mental medicine—psychotherapy.

Now, I am fully aware of the fact that a great many people have gone along with a slipshod diagnosis of nervousness when they were really suffering from incipient diabetes, Bright's disease, tuberculosis, high blood pressure, etc.; that is, they were suffering from nervousness which was secondary to real organic disease. But their number is small compared to the great army of sufferers among the American people who are afflicted with diseaseless symptoms; that is, they are suffering from the fright resulting from a host of nervous manifestations which are the result of functional nervous disorders and unhealthy mental control.

When people can suffer to such an extent and yet be in a good condition of physical health, it must be evident that there exists a great field for the occult-science folks, the bogus healers, the clairvoyants, and the mediums, not to mention the various practitioners of mental medicine.

Of course there are no statistics to prove what I am about to say, but I have watched and studied this question for twenty years, and I have come to the conclusion that just about nine-tenths of all of the nonsurgical and noncontagious diseases which afflict the civilized races are caused directly or indirectly by the functional conditions and misbehavior of the human nervous system; that is, they may be said, in one way or the other, really to originate in the mind or in the imagination, and, of course, if taken in time—that is, before they have produced secondary physical effects—can be speedily cured by some method of mental healing.

### Symptomless Diseases

**PRACTICALLY** all of the contagious or microbic diseases at the present time are on the decrease, and their death rates are gradually going down. Modern science is slowly gaining the victory over the microbe, but, in the presence of this wonderful achievement, we stand face to face with defeat as regards the struggle with the degenerative or so-called old-age diseases. There are two probable causes for the poor showing in this field: (1) These diseases are in part being produced by personal habits of living—conditions which cannot be controlled by sanitary laws and quarantine regulations. (2) Most of these degenerative diseases are largely symptomless.

This group of symptomless diseases embraces: Hardening of the arteries, with its resultant high blood pressure; cirrhosis of the liver; Bright's disease, kidney disorders; apoplexy, paralysis, etc.; heart failure; diabetes, cancer, tuberculosis, locomotor ataxia, and certain other nervous diseases are also often more or less symptomless.

Disease statistics cannot always be taken at their face value. For instance, we can prove by statistics that the American people will all be crazy in less than three hundred years, but I don't believe it. Figures don't lie, but you know the old saying that "Liars can figure."

This deception of statistics is due to the fact that we are more critical in our diagnosis, more discerning in our classification than we used to be.

Nevertheless, after making all due allowance for more complete diagnosis, etc., we are forced to the conclusion that these old-age disorders, or symptomless diseases, are greatly on the increase at the present time. In a group of five million occupied men of this country, statistics have been worked out which (taken, of course, with the allowances above suggested) go to show that these degenerative disorders have increased as follows: Apoplexy and nervous diseases, 19 per cent; heart disorders, 29 per cent; kidney and urinary disorders, 43 per cent; liver and digestive disorders, 34 per cent.

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years the mortality rate from this group has nearly doubled. Of hundreds and thousands of American lives that are thus annually snuffed out, nearly one-half die before their time. While men above sixty may be said to succumb to these disorders normally, our statistics go to show that men and women under sixty years of age make up almost 50 per cent of these fatalities. And death could have been postponed for many years in almost every case if the facts had been known in time and proper action had been taken.

Since the European War began, America has been deprived of about one million immigrants a year, and this too is just about the annual number of needless deaths. In round numbers, a million lives are sacrificed every year, and this takes no account of the enormous waste—running into billions of dollars—which the nation sustains because of the lessened efficiency due to preventable sickness of those millions of sufferers who survive. And all of this is brought about because these disorders are so largely symptomless that the only way their presence could have been detected would have been by the systematic methods of an annual medical examination.

The American people are at last learning to consult the dentist annually or semiannually, and we shall never see a material lessening of the death rate of these symptomless diseases until our people form the habit of consulting the family physician once a year for the annual health inventory.

Of these million useless deaths each year about one-half are from preventable old-age disorders. Over one hundred thousand die of these degenerative diseases before reaching sixty years of age. About seventy-five thousand die before they are fifty years old, and almost fifty thousand perish of "old age" ailments before they are forty years old.

## Increase in Heart Diseases

**H** EART disorders are tremendously on the increase at the present time. Commenting on this increase in relation to other diseases, Dr. Hurty, State Health Commissioner of Indiana, recently made the following statement:

"The three diseases most fatal in the United States, according to the Federal Census Bureau, are heart disease, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. These three diseases cause nearly one-third of all deaths occurring in the country. At one time tuberculosis headed the list and pneumonia ranked low. Heart disease ranked fourth as a cause of death from 1900 to 1910. Within thirty years it rose from ninth place to fourth place. Now it is in first place.

"The increase of heart disease as a cause of death is due to three facts: More people have the disease now, which is due to our manner of living, generally to excess in some form or another; second, to disease; third, to other diseases, like tuberculosis and children's ailments, being so reduced that they take second and lower places, leaving the highest to heart disease.

"The deaths from heart disease the registration area in 1916 numbered 114,171, or 159.4 per 100,000 population. The death rate from this cause shows a marked increase as compared with 1900, when it was only 12 per 100,000.

"Tuberculosis in its various forms caused 101,396 deaths in 1916, of which 88,666 were due to tuberculosis of the lungs. Because of progress in the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis of all kinds, the decline in that death rate in recent years has been most pronounced, having fallen from 200.5 in 1914 to 141.6 in 1916, a decrease nearly 30 per cent.

"Pneumonia (including bronchopneumonia) was responsible for 98,100 deaths in the registration area in 1916, or 137.3 per 100,000. The mortality like that from tuberculosis, has shown a marked decline since 1900, when it was 180.5 per 100,000. Its fluctuations from year to year, however, have been pronounced, whereas the decline in the rate for tuberculosis has been nearly continuous."

## What the Draft Revealed

**A** STONISHING facts are discovered in the examination of people exposed to be well.

Between 1914 and 1917 the examining surgeons at the various United States army recruiting offices rejected 77 per cent out of 205,281 applicants for the army. So it appears that about three-fourths of all applicants were below physical standards, and, as the reader will recall, quite recently, since definitely entering the war, these standards have been greatly lowered but even then one-quarter of all the men examined have been rejected.

It is interesting to note the cause for these army rejections: About 5 per cent, or one-twentieth, were rejected because of tuberculosis; defective eyesight, 3 per cent; heart disease, 2 per cent; deformities of hands and feet, hernia, and underweight, 2 per cent; flat feet and defective hearing, 1 per cent.

After going to the mobilization camps these men were all examined again, and 30,000 more were rejected. One-fourth of these were found afflicted with bad eyesight; 8½ per cent had bad teeth; and still other troubles revealed by the second examination were hernia, ear troubles, heart disease, tuberculosis, mental deficiencies, venereal diseases, and a lot of other common but unexpected disorders.

But this is the important question which the reader will need to ask himself or herself: If the men of this country between twenty-one and thirty-one years of age are in this bad condition, the women must be in an equally deplorable condition, or probably worse; and if these select individuals, candidates for the army and the national defense, are thus afflicted, what must be the condition of the average American man and woman of to-day? It is self-evident that these army-examination data call for the immediate institution of the annual-examination habit on the part of the American people. I repeat: Go to your doctor once a year.

## SOLDIER LOVE

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Soldier love's a wild love, and soldier love's a glad,  
And that is the love he gives to me—and the love that I give  
my lad  
Is a keen love and a swift love and a gay love and a blind.  
Time enough for weeping when I am left behind.

Time enough for weeping and counting motives then  
When the feet of my lad have fallen in step with the feet of the  
marching men.  
It's the soldier love that he gives me, the desperate, reckless sort  
Which comes of knowing that death's abroad and may gather  
one in for sport.

Soldier love's a strange love, that only has to-day.  
Lean, then, from the saddle, and kiss and ride away.  
Now the world is dying, with blood its ways are wet,  
Soldier love's the only love that any lass may get.

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# MOTHERS

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

PERHAPS, when we have been in the war as long as the other countries, we shall get the war state of mind, and not wonder when we see women crying. But this morning, when I arrived at the office before the scrubwoman had finished mopping the floor, I asked her what was the matter.

She wiped her eyes self-consciously. "It's my son," she said. "He's at Camp Upton. Yesterday I got a letter from him that he was going to France in a few days, and would I come up and see him before he went? The fare is two dollars and seventy cents—it's an awful lot of money. It's only a dollar and sixty cents for the soldiers, and I suppose I could pay that. But two dollars and seventy cents—" She stooped to mop underneath the desk.

"The city sends poor people into the country in the summer for—recreation." Foreign born, she stumbled over the word. "I wish they'd take that money to send us to see our boys, because we may never see them again. Summer won't matter—the city's not so awfully hot."

Of course the office gave her the money. She cried, and we cried a little, when she took it. "It's like begging," she complained. "I didn't mean you should give it to me. I never thought about that. I don't like to beg."

"But he's our soldier too," said one of the girls, a girl whose husband is in France. "He's fighting our fight."

And so she went, but her joy at seeing him must have been clouded a little because she could not go independently, because she felt "under obligations" to us.

There are many things to do in war times, and we can't let sentiment interfere with business. But we hear a lot about morale these days, the morale of the army, of the people at home. I merely wondered whether the morale of the mothers isn't part of the country's business.

## A Doctor of Cheerfulness

Continued from page 21

girls sometimes throw themselves into it to still their poor tormented brains that make this world a hell of fears for them. I tell you, Leighton, I saw myself doing the same thing. My brain was making such a hell for me. For weeks I've been examining recruits and, according to your papers and other papers, passing them on and sending them to nameless horrors. My nerves were gone. I was full of pain and the most ghastly, abject fears. Then there was a personal thing happened to-night that just about finished me. The river meant rest, endless peace.

"Then a Heaven-sent idea came to me. I saw myself on the bottom. I saw all of us on the bottom. The worst things that my fears racked me with I saw as realities. I was crippled, blind, palsied, poverty-stricken. Our country was ruined, defeated—everything was swept away. We were in the very uttermost abyss. What could we do then, what could you or I do, but look up? You can't look down from the bottom. You've got to look up! That's the spirit of all of us, of the whole country. Well,

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—Help from the little Prest-O-Lite Battery which started the big engine and fed the bright headlights.

—And help from a proud father who taught her what she should know about the rules of the road and the folly of exceeding the speed limit.

Thanks to the surplus power of the Prest-O-Lite, Annabel never experienced a minute when that little helpmate failed to spin the husky old engine at a touch of her toe.

And thanks to the skill acquired from her clever tutor, she backed the car into only one ditch—killed only one chicken, and barked only one telegraph pole, in all that time.

To keep her faithful little Prest-O-Lite Helper in one hundred per cent condition, Annabel relied solely on the Prest-O-Lite service man down on Main Street.

For Annabel herself, dreadful as it may seem, did not even know what kind of grids were inside of that battery.

And not once has she found it necessary to take even a peek at the hieroglyphics in the battery booklets which came with the car.

You who read this, and envy Annabel, certainly can't do better than to follow her lead—join the Prest-O-Lite Clan while the joining is good.

Write us today for name and address of the nearest Prest-O-Lite service man, who will be glad to welcome and install you as a member of the clan in good standing.



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The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

now, you see! You know what a long way we are from any such condition as I saw. That blind man here was proof enough in his way. Why, we're rotten with good fortune!

"In a flash I realized what was wrong. We're all wretched cowards. We keep looking down. To look up is the very essence of youth and vigor, but we all miserably look down. I tell you, Leighton, cheerfulness is the first duty we owe to humanity. Remember Kipling?

*If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two impostors just the same.*

There is the way to live, my boy!"

"How long did all this take you," smiled Leighton, "out there in that gale?"

"About ten seconds," Teddy answered promptly. "It was just an intuition, an overpowering flash of light, that took my breath away."

"The wind must have done that," interrupted Leighton.

"And the curious thing is," Teddy ignored him, "that just then you came into my mind. I wanted to see you immediately, to talk to you. And there you stood a few feet away from me, with—"

"With this," said Leighton quietly, taking the pistol from his pocket and laying it on the table. "You certainly saved me from that," he added gravely.

"You can laugh all you like," Teddy pursued, though Leighton was far from laughing, "but if that blind man and his story don't prove my point, however illogically, I'll eat my hat and pay for your overcoat too."

"No," said Leighton more cheerily than he had spoken before, "you won't do that. I'll go so far as to say that I endorse your conduct—what more can I do?"

"Much more!" cried Teddy, "a thousand times more! That might be good enough for a nobody like me, but it's oceans too biggishly for you. You see, you, Leighton, have power in your hands. You owe it to your people, to your country. Give them faith, give them courage. Take your hat and go down to your office to-night and see that your readers to-morrow morning have a little less of blues and blacks in their lives and a little more of cheer and gratitude, courage and faith—that's what they need, that is what we all need. That's your job, Leighton."

"Too late to-night," protested Leighton with smiling regret. "It's ten o'clock."

"I say it's not too late," insisted Teddy. "Besides, there is to-morrow, and heaps of to-morrows to follow. But begin to-night. Take my word for it—it's best for your own peace of mind. Shirk anything but your pleasures. And, mind you, this will be the greatest game even a sybarite like you has ever enjoyed. To give people courage to live—take it from me, it's worth while trying."

"Well," responded Leighton, gazing at Teddy good-humoredly, "I don't know that I can do that to-night. I believe it is the coldest night of the year. But if I can find a coat I'll—carry out your prescription and at least drop down to the office for an hour or so." He touched a bell.

"Burke," he said to the grim-visaged servant in the doorway, "see if you can find an overcoat for Dr. Smiley and bring me one too."

"I hope"—Teddy shook Leighton's hand warmly at the door of the Orduna—"I hope your wife and children have better weather than this at Miami."

"I certainly hope they have," said Leighton, "but they are not at Miami. They're at the Poinciana, Palm Beach. They've had some cold there too, I hear."

Teddy made a mental note of the address, for that had been the chief object of his remark.

SOME days had elapsed when Teddy received a telephone call from Rosalind. "And this," she began reproachfully, "is the man who asked for only one dispensation—to be allowed to see me occasionally!"

"May I come to-night?" he asked joyously.

"I ought to say no," she told him, "but I think I shall let you come. I have heaps to tell you. Come to dinner if you can. No? Well, then, come as soon after dinner as possible."

"Perfect miracles have happened," she informed him as soon as she had greeted him. "Winifred Leighton is

back with the children, and she's happier than she's ever been. Sometimes very wonderful has come over Leighton. It's as though he were another human being. He's become happy, cheerful, and it's making the greatest change in their lives, in papers, everything. And would you believe it, Teddy?" she added, laughing. "Winifred says a certain doctor did for him, but she won't tell me his name until she gets his permission. Isn't it amazing? I should like so much to know such a man!"

TEDDY'S heart sang within him. Vistas of happiness opened before eyes. Should he tell her now? No, could not. He had no right to bet Leighton's secret, and as to his part in it, he could not talk about it. "Yes," said Teddy calmly, "but you probably find Leighton did it for himself. A man, you know, may be cured of drinking, smoking, drugs—anything except everlasting gloom and nervous irritation. That must take time, and a man has to do it for himself."

His words seemed to awaken a positive echo in Rosalind's mind, and she thought she detected a note of exultation in his voice and a definite twinkle in his eye.

"Why, Teddy," she cried suddenly, "You yourself look like a different man. Don't tell me! I believe you know something about all this."

"No, Rosalind," he met her composedly, "but I believe you must have been giving me some absent treatment."

"Very absent," she chided. "Three days!"

"Is that all?" he marveled incredulously. "It seems like ten years. Rosalind was appeased. But, truth to tell, he was not thinking of the time elapsed since he had last seen her. He was thinking of the change in Leighton and in Leighton's newspapers since that fateful evening."

For from that following morning when the story of the blind man and his soldier sons appeared in Leighton's papers, a very marked departure was discernible in them. There was the new department of everyday, unnoticed heroism, with concrete incidents of fine courage, but there was much else besides. The Leighton papers seemed to have crossed a kind of Great Divide. They still criticized and still drew legitimate attention to dangers and abuses, but their pervading atmosphere of menace and fear had been magically transformed. They carried daily messages of accomplishment, of foresight, of hope and courage. It was inspiring to glance through Leighton's morning paper, and his own signed editorials seemed to rise from the page on the wings of a high, undoubting courage. Almost from the first the circulation began to climb steadily upward as though a new vigor had been poured into it. Once you read the paper, you felt somehow that you couldn't do without it. And Teddy saw to it that Winifred Leighton at Palm Beach missed not a single copy from the very first day.

Leighton delightedly informed Teddy that in other newspaper shops they had suddenly nicknamed him the Happy Hooligan and his paper the "dope pail." But inevitably and under cover they were beginning to follow his suit.

LEIGHTON'S own city staff, perceiving the miraculous change in him, declared that "the boss was feeling his oats because his wife was away." But upon her return Leighton seemed to be happier than ever. Accordingly the older men, with some creaking, shifted from their old grooves into the new ones and with the adaptability of their trade sailed merrily on, realizing that they were creating another new era in journalism. The younger men had no difficulty in embracing the new spirit.

"You seem," Rosalind beamed upon Teddy, "oh, so much better; I can't tell you how much better!"

"Well, if I am, you've had everything to do with it."

"But I do think," she thoughtfully urged, "you ought to get Jack Leighton to tell you who his marvel of a doctor is, don't you, Teddy? He owes it to us not to keep such a man to himself!"

"He sure does," Teddy heartily agreed. "We'll track this Joy Doctor to his lair yet, never fear. But I warn you," he added with the mock of a threat, "once I apply my great mind to finding this bird, it's not going to take me any six months, Rosalind, nor half that time."

Rosalind laughed happily. Despite his alarming strangeness, he was still hers.





## Above the Smoke of Battle and the Dust of Violated Homes

*"Earth Under Them and Sky Over Them"*

**H**ERE we are, eating three times a day, homes clean and complete, friends near-by. Inconvenienced now and then, but independent and assured.

We have paid out some Red Cross money a while back, too.

Paid it out—and forgotten it. That's how much it hurt. Might not be a bad idea to have a look at what that money has been doing?

Maybe it will be good business to sort of check things up? (Maybe it will be good for our souls, incidentally.)

That money went, dollar for dollar, where it did a full day's work, wherever it was.

Three cents of it may have had the honor of disinfecting with iodine the three torn wounds of an American soldier on the French front. Or it may have had the less noble responsibility of pinning a warm flannel belly-band around six-year-old Antoine out back of Noyon.

No use,—we can't figure this Red Cross task in cents' worth.

There's the whole path of ruin from Belgium to Switzerland, just to visualize one thing at a time. Where our allied lines have advanced, the land has been swept clean by the enemy. If your Red Cross money went there it very likely provided pots and pans, food and clothes, beds and blankets, for the repatriated people.

And who are these people anyway?

Three years ago they were prosperous and contented—self-respecting, steady, saving, hard-working, everyday, small-town citizens; though living all their

lives under a half-formed dread of the thing that came at last.

Now they have "the earth under them and the sky over them"—not one thing else. Their sons are fighting, destroyed, or ill-used prisoners. Their daughters are "missing."

It's for you to say whether this great work of mercy shall stop. Whether the Heart of America will speak again in the same wonderful voice that poured forth the hundred millions of the first Red Cross War Fund. Those millions have fought the good fight—they are gone.

The Red Cross is yours, just as our Army and Navy are yours; yours to support with the same fervor and loyalty that leads you to the bottom of your purse for Liberty Bonds.

It's for your voice to say whether your Red Cross shall falter now or sweep onward, greater and more helpful than ever before.

And it's your dollars that must answer.

FOR THE WINNING OF THE WAR

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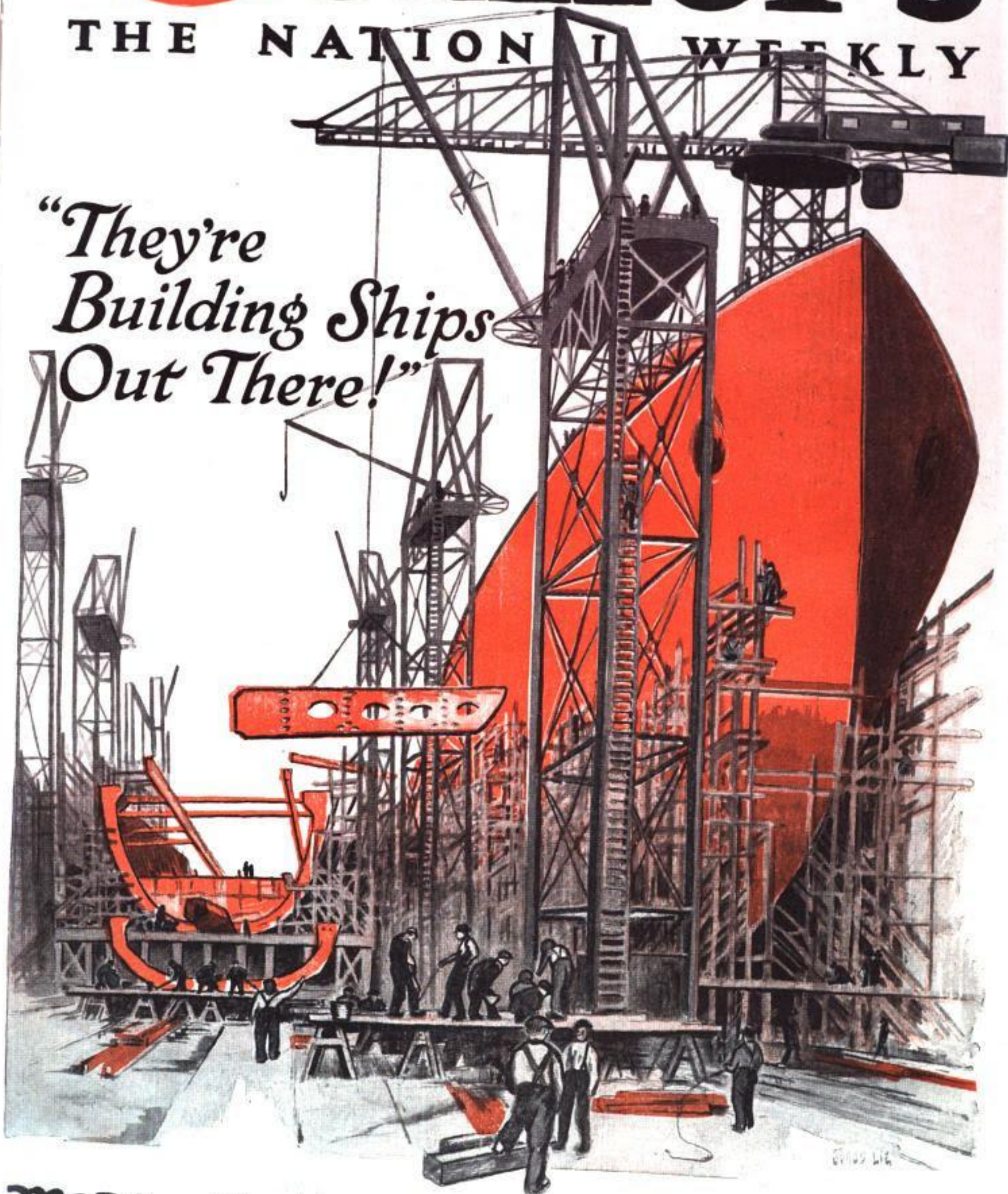


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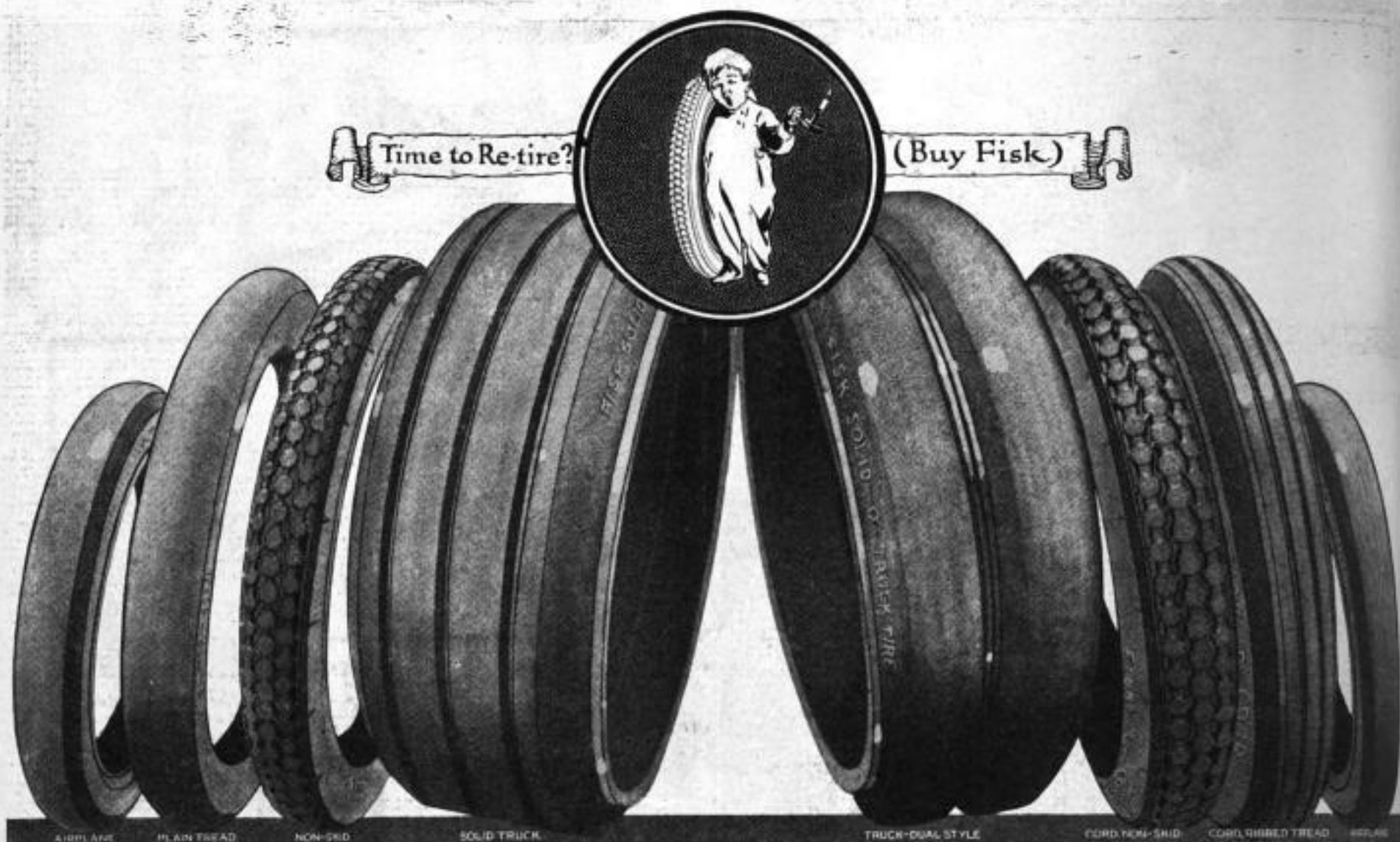
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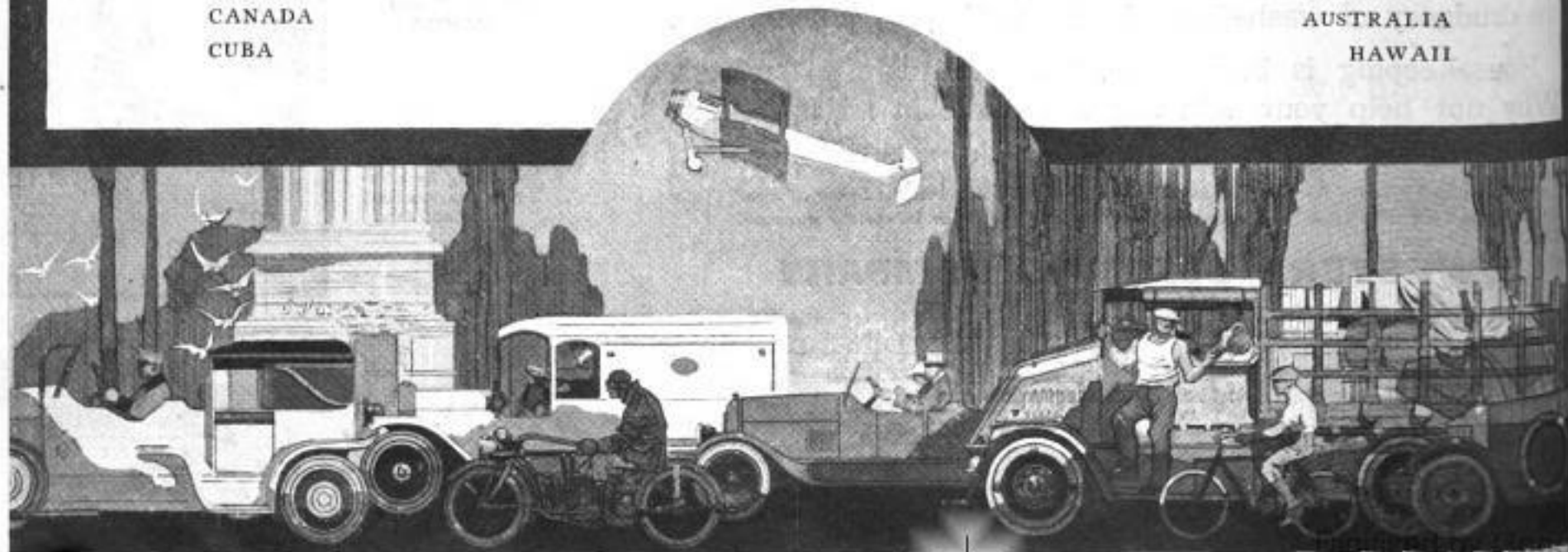
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## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAY 25, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 11



Drawn by F. G. Cogger

### GIVE!





# THE DAY OF THE CANNON

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



ON the eve of this day—the Saturday before Palm Sunday—the situation in Paris was thus: There had been several savage air raids of late, in quick succession, and a disastrous explosion of grenade stores in a suburb. The great German offensive had just started, and the news from it as yet was disturbing—suggestive of some great peril narrowly averted and still menacing. The city felt itself fought for; it felt upon itself the fixed malevolence of the evil god Boche. That very night an air alarm had held the children and the old people in cellars for two hours. But the morning that broke was a beautiful one, a fresh and gentle day of spring. A fog lay over Paris, a mist which was pure and white.

## "There's a Boche Up There"

AS I sat eating breakfast in my room, at about half past seven (which, I say it boastfully, really meant half past six, for the clocks had been moved forward on the first of the month), I thought I heard the explosion of a bomb. "Another air raid," I thought. But there had been no "alerte," no high shriek of siren and clear cry of bugle, and now, as I listened, I could hear no barrage fire and no other bomb. "I was mistaken," I thought. "It was some fool slamming a door within the building—I wish people wouldn't slam doors so, these days!" And I went on with breakfast. But as I was finishing it, and putting away the tray, some fifteen minutes later, again I thought I heard a sound of explosion, louder and clearer, if anything, than the first. This time I opened my window and stepped out on the balcony, six floors from the street.

As I have said, there was a mist over the city, a low and very pretty white mist. Looking upward, I could see nothing but this vapor, thinning in places to a suspicion of the sky's blueness, or now and then tearing swiftly in a sudden vision of the same blue immediately closed again. Listening, I could hear no detonation—nothing from the anti-aircraft cannon, no repetition of that which I thought I had heard. I was beginning to think myself the victim of a strange delusion, when I noticed that the pigeons, which roost in the trees of some old gardens hidden between high walls and buildings in this quarter of the city, were all awing, whirling, and whirling in a manner clearly of fear and bewilderment. Then, looking down below into the street, I saw that the keeper of a small restaurant down there was out in front of his door; his eyes turned toward the sky, and that the greengrocery lady, a little farther, standing before her artistically spread vegetables, seemed prey to the same aerial curiosity. At the same time the valet de chambre of our floor, a mere boy, came out upon the balcony from a window four or five removed from mine, and stuck his young nose up into the air. Evidently these had heard something.

But nothing was following. Nothing disturbed the city's silence but the sweet wing whir of the pigeons, who gradually, in diminishing circles, were eddying back to their roosts among leaves and gargoyles. I went back into the room, leaving this time the big French windows open wide, and read the morning papers, with their disquieting and reticent battle news. I was well absorbed in them when—Pang-ang-ang!—another burst startled me. This time it had sounded as though right over the roof,

and this time I was sure. Standing out on the balcony, and looking up into the delicate and shifting mists, I thought: "There's a boche up there. He's gotten through under cover of the fog. He's drifting about up there above the fog, and whenever there is a lift and he sees something, he drops a bomb." And I had no sooner thought this than the alerte came—the siren's scream, rising swiftly to the most unbearable limits of sound, then descending sonorously again, the horn's weird la-sol, la-sol, la-sol, la-sol, the clear high cry of the bugle: these three sounds intertwined, rushing about the city on the red fire engines. "It's an air raid all right," I said to myself. "The air defense has at last made up its mind to it," I thought ironically. "It's about time—I've heard three bombs already!"

R-r-r-r-r-r-r!—down below the restaurant keeper had dropped his iron curtain over his plate glass. R-r-r-r-r-r-r!—down went the greengrocery's iron curtain, the barber's next door: all along the street all the iron curtains came down on the run. The street emptied itself; timid noses peered out of portes-cochères. Standing high up here, I could imagine what was happening throughout the city. Everywhere people were winding down the stairs of the high houses to the cellars; the little children of the schools were being marched out singing to near-by shelters previously prepared; shops were closing, factories stopping. Below ground the subway trains were coming to sudden halt; above, the car lines, cabs, and busses. A huge paralysis was taking hold of the great city; it was holding its breath beneath the threat of the air.

## P-p-pang-ang-ang-ang!

NOW, the usual sequence in an air raid is as follows: First, the alerte is heard, then the booming and flopping of the defensive barrage. After that there is a moment's respite before a series of sharper and most tremendous detonations announce the arrival of the raiders over the city. I thought we were at that moment, and waited anxiously. But time passed, and nothing happened. The pigeons had settled down once more. The anti-aircraft guns were not firing. Down in the street the greengrocery lady opened the small door set in the iron curtain which she had let down stoically between herself and the best of her stores. She opened it just a little bit; she must be peering through the chink. Still more time passed. I knew what had happened now. There had been a German plane up there above the fog. He had thrown all his bombs, and had decamped. The alerte had come too late and was now a false one. Soon the Breloque. But: P-p-pang-ang-ang-ang-ang!

The pigeons went up into the air; down below, the little iron door went shut—and I withdrew with dig-

nity within my room, very red in the face. I have never liked practical jokes.

I sulked a moment, in the farther depths of the room. Then I thought: "There'll be splinters flying soon; I had better close the shutters," and I did this. But a moment later I opened them a little to peer out, then a little later, wider, to let my whole self out to the balcony once more, for the silence outside was too tempting. It had tempted others too. The greengrocery lady was out on the sidewalk, and so was the restaurant man and small groups before the house doors. They were

all looking up into the air. I looked up too, but without trust. I knew what was up there. A fleet of Germans, floating about above the fog, peering down watchfully and letting fly whenever they caught a glimpse of a street or a building. Another disturbing factor was entering the game. The sun, as it ascended and grew stronger, was attacking our protective covering. Now and then a pale yellow light pierced the white mists and touched up the roofs with gold. "Soon the sun will come through altogether," I thought. "Then they'll see, and we'll get a shower. But where are the French planes? What are the French doing? How is it they are not driving them away?"

As if in answer, there came for a moment, above my head, a wide tear in the fog, and for just that moment I had a glimpse of three French planes. They were streaking toward the northeast, in the direction from which the aerial attacks come. They were at different heights, one quite low, the other higher, the third far, far up. The medium in which they moved gave them a fantastic appearance; they carried with them long streamers of the mist; their outlines were lost; they seemed to have sails; they looked like great galleons weirdly afloat up there. Then the mists met and closed—and they vanished.

## All Over?

A LITTLE while after the sun broke through definitely. The fog dissolved, and the city lay clear beneath the sky, like a relief map drawn in pale gold. "Now!" I thought. But there came nothing. Nothing at all at first, then one explosion, then again nothing.

I arrived now to my final and solid explanation. "They're coming high, very high," I thought. "They're coming, not with big, heavy bombing planes, but with swift, small battle planes. Every once in a while one of those swift, small planes gets through, passing above all the defenses, invisible and extremely high, and from the heart of the sky drops a bomb—just one, for he can carry but one—a small one, for he can carry only a small one. That's how it is!" Scraps of knowledge picked up here and there returned to my mind and strengthened my conviction. I knew, for instance, that since the beginning of the war the rival air navies had been in a seesaw duel to decide which should go highest in the air. For a time the German had had a Rummpler which outflowed the best the Allies had. That little machine could sit secure some five thousand meters up in the air, and take photographs by the hour, while five hundred meters below French machines leaped and leaped in unavailing efforts to reach it. Then the French had built a Bréguet, which had outflown the Rummpler. It was then the Bréguet which sat on its tail at five thousand five hundred while



Rumblers gnashed their teeth in unavailing rage below. Well, I thought: "Blast it, those Germans have a new machine which outflies the Bréguet. It can sit up there out of reach. That's what they are bombarding us with. Every twenty minutes or so they send one over with one bomb. It drops its bomb and then scurries off, and twenty minutes later another arrives with its little bomb."

I now found myself facing a problem. I state it, not because it is mine, but because it happens to have been the whole city's problem. You see, I had some work to do (I was beginning an article). Before, during the old air raids, I had done no work. But these old air raids had been concentrated affairs, lasting one or two or, at the most, three hours, and they had been at night. Here was a new form of raid, however, which took place in the sun and which seemed able, as far as I could see, to last all day—and maybe the next and the next. Plainly I must change my habits as to air raids. I must learn to live during an air raid as if there were no air raid. I must keep on working. I must work today, for instance; right now! Oh, curses! The old raids had been very good excuses; this new form afforded no excuse at all!

So I put myself to work. I made many adjustments before I got started. At first I closed the windows so as to be quiet. But then I reflected that if a bomb dropped near, all closed windows would fly to pieces, so I flung mine wide open again. My whole room then seemed scandalously vulnerable to shrapnel and splinters. I closed the iron shutters. But now I couldn't see to write. I compromised by folding back the shutter's central leaf, and then, after quite a while, I discovered that I was sitting exactly in line with the opening thus left.

I worked most fitfully. I'd write a few lines, then go out on the balcony and scan the city and scan the skies; then I'd write a few lines; then I'd go out on the balcony again. Doing this, I got altogether in the wrong swing. While I'd be inside, nothing would happen; then, when I'd be outside saying: "I guess it's all over now"—p-p-pang-ang-ang!—another explosion would give me the lie direct.

The city, meanwhile—I could see this through my observations from the balcony—was reacting to the phenomenon exactly in the same manner that I was (and that is the reason, of course, why I dwell at such length on my own actions). The play of the iron shutters in the street below was amusing to watch. The restaurant keeper, the greengrocery lady, the barber, had all brought their curtains down on the run at first. Then they had raised them. Then they had lowered them. This game went on for quite a while. There would be an explosion; the curtains would come down. Then nothing would happen, and they would go up. But they'd no sooner be up than another explosion would come, and down they'd come again. It was the greengrocery lady who first found a solution. She raised her curtain halfway and left it there. The barber took the hint, then the restaurateur; the three iron curtains remained at half mast.

### Business as Usual

ALONG the length of the long balcony on my floor similar scenes were taking place. It was that time of the day when the valets de chambre (in this hotel all young fellows below military age, which means less than eighteen) are normally busy with duster and broom. At first at the sound of the alerte they had all deserted the upper floors to go down below, as were their orders. Then, as the situation lasted, they had all been sent up again to do their work. But they worked just about as I did. Whenever I sallied out upon the balcony, I'd find them doing the same thing. Out of the windows to my right and my left they'd pop, armed with dusters, pans, and sweeping machines. They'd stand there against the railing, nose up in the air, talking and jesting, till—p-p-pang-ang-ang!—a new explosion would recall them to their duty. Sitting then at my typewriter, I'd hear vaguely the scratching and rubbing of their carpet sweepers in neighboring rooms. But soon they'd be out again—just about in time to be newly surprised by another burst.

Little by little, though, normal habits began to reassert themselves. I was working better. The



street became peopled once more. The greengrocery lady came out, and with a defiant and determined air turned the crank which raised her curtain till it was up full. A train arrived at the near-by station and turned its people out. Some made immediately for their homes or shelters; others, hearing what was happening, went loiteringly, stopping in groups to look up on to the sky and discuss. A dozen poilus on leave, laden with their steel helmets and their many bags, made for the little restaurant. The restaurant man met them at his door; I could see him argue with them with many gesticulations. But they were hungry; they were bound to have something to eat; they marched in as into a Hindenburg pill box and the restaurateur, surrendering, raised his curtain for good. Business was going on as usual. Right below me, six floors below, was the rear entrance of the hotel. A huge laundry wagon arrived, stopped, and disgorged great bundles of the week's wash. The ice wagon took its place. A truck brought baskets of fish freshly come from the sea. Upon one of the baskets were six big lobsters, still alive. In no time a circle of messenger boys, baker apprentices, cabmen, chauffeurs, was about these six lobsters, inspecting them curiously, teasing them to see them work their claws. P-p-pang-ang-ang!—a burst. No one looked up; the lobsters were far more interesting. I thought I had done

enough for the day; I went out. I don't know what made me do it—I suppose that the way we protect ourselves against the abnormal and the mysterious is by sticking fervently to the very ordinary acts of living. Anyhow, I went and had a haircut. I entered the little barber shop which I had been watching all morning. The assistant, at one of the two chairs, was shaving a customer, and the boss, at the other chair, had just sent another away, shaven and content. I thought it the moment to be jocular. "Is the factory working?" I asked. "Mais oui, monsieur," answered the barber—a rather solemn-looking man with a beard—"mais oui, on travaille." "Yes," I objected archly. "But if anything happens, do you

promise not to leave me with half my hair short and the other long?" That barber was a man utterly devoid of humor. He became quite vexed. "Enfin, monsieur, it is altogether drôle what you are asking me," he said with an offended air. "It is evident that if a bomb falls into my shop I am not going to stay at finishing your haircut! The bomb might wreck the chair, or I might lose my scissors—I can guarantee nothing. If you wish to try to have your hair cut, I am at your service. But I guarantee nothing, absolutely nothing!"

So I took my chair meekly, and said nothing more while he hacked away busily. It was he who, after a while, forgivingly spoke first. "Pour moi—as for me," he remarked, apropos of nothing, "they must be little planes that can fly very high. Every twenty minutes or so one starts out and comes over Paris, so high he cannot be seen, and he drops one bomb and goes away. Then twenty minutes later another one comes. As for me, that is the way it is." Admirable barber! Superintelligent barber! He had come independently to the conclusion which was mine. All resentment for the rebuff my innocent ribaldry had received now vanished from my heart. I would have shaken him by the hand had I not been afraid of the results: he was already cutting so fast and so furiously and so—yes, that is the word—so absent-mindedly. P-p-pang-ang-ang!—the windows rattled. His comb and his scissors rose together in a boring gesture toward the ceiling. "You see? It's a little plane up there, dropping a little bomb!" he shouted, delighted with his evidence.

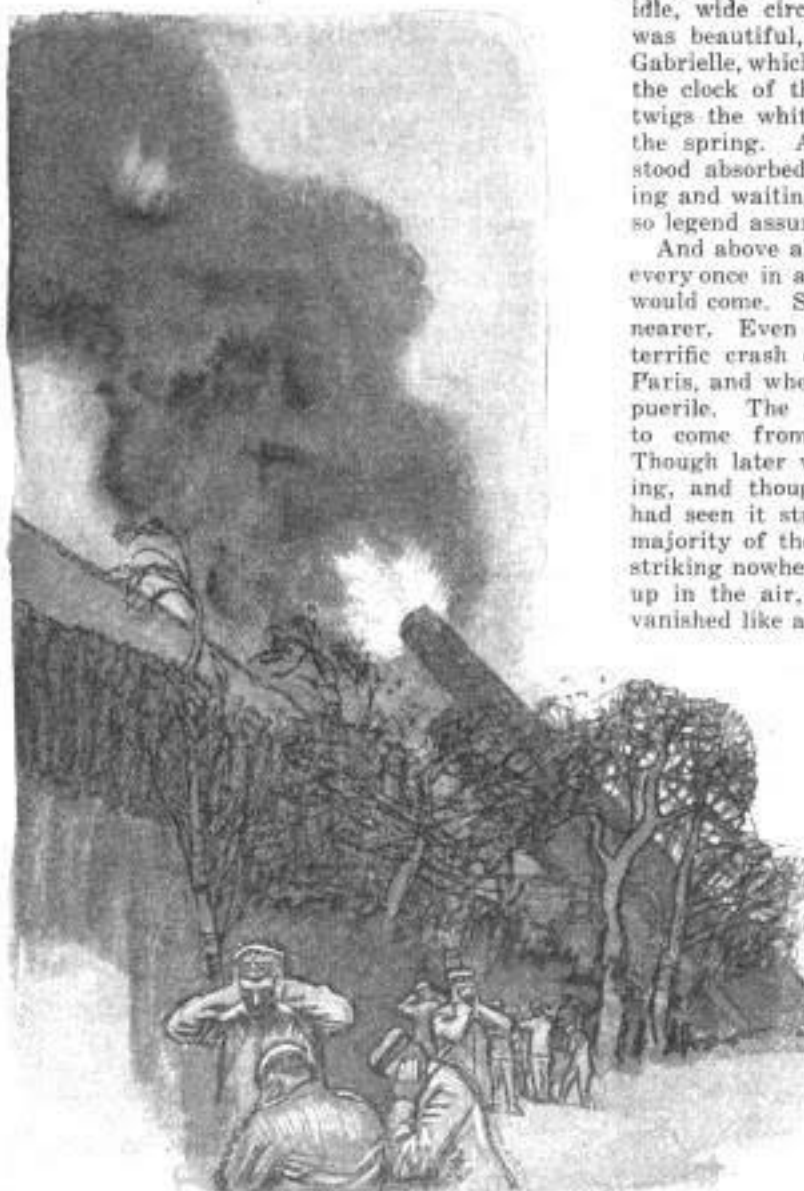
### Ghost Explosions?

WHEN I had had my hair cut, I took a stroll along the Champs Elysées and the boulevards. The scene was an extraordinary one—one of great animation which might be termed festive. The day was a Saturday. Saturdays in France are not half holidays, but this Saturday afternoon had been turned into a holiday. I have said that the city had gone back to its normal activities by this time. As a matter of fact, this was true of only a part of the city—it was true of those who work for themselves or who employ others. The bosses and employers had gone back to work or were trying to get back to work, but those bossed understood the situation differently; they had taken their wives out for a walk. Add to them the rich and the luxurious, and the many soldiers still in the city (though in a day or two they were to be in the whirl of the great battle), and the promenades were filled with a slowly passing and eddying and happy throng. Along the Champs Elysées all the little iron chairs were taken by people who sat as if at a show, their eyes often turned up to the sky. Children were playing in the sand piles, the merry-go-round and the swings were working merrily, and the little puppet theatre was giving its matinée. Above, big French planes flew in the light-blue sky—flew, not as if on guard or in pursuit or harassed, but in great, idle, wide circles, as if also holidaying. The day was beautiful, and the magnolia near the Avenue Gabrielle, which for so many years has been for Paris the clock of the seasons, held on its black, leafless twigs the white and pink blossoms which announce the spring. At the Solferino Bridge a fisherman stood absorbed, his long pole over the water, waiting and waiting for a bite from that one fish which, so legend assures us, really lives in the Seine.

And above all this animation and ease and gayety every once in a while—p-p-pang-ang-ang!—the burst would come. Sometimes it was far, sometimes it was nearer. Even when near, it was not as loud as the terrific crash of the big air bombs now known to Paris, and when it was far, it was rather puny and puerile. The peculiarity of it was that it seemed to come from nowhere and to strike nowhere. Though later we were to know it was indeed striking, and though some persons that very morning had seen it strike—and tear and kill—to the large majority of the throng the sound was of something striking nowhere, of something that merely exploded up in the air, and which, exploding, dissolved and vanished like a big bubble. It was as if we were not

hearing real explosions, but ghost explosions—sounds of the past, long imprisoned in chambers of the air, and now released.

I landed finally at the Café de la Paix. The terrace was filled with people sitting at the little tables, drinking, chatting, and gazing; the Place de l'Opéra was filled with groups of strollers and onlookers. The early afternoon papers were out and being bought eagerly. The British communiqué was bad. It seemed the Germans had burst through west of Saint-Quentin. This injected a certain soberness in the crowd, but one, evidently, of resolution and confidence. As to the air raid, there was only (Continued on page 33)





# THE ORATOR OF THE DAY

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"What's the matter with Clyde?"

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Clyde!"

"What Clyde?"

"Ralph Waldo Emerson. Turnip Clyde! Whoop-ee-ee!"

Mr. Clyde got to his feet at the speaker's table, looking nervous and conscious and rattled and happy, and began, with a slight lisp (for his three new teeth were not yet tuned to concert pitch): "You see, it was this way, boys." And then everybody yelled again, for such was not the orator's customary form of speech. —MINUTES OF THE LOYALTY LEGION.

PEOPLE who do not know Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde marvel that one so spare and scholarly should wear a gold football on his watch chain. They're wrong. It isn't a football. It's a turnip. The Loyalty Legion presented it to him. Our chairman said it was blessed among vegetables as marking Clyde's Phoenixlike emergence from the ashen limbo of verbiage to the vital flame of action, which, from the author of Speaker's Leaflet No. 4: "Simplicity—Terseness—Simplicity," may be accounted a startling reversal of form.

Clyde grew up with a gift and a handicap. The gift was brains. At twenty-nine he was admittedly headed for the bench. His handicap was language in four and five syllables. A pained and wearied Supreme Court justice had once feelingly observed that, though Mr. Clyde's briefs were often remarkable, his remarks were seldom brief. However, he always managed to get away with it. He was of the "commanding" type of orator, with that air of deliberate gravity and cold self-confidence that makes an audience applaud a man when it wants to lynch him. He had nearsighted, peering gray eyes, spare, square shoulders, a spare, square jaw, and (at that time) a long, earnest nose like a kingfisher. That combination stands for obstinacy.

Well, the war came to America and messed up Clyde's plans considerably. For the first time he found that intellect could be a handicap. He had a surplus of it. Clyde was too intellectual to fight. Not that he didn't want to fight. He did. In a scholarly and deliberate way he aspired to slaughter Huns. But his brains prevented. Carrying all that top weight had flattened his feet, and that kept him out of the infantry. Overstudy of the law had given his eyes a line of slants that they don't use in the artillery. Besides, he had three dependent children, a wife too independent to take care of them, and a nervous cough, and the combination wrecked his chances with the active branches, beginning with the marines and ending with the medical. Oh, yes, he tried them all. There was nothing wrong with his heart. His trouble was higher up.

"I shall do my bit by helping to arouse public

opinion to the urgency for action," said Ralph Waldo on finding himself unanimously elected to private life.

Having said "shall" in that flat tone (slightly through the kingfisher nose), Clyde proceeded to do it. He was helped along by a pull with the governor, who had married his aunt. So he went to uncle, and uncle wished

him on the Four-Minute Men, then just beginning their War Savings Stamps drive, and the Four-Minute chairman nearly had apoplexy. For, with all his brains as a spellbinder, Clyde was the original sample bottle of soothing sirup, and when he got up and began "In seconding the motion, Mr. President," you could bet there wouldn't be survivors enough left awake to make a quorum.

The Four-Minute Men gave him a tryout at the Magic Motion Picture Coliseum with strict instructions to talk exactly four minutes. He talked exactly four minutes. "And now, in conclusion, permit me to point out," says he, and talked fourteen minutes more while the audience besieged the window for their money back and the management wildly telephoned headquarters for a rescue party. After that he came to us with a note from the governor saying that the Loyalty Legion would doubtless be glad to avail itself of his special talents and patriotism in its speaking campaign; and he sat in the secretary's office, dressed with a sort of successful and offensive neatness, with spats and a neck wrap, looking calm and benignant and self-satisfied, and assured and a little patronizing, while the Committee on Speakers informally canvassed his qualifications in an inner room.

"A frost!"

"A ringer!"

"Tell him our list is full."

"Can't. The governor is our honorary chairman."

"The governor ought to be impeached!"

"I heard him spiel at the Magic. He hasn't got a word in stock less than four syllables."

"Keep him out of my district."

"Send him into mine. The Gas-Housers will murder him."

After a long and gloomy pause an unidentified genius evolved a golden thought: "Assign him to Switzerville."

"Great idea!"

"Good business!"

"Serve him right!"

"Motion carried without vote," announced the chairman. "There's a meeting called for Saturday afternoon and no volunteers. We'll send him there, and let Switzerville and Mr. Clyde see what they think of each other—and may the Lord have mercy on both their souls!" He turned to me. "You'll be on inspection tour then, Simmons. Drop in at Switzerville and collect the pieces."

SWITZERVILLE, a thriving but unenthused town of fifteen hundred inhabitants in the rich dairy-farm district, had been a thorn in the Loyalty Legion's side from the start. It didn't know the country was at war. Or if it did know, it didn't care. None of our speakers had been able to wake it up. It had undersubscribed its Liberty Bond quota about 90 per cent. The Y. M. C. A. Camp fund had been a sickening failure and the Red Cross drive a scandal. It now became the pleasing duty of the eminent young jurist, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde, to arouse Switzerville to a burning fervor of patriotism over War Savings Stamps. He modestly expressed to our chairman the conviction that he was the lad to do it. It was only a matter of setting forth the facts in logical and readily comprehensible form.

"Exactly," said the chairman in a voice of gloom. "But, for Heaven's sake, hold yourself down to words they can understand." And he forced upon the reluctant Clyde a copy of his "Simplicity—Terseness—Simplicity" leaflet.

If ever I saw a stage set for failure, it was Switzerville on the Saturday of Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde's oration. I got there early, inquired for the local manager of the Legion, and was directed to the president of the Farmers' Bank, one Chester Meek. In the window of this institution I noted a carefully hand-painted placard bearing this inspiring example of local patriotism:

Liberty Bonds pay 4% flat.

War Savings Stamps pay 4% compound.

We pay 5% on your money.

SWITZERVILLE FARMERS' BANK—Chester Meek, Pres't.

The author of this gem revealed himself as a brisk,

hand-chafing old snuffler with a beady eye who assured me that all arrangements were perfected.

"Op'ry House at one-thirty, Mr. Simmons," he explained. "We was to meet in the square, but the cold spell druv us to cover. It'll keep some of the farmers away too. But we'll have a likely crowd, I guess. The governor's well considered here, and I've let it be known that the orator of the day is his nevyeh. Magnus Lamson's promised to be present," he concluded with an air of triumph.

"Who is Magnus Lamson?"

"Don't know Magnus? Richest farmer in the county. And about the stiffest in the neck. Got a lot of influence, Magnus has. Whichever way he hops, lots of folk make out to jump."

"Which way does he hop in the war?"

"Ain't hopped yet," was the dry response.

As we passed out I stopped to read the window legend again.

"Mr. Clyde didn't seem to like my sign neither," said the bank president with a false cackle of laughter. "But I told him business is business, and my first dooty is to my stockholders. He'll be at the Op'ry House now, I reckon. We're starting early, because there's a squad of volunteers from Wellstown marching through to catch the three-ten train, and the orator'd better be through by then unless he's a reg'lar fire eater."

IF Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde had been a fire eater, he would have gone hungry that day, for the committee had neglected to provide any fire. The chill, stale frowziness of that Op'ry House was beyond expression. And the audience was as bleak and dreary as the place. There might have been a hundred and twenty all told, and they sat huddled about in small, uneven groups, about as inspiring to talk to as a load of cold turnips. In the center, surrounded by a group of his own, sat an elderly and shaggy gorilla, leaning on the crook of a war club. It was Magnus Lamson. From behind my pillar of concealment in the gallery I caught a glimpse of the Orator of the Day, standing in the wings. He was conning our chairman's words of wisdom: "Simplicity—Terseness—Simplicity." Unless he followed those golden precepts, I foresaw—not without a feeling of pleasant and spiteful anticipation—that his audience might avenge the sorrows which other and more urbane assemblages had suffered at his hands.

The presiding officer, revealed as Mr. Meek, contributed to the general depression by delivering a twenty-minute homily in a whiny monotone, at the end of which he introduced Clyde as "the brainy and eloquent nevyeh of our justly revered governor, who will address us on the subject of—of—of—" and he began to fumble helplessly for his misplaced notes.

"Modern Economic Principles as Exemplified in the War Savings Stamps System," supplied Clyde briskly.

"Simplicity—Terseness—Simplicity!" I thought between a grin and a groan. Below I could hear the shuffling feet of the first to escape making their timely departure. Clyde advanced in his most assured and quietly impressive manner, measured his audience, and began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: My business to-day is to explain War Savings Stamps to you."

The simplicity idea had got to him! He stuck to it all through the introduction. Not a word in it that you couldn't find in the Fourth Reader. I could begin to see gleams of intelligence in the dead-fish eyes of assembled Switzerville. It sounded good. It sounded too good to be true. It was.

For at the end of his introductory paragraph Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde paused and symptoms began to break out on him. He cleared his throat. He made three slow steps to the rear. He adjusted his eyeglasses with the air of one about to address himself to serious considerations; and when he tucked his right hand between the first and second button of his cutaway coat I knew that he had reverted to type and that it was all off. This is the sort of thing he proceeded to smear all over that audience of fish-eyed cheese makers:

"Before entering upon the technicalities of reversible discounts, which is the radical principle of the War Savings Stamps as differentiated from the more extended bond returns, it is essential that we comprehend the fundamentals of our nationalized indebtedness."

Well, a few more escaped. The rest sat tight. I couldn't make out whether they were hypnotized or just frozen. Later I learned that they were waiting—there as well as anywhere else—for the arrival



of the contingent from Wellstown. The fact that he wasn't making a great hit failed to get to Mr. Orator Clyde. He went wandering around through the mazes of his own convincing and logical eloquence, lost to the outer world in a happy dream. The speaker who indulges in platform dreams is likely to be tripped up by any of a dozen of his own tricks of oratory. And one of the worst is the word or syllable that creeps in unsuspected, begins to repeat itself, and finally gets to the audience's consciousness. When that happens the orator is lost. It happened to Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde.

His syllable of disaster was "cat." It began with a pet phrase—oh, the snare of the pet phrase—"the categorical imperative of direct taxation," which Clyde thought so well of that he rang it in several times. The frozen fish below began to take notice. Clyde's evil genius prompted him to another phrase, "the catastrophic cataclysm of Teutonic finance." There was a pronounced snicker from a group of high-school youths in a corner. They were on the lookout now for feline manifestations. "The German cat's-paw of pacifism" brought a laugh that would have warned a less engrossed orator. Not Clyde. He proceeded with a reference to the "national catalepsy of the Scandinavian nations" ("Mia-a-ow!" came a faint voice from the gallery) and the "cata-pult loosed against suffering Belgium" ("Sp-ss-sst!"), and then reverted fatefully to his "categorical imperative." That broke the restraint.

"Why, here's the old cat back again!" whooped an exponent of rustic humor. "Come, kitty-kitty-kitty!" yelled another. "Miaaow! Scat! Spast-sst-sst! Wrr-rr-rraow! Nice kitty! Pussy-puss-puss!"

The air was full of riot. Those who weren't taking part in the show were laughing and stamping. I could see old Magnus Lamson's huge shoulders heaving as he bent over his curve-headed war club. And was I sorry for Clyde? I was not. It was his own fault. He had brought it on himself. I sat back in calm and holy enjoyment of the performance. Old Five Per Cent Meek was hammering the table for order, but there was a sort of grin on his face all the time. He wasn't shedding any tears over the evident failure of the campaign. The less money for War Savings Stamps the more for his bank. He was perfectly satisfied with the way things were going. So he banged away and yelled "Order! Order!" like a talking doll, until the cat chorus in front died down.

OF course Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde was through. Through for the day. Anyone could have told that—but Clyde himself. He was for going on. He went on; and in the very first sentence he sprang the word "ratification." On that audience!

"Here come the rats!" yelled some other funny joker; and the row broke out again twice as bad as before.

The presiding officer tactfully retired. He knew his business and his audience. Which is more than could be said for the orator of the day. He continued to orate. His face grew redder and his nose bluer and his eyes colder and more set. He was going to finish if it took all winter. For ten minutes he talked against a menagerie. But the feline language is harsh upon the human throat. Steadily discoursing, Clyde wore down his tormentors. A score of them stamped out to the whistling of the rogue's march. Thirty or forty other people, seeing that the fun was over, drifted away in small sections, the last to go singing some ribald ditty with a delirium refrain: "Cat-in-a-rat-trap: Bigger-than-a-cat-trap: Boom! Boom!" It was to an all-but-vacant auditorium that the undismayed orator posed his culminating rhetorical demand, which was to have brought down the house:

"And what have you done, citizens of Switzerville, in this the hour of your country's crisis?"

It did bring down the house, consisting mainly of Magnus Lamson. "Well, what have you?" retorted that gorilla-like survivor in a formidable bellow.

"I?" said Clyde, taken aback by the sudden counter. "I—I am appealing to your collective—I mean your individual patriotism," he hastily amended, "to support the nation on the War Savings Stamps issue."

"If the nation wants my support, they can gimme 5 per cent like Chet Meek's bank advertises to do."

"Meek ought to be ashamed of himself," declared Clyde hotly, "for competing unfairly against his own Government."

"Why'n't you tell him so? You had him right here. Folks round here would understand that better'n your college-bred double-jointed words. So would Chet."

"I ought to have done it."

"Learnin' somethin', are ye? Another thing you ought to 'a' done is stay at home an' not come out here tellin' other folks their duty when you ain't done your own. Talk's cheap. You're young, an'

you look able-bodied. Why aren't you fightin' like a man instead of talkin' like a parrot?"

Clyde turned a deep, humiliated red. The shrewish old gorilla below misinterpreted that signal. "Ketched you there, didn't I?" he chuckled malevolently. "Listen!" The broken note of an inexpertly handled bugle came faintly through the doors. "There's the Wellstown boys. Come out and see some lads that are willin' to fight instead of tellin' other folks how to spend their money."

OUT hobbled the old boy, and out after him into the frosty air of Main Street stalked the audienceless orator of the day. I was waiting for him with a few well-chosen remarks on "Simplicity—Terse—Simplicity," but when I saw his face I decided to postpone them.

He looked to me as if he might be in the mood to say something unpleasant if his thoughts were tactlessly interrupted just at that time. That's where I underestimated him. I found a place in a window above Mr. Meek's bank, and presently Clyde came to a halt below me as the crowd massed in for the parade. His shoulder was jammed against the wheel of a cartload of turnips, and his nose—that long, earnest, intellectual proboscis of his—was pressed between the shoulder blades of a green-eyed Swede who towered a foot over him and shut off most of his view. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to him. Switzerville had had its fun out of him and was through. My fun was coming—when I turned in my report to the Legion!

Well, it wasn't much of a parade. Just a couple of dozen slouchy, self-conscious farmer boys with a band and a smart young artillery officer on horseback. At that, it was better than Switzerville deserved; there wasn't as much as a cheer. As the band struck up I got an angle on Clyde's expression, and I began to think maybe there wouldn't be as much fun in making out my report as I had anticipated. He had

Then and there Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde achieved to the full the "Simplicity—Terse—Simplicity" advocated by our devoted chairman.

"You're a yellow dog," he said, and punched the Swede in the eye.

Of course he didn't have a chance. He went down before the first rush. When he got up his nose was a ruin. Down he went again, and this time what I could make out of his face was mere wreckage, but he managed to land another well-meant punch with nothing to it but good intentions. It looked like murder then, and I had got down the stairs to do what I could when something crashed against the big Swede's head and he went down. The crowd opened out before the gorilla charge of Magnus Lamson, whose war club had interfered just in time.

"Enough's enough, Axel," he said to the Swede.

"I'll kill 'im!" roared the infuriated victim of Clyde's assault, struggling dizzily up. "Where is 'e? I'll—"

"Shut up!" The crook of the gorilla's war club caught Axel by the collar and jerked him forward. "Do you want to fight me?"

Under the shaggy brows burned a flame that the Swede's eye could not endure. "N-n-no," he stammered.

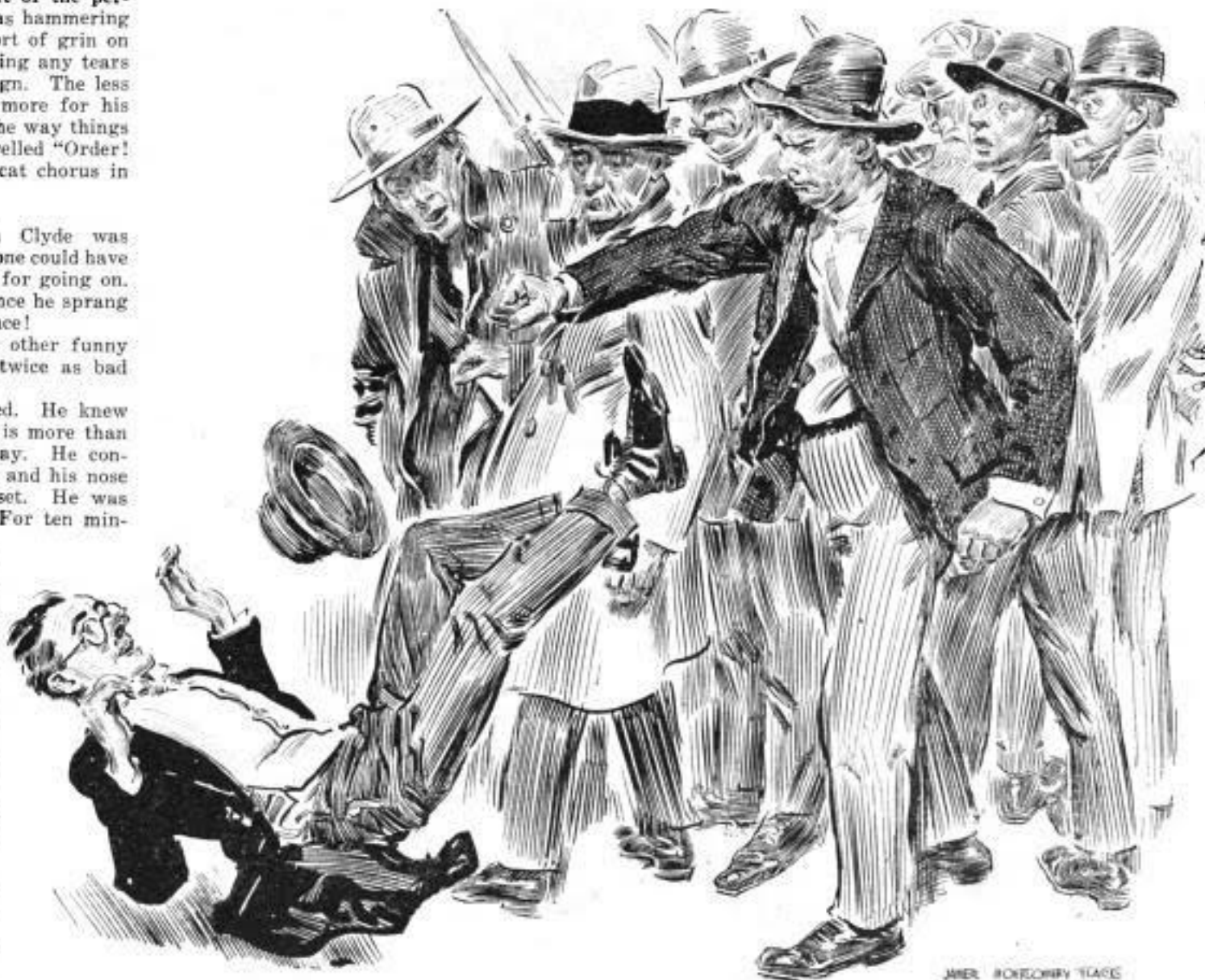
The old savage turned to Clyde. "You've said your say," he observed grimly, "and look what it brought you to."

OUT of the mask of ruin which had been his highly intellectual countenance the Orator of the Day glared, undaunted, at the other. "I haven't half said it," he retorted; "either to him or to you."

"Do you want to go on?"

"Give me the chance."

A flicker of approval made the jutting eyebrows twitch queerly. "Good lad!" growled the deep voice. Clyde felt himself picked up like a child and set upon the footboard of the turnip cart. As he swung



Of course he didn't have a chance. He went down before the first rush

the corner of his lip tucked in between his teeth, and it was quivering there. It struck me sudden and hard that Clyde would have given all his eloquence and most of his brains to be in the place of that officer; yes, or of any one of the slouching volunteers headed for the front. Just then the officer's horse slipped on a bit of ice and came down heavily. The man lay stunned. The big Swede in front of Clyde burst into a heehaw. That was the final ounce of pressure that blew loose something in Clyde's overtaxed control. He grabbed the Swede by the shoulder and whirled him around.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

A scowl took the place of the vacant mirth on the Swede's face. "Ef he stay home w'ere he belong an' don' mix up in war foolishness, he don' get into no trouble," he growled. "Serve him right."

through the air a whisper in his ear advised: "Straight from the shoulder now!"

Clyde faced a Switzerville audience for the second time that day. Within him burned a clear, resolute flame of wrath, and in that flame all his oratory was burned away. He wiped the blood from his face and with the same gesture pointed a hand as steady as an iron bar at the fuming Axel. "I called that man a yellow dog," he began.

"Stand still, you!" snapped Lamson, jerking the eager Swede back.

"That wasn't fair. He's no more a yellow dog than the rest of you. This is a town of yellow dogs."

He spoke in a cold-steel, passionless tone, as one dealing in simple, incontrovertible facts. Only, his eyes blazed and held them. "A town of yellow dogs," he repeated. "If you" (Continued on page 39)





**FRANCE HONORS FIGHTING AMERICA**

*A French general in the Lorraine sector pins upon the breast of an American captain the French War Cross, awarded him for bravery in action. In the background American troops stand at attention*



# "THEY'RE BUILDING SHIPS OUT THERE!"

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

WHEN I set out for the Pacific Coast, in February, all the slogans were being merged into one—"Ships Will Win the War!" We had heard that food would win the war, and fuel, and various other things, but by that time those at the center of things were beginning to decide that if we didn't get the ships we might as well call this a war and begin getting ready for the next one. Mark Sullivan's "Wake Up!" in *COLLIER'S* had stunned the country into a realization that American industry and American efficiency had been overpraised by zealous press agents.

There were ugly stories about shipbuilding on the Pacific Coast. There were reports that labor had the Government and the employers by the throat, and that its pound of flesh weighed about eighteen ounces. Riveters weren't doing their part; production was being deliberately and wantonly slowed up. Union labor, on the coast, so the stories ran, cared more for wages and its restrictive rules than it did for success in the war.

These were serious charges. If they were true, the shipbuilding program was in grave peril. If labor doesn't do its part, you can't build ships. If labor won't do its part, the composition of quarrels between General Goethals and Mr. Denman, the selection of a group of supercaptains of industry to direct matters in Washington, the appropriation of untold millions by Congress for building ships, will do no good. So I was sent to the coast, into the yards, along the water front, into the offices of the shipbuilding companies, to learn the facts.

Facts are curious things. They are often contradictory. Also they are often untruthful. Most of the really dangerous false conclusions are drawn from facts that no one can successfully dispute. It is so in this matter of shipbuilding on the Pacific Coast and labor's part in the work. You can assemble one set of facts, to the correctness of which everyone interested will certify, and prove conclusively that labor has been slacking ever since we entered the war. You can assemble another set of facts, quite as well substantiated, which will convince you that labor has been struggling against incredible obstacles, laid in its way by capital, to turn out the greatest possible number of ships in the smallest possible time. Or you can take both sets of facts and suggest, rather diffidently, that both labor and capital here made mistakes, have failed to do the best possible thing, and that the whole problem is one of getting together.

## The Race

TO begin with, there is one fact that stands out above all others. Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, a forthright person, states it with an air of complete dismissal when you ask him about labor on the coast.

"They're building ships out there!" he says.

They are. They are building ships faster than ships have ever been built in America before; they are building them faster than they are being built in the East. Whether they are building them as fast as they might be built remains to be seen. But, so far, the Pacific Coast is in the lead in the race to build ships.

In spite of all the strikes, of all the disputes and quarrels, of all the delays, some of the Pacific Coast yards are breaking world's records when it comes to getting ships off the ways. Ships

that were built in Seattle are in the submarine zone as you read this; a ship I saw launched there at the end of February should be, if schedules have been maintained since that time, somewhere on the Atlantic Coast, getting her guns, with her hold full of wheat consigned to England. On March 14 I saw three 9,000-ton steel ships launched at Oakland, Cal., in one yard—the first at half past one, the last at twenty minutes to three.

Yet even that fact of accomplishment isn't quite as absolute as it looks. The Pacific Coast has a right to be proud of the records it has made, but it has had certain advantages too. And they are advantages that emphasize the extraordinary variety of the factors that have to be taken into account in this war.

It will be a long time, probably, before the Eastern winter of 1917-18 is forgotten. The weather east of the Rocky Mountains last winter was worth a dozen divisions to the Kaiser. There would have been freight congestion on the railroads even in a normal winter; there would have been a fuel shortage. But the blizzards and the terrific cold made matters infinitely worse. The weather slowed up work in existing shipyards and delayed the completion of new yards, like the great ones at Hog Island and Bristol, by many weeks.

West of the Rockies the weather broke records in a different fashion. All winter long the weather favored work. There was less rain than there had been for many years; there were more good working days. From Seattle to Los Angeles, all winter long, conditions were nearly ideal. In the shipbuilding race the Pacific Coast had a fast, dry track; the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Coast had to run fetlocks deep in mud.

## "Let 'Em Go to It"

WHEN the shipbuilding program took form and, out of the confusion and turmoil of divided counsels in Washington, the stress and storm of the Denman-Goethals controversy, plans finally emerged, there was still much to be done before ships could be built.

There were only a few shipyards on the Pacific Coast. These had been in a more or less stagnant condition for a long time before the war. After 1914 business looked up, of course—even before the days of unrestricted submarine warfare. That German

policy gave the yards a further stimulus. They were growing, the curve of shipbuilding was a rising one, before the United States Shipping Board got to work last spring.

New yards had to be created. Shipbuilders had to be taught the various trades.

Skilled labor, in the crafts involved, was at a premium from the outset. Riveting was the heart of the problem. The building of steel ships is, essentially, a matter of the driving of rivets. In the standard steel ship that is being built to-day, the cargo carrier of 8,400 tons, there are about 750,000 rivets. The bulk of the men who work on a ship are riveters. Other crafts are important, but the riveters are the supremely important men.

It takes more than good will to make a good riveter. It takes skill, and a certain knack, and practice. Ship work, moreover, is different from work on the framework of steel buildings. It is less straightforward, less a simple matter of driving rivets. There are portions of a ship's hull, where plates are curved and bent in the shaping of the hull, where the work is difficult and laborious in the extreme.

Shipwrights, pattern makers, men of all the crafts, have to have special training. The task of organizing the working forces of the new shipyards was a good deal like the task of organizing a new army. If you have a small regular or standing army, and you are called upon suddenly to make a new army ten or twelve times as large, you can use the army you have as the nucleus of your new army. Your veterans, your trained soldiers, can train and instruct your recruits, and, so far as you can, you scatter a leaven of old men among the new levies.

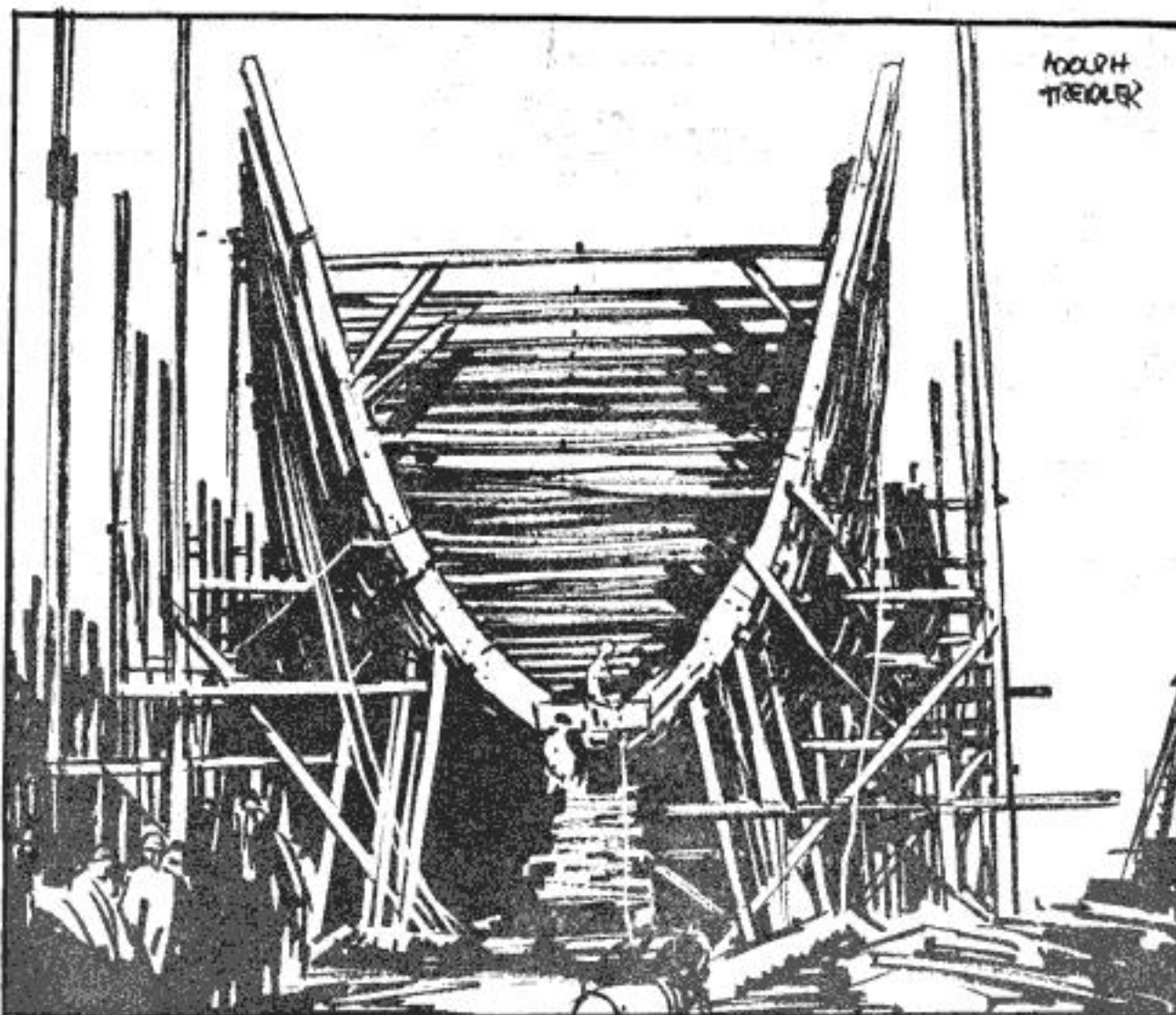
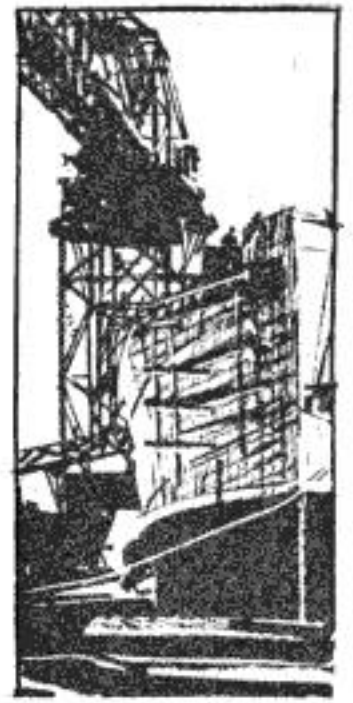
Theoretically that process should have been employed on the Pacific Coast in the organization and manning of the new yards. If the whole matter of shipbuilding had been organized from the outset upon the single basis of getting out the greatest number of ships in the shortest possible time, that process would have been employed. Some central authority would have compiled a register of trained men and a list of yards. A certain number of trained, experienced men would have been assigned to each new yard; the new men would have been broken in, with their aid, and the building of ships would have been hastened.

But the problem, as a matter of fact, was not attacked in that way. The theory was, I suppose, that the building of ships was essentially a manufacturing problem.

"We want as many ships as we can get," some one in Washington said. "Quantity production is America's long suit. Let's make the sky the limit as to price—guarantee the manufacturers their profit. And then let 'em go to it and build ships."

## Ships—Now!

AS the plan was worked out, building of ships was made an extremely attractive proposition, in two ways. It offered a good, substantial profit. And it offered also, to the



New yards had to be created. Shipbuilders had to be taught the various trades



# A SISTER OF SHINING SWORDS

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



rapped the table. "We'll make him an ambassador." Again commenced the process of elimination. Men of affairs, shrewd, hard-headed men, politicians of the first rank or men raised in the service, were required for the European courts.

"Constantinople?" the President suggested.

"I don't think so." The Secretary of State frowned. "Something might happen."

"Greece," the Secretary suggested to Baird. "Where Byron died, and wrote poems, and—ahem, histories, and—ahem, essays, and things."

"I thank you, but I don't think I should care for Greece," Baird replied to the offer. "I really want no place at all. I was only too glad to help."

"I've got it," the Secretary exploded. "We need a good, capable man in Peking. You've got to go. It's your duty."

"I think I should like China," Baird answered.

So off to China went Peter de Cuyler Baird, taking with him a library of works on the Celestial millions, a desire to see the Porcelain Tower at Nanking, an ambition to write a history of China in verse which he would entitle: "Cathay: An Epic," and lastly his daughter, Jeannette, an orphan of five years old.

His friends pleaded with him to leave her behind. They said it was practically infanticide to drag a child into a country where cholera and yellow fever and leprosy abound.

Old Peter looked about in his vague way. "She is a very healthy child," he said. And then: "I should be very lonely without her." And at the last sentence his friends gave way. He was such a gentle soul!

And healthy Jeannette Baird proved to be. In Peking, surrounded by a host of Mongol servants, she grew up strong and beautiful as she would have in her own healthy New York. She grew up speaking the Pekingese dialect of China much more fluently than English, as British children in India speak Bengali. A queer little figure in embroidered blouse and skirt—though with fair hair and blue eyes like her father's—she might have been one of the girls of Su, the darlings of the King. Everyone loved her. Placid mandarins in horn spectacles smiled with indescribable benevolence toward her. "Chai-Net," as her name was transposed, was adored by her attendants. The only flaw they found in her was that her feet were slim and healthily developed, instead of being bound in the lily form. But that, they agreed, was a custom of the barbarous Americans, something akin to the habit that other savages were said to have of wearing rings in the nose.

And little by little the graceful, poetic tentacles of the Yellow Land fastened themselves on Peter de Cuyler Baird, as they have done on other men—on Homer Lea, if instances are wanted; on Sir Robert Hart, that shrewd Scots-Irishman from canny Belfast and on a great English general whose name must never be said. He lost himself in the study of Chinese literature and customs. He acquired much wisdom from owl-like Chinese mandarins, learning the futility of swimming furiously in the abysmal sea of time. For those terms the party left him in his peaceful ease, and in those twelve years his daughter grew up like a straight lily, knowing more about the Analects of Confucius than about the Epistles of Paul; more of Tu Fu, who is called the God of Verse, than about her rightful heritage of Longfellow; walking in a dream about the great wall that Tawak builded, instead of

hustling briskly up the Fifth Avenue of which Li Sin spoke.

For Peter de Cuyler Baird made the acquaintance and gained the friendship, which was no small thing, of Li Sin, the greatest merchant of Oriental *objets de vertu* that America has ever known. His place on Fifth Avenue has more treasures than have the silent Greek monks on Mount Athos. It is not a shop. It has more the feeling of a cathedral. From the Oriental tapestries on the walls, from the startling jewels in their cases, from the graven Buddhas, and the fragile vases, from the lutes of gold and lutes of jade, exhales a perfume of valor and romance, of brave deeds done, of fine chivalry, of ineffable wisdom—a dim, holy place which connoisseurs approach with awe, and of which pretty women make a fashion.

And to Peter de Cuyler Baird it was told, because he was a discreet man, that Li Sin was not Li Sin, but Hsieu Po, a great name, a Manchu noble of Tientsin. To Peter de Cuyler Baird it was also told that Li Sin was a great physician, ranking with Li Jo-Hu, and with On-Yang Hsiu of Jo-eh, and that his services were at the disposal of anyone, but he would take no fee for them, deeming them Heaven-sent. And Peter de Cuyler Baird, having been long in China now, understood how a Manchu noble could have a store, for it was deemed in wisdom that a fortune garnered honestly in the marts of commerce was equally noble with honors gained with chivalry on the field of battle by Western men.

And it came to pass that Peter de Cuyler Baird died quietly one sudden night with a smile on his lips, leaving his fortune to his daughter, and behind him a translation of the Tang Poets into metrical English verse—a crime more atrocious than the thing called mayhem, but pardonable to such a gentle, vague soul. And Li Sin, who was in Macao at the time, rushed northward, and brought home to Gramercy Park and the care of two gentle Old World aunts the young woman of seventeen, Jeannette Baird.

CAPTAIN PATRICK BURGOWNE, black- and curly-headed, blue-eyed, square of face, bulky of body and spare of flesh, groomed like a thoroughbred race horse from the shiny tip of his silk hat to his pearl-gray spats, strolled down Fifth Avenue from the Plaza. There was a subtle pleasure in the wearing of correct clothes after three years of furs in Greenland, a pleasure akin to the sting of a shower bath after a hard day's work in the city. Before Li Sin's store he paused and grinned—the losing grin of a good sportsman. He walked in. He looked over the squat Celestial as the spire of a church might overshadow the modest house alongside.

"Well?" asked Li Sin. He had not seen the Irish explorer for three years, but his greeting was as offhand as though they had parted yesterday.

"No luck!" Burgoyne laughed. "I don't believe there was ever a mammoth in Greenland."

"Too bad." Li Sin nodded his head. He had felt all along that Burgoyne's search for mammoth ivory would be in vain, but he was not the sort to rub it in with a tactless remark. "Three years gone!"

"Not quite altogether," Burgoyne laughed. "I did some exploring work up there, and I think I've got some new data on the upper inlets."

"Of course you have," said Li Sin, with a glint of admiration in his slant eyes.

If you look up Captain Patrick Burgoyne in that red Mecca called "Who's Who," you will find his age, which is thirty-two. You will find details of his birthplace, Omagh, in the County Tyrone, Ireland—an abominable spot, with the worst golf course in the country. You will learn that he acquired a commission in the Leinster Fusiliers; that he transferred to the Rhodesian Rifles three years later with the rank of captain; that he left them to explore Africa; that he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.



SHE was looking at a piece of plate, fragile as silk, where the symbols of the one-winged birds and the tree with interwoven boughs, the Chinese symbols of love, were painted with the lightness of a butterfly touching a flower. All about her, in the shop that was Li Sin's, the light chatter of Fifth Avenue chirped through the somber, majestic store like the sleepy chorus of birds at dawn. Down in the front of the curio treasure house a trio of actresses were prattling of the latest play. A rotund judge of the Supreme Court was examining a carpet with a more fixed glance than he ever used at the minutes of a case. A Roman Catholic priest was dreaming over a cross of gold and rubies, treasure from Macao, where the sons of Portugal hold their outposts against the Golden Hordes. A sedate curator of a museum, a thin, white-faced man with a threadbare overcoat and a straggling black beard, was struggling against the temptation to steal a tiny vase. Again Jeannette Baird looked at the plate with its mystic romantic symbols. A queer flush ran over her face and a smile—the smile of brides—hovered in her eyes and lips for an instant.

Li Sin, square-faced, high-cheeked, modest in brown tweeds, was smiling also. She flushed again as she caught his eye. She put the plate down, and looked him squarely in the face.

"I am going to be married," she said.

Li Sin nodded. There was as much happiness in his face as though he had unearthed an unknown lyric of Po-Chin's.

"To Captain Patrick Burgoyne," he suggested.

"Yes, to Patrick Burgoyne," she answered. The Manchu was smiling broader than ever. She caught her breath and regarded him fixedly. She had the air of a mother who had discovered a child in the act of an innocuous prank.

"It was you who introduced Patrick Burgoyne to me."

"It was," Li Sin confessed.

"Li Sin," she said, blushing furiously, half laughing, a soft look in her eyes as though in an instant a veil of tears might come—"Li Sin, I believe you are nothing but a scheming old matchmaker!"

NOW, when Peter de Cuyler Baird had, through a sense of righteousness and no sense of politics, supported by his wealth the programs of three successive party administrations, the party heads, in grateful remembrance, decided that some honor must be shown him.

A tall, spare man, with fair hair and fair mustache, very much on the received conception of an English cavalry officer—nothing missing but the monocle; a minor poet of distinct imagination but of inability of execution, a dreamer, it was difficult to find exactly what to do for him. A place in the Cabinet was impossible. He seemed to fit into no distinct committee of public works.

"I've got it," the shrewd Secretary of State



Now, if you want to know of his standing as an explorer, you will consult the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society—a series of the most uninteresting pamphlets ever written by the hand of man. You will find articles there signed: "P. Burgoyne," giving the depths and shallows of uninteresting rivers, the barometric pressure on the tops of mountains with weird, unpronounceable names. They are read occasionally by the sort of people who make encyclopedias.

And if you want to know anything about the real Patrick Burgoyne, you will have to ask Sven Hedin, or the Duca degli Abruzzi, or old Bill Snyder, keeper at the New York Zoo for so many years. They will tell tales of him in Africa, when he tracked down the pygmy people of the Congo, or when he set out alone, except for native bearers, into the vast alluvial swamp south of Leopoldville, where, the rumor goes, the pterosaur spreads its wings at night, and the unspeakable creatures that began with the creation of the world exist in that hot and damp inferno. Six months later he returned shaken and white—and afraid!

"What did you find out?" they clamored at him on his return.

"Nothing!" he answered grimly. But for months his life was fought for in a great hospital. And at his ravings the doctors shuddered and nurses grew pale as death.

Abruzzi will tell you that of all men he saw but one whom all natives of all lands helped because of his glorious, breaking smile. Li Sin, whom he had met in Damascus, in Bokhara, in Teheran, in Wadi-Halfa, in Lhasa in Tibet, will tell you of the occasion when Burgoyne rescued a leper from stoning by Turkomans. His arm about the unfortunate devil, his great revolver out, his jaw set, he drove the threatening Turkomans before him until he got the unclean one into safe hands.

"A Chinaman might have done it," Li Sin says, "a Bengali even, or any Oriental, but a Western man, who fears the silver plague more than death—that is Burgoyne!"



Over the cages of many zoological gardens, where queer arctic or tropical beasts are found, you will find the inscription: "The Gift of Captain Patrick Burgoyne," and if you are interested and can gain the confidence of that queer, close-mouthed fraternity who tend zoological exhibits, they will tell you with pride that Burgoyne's specimens were as happy and contented on arriving in alien lands as they were in their own icy homes, or in the bush of their native forest. There was something strangely tender in the way he handled animals. And there was something strange in the trust they gave him.

"The damdest thing I ever knew," used to begin poor Bonavita, who is dead; and he would tell of the small cougar which Burgoyne had found somewhere in Colombia. A blind kitten, it had wandered away into the Colombian forest. Burgoyne, knowing it would die if left unaided, picked it up and fed it on milk. At Cartagena, three months afterward, he tried to give it away. None would have it.

"Well, damn you! I suppose I've got to take you along!" he addressed the queer pet affectionately. He took it to New York, caged and protected. He handed it over to the Bronx Gardens officials. In three days they telephoned him it was dying of a broken heart. He had to take it with him to Dublin, to London, to Paris. In each city he had to exercise it on a length of chain, blushing all the time.

"I feel like a musical-comedy star looking for notoriety!" he swore. But he had the same affection for it that another man might have for a dog.

IN Glasgow, on a lecture tour, he left the cougar in charge of the Royal Botanic Gardens, but through the belief in its tameness, as they saw it with Burgoyne, the keepers were lax in turning it into a

cage. Somebody opened the door to feed it titbits. Like a flash, the cougar had leaped over their heads and had picked up Burgoyne's scent like a bird dog. It slipped through the thoroughfares, snarling, barking, now and then bewildered at the crowds. It arched its back as if to spring. A policeman pumped his revolver into it. It turned over on its back, clawing. It died.

"I'm sorry, Captain Burgoyne"—the lord mayor made a special visit to his hotel to see him—"from the bottom of my heart I'm sorry."

"It was the only thing to do," Burgoyne answered.

But never again did Patrick Burgoyne return to Glasgow.

"AND where are you going now?" Li Sin asked.

"War," replied Burgoyne. "Do you know I didn't hear about the darned thing until I came to the Danish settlement at Dvorhag?"

"I thought so," the Manchu nodded. "You had better stay in New York for a month or so first. You need something human between times. You can't go straight from Greenland to what France is now."

"Yes, I think I had better," Burgoyne nodded. He was standing in the shadow of a great stone Buddha as he was speaking. There was the rustle of a dress, the patter of feet, and a tall, straight young woman came up to Li Sin. Suddenly she noticed Burgoyne.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she told Li Sin, and turned to go. "Jeannette," the Manchu smiled. "I want to present an old friend of mine, an old friend in spite of his youth, Captain Patrick Burgoyne. Burgoyne, you have heard me speak of Peter Baird's daughter. This is she!"

"So you are Patrick Burgoyne," she said simply. "I have heard so much of you from Li Sin, and you are exactly what I thought you would be like." Burgoyne stammered for an instant. Three years' residence with no women to look on except the flat-faced, thick-lipped, exceedingly greasy, incredibly fat, and amazingly filthy Eskimos had not kept him in training for the fair women of his own world.

"I have to go up to my laboratory," Li Sin told him cruelly. "I want you to take him out to tea, Jeannette, and tell him all that has happened in the world since he left it." "I should love to," she said, with that smile of hers, the quick parting of lips that suggested a rosebud glistening with the dew of dawn.

The Manchu did not go up immediately to his laboratory. He watched Burgoyne pilot her to a hansom, and hand her in, as though she were a fragile piece of ling ware—something more tender than silk, more costly than rubies. Hong Kop, the lean, the silent Cantonese who was Li Sin's body servant, came silently into the store. He smiled as he saw the twain.

"Why do you smile, Hong Kop?" Li Sin came up behind him.

The Cantonese bowed. "The brook of Wang-hei-ho is wide," he quoted, and slipped through the shop like a shadow.

"But two outstretched arms can span it," Li Sin finished the proverb, and he too was smiling.

In a city where Patrick Burgoyne knew no women, beyond the staid wives of his explorer friends and the bespectacled, exceedingly proper but indubitably



ugly women who came to his occasional lectures, it was, by all manner of logic, inevitable that he should seek the society of Jeannette Baird, which she accorded him without stint. And, as for her, Patrick Burgoyne was a revelation. For her circle was bound by the love of two aunts (who dressed in black and lived in Gramercy Park and preserved the samplers of the Baird womenfolk, dating back to the days of good Queen Anne), by the affection of Li Sin, by the acquaintance of a young circle with whom she was not intimate—for she never could learn to smoke, abhorred cocktails, and dancing after one o'clock in the morning tired her, healthy girl as she was. When Burgoyne tucked his sport shirt up for golf, there was a tremendous scar from elbow to wrist. A leopard had made an unexpected jump at him, and he had broken its flight with his forearm, as a boxer would block an opponent's lead.

"You might have been killed!" She shuddered as he told her the story in laughing, staccato sentences.

"Nasty little beggar he was," Burgoyne laughed, and he began to mangle up a bunker with his niblick.

And swimming—and it was a sight to see Pat swim, with that easy, flashing stroke of his learned from the Kroos of the Gold Coast—she saw the red depression about his left knee. A cobra had bitten him there in India, and the bite had to be hacked with a knife, filled with gunpowder, and a match set to it. Jeannette Baird grew white and sick at the story.

"It hurt," she said foolishly. "It hurt." "It hurt?" He turned to her with his whimsical smile. "To be sure, it hurt. It's been my only operation, and I've been talking about it ever since."

I think they were indubitably in love with each other from the first instant they met. That woman with the slight athletic build, with the face of a spirit such as Benda might draw; pale, regular, like some fine lily; with the dim background of mysticism in her that had been the gift of the Golden Empire to one who loved it, it was impossible that Burgoyne should not be smitten by her as by a fever. There had been no thought of women in Burgoyne's life, beyond an infatuation for a New York debutante, which faded quickly, and the affair with the Russian countess who wanted to elope with him—an insane, quixotic, romantic thing that ended in bathos, and which I would invite murder by telling. These two things faded into a dim horizon, scattered, vanished, when the glorious sunlight of Jeannette Baird came across his path.

AS for her, many-hued, delicate, the thing called love came like dawning. It burst into a red sweep of cloud and sun. And then gradually the clear brightness of it ran through her veins like a rare wine. Night after night, when she left Burgoyne, she would look out of her window over the moonlit Bishop's Garden and finger the lute that Li Sin had given her—the lute that had been an Empress's. *Yu, Kung*, and *Chih* went the soft notes of the scale, now a murmur of drowsy birds and now thrumming boldly like the music of the Dragon-Boat Festival, and she would dream of the great epics of love, of the great Tang poem which was Ming Huang's and Tai Chen's of the Thousand Songs, of Yang-ti the Strong and of Fai-Yen the Beauteous One, vague honey-colored visions. (Continued on page 26)







# Collier's

## *Be Fair and Cooler!*

**W**HAT Attorney General GREGORY said about loyalty and lynch law, a few weeks back, is still true and will hold good till there is no such thing left as an American tradition or an American ideal. The Attorney General was commenting upon the case of ROBERT PRAGER of Illinois. From all the facts he could gather, Mr. GREGORY was inclined to doubt that the murdered man was guilty of any crime or any offense. The facts in this case included the confession of one of the leaders of the mob that murdered PRAGER. "We must set our faces," said Mr. GREGORY, addressing a national association of lawyers, "against lawlessness within our own borders. Whatever we may say about the causes of our entering this war, we know that one of the principal reasons was the lawlessness of the German nation—what they have done in Belgium and in northern France, and what we have reason to know they would do elsewhere. For us to tolerate lynching is to do the thing we condemn in the Germans. Lynch law is the most cowardly of crimes."

These statements by the principal law officer of the United States are more vital than ever, spoken just now. This war—essentially just as it is, and a war against dishonor and perverted national egoism—must not have as one result the relaxing of our own standards as a nation that believes in fair play and in free law for rich and poor, popular and unpopular, native and naturalized and alien. Much loose talking by pro-Germans, before we got into the war, failed to blind our nation to national interest and international right. Much loose talking by those who, following the line of least resistance, see crimes, spies, and plots on every side—as a frightened child sees bogeys and as a drunken man sees double—must not to-day blind us to realities and the right. Such happenings as the murder of ROBERT PRAGER of Illinois develop out of a state of mind in which people say: "The Government is giving us no protection; spies are blowing up our factories; they are giving information to Germany; our boys are being shot in the rear. Our constituted authorities are doing nothing to protect us against all this, and we will take the law into our own hands." It is the Attorney General of the United States who makes this analysis of the situation, and urges lawyers everywhere to do their best to maintain the sanity of well-meaning but excitable patriots.

## *What a Bond Is*

**W**E said rather flatly in connection with the campaign for the third Liberty Loan that every American not an idiot or a freak knows what a Liberty Bond is. One of our friends takes us to task for making so sweeping a statement. He reminds us of the farmer who wrote Secretary HOUSTON asking when the Government expected subscribers to pay interest on the bonds, and of the city woman enjoying an income from real estate of \$10,000 a year who didn't know what a coupon was or how a coupon bond worked. He says: "If you want to find out how many good Americans who are neither freaks nor idiots do not know what a bond is, ask the first ten of the rank and file you see." And he points out pertinently enough that ownership of a Liberty Bond doesn't prove knowledge of the Liberty Bond issue: thousands of Americans bought Liberty Bonds just because they believe in the country to the extent of giving it anything it asks for and didn't trouble to inquire closely into what it was the Liberty Loan meant. We hasten to admit that we were speaking loosely. We weren't using the phrase "know what a bond is" in quite so literal a sense as our correspondent assumes. The third Liberty Loan went over the top with a greater number of individual subscriptions than either of the others. In many communities the campaign was so highly organized that the quota was subscribed on the day subscriptions were opened. Naturally a great many Americans subscribed without precise knowledge of what they were buying. They believed in the country to the extent of handing over anything it asked for. Thousands of them would have given the money outright just as freely as they loaned it. Indeed, we know of cases in which subscribers supposed they had given the money and were much astonished to discover that they were going to get it back, with interest. It is rather carping to complain of such a spirit as that. But, just the same, it is well to know what a bond is. One of the very real benefits of our participation in this war is going to be a more general knowledge of finance. Thousands of Americans may still be igno-

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rant, after three Liberty Loan campaigns, of coupons, accrued interest, and the rest of it. But thousands of Americans are now saving money for the first time in their lives. If we keep on raising big loans, and those in charge make an increasing effort to explain precisely what a bond is, to show concretely what is being bought with the money, we Americans may eventually become the first nation in the world to understand money and second only to the French in the thrifty management of it.

## *Our Jimmy*

**W**ORDS are being overworked these days. They are being charged with vast responsibilities. They are being drafted into Propaganda Regiments to win the war for Democracy, and go parading up and down the literary sidewalks chanting Liberty Loans and Food Saving and American Achievement and the Crimes of Our Enemies—the enemies of civilization. Now, every sensible citizen believes in the need of carrying through the Liberty Loans to a triumph, and of supporting the Food Administration, and of realizing the enormity of German crimes, and of appreciating, as well as speeding up, American war work in shop and camp, on land and sea. But—and maybe it is a weakness on our part—we sympathize with those poor overcharged words that have to carry as heavy a load as an infantryman with his full marching kit harnessed to his back. Those words, obliged always to transport large ideas and high purposes, get awfully tired sometimes—and then we sadly wish that war words, like our soldiers at Aix, could sometimes have rest and relaxation at a safe distance back of the lines: that they might have a vacation and a bit of sport. Words get tired of proving things: they sometimes like to be *just themselves*—very much as an army officer sometimes hankers after "cits" and irresponsibility. If we understand their nature, words have their innings when they fall into the hands of a writer who isn't trying to prove anything—but is just standing them on end to tell about things as they are. Words are particularly happy when they fall into the hands of somebody like JIMMY HOPPER (pages 6 and 7 of this issue). While so many folks are proving things with words, HOPPER is simply telling you and us and the rest of the American family what it's like to be in Paris when the Big Gun is barking. These words of JIMMY HOPPER's aren't working—they aren't carrying too heavy a load of care: they're happy, happy words, even though they are describing grim things. We congratulate those words of JIMMY'S.

## *The Victorious Headline*

**A**N advertisement of the New York "World" reproduces a variety of headlines from that journal, and announces:

THE "WORLD" IS THE ONLY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA WHICH HAS SUCCEEDED IN PENETRATING GERMANY DURING THE LAST YEAR

Some of the headlines reproduced tell how "Birth Rate's Fall in Germany Threatens Future of Empire," how "Germany Suffers Coal Crisis," how "Crime Wave Sweeps Germany," how "Twenty-five Million Hungry Germans Eat Little"; "Germans Soon to Wear Paper Suits," how "Bread Line Marks German Boundary for Class Revolt," how "Germany Has Reached Her Limit in Human Material." These captions dramatize the New York newspaper's "penetration" of Germany and the desperateness of the German plight during those months, precisely, when Germany was preparing the big drive of March, 1918. For that matter, we newspaper editors won the war against Germany as early as 1915—and have been winning it over and over again ever since! Germany is defeated—no doubt about that; the New York "World" knows it, the gentlemen who are editing the Administration at Washington know it, COLLIER'S knows it. The only question is: Does Germany know it? While waiting for an answer, we overhear FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT of the Navy Department saying: "We cannot beat Germany by words." Sometimes the truth can be so very disagreeable!

## *Words and the War Machine*

**T**HAT preceding paragraph of ours is meant to sound the confessional note and gently to hammer the bell of modesty. But it doesn't follow that the Germans can't be beaten. They can, and must. Only, words mustn't get into the way of the war machine. Neither the words of the New York "World" and COLLIER'S, nor yet the words of the Administration's Committee on Public Camouflage.



# Editorials



## Of Purely Historical Interest Now

LOOKING back over the records of the various schools of anti-war philosophy, we discover one main theme underlying the whole ingenious contrapuntal mass: to the effect, namely, that America is in the war because somebody in this country put something over on somebody else. There are four principal variations:

1. The war was put over by Wall Street on the rest of us. Under his theory Wall Street grew tired of making money out of the war in Europe without paying excess-profits tax and surtax, and succeeded in chloroforming and sandbagging Mr. WILSON and Congress into a declaration of war.

2. The war was put over by the East on the West. This would presumably be shown by the fact that our first large casualties, in the *Tuscania*, were from Wisconsin and Michigan regiments; also by the fact that the West has heavily oversubscribed the last Liberty Loan.

3. The war was put over by the old on the young. This variation was extremely popular in Washington Square circles. It implies that the round-paunched and heavy-jowled elder gentlemen in the lubs, looking about for a new cocktail with a kick in it to ward off satiety and arteriosclerosis, hit upon the slaughter of young men as something novel and exceptionally zippy, and compelled their sons to go to it.

4. The war was put over by the present on the future. This is a variation of No. 3. The present is out to have the time of its life and leaves it to the future to pay the bill.

As we have said, these happy improvisations are now of purely historical interest. They do, however, suggest an actual and pertinent generalization; namely, that America is now engaged in putting the war over on WILHELM and TIRPITZ. So that in a dim way, perhaps, our ingenious young ante-bellum anti-bellum philosophers were trying to utter the truth.

## Our Time

PHILOSOPHIC generalization is difficult or it is worthless, and whoever heard of an insurance man having any imagination save as to sudden death? Nevertheless a transplanted Scot, one FREDERICK RICHARDSON, who seems to have been caught young, as Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON recommended, gave the Insurance Society of New York the best brief description of this present epoch that has come to our notice in many a day:

There was a time in the Middle Ages when a finer and more ethereal expression of the soul of man raised lasting monuments of art and faith, compared with which the skyscrapers of New York are like moonlight unto unlight and like water unto wine; but this was the flower and culmination of worship and belief. There have been moments in the vanished civilization of four continents when the colorful and pulsating streams of life have seemed to culminate in one glorious blaze of achievement like the dazzling climax of one stage pageant. Not so the epoch which the Great War is now bringing to a violent close. Neither an age of faith, in spite of Dr. Dowie, Mrs. Eddy, or the Rev. William Sunday, nor an age of pagan splendors in spite of the Woolworth Building, the Grand Central Station, the Hotel Biltmore, or the Ballet Russe; it has been essentially the age of Energy. If one tried to express it in a phrase, it might be said to have been the period when man harnessed up the dynamic and elemental forces of Nature as never before, aiming and directing to useful work the raging, tearing Calibans of the material universe. When you drive an eighty-horsepower car or an electric train up an incline at the rate of forty miles an hour, the demon Heat or the demon Electricity is pulling you up the hill because he hates to be cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd. Propulsion being the means by which we achieve most of our darling objects, whether in firing a torpedo or trying to escape it, whether in driving a golf ball or in flying an airplane, we immediately put to use any discovery that will enable us to travel faster, produce faster, make money faster, shoot faster, destroy faster—in fact, anything that will give us more power and a more varied and abundant existence.

To have life and to have it more abundantly: that is what we moderns want—and we are getting it.

## The Meaning of Success

WE have referred rather often (and will again) to the late J. P. MORGAN's maxim that character is the bedrock of business. When the biggest banker in Wall Street died last month, his biography, as given in a leading financial journal, closed with this bit of advice which he had impressed upon one of his men:

Above all else, get friends, cultivate them, and keep them. Without friendship, wealth and position will never mean much to you.

The financial writer adds in comment: "This from a man whose

fortune is estimated at close to \$100,000,000." Well, what would you have? Dollar marks are no evidence of success in that real world in which the human soul abides. Friendship is. The founder of our religion knew that in the dark hours that closed his earthly life. The men of the trenches know it every day as peril and hardship strip the sham from things and leave their meaning clear. It is for us, still clouded by the dust of our familiar ways, to see that truth and lay it to our hearts.

## The Red Cross War Fund

IN the week of May 20-27 the American Red Cross is going to raise its second war fund of \$100,000,000. See that you do your share. With over twenty million of us enlisted as members that ought not to be so much of a task. What did they do with the first war fund which was raised last year? Well, the Red Cross has a complete and accurate accounting system presided over by a long, lean, conscientious New Englander and a complete budget system run by able and broad-minded executives. With these advantages (which our National Government lacks as yet) they can answer such questions. Up to April 30, 1918, just about \$80,000,000 had been appropriated for the innumerable activities of war relief. About half of this went to the work in France and about \$15,000,000 was spent for stores of supplies, the remainder being expended in the United States, in Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Great Britain, and for those of our men now captive in Germany. JEAN FRANCOIS, muddy, tired, and hungry, on his way home for a brief furlough with his family, was taken care of at the railway junction behind the fighting lines. Thousands of him got a bath, got rested, got fed, and had some hours of companionship among those who believe in him and his heroism. That beats waiting alone in the rain on a railway platform. Refugee families are given a chance to start life again. Some of our own boys are amused, kept well, and sent on their way rejoicing. BILL JONES, sitting in a German prison pen, gets some real food sent him through Switzerland. That is what the war fund does, and it does nothing else, for all costs of running the Red Cross itself are paid out of the dues. The work costs \$8,000,000 a month, and is worth it. Government cannot do everything, and should not. The fighting man gets plenty of red-tape management as it is; what he really craves is to know for sure that the people back home care about him and his. So Tom, Dick, and Harry in Freehold, N. J., and in Brigham, Utah, are putting up their dollars for the Red Cross and putting their hearts into our cause. Keep the Red Cross blazing for another year!

## Horizon Blue

THAT swelling roar of cheers outside made the Little Man drop a paper weight on his ledger leaves and bolt to the nearest window. Down the street came the guard of honor, mounted police preceding some sunburnt regulars from our Mexican border, and behind them swung a half company of real French poilus, the sort that turned back the boche from Verdun and the Chemin des Dames. Short, quick-stepping, steel-built men of France they were, with keen dark faces under the lopping tam-o'-shanter headgear of the Corps alpin, rolling along with their Noah's Ark packs and bayonets set for action. The cheering actually seemed to shove the buildings back from the street. Long ago the Forum must have welcomed thus the legionaries who had saved Roman civilization from the barbarian in those bitter struggles through Gaul and Dacia. Every man's sleeves showed the stripes that mean wounds, and his breast the decorations that mean valor. "They did make one feel so old and useless and out of it," as the Little Man told his wife next morning. So he ground out the day's work with his teeth set hard, bought some more Thrift Stamps, took the first car for home, spent the rest of the daylight hours in caring for his beans, potatoes, and cabbage, got through a war-fare dinner, and put in the evening selling eight hundred dollars' worth of Mr. MCADOO's pet bonds to some boss metal workers whom he had met in the lodge last winter. Getting home at 10.50 p. m., he routed out that 1917 model straw hat, cleaned it up for another campaign, and some time later fell into bed as if it had been a dugout. "If this gets much worse, I'll learn to knit," was his last waking thought, "and if they want to keep me out of this war, they'll have to put bolts on it." After all, things seen are mightier than things heard, and the Little Man and TENNYSON are both right.

May 25, 1918



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# Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

## GINGER ALE

Who boasts of a thirst that can't be quenched by anything that runs or trickles? Let him try Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The first sip gives thirst a rude jolt of surprise. The first bottle drives thirst into oblivion. Clicquot Club should be served wherever thirst puts in an appearance. Purest of spring water, juices of lemons and limes, cane sugar and Jamaica ginger are so blended that the most fastidious palate is delighted and the most delicate system benefited. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.



# INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

One of the major tragedies of the war is the suffering and privation endured by the noncombatants—the old men, women, and children who are the innocent victims of a combat in which they have no part. The opening of the great German offensive this spring drove thousands of hapless French peasants to Paris, where the American Red Cross did magnificent work in helping to care for them. The first picture shows a group of refugees at table—notice the American oil-cloth—in the Gare du Nord (North Station) at Paris. The American in the soft hat is a Y. M. C. A. worker who has contributed his services to the Red Cross for the occasion, while on the left is a French sailor busily giving aid and comfort to a youthful refugee

Photographs by Harry B. Lachmann



This picture shows the first American to reach the Gare du Nord from the invaded district: an Ohio engineer named Harry Stone. Shrapnel carried away his thumb. His wound was dressed at the front, and upon his arrival in Paris he was taken to an American Red Cross hospital. As you see, he is telling the story of his battle experiences to an American medical officer



Here is one of the Red Cross trucks used to transport the refugees from the Gare du Nord. Some were on their way south, some to Normandy, and some to Brittany. Before leaving, many of them spent the night in the station, where the Red Cross had installed rows of cots, and were then carried in trucks across the city to the stations of their departure



A family of twelve from Lassigny brought its proudest possession: a gentlemanly goat. He obligingly walked part of the way, but only till the family found the train. Then he came by train to Paris and rode across town on a Red Cross motor truck with the eleven other members of the family



The Standard Spark Plug of America



## Selected After Scientific Tests

To the eye all spark plugs seem alike. The average motorist lacks the scientific knowledge and apparatus to make discriminating tests. Therefore it is but natural to ask—how can I, with so many different makes to choose from, be sure which spark plug is best?

Let the manufacturers of America's finest cars be your guide. Guess work can play no part in their selection of spark plugs for original equipment.

They cannot afford to be influenced by extravagant claims. For the spark plug plays too important a part in the successful functioning of their cars.

They base their choice on exhaustive scientific tests made by their chief engineers in their laboratories.

Glance through the list of 93 manufacturers shown below. There you will recognize the name of practically every fine car made. Each one is plant-equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

Consider this when tempted by unproved claims: every other spark plug had the same opportunity to qualify for standard factory equipment.

Yet more builders chose AC than all others combined.

You take no chance when you buy AC Plugs. Your judgment is backed by the endorsement of these leading manufacturers.

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Look for the letters AC. They are the initials of the originator, glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion; also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, Michigan

### The 93 well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	Cadillac	Davis	Ford & Son Tractors	Jackson	Marmion	Murray	Paterson	Sanford	Stewart Trucks
Advance-Rumely	J. I. Case	Deere Tractors	F-W-D Trucks	Jordan	Maytag	Nash	Peerless	Saxon	Stutz
Tractors	Chalmers	Delco-Light	Gabriel Trucks	Jumbo	McFarlan	National	Pierce-Arrow	Scripps-Booth	Titan Trucks
American	Chandler	Diamond T	Genco Light	Trucks	McLaughlin	Netco Trucks	Pilot	Signal Trucks	Wallis Tractors
La France	Chevrolet	Trucks	G. M. C. Trucks	Kissel Kar	(Canada)	Oakland	Premier	Singer	Waukesha
Anderson	Cole	Dodge Brothers	Gramm-Bern-	La Crosse	Menominee	Old Reliable	Reo	Smith Motor	Motors
Apperson	Continental	Dorris	stein Trucks	Tractors	Trucks	Trucks	Republic Trucks	Wheel	Westcott
Brockway Trucks	Motors	Dort	Hatfield	Lexington-	Moline Tractors	Oldsmobile	Riker Trucks	Stearns-Knight	White
Buffalo Motors	Crane-Simplex	Duesenberg	Haynes	Howard	Moline-Knight	Oneida Trucks	Rutenber Motors	Stephens	White Trus
Buick	Daniels	Motors	Hudson	Liberty	Monroe	Packard	Samson Tractors	Sterling Motors	Wisconsin
		Federal Trucks	Hupmobile	Locomobile	Moreland Trucks	Paige	Sandow Trucks	Sterling Trucks	Motors

Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?





# Why Italy came to Waltham for Time

Italy turned first to Switzerland. Naturally, since she was a neighbor—and Swiss watches were famous. Then on to Paris and London. But the horological experts of this sunny kingdom were "time-scientists." Watch-fame meant little to them—beauty even less.

They had been commissioned by their government to select Italy's official timepiece. Their sole aim, then, was to look through the surface of a watch, into its works—to discover why some watch was the most accurate time-keeper in the world.

With Europe's finest watches at her disposal, why did Italy come to Waltham for time? Because she discovered there, inside the walls of America's oldest and the world's largest watch factory, the most dependable time-keeping masterpiece known to science.

## Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

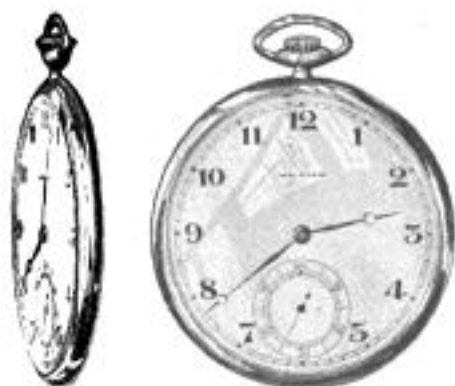
Because—Waltham Watches are bought for their works, not on faith. That is why the horological experts of the most progressive nations have chosen the Waltham Watch in preference to any other watch in the world.

Then, connoisseurs of watch-artistry will tell you that in the elegance of design and the refined beauty of their ensemble Waltham Watches are not surpassed even by the finest timepieces of Geneva, London or Paris.

Because—the natural feeling of time-confidence and certainty which comes with the possession of a Waltham is enhanced by the knowledge that your watch is guaranteed to give you enduring, punctual and faithful service.

Guaranteed by the House of Waltham, from whence have come inventions that have revolutionized the art of watchmaking, and where neither time nor expense is spared in the constant search for improvement.

The jeweler who specializes in Waltham Watches is worthy of your confidence, no matter what article he recommends, because his business has been built on the enduring foundation of quality. He will be pleased to explain the many exclusive advantages of the Waltham Colonial A—illustrated on this page. This beautiful masterpiece is one of the supreme triumphs of more than a half-century of watch-making experience. It has established Waltham supremacy in the achievement of extreme thinness—without the sacrifice of that standard of accuracy which has made



**COLONIAL A**

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy  
 Maximus movement 21 jewels  
 Riverside movement 19 jewels

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



# YUGOSLAVIA: A NEW NATION

BY PIERRE DE LANUX

EVERYBODY knows that Poland exists. Still, you could not find the real Poland on the map.

There are over twenty million people who call themselves Poles, who speak the Polish language (when they are left free to do so), and who contribute to civilization a number of valuable things. And the other day, in New York, I met a body of Polish volunteers leaving for the front to fight for our cause, which is also theirs—the cause of national freedom. Still, politically, Poland was divided 150 years ago between Germany, Austria, and Russia, so that it has no "legal existence."

Everybody (I assume) knows that Bohemia exists, that it wants to be free from Austro-Hungarian rule, and that its people, the Czechs-Slovaks, number eleven million—with one soul.

There is another strong national body of over thirteen million people who have been divided and persecuted according to the worst policy of oppression that the world has ever known. Austria, Hungary, and Turkey have kept them dependent for five centuries. In spite of which, these people are to-day frankly and openly standing up for unity and freedom. Nevertheless, a special map is needed in order to show the position of their territory, because they are not yet officially recognized as a nation.

They are the Southern Slavs or Yugoslavs (Yug meaning south in their language). They include the Serbians, the Croats, and the Slovenes, and their country is about the size of England, Scotland, and Wales. My acquaintance with them began in 1912, at the time of the First Balkan War, when Serbia and her Balkan allies freed the Christian subjects from Turkey in Europe.

Few people then knew anything about the Serbians. But the victory they won over the Turks, at Kumanovo, was the starting point of a new epoch. It was the victory of a little democratic nation over an old empire, the victory of French military training over German methods and armament; and, besides being a disaster for Turkey, it was a terrible blow to the other empire, Austria-Hungary, where millions of subjects of Serbian race were living under oppression. The Serbian victory of Kumanovo created a hope that was never again to be extinguished—the hope for the liberation of the whole Serbo-Croatian race.

That Serbia's sacrifices have been immense, that her bravery and faithfulness to our cause are beyond praise, everybody knows. But does America realize that as far as democracy, culture, and civilization are concerned, Serbia was before this war much in advance of more Occidental countries? In Serbia the peasant's field and tools could not be taken away from him, and begging did not exist. I attended sittings of the Skupshtina, or National Assembly, where half of the deputies were dressed like peasants; the dignified tone of these meetings was far above the standard set by bigger nations.

The Yugoslavs have produced many scientists, writers, artists. M. Pupin, president of the Academy of Science in the State of New York, and N. Tesla, are Yugoslavs. So is Mesh-trovitch, the celebrated young sculptor from Dalmatia.

## Austria Grows Desperate

WHAT are the historic facts concerning the Yugoslavs?

As early as the fourteenth century the Serbian nation was conquered by the Turks and its people divided between the neighboring empires.

After four centuries, in 1804, a national insurrection led by the peasant Kara-george, the grandfather of the present King, freed a part of Serbia from the Turks. In 1878, at the Treaty of Berlin,



With a country about the size of England, Scotland, and Wales, the Yugoslavs, who include the Serbians, Croats, and Slovenes, to-day stand openly for freedom



As early as the spring of 1916 the Serbian army reappeared on the Saloniki front



The children who took refuge in France are being taught in French schools new songs for loving their beautiful country

Serbia became an independent kingdom, but Austria had managed to take control of Bosnia, which is peopled by Serbians. In 1908 she formally annexed Bosnia, and this move violently irritated the national feeling of all the Yugoslav race. After the war of 1912 Austria could plainly see that the will of her Yugoslav subjects was tending more and more toward reunion with their glorious brothers from independent Serbia. Austria tried harder than ever to ruin Serbia, and provoked the Second Balkan War of 1913, encouraging Bulgaria to attack her former allies. But Serbia inflicted upon the Bulgarians on the River Bregalnitz, a crushing defeat as Kumanovo had been over the Turks the year before.

Of course after that the prestige of Serbia was tremendously increased, and the Yugoslavs of Austria grew prouder of belonging to that

same race, which Germans and Magyars had always belittled and kept in a miserable economic condition. (For instance, there was not one railroad connecting the two sister countries of Bosnia and Serbia in spite of their long common frontier, for fear of a fraternization that would imperil the empire. All trains had to pass through Hungary.)

In 1913-14 the national movement in the Yugoslav provinces of Austria-Hungary grew more and more intense, and the worst thing was that the rulers at Vienna could not accuse these people of either violence or revolt; but schools, newspapers, societies were being multiplied, and in 1914 the entire younger generation was won to the idea of national unity with Serbia.

The Austrian Government then became desperate. It took as a pretext the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Bosnia, in June—a murder accomplished by an isolated fanatic, and surrounded by circumstances which put the Austrian authorities themselves under strange suspicion. The sudden ultimatum to Serbia, the war declared in spite of Serbia's yielding to the ultimatum, the world set ablaze by the consequences of that aggression, are facts which I need not retrace here. But how many people remember that the first three attempts made in 1914 by Austria to invade and "punish" little Serbia met with disastrous failure?

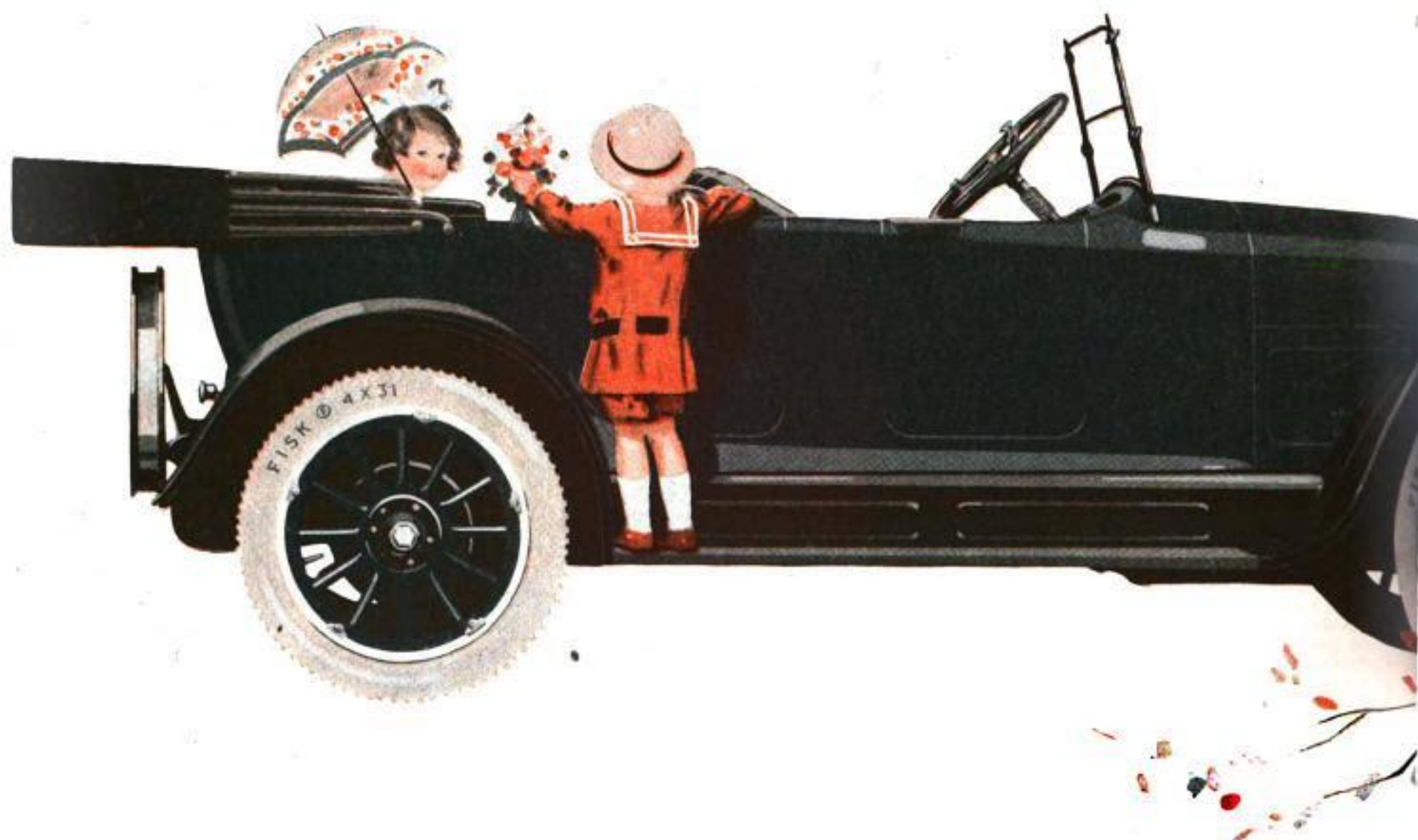
## The Declaration of Corfu

THE first two scarcely endangered Serbian territory. The third, led by General Potiorek, with a large army, penetrated into Serbia, and Belgrade, the capital, fell into the hands of the aggressor. For a moment hope was lost. But on the Kolubara line there happened for Serbia what had happened for France on the line of the Marne. Old King Peter took the head of his troops in a desperate offensive, and the day ended with a new and historical licking to be written on the flag of Austria. Fifty thousand prisoners, with their guns and flags, were abandoned by Potiorek, who had to leave Belgrade in such haste that his baggage, including his many decorations, fell into the hands of the victorious Serbians.

It needed the combined effort of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Germany, under the high command of Field Marshal von Mackensen, in 1915, to curb the resistance of Serbia on the battle fields. The little army resisted heroically, then had to retreat through the desert mountains of Albania to the coast. There it was sent on French ships to the island of Corfu, where it was reorganized. And as early as the spring of 1916 the Serbian army reappeared on the Saloniki front, where it is fighting now, receiving reinforcements from the voluntary (Continued on page 30)



**Over**  
TRADE MARK



# Model 90—Everything I

Follow this infallible test in the selection of your car, based upon the experiences of tens of thousands of car owners—

—who unanimously agree these five essentials are imperative for complete satisfaction;

First for consideration, if not first in importance, is the *Appearance* of your car.

Consult your wife and she will agree this Overland Model 90 leaves nothing to be desired, with its big-car stylish design, correct color scheme and exquisite finish.

*Performance* is the foundation of every car's reason for existence.

It is the powerful, sweet-running motor and efficient performance of this easy-to-handle Model 90 that, more than anything else, is responsible for its great popularity.

More than 100,000 are already sold.

It is sparing with fuel and saving of tires and above all, is consistent and adequate.

Its control is convenient and simple.

Women find this Model 90 especially handy to drive because of its easy-to-operate clutch, its narrow turning radius and because it is simple to handle.

The longer you drive, the greater grows the necessity for comfort.

This is why the *Comfort* of the Model 90 is best appreciated by veteran motorists. Experience teaches that nothing can do more to spoil satisfaction in a car than the absence of comfort.

Model 90 has wide, extra-cushioned seats, deep upholstery, spacious interior.

Light Four Model 90  
Touring Car . . . \$850

Willys-Overland  
Willys-Knight and Overland  
Canadian Ltd.





Gift Car

# Complete Satisfaction

g room, cantilever-springs, and es, non-skid rear. These factors l with the scientific distribution t produce maximum comfort.

se who have owned cars for years you nothing is more important *Service* the company behind the le and willing to render.

his respect Model 90 again offers d advantages. No matter where or tour, expert Overland service rs accessible. This guarantees

satisfaction in your car and protection of your investment.

The fifth essential that must be satisfactory is *Price*. Perhaps this should be listed first, but price is only an advantage if the other four essentials are properly provided.

*Because Model 90 does completely give the desired appearance, performance, comfort and service, its modest price makes it even more of a remarkable bargain.*

Increased demands upon the time

and energy of people magnify the value of Model 90 cars as business entities.

With one you can commandeer time. With one you can exact the greatest amount of work out of a day.

With one you can save hours and energy, benefit your health and make your life richer and fuller.

Order your Model 90 now. Let the Willys-Overland dealer save you money.

*Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price*

Ohio  
Commercial Cars

*f. o. b. Toledo—Price subject  
to change without notice*



man who could build good ships and build them quickly, a chance to glow with patriotic pride and the sense of something done for his country, a blow struck in the war. He was put upon his mettle, with the double incentive of making money and doing his bit.

Immediately certain shipbuilders began to try to corner the labor market. In Seattle, Skinner & Eddy, who had turned shipbuilders on a large scale since 1915, took advantage of a strike that had tied up the plant of the Seattle Dry Dock and Construction Company. They got Dave Rodgers, who had been with the Seattle Dry Dock and Construction Company, and gave him a free hand.

"Finish the yard," they said to him in effect, "and build ships. Get the men you need—and get them quickly."

Rodgers didn't hesitate. He went up and down the Pacific Coast. He raided every yard from Seattle to San Diego. He put into effect a wage scale that paralyzed every shipbuilder on the coast. Labor couldn't ask for anything that Rodgers wasn't ready and willing at least to discuss; it asked for few things he wasn't prepared to grant. And so, while other shipbuilders were wrangling with labor, Skinner & Eddy were building ships. They broke a world's record when they launched one ship in just sixty-four days from the laying of her keel; they expect to launch two ships a month for the rest of this year.

From Puget Sound to San Diego Skinner & Eddy are being denounced by shipbuilders. Men sat in their offices and told me things about Skinner & Eddy which, were I to set them down here, would furnish grounds for a score of libel suits. Boiled down and denatured, these things come to this: Skinner & Eddy disorganized labor conditions along the whole coast. They forced wages up out of all reason. They made labor discontented with good, average working conditions in other yards. They were responsible for strikes last summer. By "pirating" men, by hiring men away who were doing good work for good wages by promising them more money, they upset the balance everywhere and crippled a good many yards which lost the few skilled men they had.

Now, there is a certain degree of truth in these charges. Proper foresight, proper planning for the economical distribution of such skilled labor as there was, under some cooperative system, would have produced better results, almost unquestionably—and would have made the methods Skinner & Eddy pursued unprofitable, and, therefore, impossible. But, as matters were, Skinner & Eddy committed only one crime—they looked farther ahead and moved more quickly than their rivals. What they did was exactly what always has been done and always will be done under a competitive system.

Here was a big public job. Deliberately it was decided to have it done by private persons: by individuals, so to speak. There was money in doing the job quickly; that was the stimulus offered for quick quantity production. Hurley's answer to the daily complaints that poured into him about the way Skinner & Eddy had gone about their business was, very simply: "They're building ships. We've got to have ships—now."

#### Dealing with the Union

FRANK L. SKINNER of Skinner & Eddy is no more a believer in unions and the closed shop than most of his fellow shipbuilders, who denounce him so bitterly. But he decided that the way to build ships quickly was to deal with the unions.

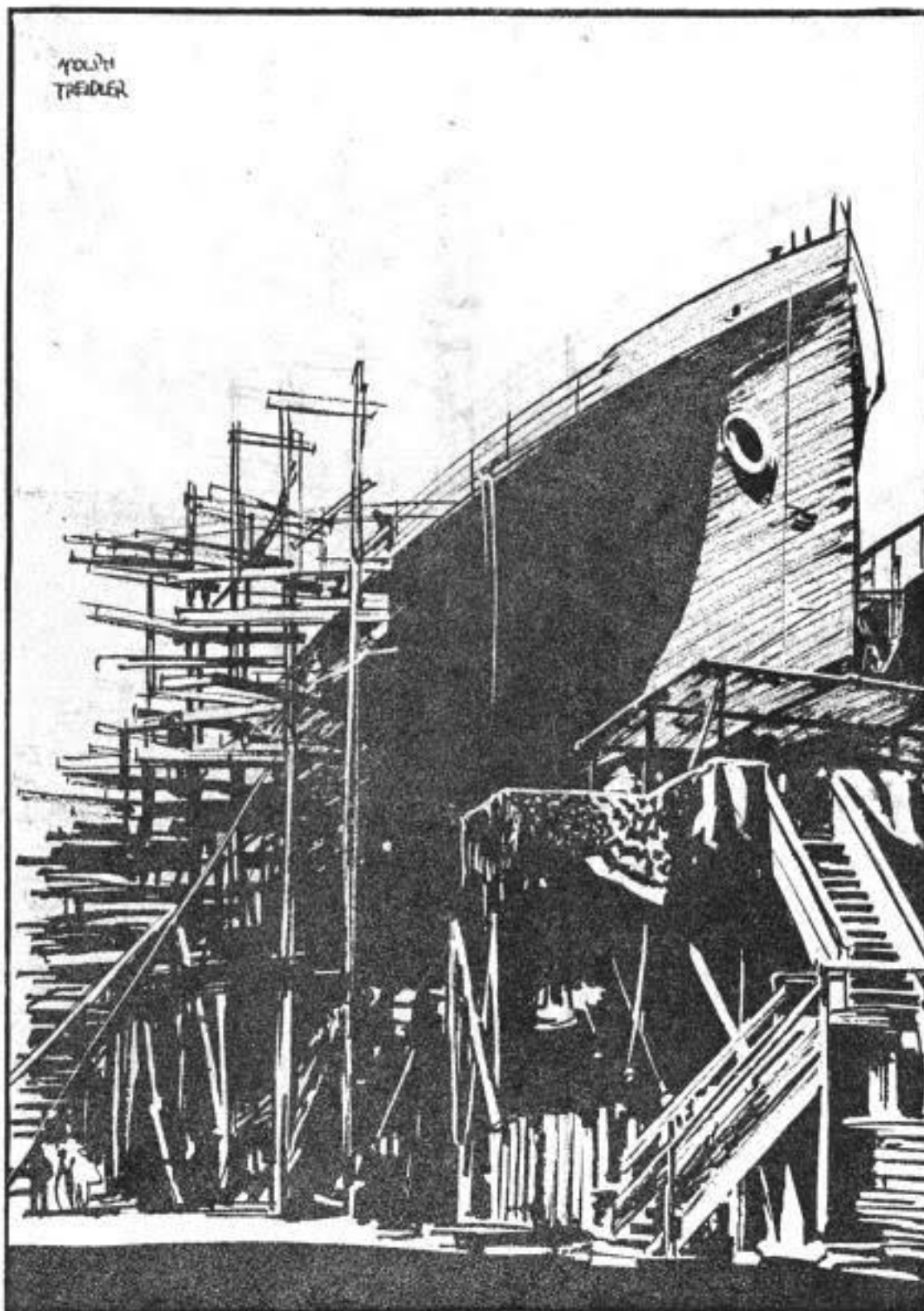
"That was all there was to it," he said when he explained his policy to me. "There was a shortage of highly skilled labor. Dealing with the unions, satisfying the men, was the proper way, the quick way, to get results. So we sat down with the men and worked out our agreement. We've lived up to our word; so have our men."

Thanks to Skinner & Eddy, Seattle is a closed-

shop town now, so far as the shipyards are concerned. The labor problem there is practically out of the way. There is a central employment office, organized and maintained by the Department of Labor of the United States. When I was in Seattle Frank A. Silcox was in charge of it, and, rather to the bewilderment of everyone concerned, the dove of industrial peace was very much in evidence.

#### Making a Joke of Foremen

THIS employment office was functioning extremely well in Seattle. Silcox either has been transferred to Los Angeles, or soon will be, to organize a similar office there; such offices are needed in every shipbuilding center in the country. In San Francisco



When it comes to getting ships off the ways Pacific Coast yards are breaking records

there are two big steel yards—that of the Union Iron Works and that of Moore & Scott. Men go back and forth between the two plants now; both plants charge that the other offers wages above the scale to good men. Apprentices, taken on at one yard, work long enough to get a smattering of their trade, and then offer themselves, and are hired, at the other as skilled hands.

In Seattle that was impossible. Silcox's office kept records; through it all men were being hired by all yards. If a man was dismissed from one yard, he found it hard to get work at one of the others if his dismissal had been for cause—and most of the few dismissals in Pacific Coast yards are, emphatically, for cause in these days.

In San Francisco, where there was no central employment agency, and where the two yards weren't working together, a man fired by Moore & Scott in Oakland could go to the Alameda or San Francisco plants of the Union Iron Works and be hired at once. That sort of thing makes a joke of the authority of foremen.

#### Rivets, Figures, and Wages

THESE are general matters. Specific charges have been made against the men who are working in the Pacific Coast yards. It has been said, and figures have been cited in support of the charge, that

riveting gangs have failed to drive as many rivets as they could and should. In the "Sunset Magazine" Walter V. Woehlke has written articles, denouncing labor, that have aroused a storm of bitter protest all along the Pacific Coast. Especially severe was the attack upon him for his statement that a good riveting gang could average 400 rivets a day, and should drive not less than 300 a day, and that twenty-five gangs, which, he implied, represented a fair average, had driven an average of only fifty-one rivets in a day.

His figures were obtained from a San Francisco yard. They represented rivets driven by twenty-five gangs, on a day early last October. They showed that these gangs had received \$277.50 for their work, and had earned, on a piecework basis, only \$50.74 for their total of 1,277 rivets. He contended that they should have driven 10,000 rivets.

I shall quote here what a man in the executive department of another shipyard said to me about Woehlke's statement.

"In the first place," he said, "you can't say how many rivets a gang can or ought to drive in a day of eight hours. There is no way of striking an average. The number depends on all sorts of things—and I don't know what the conditions were under which the gangs included in his figures were working on that day. I don't know what sort of weather it was. I don't know on what part of the ship they were working. I don't know how much they had to move about. I don't know whether they were getting enough air pressure for their guns."

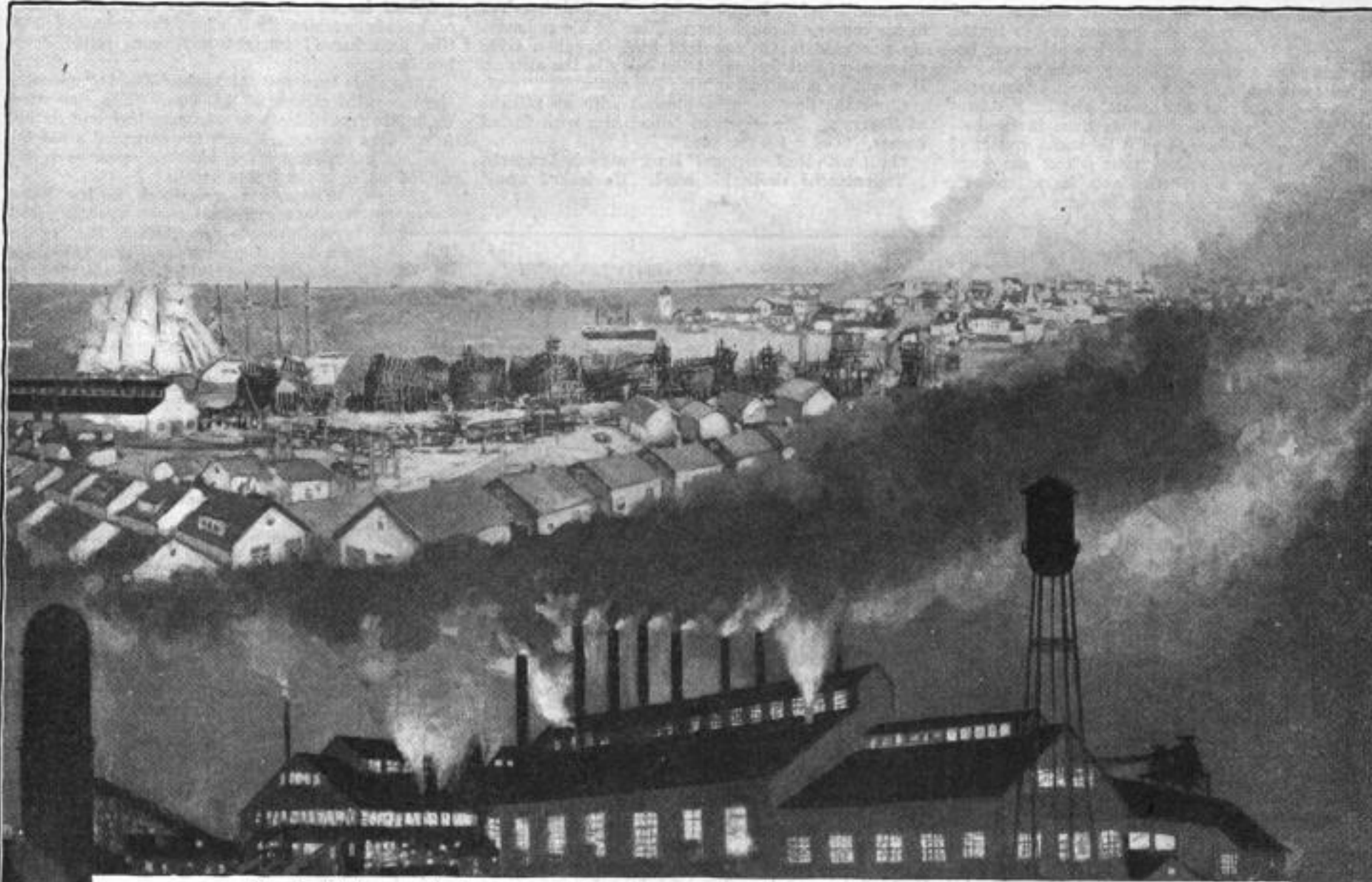
Parenthetically it may be well to explain that riveting is done with a pneumatic hammer, known as a "gun," driven by compressed air. From Puget Sound to San Diego there has been complaint, for months, that in many shipyards the air pressure was insufficient. It has been hard to get the compressors that were needed, and to get them installed. Pipes have not been properly protected. Details of management have been poorly cared for. Chairman Hurley confirmed these statements when I talked with him in Washington; he said that much of the blame that had gone to riveting gangs belonged properly to executives who, like the men, were new at the work and had much to learn.

"And then, too," my informant went on, "I think Woehlke got his figures as to the number of rivets a gang—that is, the riveter, the holder on, and the heater boy—ought to drive from old-established Eastern yards, like the Cramps at Philadelphia, and the Newport News people. We have developed an entirely different way of building ships out here. In the East a riveting gang doesn't go to work until everything is ready for it. Then, when it starts, it can go straight through a day's work. In any given week, in the East, a riveting gang may lay off for three days, and then work straight ahead for three days. Here, instead of making ready three days, we let a gang work right along. It may drive thirty or forty rivets at one end of a hull, and then move along to the other end, or even to another hull, on another ways. That moving about takes part of the eight hours. We figure that, in the long run, we do more work in less time the way we do it. But, of course, when you make up tables of rivets driven per day per gang we show up poorly."

This same man supplied me with charts and figures that tell a much more encouraging story than do Woehlke's. In his plant the fixed wage scale for riveters is a guaranty, based on a certain number of rivets driven. If fewer rivets are driven, the gang gets the day's-work wage; if the minimum is exceeded, the piecework rate is paid. The guaranty system is fair because there are certain parts of a hull where driving of rivets is necessarily slow; where men have to work in cramped and unnatural positions.

(Continued on page 35)





More than 200 giant sawmills, subscribers to the SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION, are producing enormous quantities of America's most useful lumber to supply the unprecedented demands of the Nation

## Houses for Workmen and Build Them Quickly!

ADEQUATE housing for labor is the paramount need of industrial America. Progressive manufacturers everywhere recognize that this must be their dependence in attracting efficient workmen, holding them and reducing the costly labor "turnover."

The question is: How can suitable, serviceable, living quarters for workmen be provided on an extensive scale most rapidly and most economically?

### Uncle Sam Points the Way

In the wartime building of cantonments, barracks, camps, naval quarters and supply stations, as well as in the construction of extensive military housing accommodations in Europe, Uncle Sam has used wood almost exclusively. And in the great majority of instances, in this country and abroad, the wood specified has been

## SOUTHERN PINE

"The Wood of Service"

Uncle Sam's choice was the wise choice of the experienced builder. Southern Pine is strong, durable, workable, and adapted to more varied uses than any other wood that grows. It is the ideal material for general homebuilding uses—and it can be had NOW, in any desired quantity. Furthermore, Southern

Pine lumber, manufactured by any of the more than 200 giant sawmills subscribing to the Southern Pine Association, is **absolutely guaranteed** as to grade.

Manufacturers who are confronted by the Industrial Housing problem are invited to write to this association for advice and suggestions.



# Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS, LA.





They might never have spoken to each other of the thing born in them, she because of her innate modesty, and Burgoyne because he could never believe that such a vision of beauty could be his. A very modest man is Patrick Burgoyne. Monarchs have pinned orders on his breast, and he has hastened from their presence to hide them in the bottoms of trunks. "Wear them?" he would stutter if the thing were suggested. "Is it a fool you want to make of me, or a sandwich man for a jeweler's shop?" But he was happy to be near her, happy to be noticed by her. And this he testified to by singing in a cracked, falsetto voice, off-tune, an Irish ballad in which he stated he was an orphan (which he was not—Sir Kevin and Lady Burgoyne being the haldest people I know) and an exile (he had the freedom of the city of Dublin somewhere in his pockets), and that he was about to lay his aged bones in a pauper's grave. This was a sign he was enjoying himself supremely.

They had gone down one spring morning to Cold Spring Harbor for a day with some friends. They were returning in the evening. They were standing on the edge of the platform waiting for their train. A special came crashing down the track from Wading River. A porter trundled a truck along the platform. Unconsciously Burgoyne stepped out of the way. Fifty yards distant the express thundered.

"Look out!" some one called.

He lost his footing, stumbled, and fell on the track. Like a conjurer's trick, he whirled around on his face, his legs and arms outstretched taut, every atom of air expelled from his huge chest. Some one caught Jeannette Baird as she leaped forward. Like a crash of ordnance the train went past. Her scream cut through the air like a jagged bolt of lightning. As the last car passed Burgoyne jumped up. He began dusting the collar of his coat.

"I've got a red-hot cinder on the back of my neck," he half shouted. "Where is that porter until I murder him!"

He looked around for Jeannette Baird. She had slipped fainting to the platform. In one prodigious sweep he had gathered her into his arms.

"Oh, machree, machree," he crooned to her. "Oh, machree, machree!"

THERE is no need to describe those first months of the marriage of Burgoyne and Jeannette Baird. To every man and woman in this world at some allotted time comes that sweeping golden flood that carries them whirling onward past the solid banks of material things. There is that time when one awakens suddenly to the glory of the universe—to the wonder of the depth of blue in the heavens and the marvels of flowers, and the brown body of the homing bee. The ragged fleeces of the clouds seem the work of some Titan silversmith, and clearly, for an ineffable instant, one hears the mighty harmony of the fixed and wandering stars. There is no man or woman who at some time does not experience it. No, not one!

So, for two months, Patrick Burgoyne and his wife Jeannette lived in a world as much apart from the hustle and rage of New York as the world of the little folk of the hills is from the solid world of men. If such a thing as adoration can be given to a human being, Burgoyne gave it to that beautiful, mystical wife of his. If such a thing as worship is proper for men, it was lavished on Patrick Burgoyne.

"I'm so happy I will die," Jeannette used to tell him with tears in her eyes. "Can it last, Patrick, can it last?"

"When the war's over," he would tell her, "I'll come back to you. And together we'll roam the wide world, machree. And we'll never see the time passing until we're white-haired and drowsy with sleep. And we'll die together, and it will begin again among the stars."

It might have been her early love of Chinese wisdom and Chinese poetry that made war a vague, intangible thing to Jeannette Burgoyne. It might have been the strain of her dreaming father in her. Though she said nothing, she could never believe Burgoyne would leave her side.

There came a day when Burgoyne frowned viciously, began pacing the room, began tapping his fingers on the table. She felt a queer terror grip her heart. "Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

"Oh, no! Nothing. Nothing at all," he told her. She looked at him with dumb, stricken eyes.

A month before Burgoyne had offered his services to his country through the medium of his embassy. He was glad in the heart of him, though a trifle ashamed at that feeling, at the delay in the answer. It meant so much longer with Jeannette.

Came the day when he lunched with an attaché at Sherry's. The diplomat hailed him with forced humor. "Got a job for you!"

"Is it with the Leinsters?" Burgoyne asked eagerly. The attaché shook his head. He looked away.



## THE TRANSPORT

BY BEATRICE WASHBURN

*I watched your transport sail away for France,  
And tried to tell you then how brave you were,  
How much I loved you, how the coming years  
Were glorified; how all our little dreams,  
That we had built together, sailed with you;  
And of that winter day when we first met,  
And how there was a new moon in the sky.  
Do you remember when like splintered ice  
It lay upon the surface of the lake?  
Of how I loved you and the wasted years  
We might have spent together, but it still  
Was something to have had, those happy years,  
Something to hold, something to thank Him for,  
Something most people die with never having known,  
Something the war can never take away!  
All this I would have told you, but so much  
Was left unsaid. We only talked of ships  
And why the gulls could dip their wings so deep,  
And how the sky line changes with the years,  
And of the city, and be sure to write  
And tell me everything you think of France—  
And don't forget!—and then the whistle blew. . .*

*Now when they talk of war I only see  
The harbor flashing in the sun, the dipping gulls,  
The ragged edge of rope that tied the ship,  
A little crack upon the painted rail  
Where you last laid your hand.*

"Is it the Rhodesian Rifles, then?" asked Burgoyne. "The fact of the matter is," the diplomat stated uneasily, "the Government would be glad if you'd investigate the African situation up in Mashonaland. There's something queer going on there."

Burgoyne laid down his knife and fork.

"Any intelligence officer can do that," he said.

"I'm sorry, old man," Barrett, the attaché, said.

"You won't take it, then."

"I'm damned if I will!"

"I don't blame you," the diplomat told him. He had been at school at Portora with Burgoyne. "I'll try again."

So, impatient and restless, now frowning in anger, now in violent demonstrations to Jeannette, Burgoyne raged about like a panther in a cage. And Jeannette, looking at him fearfully, felt a tugging at her heartstrings.

"His love is drooping and dying," she thought to herself, "like a plucked rose."

When he was out, no longer did the tapestry of melody wreath itself about the cherished lute. She held herself upright and tears rolled down her face.

"The birds have quit the hushed hillside," she sang the mournful melody of Li Hua. "The east wind wails like troubled ghosts who go hither and thither in ominous gloom. Athwart the trampled grass the sunlight pales. The warm blood in my veins is like chilled water in the frozen brook."

There was somewhere in the Baird family a grandfather—or was it a great-grandfather?—who belied the family standard of quietude and gentleness, and who had quadrupled the fortune by canny work in the shipping business. There was talk of his blackbirding to the French and English Indies. There were tales of his whaling ships leaving New Bedford armed to the teeth, and of their coming back laden with oil, while the barks of competitors came back not at all. These things may not be true, for lies attach themselves about strong men, as barnacles foul a ship.

But, true or not, a flare of the old man's blood and spirit glints forth occasionally in a Baird. It may lie dormant, and then a word, an occasion, may set it aflame. It dies out after, but that is a dangerous minute.

And now, while Patrick Burgoyne paced the floor, looked this way and that, drew paper toward him and threw it away again, the spirit of old Hell-Fire Baird began to light softly like the first glow of tinder in the breast of Jeannette. She began to brood with her eyelids half closed.

IMPATIENTLY Burgoyne went out of the house one day, and uptown to his club. He wanted to keep all worry from his wife until the last moment possible. He told her nothing of his plans. "Good God!" he thought, "poor child! That will come soon enough!"

From his club he got the embassy on the long-distance, Barrett talking.

"I just got word this minute, Patrick," the attaché told him. "You're appointed, if you'll take it, to the staff of a diplomatic mission coming across here. Go out and buy a hat with a red band. Congratulations, my boy!"

"My compliments to the diplomatic mission to the United States," Burgoyne's words dropped into the receiver like icicles, "and they can go to the devil. I'm a fighting man, and not a pink-tea liar."

He rushed back to the house and began slinging his things together. He called for Jeannette.

"Mavourneen, I've got to run up to Canada in an hour," he told her. There was a tremor in his voice.

"Well, why not?" she said coldly.

He looked at her strangely in a sort of daze. He couldn't understand her. He had expected her to cry, to throw her arms about him, to plead to be allowed to come. He remembered the words of some man at the club, a man who had had much experience with women, which Burgoyne had not. The saying was to the effect that women acted strangely at times, and when they acted strangely the best thing to do was to let them alone.

"Well, I'll be going," he said weakly.

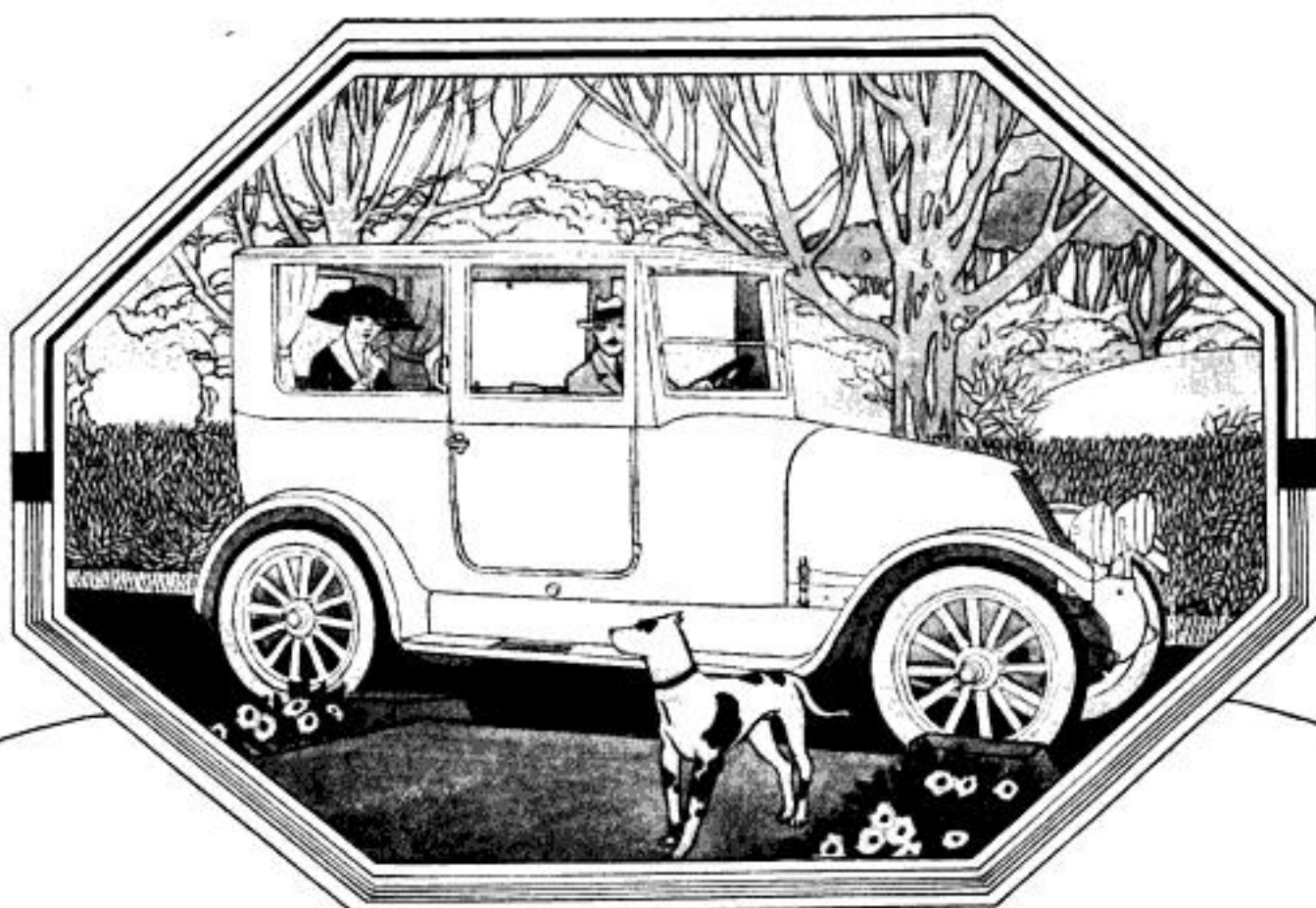
"Go, by all means," she told him politely.

The door had hardly closed when her rage began. So this was love, she told herself bitterly. So this was what she had dreamed. The whole fabric of her dreams and visions had been ripped ruthlessly from bottom to top. She had given herself all to this man, body and heart and the faint aromatic precious thing which was her soul. He had pawed it, mauled it, played with it, amused himself with it, and then suddenly tired of it, as a man will of a flower worn all day in his buttonhole, of a certain tie, of a pair of spats. A sort of fierce modesty flamed within her. She, Jeannette Baird, to have been treated thus! She thrust her hands to her burning face.

"Let him go back to his bears and wolves," she said scornfully. "Let him go back to his savage lands. It is what he is fit for!"

All that night she lay awake, at times cold with scorn, and at times her face wet with tears. She held her pillow to her mouth to choke her sobs. Dawn came and the day drew on with leaden, lagging feet. Another hideous night, and Burgoyne came with the morning. (Continued on page 28)





## Why the Franklin Car Delivers Service Without Waste

**T**HERE was a time when peace and plenty fostered a "hang-the-expense" attitude on the part of the automobile owner. That time has gone.

The national need of economy has brought the whole motor car proposition squarely down to a basis of: Service without Waste.

With the Franklin Car, this standard of Economy is not a new phrase, lugged in to meet the demands of the times.

From the beginning, the Franklin has held to the truth that heavy weight in a motor car is bound to mean heavy expense to run it—that needless *weight* directly results in needless *waste*. And today the car that is too heavy for a man's needs, is recognized as making unnecessary demands on the Nation's resources.

For sixteen years, the Franklin has been built on the principles of Scientific Light Weight, Direct Air-Cooling and Flexible Construction. For sixteen years, the Franklin has been piling up remarkable

economy records as proof of the correctness of those principles.

Franklin efficiency has *always* been a recognized fact; the exacting nature of the times has simply extended that recognition.

For the average motorist no longer has a mere academic interest in gasoline economy. *He's hunting for it.* No longer is he satisfied with five, or even six thousand miles, to the set of tires. *He's looking for more.*

In sharp contrast to *claims* of economy—to mere assurances—he finds the strongly supported *facts* of Franklin *daily performance*:

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10;  
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000;  
A high resale value—instead of a firesale price.

And he inevitably develops a new standard of motoring. He will never again tolerate the wastage of an inefficient car

For it is not unusual to own a fine car; nor even unusual to own an economical car; but to own a car that is both fine *and* economical, is so unusual that it is possible in only one automobile.

**ELECTRIC PRIMER** insures ready cold weather starting, even from low-grade gasoline. Minimizes spark plug fouling and loading up.

**MASTER VIBRATOR** produces fat, hot spark for starting even when battery is "low." Another assurance of motoring satisfaction.

**STARTING DEVICE**—Simplest; surest; large capacity; controlled by ignition switch. No meshing of gears and pushing of pedals.

**LARGER TIRES** increase already remarkable tire mileage. 33 x 4½ inch cord tires now on all types assure utmost tire reliability.

**NEW OILING SYSTEM** with reservoir and wick eliminates messy grease-cup troubles. Surer; requires less attention.

**AIR INTAKE STRAINER** keeps road dust, grit, etc., out of engine internals. Prevents wear in cylinders, valves, etc. Lessens repairs.

**PISTON CONSTRUCTION** automatically takes up cylinder wear. Maintains compression. Engine indefinitely retains responsiveness.

**INTAKE YOKE HEATER** quickly warms up mixture by use of exhaust gases. Original with Franklin; perfected in today's car.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.





**T**HERE are many imitations of Raybestos Brake Lining—*Thisbestos* and *Thatbestos*. Similar in name, but lacking in quality. They may imitate the name, but they can't duplicate Raybestos WEAR. Genuine Raybestos is quickly identified by the Silver Edge. Genuine Raybestos is *guaranteed* to WEAR one year. Why not pay a few cents more and get real—

**Raybestos**  
BRAKE LINING



**Enamolin**

*The enamel that will make a white surface white enamel*

### Enamolin Satisfies Even Boat Owners!

**T**HIS is the strongest endorsement of Enamolin's wearing qualities and beauty. For there is no severer test to which an enamel can be put than use on the outside of boats.

An Enamolin-finished boat is always a gloriously white one, with a surface as hard and smooth as porcelain.

It may become dirty, oily or grimy, but a scrubbing with sapolio and water will instantly restore Enamolin's pure whiteness.

There is no "turning color"—no checking, cracking or peeling—no refinishing for at least two seasons, if Enamolin is used.

Because of this marvelous durability, this porcelain-like smoothness, this radiant whiteness and this economy in use, Enamolin has long been recognized as the leading enamel for use on the interior and exterior of homes.

Ask for "The White Spot Booklet." A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10 cents. Address: Domestic Dept.

**JOHN CALMAN & CO.** ESTABLISHED IN 1850  
800 William St. New York

## A Sister of Shining Swords

Continued from page 26

He ran—he could not wait to walk—into the little morning room where she sat before her untasted breakfast.

"Look at me!" he shouted joyfully.

His shoulders were bulging beneath a khaki tunic. Riding breeches glared out from his knees. Puttees wound upward from his heavy boots.

"I'm a Tommy," he gurgled. "I'm a plain private in a Canadian artillery regiment." He dived forward to catch her in his arms. "I've got two days' leave, and I've come all the way down to spend a few hours with you."

She stopped his spontaneous rush with a cold glance. "Well?" she asked frigidly.

"It was the only thing to do," Burgoyne explained. "When I get over to the other side—"

"I'm not interested, I'm afraid."

Burgoyne looked at her blankly. "Are you cracked, Jeannette?" he exploded.

"I'm not crazy, if that's what you mean. I know what I'm saying. We've been married three months now, and for a month and a half you've been trying to get away. Now, you've got away. You ought to be satisfied."

"Look here, Jeannette, for God's sake! You—"

"Patrick Burgoyne," she faced him, "if you had really cared for me, you'd have stayed here, where we were so happy for those two months. But you never cared for me. You were eager to get away."

"But you don't understand, girl"; he threw his hands apart. "I had to go. Would you have me stay here while my old comrades and my old friends are being killed—"

"I don't care," she said cruelly. He came toward her.

"And as for not caring for you, Jeannette," he told her; "if I could take my heart out of my body and lay it at your feet, I'd do it, by God! girl! if anything—"

"Well, here's something for you, Patrick Burgoyne," she said fiercely. "I care as little for you as for the fly on that windowpane. If there's one person on earth I detest, it's you. And I want you to know it!"

"Jeannette!" he implored.

"Please go!"

"For Heaven's sake, Jeannette, think of what you're saying. You're not meaning it, surely!"

"Will you please go?" There was a tried frown on her forehead, and she turned her head away. She made an impatient gesture with her hand.

He straightened himself suddenly and, swinging around with a click, went out through the door. She heard the big front door close and his firm, swinging tread going down the street. Every stride away from her seemed to tug at her heart as though a rough cable were tearing at the delicate organism of it, but she would not call him back. She would not. Never! Never! No!

**F**OR a month, now, the reports that the silent Cantonese, Hong Kop, had been bringing to Li Sin were steadily growing more and more serious. The Jeannette Baird of the days before Burgoyne appeared seemed to have vanished into thin air, and a feverish, hardened woman to have taken her place. The younger set, who had found her to be such a prude, as they termed it, now welcomed her with open arms. The abhorred cocktail had no longer any repulsion for her. The dances that lasted until morning found her going rhythmically at dawn. And men congregated about her as buzzards might over a dying man. There was John Van Rensselaer Adams, half decent. There was Major Lefferts, rotten to the core. And there was Rodney Keston, a slimy, cunning thing.

And, strange to say, it was to Rodney Keston, of all men, that Jeannette Burgoyne seemed to incline. A pale, soft, slight man, with a neat black beard and an ironic manner, and with something utterly effeminate about him, he was of the type which honest men feel should be stamped under heel as they crush the loathsome thing. One would fear hitting him, lest, instead of the swinging fist striking honest flesh and bone, it should plunge into some ulcerous mass, revolting, unthinkable.

"The only thing to do with a man like that," some one said, "is to bury him alive in lime! And yet, somehow, women like him. It's unbelievable!"

He did something for a living, did Rodney Keston—painted miniatures, or was an interior decorator, or something obnoxious of the kind. His talk was continually of art and letters, and he spoke offhandedly of strange, exotic works, of poets who used words for painting instead of writing, of novelists who created their heroes out of devil worshippers. Perhaps it was her reaction from Burgoyne—Burgoyne with the clean eye and the set jaw, Burgoyne with the two swinging arms, Burgoyne the smiling, that drove her to companionship with the flaccid, pale, and melancholy charlatan with his eternal twaddle of superart. And of the new set with whom she had come in contact, who knew vaguely that her husband had gone for a soldier, there were some who sneered openly and some who were disgusted and some who laughed.

"He's not such a fool as he looks," they told one another. "He's after her money. He'll get her to divorce this soldier gink—and then, oh, boy!"

**T**HERE is something incredible in how the Chinese come to know matters which seem out of their ken. Hong Kop, the mysterious, had no entry to the places affected by Jeannette Burgoyne and her protégé, or admirer, or whatever the beast might be called. By some intuition he appeared to know of every occurrence, and every word between them. To Li Sin he reported faithfully and in detail.

"Am I to kill this man Keston?" he suggested gently to his master. He felt longingly at the knife in his sleeve.

"Umm," Li Sin pondered for an instant. A twinge of scorn ran across his face. "No." The Cantonese bowed.

"You will go down to Chai-Net, Hong Kop," Li Sin ordered. "And you will tell her that I want her to take an automobile ride with me in the morning. I want to show her something. At six o'clock, Hong Kop."

**T**HE big gray touring car slipped westward from Gramercy Park. Faintly the noise of traffic had begun, a dull, rumbling sound like a drowsy sleeper walking. It swished through the grimy West Side. Hong Kop, the inscrutable, drove her with the easy motion of a gondola. In the rear Jeannette Burgoyne, erect and watchful, was studying the grave features of Li Sin.

"I knew you, Chai-Net, when you were hardly the size of the child in the street there," he pointed to a pig-tailed girl of eight, bringing in milk from a doorstep. He was silent for a moment.

"I knew you when you were a young girl, Chai-Net, when I used to bring you presents from the New York you never knew, and I brought you back here, Chai-Net. And I introduced you to your husband, Chai-Net."

She made a quick, abrupt gesture.

"No, you will listen to me, Chai-Net, to Li Sin, who am old, to Li Sin who knew you all your life. And who picked you a husband, Chai-Net."

They had run through the slips to a ferryboat and were crossing now. The fresh caressing wind of the East River came to them with a shock as of sprayed water.

"You do not know Patrick Burgoyne, Chai-Net. Look! There is dawn still in the sky. I have often seen Burgoyne look at it; get up and laugh. 'Here's a bid for fortune,' he used to say, and that day he was off to find the lost Oasis of Sahara, or to chart the Azof Sea. A great poet and a great wanderer, and a great man, Chai-Net."

"That's all he wants—that! Not me!" she said chokingly.

"He will share all that with you, Chai-Net."

They had emerged on the Jersey shore. Hong Kop swung the car southward along the water front. "But you have got one rival, Chai-Net. And that takes him from you now."

She sat erect as if struck in the face. She flushed red. "A rival!"

"A rival, Chai-Net."

She sat back limply. A flood of color came into her face. "Oh, shamed me!" she cried softly, reverting to the soft-toned Pekingese of her youth. "Never again can I raise my head, Li Sin."

(Continued on page 30)





"Every Miller Cord  
Specialist Has Had  
10 Years' Training"

# Tiredom's Great Feat—the Uniform Cord

*Chief of the Miller Tires—All Built By Champions*

**T**HE Miller Rubber Co. has successfully applied to the building of Cord-type Tires their championship system that gave the world Uniform fabric tires.

And no motoring sensation is comparable to the buoyancy of riding on Miller Uniform Cords.

Size for size they have much greater air capacity than ordinary tires. And their hand construction makes them wonderfully flexible.

The big strong cords fairly float in new, live rubber.

## Geared-to-the-Road

Miller Uniform Cord Tires are made with two treads—the conventional ribbed type and the Geared-to-the-Road. Only Miller Tires have this latter feature, for this is a patented design. It has the advantage of caterpillar feet that engage the ground like cogs.

Geared-to-the-Road gives positive traction, with practically no skidding, hence great security on roads.

It also prevents the wheels from spinning as

you start the car, saving your tires from being scuffed and "burned."

## 99 Per Cent Excellent

No other tires can ever be as uniform as Miller until the men who build them are as uniform as Miller tire builders. For tires contain much hand-work—Cord tires most of all.

This is why we developed the body of Cord Tire Champions. Each man is a specialist of 10 years' training or more. Their average efficiency is 96 per cent, notwithstanding that every man signs each tire he builds and is penalized if ever one comes back.

That is why 99 Miller Tires in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Not 1 per cent ever need adjustment. Under like conditions, Miller Tires—Cord-type or fabric—wear the same.

This year, our output must be limited. Only about one man in 25 can make good here.

To be sure you'll get Millers, speak to the authorized dealer now for your supply.

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

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After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Never again. Oh, shamed me, Li Sin! Oh, shamed me!"

"Look up, Chai-Net," Li Sin told her. "There is something I want you to see."

The rapid, shuffling steps of troops shuddered down the street. An officer came into sight, his revolver dangling at his thigh.

"You have never seen troops before, Chai-Net, troops going into war. I want you to see them, Chai-Net."

THE regiment swung down the street, their jaws set, their faces drawn. There was no sound of bugles, no flurry of drums. "Look at them, Chai-Net," Li Sin went on. "They are not laughing. They are not enjoying themselves. No bands are playing. They are going into war!"

She was looking at them curiously. Somehow she had imagined a display of blue and gold lace, of people cheering, of bands playing, of hand-clapping, and waving handkerchiefs. Somehow the grim silence thrilled her, the set faces, the determination, the glint of the sun on rifles, the air of deadly business to hand.

"Look at the boy there, with the chubby cheeks. He should be laughing or dancing with girls. Look at the seriousness of the sergeant, the lean fellow with the scar. I know the white-haired major there; he leaves his wife and three children behind."

He saw a dawn of wonderment on her face; a sort of awe, such as one might feel in front of elemental forces.

"They may never get over, Chai-Net. They may be drowned as dogs are drowned. There are those who will never return. They have to go. Every fighting man has to go. Patrick Burgoyne has to go."

He laid his hand on hers for an instant. "There is your rival, Chai-Net."

A short rasping order and the troops stopped. The sun had risen over the tops of a ridge of clouds. He flashed on the burnished pieces and turned suddenly into a forest of silver swords.

"Do you remember, Chai-Net, the song of Yang Kwei-fei:

*In hearts and gems I entertained my Lord.*

*I danced to the Rainbow Skirt and Feather Jacket air.*

*In the clouds, he said, he saw my light robes trail,*

*And roses were as nothing to my cheeks. The tireless shuttles of the eternal stars Should never see him leave me, so he said.*

*The dragon flag is floating in the sun: The drum is throbbing and the trumpets blow:*

*My Lord is leaving me; my king; my own.*

*I mount the Gibbons' Tower and I watch The tall spears glitter by the Lake of Shang.*

*My Lord is gone!*

*There was naught else could bring him from my side*

*But the roll of battle chariots and the Tatar knives.*

*No weeping from me, now I know myself*

*The sister of shining swords. Chieh! Chieh!*

He paused for a minute. He held her hands. "Will you telegraph to Canada, Chai-Net?" he asked.

A gray-haired colonel came toward the car. He shook hands with the Manchu. "This is no Boxer picnic," he told Li Sin—"nor sailing into Santiago with the bands playing. This is the most serious thing we've seen since the Revolution!"

They talked for a few minutes. The grizzled officer waved good-by. Li Sin turned around to Jeannette. She was not there. "Where is Chai-Net, Hong Kop?" he asked.

"She went up the street a little way," Hong Kop replied in his Cantonese singsong. "She was crying, but her head was high. And her eyes were like a young queen's."

## Yugoslavia: A New Nation

Continued from page 21

enlistment of Yugoslavs from all parts of the world. America has contributed several thousands, mostly recruited among the Yugoslavs of Pennsylvania, Cleveland, and Chicago. Their departure from Johnstown, Pa., was the most impressive scene I have ever witnessed in this country.

At the same time conflicts were growing more and more acute in Austria. The Serbians, Croats, and Slovenes inside the monarchy rapidly united in a common policy under their common name of Yugoslavs. The Government forced a terrible campaign of deportations, trials, hangings against them; but fortunately the Yugoslavs were represented abroad by their most prominent statesmen, who had been able to escape, though with the loss of all their belongings, and who founded the Yugoslav Committee in London.

On the 20th of July, 1917, a historical event took place. The Serbian Government, in the name of the five million people of Serbia, and the Yugoslav Committee, in the name of the seven million southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary (plus one million emigrants in various parts of the world), issued a joint declaration, known as the Declaration of Corfu.

### A Free Nation

THE Declaration of Corfu is for this new nation, Yugoslavia, what the Declaration of Independence was for the American Colonies. In splendidly simple and frank terms it states the indomitable will of the thirteen million Yugoslavs to live as a free nation with equal rights for all, absolute religious freedom, a democratic constitution, and a peaceful program of activity, with the Adriatic Sea open and free to all.

Since the Corfu Declaration the national policy of the Yugoslavs in Austria has extended and intensified so much, together and in accord with the national policy of the Bohemians and Poles, that the Austrian Government has entirely lost control of them. To silence them would require the hanging of half the population of the empire. Here is their program:

"(1) . . . Immediate, general, and democratic peace, complete disarmament, international guaranty and assurance of the free development of all people, great and small. (2) . . . Recognition and assurance of the complete and freely applied right of self-determi-

nation for the people, especially as regards their wish of a free state and the form of its constitution. (3) . . . We want for our nation nothing that belongs to any other people; we want only the territory solidly inhabited by Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes." (Koroshets, leader of the Yugoslavs, to the Austrian delegation to Brest-Litovsk, January 31, 1918.)

### Their Principles Ours

MANY fear that to-day the Serbian race has been "annihilated" by the Germans. It is true that methodical measures have been taken in order to weaken or disperse the race. Thousands and thousands of families have been deported to other provinces. The Serbian prisoners in Germany are subjected to a special régime of starvation (we possess many documents about this) and frequently British or French prisoners are punished for trying to share their rations with their unfortunate Serbian comrades. But one cannot suppress a whole nation. The new generation rises with a renewed hope. The children who took refuge in France are being taught in French schools new motives for loving their beautiful country, which they were forced for a time to abandon. They have not forgotten the legends and songs of old Serbia. They carry with them that national genius for music which they share with other Slavic races. They worship the memory of those heroes who fought for independence—especially those "tchetnitsi" or irregulars who made war in Macedonia, and were recruited among the young men of the best families. (I have known personally many of them and could tell you many strange things of their adventurous life.)

The case of Yugoslavia is the same as that of Poland and Bohemia. What these nations want is so exactly the application of American principles, as stated by the Colonists, by Lincoln, and by Mr. Wilson, that there is scarcely any need for a plea in their favor. Knowing that claim, can Americans disavow it without disavowing the very origin and basis of America's existence?

The author of this article has been four times a war correspondent in the Balkans and is the author of "La Yugoslavia" and "Young France and New America."

**Williams' Shaving Soap needs no military training**  
**It is ready for service anywhere**  
**—the same efficient service it gives at home**



# PORTO RICO DOES HER BIT

BY GRACE PHELPS

"VAMOS! Zumben-selo, muchachos!" Out of the ground sprang a detachment of soldiers. Yelling what were meant to be blood-curdling cries in a language that perhaps is better adapted for other diversions than war, they leaped over the entanglements, and dashed, with glittering bayonets, toward a dangling row of "Kaiser Bills."

"Go to it! Down with them, boys!"

I had just crossed the drawbridge of El Morro, the fort built in Ponce de Leon's time to guard the walled city of San Juan. I had been following a flickering candle through underground passages connecting with the Palacio del Gobernador and San Cristobal, another old Spanish fort. I had looked down to the sea over parapets of walls thirty feet thick which had withstood the attacks of Dutch and English pirates when buccaners roved the Caribbean. I had peered into dark dungeons where the executors of the Inquisition had strung up unbelievers by their thumbs. I had been listening to tales of the Spanish conquistadores and the beautiful women of Borinquen (Porto Rico) who had made San Juan a Mecca of gay social life when wild onions grew on Fifth Avenue.

In short, I had been back in the sixteenth century, steeped in its romantic atmosphere of love and adventure. And this return to the twentieth century, with its harsh machine-gun warfare, was a bit startling.

But if I found the twentieth century less romantic, the descendants of these same conquistadores and beautiful women were no less interesting because they wore drab khaki instead of shining armor, and dug their own trenches instead of fighting behind walls built by hordes of cringing slaves. And the three companies of men in the Porto Rico officers' training camp, who were occupying the trenches before me, showed in their faces and bearing all the pride and valor of their race.

Back in the reserve trenches, the First Company was resting after a spirited attack on the "enemy." A tanned, black-haired, black-eyed candidate for an officer's commission was holding his gun gingerly between the fingers of one hand and surveying his palms ruefully.

**Pascara O'Neill**

"CARAMBA!" I heard him utter. "Quiera Dios que cuando llegue a Francia, encuentre las trincheras listas!"

"The gentleman seems distressed about something," I remarked to the handsome young lieutenant who was acting as my official guide. (Lieutenants are always handsome in stories, but in this instance truth was even handsomer than fiction.)

The officer grinned. "He has been digging trenches for two days, and I gather from his remarks that he is in hopes of finding the trenches already dug by the time he arrives at the front!"

"Mr. Pascara O'Neill, fall out! The lady wants to look at your hands."

"O'Neill?" I asked, as a well-blistered palm went up in salute. "A Porto Rican with an Irish name?"

My doubts of his right to the name were soon settled.

"It's the custom here!" said Private O'Neill.

After he had returned to the "trincheras," the lieutenant went on to explain: "There are many Spanish

Irishmen here. Several ships of the Spanish Armada were wrecked during Drake's time on the coast of Ireland, and many of the soldiers married among the Irish. Some of them stayed in Ireland, but most of them returned to Spain and later came to Porto Rico, bringing their Irish wives with them. It is a Spanish custom to keep the wife's name as part of the surname, which explains why the Irish names have been perpetuated. And let me tell you," he added enthusiastically, "the Spanish-Irish combination makes a good fighter!"

## A Cantonment!

THE island's status is an anomaly; it is neither a State nor a Territory. A citizenship which does not carry with it the privilege of citizenship in the States was granted to the people of Porto Rico only a short time before the Selective Conscription Law went into effect.

There was little opposition to the draft in Porto Rico, but a suspicion had been aroused of a sinister coincidence in the fact that a citizenship, delayed twenty years, should be granted just in time for the Porto Ricans to assume the most extreme duty for which a citizen can be called: to fight for and if need be lay down his life for his country.

To cap the climax, a report got abroad that the Porto Ricans would probably be taken to a cantonment in the States for training.

How Porto Rican sentiment was swung around into enthusiastic support of the war is an interesting story. The War Department announced a change of plans—a cantonment would be established on the island. Immediately the planters and business men came forward with astonishingly liberal offers.

Besides declaring that they would give the drafted men every form of hospitality, they have given the Government a cantonment site of 400 acres of the most desirable suburban real estate at a yearly rental of only \$2,000—the property is valued at something like \$500 an acre in peace times.

## Another "Papa Joffre"

PORTO RICO'S Hoover, Alberto E. Lee, did invaluable work in allaying the suspicion that Porto Rico was being handed an unfair deal. With his slogan, "With munitions of the mouth we will win this war," he has stirred the patriotism of every man, woman, and child in the island.

One evidence of this vivid patriotism is the fact that the Porto Rico regiment of infantry was the first in the United States regular army to be recruited up to full war strength. Three weeks after war was declared Colonel Orval P. Townshend went on a recruiting trip around the island. In three days he had returned to San Juan, bringing with him a train of 640 men!

He is an American who has been in Porto Rico since the American occupation, and he understands the language and the people thoroughly. The United States has not always been fortunate in the type of men selected to represent us in the island. But Colonel Townshend, who omits none of the courtesies which are the heritage of a Spanish-speaking people, is popular alike with Porto Ricans and Americans.

The colonel is known affectionately among his men as "El Viejo" ("The Old Man").

Officers and men are devoted to him with a devotion hardly less than that

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given "Papa" Joffre by their equally emotional French cousins.

As we watched a detachment of men go "over the top" in a practice attack, one of the colonel's young officers observed:

"You know a man would be court-martialed if he stopped in a charge to help a fallen comrade. But let me tell you, if it was 'El Viejo,' I'd rather be shot than leave him to 'los Hulanos'!"

One has only to mention "el coronel" to hear similar tributes expressed in varying language but with equal fervor in camp and barracks. Like "Papa" Joffre, "El Viejo" has risen—if not exactly from the ranks, from a first lieutenantancy to his present post.

### A National Army of 12,000

THE cantonment, which is now in the process of construction, was named Las Casas, in memory of a Spanish monk whose life was spent in civilizing the Carib and Arrowak Indians who originally inhabited the island, and from whom many of the families of the interior are descended. The cantonment site is on the ocean front near San Juan and is a place to inspire anyone with patriotism. Private Smith, shivering in a northern cantonment under a pile of blankets and overcoats, will envy Private Cabrera, soothed to sleep by the rustling fronds of coconut palms under the starry Porto Rican sky, with the Southern Cross low down on the horizon.

And when Private Smith hikes through the snow with the north wind whistling around his ears and the temperature sometimes 30 degrees below zero, he may be excused for thinking bitterly of Private Cabrera's luck in

with the other American troops when they get to France.

The Porto Ricans would not be soldiers if they did not use slang. Already they are accumulating a choice vocabulary for use "over there." The demerit list is "la daga" (the dagger); the soldier's burden, the 42-pound pack which he carries is "el nene" (the papoose); and when reveille sounds "Diana" is calling.

### Training for Democracy

THE Porto Ricans have a hospitable custom of saying to a visitor: "Esta su casa." It is a short phrase, but it means a great deal: "My house is yours and all that is in it is at your disposal."

They are saying that now to the United States. The island, with its 1,350,000 inhabitants, and its 3,606 square miles of territory, is ours, and their sons and their wealth are at our disposal. This is our chance to cement the feeling of loyalty that has been aroused and make Porto Rico truly an integral part of the United States.

Horrible as war is—and the Porto Ricans are a peace-loving people—they believe that out of this terrible bloodshed and suffering will come a democracy which the world has hitherto considered a beautiful but impossible Utopian dream.

And Porto Rico, small as she may seem in the vast issues at stake, will come in for her full share of the rights of small peoples.

Porto Rico's civilians are making the island self-supporting and learning the lessons of Americanization through the word of Lee and the food campaign. While this is going



Porto Rico's own "Plattsburgers." A company from their officers' training camp marching across the drawbridge of El Morro above the moat

being able to hike through mangrove-shaded roads and to pick juicy grapefruit and oranges at will in the groves at Camp Las Casas.

The candidates in the training camps, many of whom were educated in the States, speak English as well as Spanish. But of the 12,000 men constituting Porto Rico's National Army many understand no English.

Therefore, in order that nothing shall interfere with the Porto Ricans' ability to do their bit, Captain Luis R. Esteves, a West Point graduate, has prepared a manual of arms in Spanish and English which is part of the course in the training camp and will be used later in the cantonment.

An interesting supplement to the manual includes common phrases in French, as well as in Spanish and in English, so that the Porto Rico contingent will not be at a disadvantage

on at home, her soldiers in the training camp and cantonment, in Panama and abroad, will be gaining an education and a vision that will bring them back determined to have for their own the democracy for which they will have fought.

### Full Rights of Statehood

WHEN they return, it is an observation of simple futurity to say that Porto Rico will no longer be content with a colonial government, handed down from a far-off Washington, but will demand—and receive—the full rights of statehood.

And when full statehood comes, the Porto Ricans, civilians and soldiery alike, will be ready for it and worthy of it.

So much is Porto Rico doing to help the war. And so much is the war doing to help Porto Rico.





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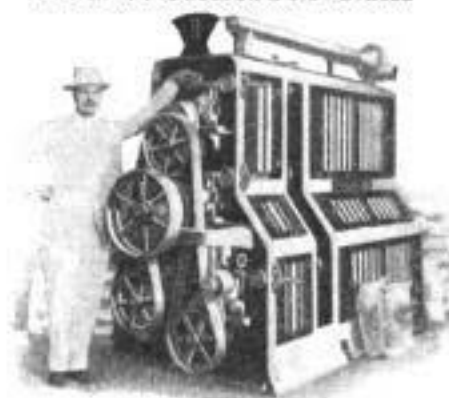
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## The Day of the Cannon

Continued from page 1

one official communiqué, issued early in the morning: It said: "At eight-twenty a few enemy planes, flying at a great height, passed our lines and attacked Paris. They were immediately pursued by our aviators. Several bombs fell. There are a few victims. A later communiqué will give a more precise account of the nature of the raid and its results." Poor old Mr. Communiqué—caught at last!

It was while I sat thus on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, drinking lemonade (I wanted to be sure I was seeing and hearing well), that the Breloque came. Across the place of the Opéra, going slowly, the red fire engine glided, its brass-helmeted bugler blowing his brass trumpet. He played the Breloque's gay notes rather discreetly and gently—but the crowd cheered. "But how can it be known it's all over?" I asked a man at the table next to mine. "They can't be certain, I suppose," he answered. "But they do know there has been no bomb for the last hour." And for the first time I realized that indeed I had heard no explosion now for an hour.

### "An Official Bulletin"

**T**HAT evening I was dining at a little restaurant of Montparnasse with three friends, one of them a French lieutenant who had been wounded and crippled in the French offensive of April, 1917. I had read meanwhile all the evening papers except the "Temps," and of the raid they had all had the same news—the official communiqué announcing that at eight-twenty in the morning several enemy machines, flying very high, had dropped a few bombs on Paris. That and nothing more. The "Temps" I had been unable to buy. At many booths where I had asked for it I had been told that it was not out yet, that it was coming out late, and I had finally given it up. In the middle of the dinner I went into another of the restaurant's rooms to see if there was in that room anyone I knew. I found the war correspondent Wythe Williams sitting there, and he immediately greeted me with: "Well, have you heard the terrible news?" "Do you mean about Saint-Quentin?" I asked him. "No, no, no," he answered with some impatience. "I mean about the great gun. We have been under the fire of a gun all day." "Where did you get that?" I said, profoundly skeptical. "It's official," he replied. "It's in the 'Temps'—an official communiqué. We've been under fire of a long-range gun. It's true!" His manner was so earnest that I believed him while I was within the sound of his voice, but I had no sooner taken three steps away from him when again I was unable to believe. So I turned back toward him. "Tell me, Wythe," I whispered confidentially. "You're joking, aren't you?" He looked at me solemnly. "I am speaking the gospel truth," he said. His manner was so impressive that once more I believed him. But when I got back to my table and announced the news everyone showed such amusement that immediately I felt I had been made the victim of a hoax. People at the table next to mine, who had overheard me, were also sniggering. My lieutenant guest was especially recalcitrant. "Such a gun," he remarked, "would be shooting three times as far as any gun has ever shot before." And no one about had a copy of the "Temps." "By Jove," I said, "I'm going out to buy one." I went out, but after a few attempts gave up. Everywhere the "Temps" had been sold out. I went back to my table. But it was hard to sit still, and after a while I went to Williams again. "Go ask Duranty," he said. "He knows about it." So I went to see Duranty, an English journalist, in still another room. "Yes, it's true," he assured me. "It's in the 'Temps'—an official bulletin." But he didn't have the "Temps" with him; no one had the "Temps." I went back to my table and tried to be good. My friends there had their theory about the business. "Can't you see," they whispered warningly, "that those fellows sont en train de vous monter un bateau—are fixing a game up on you?" I was inclined to believe them, except that there dwelt at the back of my mind an agreement between the story and what had happened during the day—the regularity of the explosions, their strange sound, the lack of barrage fire, the inactivity of the French aerial fleet. Finally we caught Williams as he was going out, and I tackled him firmly



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With Strawberries

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All that you want—nutrition, enjoyment, ease of digestion—are here in a matchless way.

For summer luncheons and suppers serve Puffed Grains in milk. In the afternoons when children are hungry, crisp the Puffed Grains and lightly butter. Let children eat them like peanuts.

At dinner, scatter them on your ice cream.

Keep the pantry shelf filled in hot weather.



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and publicly. "Come," he growled. "I'll get you a 'Temps'!" He began to go all about the restaurant, and finally found a "Temps" which an aged Frenchman, in a corner, was reading at the first page. And on the last page of this "Temps," the first page of which the aged Frenchman was reading—there it was:

### Communiqué Officiel

March 23, Fifteen O'clock: The enemy has shot on Paris with a long-range gun. Since eight o'clock this morning, every quarter of an hour, shells of 210 caliber have reached the capital and its suburbs.

There are about ten dead and about fifteen wounded.

Countermeasures are being taken against this gun.

Underneath this official bulletin, in small type and within parentheses, was the following editorial comment:

"The point of the front nearest Paris is one hundred kilometers distant."

And that was all! I have said that the statement was on the last page of the "Temps." It was not only on the last page, but on the last column, and not only on the last column, but at the very bottom of the last column. Evidently it had been squeezed in at the last moment just on going to press. There was nothing after it, there could be nothing after it. There was the thing—and nothing more. First, "The enemy has shot at Paris with a long-range gun"; second, "The point of the front nearest Paris is one hundred kilometers distant." And go to bed on that, children, and sleep; that is all you'll know till to-morrow!

### A Big Toad! On Fire!

LATER in the evening—it was a beautiful moonlit night—we were walking down the Boulevard Saint-Michel (the old Boule Mich, past haunts of departed Bohemianism) when, on the Place de Médicis, we were stopped by a strange sight. I must add that there had been a new alerte, that the barrage fire had announced an attempted air raid, then had stopped, and that we were edging homeward with the intention of taking shelter at the sound of the first air bomb. As we were crossing the Place, a light dropped from the sky—from an airplane, we would all like to believe. At first it looked like some sort of a signal rocket, and descended swiftly. But when it had reached a height not very far above the roofs, it suddenly stopped falling, and began to fly a very level course westward.

It was an extraordinary thing. It looked like a big toad; it was all on fire; it had a long, sputtering tail. It flew very straight and swiftly to the west, then abruptly turned and flew toward the east. It seemed possessed of intelligence, it seemed to know where it was going and what it was doing. We stood there transfixed, exactly in the center of the wide square. When the thing had gone east, it turned again, and this time it was coming toward us, right directly for us! It came for us as with a will of its own, sputtering and in great haste. We couldn't move; we could only look. Thoughts went through my head which, I found later, were also going through the heads of my three companions. The thoughts were: "This is the cannon. It's no cannon at all. They've a small flying thing which steers by wireless and comes over and drops a bomb. This is one of them. It's going to drop a bomb."

### Monster or Rocket?

WHEN the thing was almost over our heads, it changed its mind once more, and its course. With a switch of its sputtering tail, it turned narrowly, then streaked it for the north. Twice more we saw it change—to the east, then the west—then finally it vanished altogether behind the line of roofs to the north.

Now, I haven't been able to find out what this monster was. Had I not three witnesses with me, I would think I hadn't seen it. I suppose it was some sort of rocket—some cunningly devised firework which travels through powder combustion and which at certain points in the combustion turns tail. But as a finishing flourish to rather a surprising day, I say it solemnly, it was a success.

Mr. Hopper's next article will continue the story of his trip to the American front, begun in COLLIER'S for May 18. It will appear in an early issue.



## "They're Building Ships Out There!"

Continued from page 24

for example. Here is a table of results for four months in this one yard—which is typical (A, average per day—piecework; B, average per day—day's work; C, general daily average):

	A	B	C
November, 1917	345	113	191
December, 1917	346	121	177
January, 1918	344	121	173
February, 1918	420	134	197

For the first week in March the general average of rivets per gang per day was 218.

Woehlke, with his figures, said that rivets were costing an average of 21½ cents apiece. The figures in my informant's yard were somewhat different. There, in January, rivets paid for on the piecework basis cost 6.2 cents apiece; on a day's-wage basis, 15.4 cents apiece; on a general average, 12½ cents. In December the figures were, respectively, 5, 12, and 9 cents. In February they were 5, 11, and 8 cents.

I do not say that these figures could be confirmed and repeated in every shipyard on the Pacific Coast. I do say that they are at least as fair and as typical as those which have been used to sustain the charge that labor on the coast is slacking. They cover a period of four months; Woehlke's figures, which I cite so often because they have, as a matter of fact, formed the basis for most of the attacks on shipyard workers on the coast, are for a single day. Woehlke's figures, moreover, represented twenty-five riveting gangs; the ones I give represent the work of about a hundred and fifty.

### Restriction of Output

THERE have, unquestionably, been slackers in the yards on the Pacific Coast. Men have hidden, when they were supposed to be working, in out-of-the-way parts of a hull and played cards, or slept. I. W. W. agitators have obtained work in shipyards, as almost any able-bodied man was able to do, and preached against war, and specifically against furthering this particular war by hastening work on the particular hull upon which they were supposed to be working.

There has been trouble, moreover, about restriction of output—especially in the yards engaged in building wooden ships. The calkers' union, a strong, old, conservative union of highly skilled men, had become, before the war, a real labor trust. It was made up of old men. When a standard day's work was established the work done by men of seventy and more was taken as the standard. In order to hasten work on Government contracts the union, as a special concession, permitted two days' work to be done in one day—at a doubled wage, of course. And plenty of men have done that double stint in six or seven hours, collected their pay for two days, and gone off, whistling, to the movies!

The unions have fought, successfully, for a great increase in wages. Skinner & Eddy started the ball rolling. When the Wage Adjustment Board of the United States Shipping Board went to the Pacific Coast it had to adjust wages to the Skinner & Eddy scale. And it found little real opposition among the shipbuilders. Their contracts with the Emergency Fleet Corporation protected them; the Government had to pay the difference between prevailing wages when the contracts were made and any new scale that might be established. Moreover, there were a certain number of what were, practically, cost plus contracts—contracts, that is, in which the contractor received a certain percentage above cost. The more he job cost the greater his net profit. Would he fight for lower wages under those circumstances? He would not!

### "To Win the War"

THERE are certain facts which cannot be evaded in considering the part labor has played in shipbuilding on the Pacific Coast. You have to go back to the very inception of the whole shipbuilding program. That was based on the theory that the way to get quick results was to put up the task of building a great quantity of ships in the shortest possible time



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to American industry, with its competitive organization. In effect, this view was taken:

"We want this thing done. American industry has led the world. It is the most efficient thing the world has ever seen. It has won its triumphs under a competitive system, with the hope of profit to goad it on. That system has produced all our marvels of efficient organization. That system will give us the ships we want better than any untried system involving cooperation and collective action."

So, reducing things to their simplest terms, American industry was invited to go into the business of building ships as a profitable operation. But, at the same time, an appeal was made to labor on patriotic grounds.

"To win this war we must have ships," labor was told, substantially. "Get busy. Go into the shipyards. Give up your restrictions on output, your apprentice rules. Allow all the dilution of labor that may be necessary. Postpone the adjustment of wages and hours and all the other things you and your employers have been fighting about until after the war. The threat of a strike that delays the building of a single ship a single hour is treason and a deliberate attempt to help the Kaiser."

Now, in the main, labor was fairly acquiescent. But it didn't acquiesce utterly. I can summarize a hundred formal statements, a thousand informal conversations, about like this:

"Why should we make all the concessions?" Thus labor. "Why should we give up everything we are fighting for? After the war we may be down—we may be facing unemployment and a condition when we can't effectively demand anything. You aren't asking capital to wait until after the war to adjust its profits. You are negotiating with capital until it is entirely satisfied. Capital won't sign contracts with you until every detail has been adjusted. Why should we make agreements to wait until after the war for the adjustment of our demands?"

That attitude wasn't justified in every case. Far from it. But in a good many instances it was, absolutely. There were labor leaders who sought to take advantage of the national emergency. But there were capitalists who did that too—just as, on the other side, there were plenty of capitalists who rushed in with a single-minded eagerness to help in the winning of the war, regardless of their profits.

In certain places labor took advantage of the emergency to fight for the closed shop. But in Seattle the closed shop was forced, not by labor, not by the strikes of last summer, but by Skinner & Eddy and their demonstration that the closed shop was a good, practical, working proposition in Seattle.

### The Closed Shop

THE closed shop—the shop, that is, in which only union men can work—is not an absolutely standardized thing, like a Ford motor car. The closed shop means one thing in Seattle; in San Francisco it means something entirely different. In Seattle there has been give and take. Union restrictions lie lightly there. In San Francisco they are onerous and, in many cases, unfair. In the San Francisco shipyards the unions have opposed bitterly, and hitherto successfully, the admission into the shipyards this coming summer of

a lot of young college men, anxious to put in their vacations at this vitally important work.

### Hammond's "Open-Shop" Policy

IN San Francisco, at the Union Iron Works, union men have refused to install machinery in the hulls of wooden ships classed as "unfair." There is a story behind that refusal—of which much has been made. These wooden hulls were built at Eureka, Cal., by the Hammond Lumber Company. The Hammond Lumber Company has been fighting organized labor for years. It has maintained an "open-shop" policy. But its interpretation of the open shop has been, not that all men, union or non-union, should be allowed to work at will, but that union men should be kept out.

Hammond, a dour, two-fisted fighting man, resents bitterly the idea that any union can come between him and the men who work for him. But if I were to say that he is, as a matter of plain fact, more interested in beating the unions than in beating the Germans, he would resent that statement furiously, and with a perfectly honest conviction that I was both unjust and untruthful in making it. The operations of the Hammond Lumber Company in the spruce district, where wood for airplanes is being obtained, are vitally important; Hammond interests control a great deal of spruce. And up there it proved to be so utterly impossible to bring about a working agreement between the company and its men that Colonel Disque took over the whole business.

There is absolutely no desire on the part of Hammond to hamper the production of ships. He would cut off his right hand rather than do anything of the sort. But he is firmly convinced that his way is the right way—his way being to beat the unions into submission. And it is a question as to which he hates most—the unions and their leaders or the shipbuilders, like Skinner & Eddy and the Union Iron Works, which have decided that the best way to build ships quickly is to come to terms with the unions and eliminate the possibility of strikes by removing every grievance as fast as it is stated.

### More Work for More Men

ORGANIZED labor on the Pacific Coast feels that one absolutely untrue belief has been spread over the country. That is the belief that there is a shortage of labor for the shipyards. It maintains—and the records of Silcox's employment bureau at Seattle bear it out—that the contrary is true. It defends its restrictive rules on the ground that more men ought to be employed; it regards those rules as a means of reducing unemployment. It wants to make more work for more men. And so it has resented hotly the statement that its rules restricting output sprang from laziness and slackness on the part of the men. It expressed willingness to remove restrictions whenever the necessity for doing so was proved—and in Seattle, where the best work in shipbuilding has been done, it has gone more than halfway to meet employers along these lines.

So, on the whole, you will do well to accept any tales you hear of labor slackers in the Pacific Coast shipyards with a liberal dose of salt. Hurley's comment is, after all, the ultimate reply to all such charges.

"Well," he says, "they're building ships out there!"

## TRANSFORMING PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON BY FLORENCE WOLCOTT

WHEN Thomas Mott Osborne, U. S. N. R. F., with the rank of lieutenant commander, was made commanding officer of Portsmouth Naval Prison by Secretary Daniels he was told to stop the "scrapping" of human beings. For, with the declaration of war, courts-martial have necessarily become much more stringent; men are being sent to naval prison for offenses hitherto punished aboard ship.

Lieutenant Osborne had himself previously served a two weeks' voluntary imprisonment at the Portsmouth prison. He knew therefore the attitude of the Portsmouth prison toward society. He knew the stigma attached to the inmate of a naval prison. He knew that the naval prisoner's return to the navy was not looked upon with favor by naval

officers. He knew too that the men went out from the naval prisons bitter and eager to spread ill feeling toward the Government, and particularly toward the naval officers who had sent them there, and this at a time when posters were crying: "Join Now—The Navy Needs You!" He had discovered also the root of the evil—these boys were being discarded for lacking a sense of responsibility.

"If a man overstays his leave through carelessness," said Lieutenant Osborne, "if he fails to look up return trains in advance and finds himself in a place where it is impossible for him to return on time, it has frequently been considered desertion; or if, realizing his carelessness and being fearful of its results, he does not return, that too is deser-

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tion! In times of peace the sentence is about a year. In times of war it is a much longer period—three, five, or ten years, perhaps. But these boys are not criminals; they have committed no crime."

It needed, therefore, just the two words "Teach them" from Secretary Daniels to enable Lieutenant Osborne to commence his program of education that is making of the Portsmouth Naval Prison a school of rehabilitation, a school from which the scholars shall return to their duties in the navy.

### Osborne's Innovations

UNDER his guidance a Mutual Welfare League, similar in purpose to the famous Welfare League of Sing Sing, was immediately organized.

"The ordinary prison system consists in giving the men a larger dose of the medicine which failed to cure them. The problem must be solved in an entirely different way. When the Welfare League was organized the men partially took over the responsibility of their own discipline, a committee of ten making themselves responsible for the actions of their fellow prisoners. These men wear green chevrons on their sleeves and are sergeants of the league. To them is left the discipline of the prison." So Lieutenant Osborne explains the simple workings of the league.

But the league is only one improvement! There is, for example, a little manual which was to have been distributed among the naval prisoners containing this passage: "Prisoners shall not gaze at visitors, other prisoners, men marching at drill, passing vessels, or at anything else."

"That," said Lieutenant Osborne, "was one of the prison rules so recently adopted that the new manuals have not yet come from the printer. And oh, the foolishness of it all! Such regulations act merely as a stimulus to men to try to break them!"

For the first time in the history of the prison its inmates were allowed out on the green in front of the prison for a half hour of play and recreation after the noonday meal. For some of the men it was the first time they had been out and allowed to enjoy themselves in many months. Old navy men looked askance, but Osborne was in command.

### Back to the Navy

WHEN Lieutenant Osborne took command of the Portsmouth prison there were 160 marines guarding its 170 prisoners. On the 1st of March there were in the Portsmouth Naval Prison 1,525 prisoners guarded by four marines. Each week groups of discharged prisoners are resuming their places in the navy among their mates. And each man of the reinstated groups knows that the eyes of the navy are on him—an ex-prisoner—that he will be judged more harshly than his neighbor, and that it is for the good of the thousands of men in the naval prisons that he win the respect and regard of his companions and superiors.

Thomas Mett Osborne is stopping the "scrapping" of human beings at the Portsmouth Naval Prison.

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class matter. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Copyright, 1918, by P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

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Volume 61 Number 11  
MAY 25, 1918



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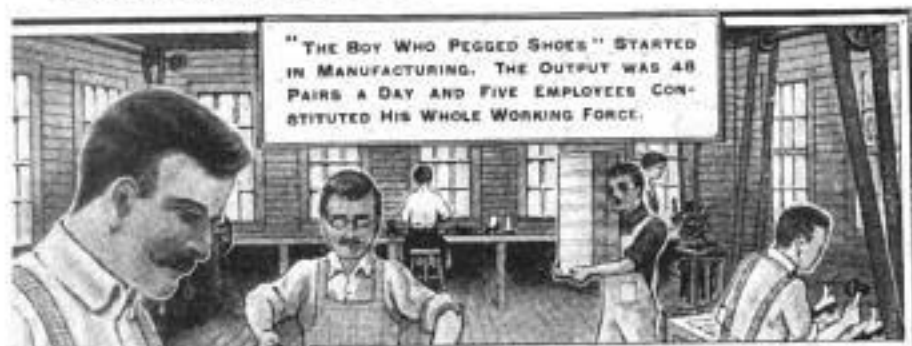
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# WAR LEADERS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

BY WILLIAM HEYLIGER

SHORTLY after Congress passed the draft law, a New York man came to Theodore Roosevelt.

"Colonel," he said, "I am above the draft age, and my wife and children make it impossible for me to enlist. Isn't there some war work I can do?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Roosevelt. "You can become a scout master."

"But, Colonel, do you mean—do you really mean that mere boys will play a part in this war?"

"I do," Mr. Roosevelt said emphatically. "By George, I know those boys." Mr. Roosevelt's faith has been justified. The Boy Scouts of America, 314,607 strong, have become one of the positive factors of the war. "They are one of the greatest of our war facilities," Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo said; "they are helping us to win."

Their work for the Government, since we entered the war, has been effective and efficient. Their labors have touched almost every angle of the nation's need. They have acted as messengers for the Food Administration, and have secured hundreds of thousands of food pledges. Without their aid the Red Cross would have been handicapped in its campaign for funds. They posted almost 1,000,000 army and navy recruiting posters. Cooperating with the Department of Agriculture, they cultivated thousands of acres of beans, corn, and potatoes last summer. In the war against German propaganda their aid was sought by the Government, and President Wilson named them Government dispatch bearers.

It is safe to say that their work in distributing War Savings Stamp cards has been one of the outstanding features of the war. Maurice Wertheim, one of Secretary McAdoo's dollar-a-year men, has charge of the Scout War Savings Stamp drive. Before the campaign opened, Mr. Wertheim asked James E. West, chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America, how many stamp cards the scouts would need.

"Send us 10,000,000," Mr. West answered. "That will be enough for a start."

Perhaps the Treasury Department, having in mind the fact that the average age of these boy scouts is from fourteen to fifteen years, feared that, boylike, they would tire of the steady grind of war work. They had been on the job for almost a year—helping Hoover, helping the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus; helping the Government to recruit the army and the navy, and helping, as you will see later, to put over the first and second Liberty Loans. At any rate, Mr. Wertheim decided that 5,000,000 cards would be enough—not for a start, but for a year.

These cards were not the folders used for saving Thrift Stamps. They were red post cards, in reality order blanks by which the signer ordered the local postmaster to deliver to him, C. O. D., a given number of Thrift Stamps or War Savings Stamps. They were not to be distributed by the scouts. They were to be sold.

If a scout came to John Smith's house and induced John Smith to buy stamps, John Smith signed the red post card. It bore a Government frank. The scout dropped it in the nearest letter box; and next day the letter carrier on John Smith's route brought him the stamps he had ordered and collected the money.

### 20,000,000 Cards for 1918

WITH these red post cards, these order blanks, the scouts went into action. Soon Washington was sitting up and rubbing its eyes. The scouts of Waterbury, Conn., used 10,000 cards in one week. The scouts of Springfield, Mass., sent in an order for 100,000. The drive has been on only a few months, but already between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 cards have carried their orders for stamps.

Now Mr. Wertheim has revised his figures. He believes that the Government will have to print 20,000,000 cards to supply the needs of the Boy Scouts for 1918.

It is hard to realize what such co-operation means. We on the outside, who see small groups of khaki-clad boys on the street, can scarcely conceive the tremendous power their work has added

to our war machinery. But at Washington, where the country's leaders are grimly working out the destinies of a nation, the services of the scouts is valued at its true worth.

"Anything that is done to increase the war efficiency of the Boy Scouts of America," President Wilson said last January, "will be a real contribution to the nation and will help win the war. I hope that all who can serve as scout masters will feel it their duty to help to organize the hundreds of thousands of boys who need the leadership and the impulse of the Boy Scouts in order that the nation may have their intelligent service."

### Personal Appeal

ABOUT 1,000 boys are joining the scout organization each day. National Headquarters, at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, has had to establish a night force of clerks. Each boy adds potentially to the war strength of the organization, for there is still important work that the Government counts on these boys to do.

And yet, without adequate leadership, these scouts will be powerless. Scout masters already serving the organization are taking boys, and boys, and still more boys into their troops. But experience has proved that there is a limit to the number of boys a scout master can handle if he is to do a good job. Then, too, scout masters are entering the army or the navy and leaving their troops leaderless. Men are needed to fill these places. Men are needed to handle the overflow of scouts in many troops. In short, 100,000 men must come forward to counsel, to advise, and to direct the war energies of this juvenile, but highly effective, force. For the scouts are more than mere boys. They are in substance and in fact soldiers behind the lines.

All of their dealings have the drive of personal appeal. Whether it has been selling bonds, or selling stamps, or distributing war literature, they have gone straight to the homes with their messages. No other organization was equipped or prepared to make a house-to-house nation-wide canvass in aid of the Government.

An incident that happened in an Eastern town is directly in point. First let it be understood that in selling Liberty Bonds the Boy Scouts have not tried to do the work of the banks or of the local Liberty Loan committees. In a sense it was left for them to secure such subscriptions as slipped past the banks and the committees. They were sent out to get the stragglers—and they got them.

In this Eastern town, near the end of the second Liberty Loan, one of the scouts remembered that there were ten Chinese laundrymen in the town. Up to that time not a soul had thought of trying to interest the Celestials.

"Can I try those fellows?" this scout asked.

"Certainly," said his scout master. The following night, when the scouts met again, the boy reported jubilantly that he had sold bonds to seven of the ten.

And while this was taking place Troop 51, of New York City, composed of Chinese boys under a Chinese scout master, was carrying on the work by selling \$6,000 of those same Liberty Bonds.

In a New Jersey village a physician halted his automobile abruptly as a boy scout stepped out into the roadway.

"What's the matter with you?" the man demanded crossly. "Want to get run over?"

"No, sir; I want to sell you a bond." "I've already bought bonds at the bank. I have enough."

"Doctor," the scout said seriously, "suppose Washington's army had come enough at Valley Forge?"

The doctor bought another bond.

### One Out of Every Eighteen!

IT is doubtful if the Treasury Department had much faith in boy-scout operation when the first Liberty Loan campaign was planned. But the department was willing to try any agent that offered even a slight chance to sell the bonds. And so when Mr. West, chief scout executive, tendered the ser-

## Holding the Hun—

For the first time the American Troops in France have been engaged in a real action. After hours of preliminary shelling, the Germans stormed our trenches at the village of Seicheprey with a force of 3,000 seasoned troops, thinking to win an easy victory over the "untrained" Yankees.

The small force of Americans holding the front-line trenches fought desperately until literally overwhelmed by superior numbers, when they were obliged to fall back; but the German triumph was short-lived, for our reserves speedily came into action and drove the Germans from the village, leaving 300 of their dead behind them.

The German prisoners captured in the fray said that it was meant to teach the Americans a lesson which would discourage them from tackling more important operations in the great Western battle. If that was the case, the results must have been exceedingly disappointing to the German High Command, for not only did our men fight like seasoned veterans, but they inflicted twice the loss on the enemy that we ourselves suffered.

This is only the first of hundreds of similar engagements in which the American Troops will be engaged from now on. Half a million of our men are in France now and a million more will be there by the end of the year. They are the reserves on whom French tries to finally turn the tide against the Germans.

Every American will want to follow their fortunes fully and in detail. Every American has now a vital interest in knowing the complete story of the war—what led up to it—how it began—through it all—and now here can you get this in so interesting, so complete, and so authoritative a form as in—

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of the Boy Scouts of America, the war was accepted.

There can be no mistaking the fact: the scouts had hard sledding. The people refused to take seriously the idea of mere boys in the business of selling war bonds. Then, too, a mistake was made in sending the scouts singly. Very often the boy, feeling roughly the strangeness of his position, would lose his nerve when an adult closed the door in response to his knock. But the scout masters encouraged, and the boys persisted. When totals were in it was found that scouts had taken 139,654 individual bond subscriptions for a total of 238,250. Then and there the Boy Scouts became a war-time asset. During the second Liberty Loan the scouts were sent out in pairs. One boy moral support to the other. This they knew their ground, for the campaign had taught them how. In total for the second drive is still wonder of official Washington. For the boys, of an average age of four and a half years, sold \$102,084,100 bonds, and took 533,280 individual subscriptions.

Out of every eighteen bonds sold in the second Liberty Loan, one was sold by a boy scout.

In many communities the scouts sold more bonds than any other single agency. In Granite City, Ill., a town between 9,000 and 10,000 population, sold almost 3,000 bonds. In the West, in the heart of what was called the "German belt," one troop that had been collecting dues to pay for a campaign trip used the money to hire four automobiles. With these cars they covered their county as Liberty Bond salesmen. In another county pairs of scouts on foot covered assigned territories five miles square, and slept in dog houses and in barns while on the road. In Memphis, Tenn., Charles Miles, a sixteen-year-old scout, took 2 individual subscriptions for Liberty Bonds for a total of \$445,500.

#### "Be Prepared"

With its record with the second loan, the Treasury Department made the boy scout a feature of the third Liberty Loan. A striking publicity poster was drawn by Leyendecker and printed at the Government Printing Office at Washington. It showed a scout kneeling at the feet of Liberty and handing her a sword, and on the sword the Scout Motto: "Be prepared." A million copies—think of it, 1,000,000 copies—of this poster represent the government's appraisal of the boy scout as a war asset. These 1,000,000 posters were displayed the length and breadth of the United States. Aside from the Red Cross, these boys form

the only outside organization to be honored with a special war poster. The figures on boy sales for the third Liberty Loan are not available at this writing, but everything points to a tremendous increase over the second loan.

#### Combating German Propaganda

WHEN the Committee on Public Information decided that the poison of German propaganda should be combated with President Wilson's Flag Day Address, it became imperative that this address, sounding as it does the keynote of American ideals, should go into the homes to be read and pondered. Then it was that President Wilson called upon the Boy Scouts to act as Government dispatch bearers. It was an important mission; one of the most important, perhaps, of the war. Five million copies of this address were given to them. Quietly, without any fuss or feathers, they went about their business. Not only did they place that message in the homes, but they secured the name and address of every person to whom they delivered a copy.

On the back of each copy was a list of other pamphlets the Committee on Public Information was anxious that the people should read. These pamphlets were the antidote for enemy propaganda. Men and women were urged to write for them. The more of them that were read, the clearer would be the national understanding of why we are at war.

For several months now the requests for this vital literature have averaged 30,000 a day. The Committee on Public Information has stated that to a large extent this demand can be traced to the effective distribution of President Wilson's Flag Day Address by the Boy Scouts.

#### Wanted—Scout Masters

THIS, then, is the organization that appeals to men to serve as scout masters. Any man who can give at least three hours of his time a week can safely offer himself as a scout master. First aid, and knots, and signaling, and life in the open need not scare him. The steps in scouting are progressive, and with his adult mind it is easy for him to keep one jump ahead of the boys. The National Council has prepared a Scout Master's Handbook for his use that goes so far as to plan and outline his first twenty-six weekly meetings. All he needs, if he has the time, is a love of the outdoors, a belief that scouting is the finest system of character building yet discovered, and a love for that fascinating branch of humanity known as the boy. Given these, he will make a success of his work. Given these, he will help to win the war.

Scouting is ready. The boys are ready. It is leaders who are needed.

## The Orator of the Day

Continued from page 2

"n't, you'd have had your hats off to the flag went by. You'd have red those boys marching to fight, y step they took. You'd have ched with them, you boys that are ig enough."

A query came from the crowd. "Why you marching, young feller?" "Because they wouldn't let me." Two zing tears welled out of those steely eyes, but the eyes themselves never ered. "They rejected me. I wasn't o serve as I wanted to."

"Oho! Oho!" mumbled the gorilla in nderous self-communion below him. "d think myself a yellow dog if I t't tried every way to get in," con- ed that grim, chilly voice. "Maybe come here to live with the rest of " Some one started to hiss, but got support. "You don't like that per- . If you weren't a town of yellow , would you let that sign insult ' country for another minute?" His l arm swung to indicate Mr. Chester k's ingenuous bid for business.

HEAD was thrust from a second- story window opposite. "What would do about it?" queried the owner he head.

Clyde half turned to look up. Still y from his beating, he swayed a : and put back his hand to steady self. It rested upon a turnip, round, shed, hard-frozen; a sentient oppo- st of a turnip, instinct with diabol- suggestions. The providential vege- e nestled into his hand, an answer the challenge from the window. ly Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde re- bered that he was a member of the

bar, a pillar of the law of the land, sworn to maintain and uphold it—and hotly he discarded that niggling con- sideration. He straightened up. The turnip tempter was in his grasp. He made a swift motion. The turnip tempter was no longer in his hand. Crash! The 5 per cent solution of dis- loyalty was no longer in Mr. Chester Meek's window, but flat on its back upon the floor, and where it had been yawning a large, jagged, and expensive hole in Mr. Chester Meek's plate-glass front. Yes, I know: a turnip won't go through good plate glass. But maybe Mr. Meek's plate glass wasn't good enough. Or perhaps the turnip was too good. Besides, Clyde used to pitch ball a little in college.

A large and appreciative roar rose from assembled Switzerville, for the Farmers' Bank was not a popular in- stitution. Out rushed President Ches- ter Meek waving frenzied arms.

"Arrest him! Arrest him! He's an anarchist!" he shrieked.

"You arrest him," bellowed Magnus Lamson, "and I'll pull \$50,000 out of your rat's nest before sundown!" Then in a sharp whisper to Clyde: "Talk. Give 'em hell! You've got 'em!"

"Yellow dogs," continued the orator of the day in the calm, unimpassioned tones of absolute conviction. "How many men did you enlist? Seven. Just seven! Too good for the town, so they left. What did you do on Lib- erty Bonds? Made the worst record in the State per capita. The very worst. What did you do on Y. M. C. A.? The same. And Red Cross? Practically nothing. I am here to tell you cate-

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gorically—categorically—he paused and his hot eyes defied them, but there wasn't even the suggestion of a "Miaow"—"that up to date you rank at the very bottom of the list in every call of patriotism. And now you have another chance to make a bad record worse. We look to you, led by Mr. Chester Meek, to turn back the War Savings Stamps without a purchase. You'll do it."

"You lie!" piped a voice from a far corner. "I'll take a hundred for the hole you put in Chet's winder."

"I'll raise that fifty!" shouted some one else.

"Come on! Come on!" bellowed Magnus Lamson. "I'm in for two thousand."

"Ye can't," squawked President Meek, foreseeing a sudden diminution in his cash on hand. "One thousand's the limit to any one subscriber."

"Then I'll take a thousand for the old lady and a couple o' more for the girls. That'll make four," retorted the gorilla. "Maybe I'll think of some one else later," he added viciously.

"I'll come up with fifty if you'll bust Chet with another of them turnips!" yelled a wag.

President Meek hastily disappeared, escorted by an appreciative howl. The offers had broken out again when Lamson mounted the turnip cart beside Clyde and motioned for silence.

"Now we're started let's do this in order!" he shouted. "There'll be a meetin' at the Op'ry House to-night at eight o'clock, at which Mr. Clyde will address us on the war and what Switzerville had oughta do about it. Will ye?" he said to Clyde.

"Yes," said the Orator of the Day, and went down and out among the turnips.

The big Swede who had reduced him to wreckage picked him up in his arms and carried him to the nearest doctor, who patched and bandaged and gave strict injunctions against his doing anything but going to bed and staying there until further orders. Notwithstanding which he appeared at 8 p. m. with his nose (never there after so long, earnest, and kingfisherly) in a sling, before an audience which packed the Op'ry House to suffocation, and for over an hour and a half talked as a man should talk whose heart has gone to war while his body is left behind.

And Switzerville woke up.

IN the records of the Loyalty Legion, although it is duly set down that Switzerville "went over the top" with a 71 per cent surplus on the War Savings Stamps, nowhere shall you find as much as a mention of that humble but useful vegetable, the turnip. Such are the bald and uninspired limitations of history. But—

"What's the matter with Clyde?"

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Clyde!"

"What Clyde?"

"Turnip Clyde. Whoo-oopee!"

And Ralph Waldo Emerson Clyde—fingering the little gold turnip watch charm which the chairman had just presented him on behalf of the Loyalty Legion in solemn banquet assembled to do him honor—began: "That's the way it was, boys."

All in words of one syllable.

## FRED COOPER

THERE are three kinds of self-made men. There is the kind that make you wish they had done a better job while they were doing it, and the kind that have done well enough but have got rather soured on the world in the process, and then there is the kind Cooper is.

Cooper was born in McMinnville, Ore., about the time the real-estate agent superseded the red Indian as the only serious obstacle to a peaceful life in the West—that is to say, in 1883. He went down to San Francisco at seventeen, determined to earn a living. At twenty-one he had acquired an education as a commercial artist

and saved enough money to buy a ticket East. When he arrived in New York he had no work, no money, and nobody owed him anything. He called on Will Irwin, who was then star-reporting for the "Sun." Cooper had never met Irwin, but Irwin was from San Francisco, so Cooper thought he would do well to call on Irwin and introduce himself. Irwin was in the middle of a two-column story. He looked up from his typewriter, shook hands, heard Cooper's story, and observed: "This town loves a bluff. Give it what it wants. The higher the better," and went on writing.

The next day Cooper looked over the morning papers and decided he would like to make the drawings for the New York Edison Company's advertisements. It looked like an able concern; able to pay, that is. So he made a drawing, and got his friend Hal Marchbanks to introduce him.

"I think you ought to see some of this young man's work," said Marchbanks. "He has been doing some good stuff out on the coast."

"Well," said the advertising manager, giving the lean and hungry Cooper the once over, "we have about all the drawings we can use just now. We aren't in the market."

Cooper, with a tight grip on Irwin's advice of the day before, broke into speech. "I couldn't possibly show you anything for a week," he said. "But I might be able to draw you up something when I'm not so busy."

"It's hardly worth your while," the advertising manager answered, "we are taken care of."



"Oh, I'm too busy to do anything now," Cooper went on, "but in about a week I may have time to draw you up something."

The advertising manager was angry. "You needn't bother," he said crisply. "We don't want any drawings."

"I guess you will when you see them," said the imperturbable Cooper.

And having followed Irwin's advice to the extent of making his prospective employer sore as a boil, Cooper waited a week and then took the drawing down to him. The advertising manager was still mad, but he liked Cooper's stuff so much that he gave him all the work he could do.

Cooper hurried off to thank Irwin for his good advice and tell him his luck. Irwin listened, round-eyed. "You mean to say the bluff worked?" he asked.

"You bet," said Cooper.

"Gosh!" said Irwin. "Who'd a thought it?"

Since then Cooper has done about every kind of drawing you will find in a magazine. His lower-case initials fgc have become famous. For one thing, they are always signed to bold, original work. For another, he is always varying them with some impish flourish, changing the lower loop of the g, with an extra stroke of his pen, into the body of a man, and adding an impudent but pertinent phrase for the man to speak.

Cooper delights in hand lettering, and does it with the knowledge of an expert and the enthusiasm of an artist. One of his first posters for the Government, the one that was done wholly in lower case and began with the word "food," must be familiar to every citizen in the United States.

Sometimes COLLIER'S is in luck and Cooper does a full-page cartoon. Sometimes it is a series of small cartoons to illustrate an article. Sometimes it's a piece of lettering fine enough to make a cover out of. The title "Collier's" across the top of the cover of this issue is a piece of Cooper's hand lettering.

COLLIER'S has been giving Cooper commissions for a dozen years, but nobody can ever guess what will be sent over from his studio. As a man Cooper is always the same—smiling, cheerful, and bubbling with ideas—you'd never think he was an artist

## COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED

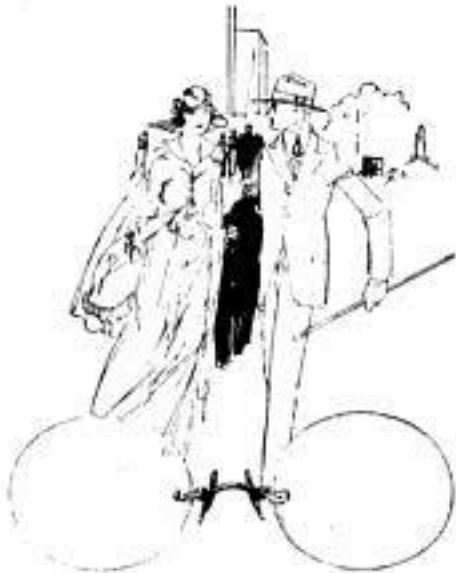
Tells of many opportunities known to be of distinct merit.

These advertisements are small only because of the fact that COLLIER'S does not accept or publish big advertisements on this page; thus giving every advertiser the same chance his neighbor has to attract your attention.

The advertisements, in most instances, tell only a part of the story; letters, sometimes interesting booklets and other "literature" being necessary to complete the presentation of facts.

The firms here represented will gladly and promptly answer your inquiries and send you full details of what they have to offer.





## Shur-on EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

### A Real Economy

**YOU** may be willing to pay more for the same comfort, style and optical correctness that Shur-ons give, but why should you, when Shur-ons combine all these qualities at reasonable cost?

The genuine, made only by Kirstein, bear the name Shur-on (or Sheltex, if shell-rimmed) in the bridge. Look for it at your dealer's.

**E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.**  
754 Andrew Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
Shell-rimmed and rimless Shur-on eyeglasses and spectacles. Established 1864.



### If you can tell a Lachnite from a Diamond—Send it back

We will send you a genuine Lachnite gem, mounted in solid gold as that you can wear it for 30 days at our expense. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back. If you decide to keep just pay a little each month. Over 100,000 persons have taken advantage of this offer and are wearing Lachnites.

**Write Today for Our New Catalog!**

Send your name and address for our new catalog that illustrates the solid gold jewelry from which you have to choose. It's free. Write today.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 9295, Chicago, Ill.

### Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your home.

**30 Days Free Trial** allowed. If you don't like it, return it for a full refund. Do not buy until you get our great annual offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Dealer terms and prices.

**TIRES** LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, handle, fenders, wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half retail prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms.

**SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the Free Catalog. It's free.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. S-54, Chicago

### OH, YOU SKINNY!

Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the dealer gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flutters every time you try a square meal? Are you a jelly-liver?

You can't do it; it can't be done. The only way to be well is to build up your body—fill it with strength and vitality—by papering the stomach. It is not fat that is making you a failure; it's that poor, starved body of yours; your half-cooked, shrunken, flabby, weak, and the world knows it. You're a failure. Don't think too long; send for a book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," written by the foremost physical culture instructor in the world.

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**  
Physical and Health Specialist  
238 PARK BLDG. SEVEN, N. Y.

## A Snapshot of Life in Paris

**A**N American girl who last summer exchanged the peaceful charms of a New York office for hardships of war-time Paris writes to a girl friend in this country:

"The other day we had a most awful fog, one of the kind that just comes down like a blanket and you can't see more than four or five feet from you. I was tripping along to the office (a little late, I must admit), and just before I got to the Seine, which I have the pleasure of crossing every morning, I was held up with a lot of other people in a congestion of traffic. There were two big army camions standing still, joined together by a rope. The rope was slack on the ground and the crowd was passing over it. When the time came for little me to step over it the old thing tightened up, the first truck started up, and the valuable steno of the Red Cross was thrown in the horrid mud right in front of the second truck, whose driver, of course, was helpless, as he was being pulled along slowly but surely by the first machine. Well, I sure did let out a few squeals (no more than squeals—you know me, how reserved I am), and I lay there fascinated, watching the wheels of the first truck receding from my sight in the fog, and figuring just where the wheels of the second would strike on my leg, when I was grabbed by the back of the coat and dragged out like a drowned kitten. When I cleared the mud out of my eyes there was the big, comfortable Frenchman who had saved me holding my hat and smiling and bowing. Very few people had seen it, because, as I say, the fog just closed in around everything.

"THE funniest part of this funny accident was what happened next. The Frenchman and I started back along the way to my hotel, and I don't think we had gone more than fifty feet when he had kissed me on the cheek in the fog (also in the mud, as there was some mud on my face) and insisted that I 'embrace' him, which, in my gratitude at being saved, I did. He had a lovely square black beard which just lay gently on his plump chest. I kissed him on the cheek just underneath his black eye above where the black beard began. It was a great sensation, as the fog had left a sort of dew on his beard, and it mixed with the mud on my face and made it lovely and moist and streaky. He asked me my name and was overjoyed to find that it was 'Madeline.' He almost led me two or three times on the way back to the hotel into little restaurant cafés to get something to brace myself avec. I told him I had to hurry back to the office, and he replied that I had a good excuse—had I not saved myself this morning? I thought that was a typically French way of putting it. I roused myself to talk a little French to him, and he gave me his name and address. He was in uniform, a member of the staff of the Ministre de la Guerre.

"WELL, if I have received one note from that man I have received six or seven, day after day. Of course he is a nice, comfortable, fat papa, but he thinks it's wonderful to have a little flirtation on the way to work in the morning, or after six, and I have to dodge in and out doors at noon and at night to escape him. 'He means me no harm,' he says in the last 'billet doux,' but he would so like to have a nice little 'amie' like me to take a little promenade with in the morning or sip the vin rouge with on the boulevard at six o'clock.

"I am keeping the letters in my archives of the war. They are good. He writes them all out in the labored longhand during office hours, and if all the staff of the French War Office do the same, well—"

Doesn't it sound—we quote the recipient of the letter—as if she were "having the time of her life"?



Supplied  
by  
U.S. Gov't.  
to  
Army  
and  
Navy

Military No. 7

# GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR Khaki Service Outfit

"Over there" in the trenches and training grounds—"Over here" in the big camps—everywhere—most of our boys are shaving with the **GEM—New Khaki Service Outfit**. Strong enough to stand the hardest service, but marvelously light, neat, compact—fits in anywhere—makes shaving easier, quicker, more comfortable.

**Note**—The indispensable stropping handle is included in every set—keeps blades smooth, sharp—doubles their life—saves expense of new blades. Blades in sealed waxed paper wrapped package, repelling any attack of rust or dust—no conditions of heat, cold or dampness affect them.

**\$1.00** without  
Trench  
mirror  
Add 25c  
for Goods

Gem Military Outfit  
includes razor com-  
plete with seven Gem  
Damaskeene Blades and  
Stropping Handle.

**\$1.35** with  
Trench  
mirror  
Add 25c  
for Goods

Ask for the GEM at your  
dealer, or the Post Exchange, Camp  
Canteens, or Quartermaster's Depot.

**Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York**  
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal



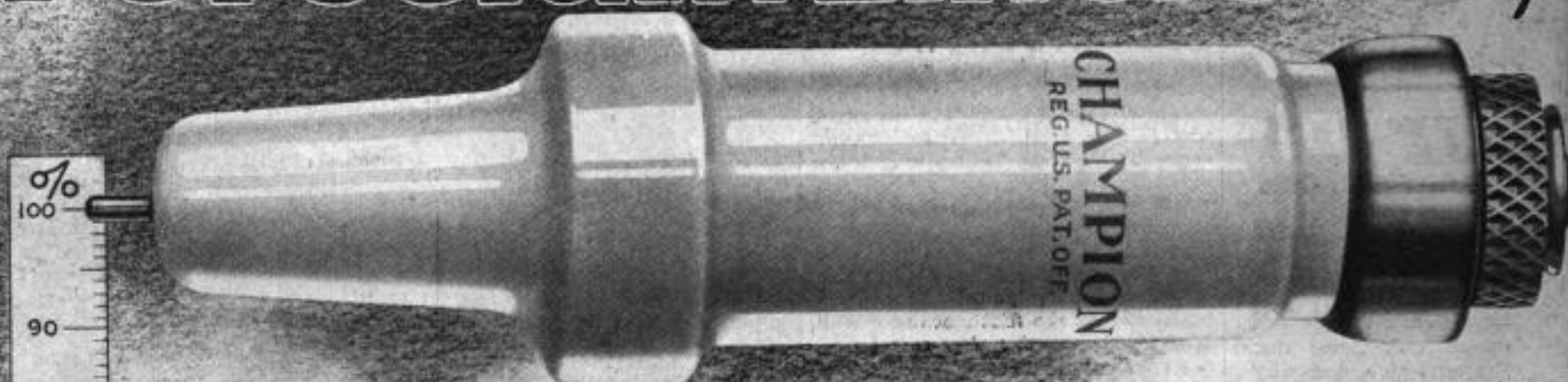
Complete  
Compact

## How and Where

do your youngsters spend their evenings? This question will be answered satisfactorily if you invest in "The Junior Classics," published by P. F. Collier & Son, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York. Write for free "JUNIOR CLASSICS" booklet.



# Big Increase in Porcelain Efficiency



## *The Romance of Experiment 3450*

**T**EN YEARS of constant research and experiment—day after day of unremitting laboratory work—with the laboratory furnaces glowing night after night!

Thousands of different combinations and mixtures of materials gathered from all over the world!

Each carefully recorded formula tested in the laboratory furnaces under different degrees of heat!

Steady improvement in spark plug porcelains all this time—but no great gain upon the increasingly severe requirements of new developments in gasoline motors!

3449 different experiments—until—finally—the startling results of Experiment 3450 showed a long stride ahead in all the essential requirements for spark plug insulators.

Champion 3450 porcelain is so far ahead of any other insulator that it stands today clearly and distinctly in a class by itself—unchallenged.

Literally, Experiment 3450 has developed undreamed-of qualities in porcelain for spark plug insulation.

Even the startling qualities recently developed in steel, by scientific heat treating, are no more romantic.

The microscopic views below show a great similarity in the recent development of new superior qualities in steel and the development of this new superior Champion 3450 porcelain.

So Champion Dependability takes on new meaning—for no spark plug can be more dependable than its insulator.

**Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio**



*Cross-section of ordinary steel magnified 1600 areas showing coarse structure*



*Cross-section of highest quality steel magnified 1600 areas showing very fine, even structure*



*Cross-section of ordinary porcelain magnified 1600 areas showing coarse structure*



*Cross-section of Champion 3450 porcelain magnified 1600 areas showing very fine, even structure*



# Champion

## Dependable Spark Plugs





## Insure each step you take against slipping

He's an energetic red-blooded man of action — the kind our nation looks to for help when its reputation for speed and efficiency is at stake.

Safely and securely he hastens to and from his duties — passing the crowd wherever he goes. There's confidence in every step. He knows he cannot slip because of the Foster Friction Plug found in



# CAT'S PAW

CUSHION  
RUBBER HEELS



For your whole family—insist on the heels of efficiency. Walking is so easy and comfortable. They're economical, too—the Friction Plug makes them wear longer than ordinary kinds.

Cat's Paws have no holes to track mud or dirt—they save the floors from heel marks. The lady of the house appreciates these advantages—she wears them also. It's a relief not to hear the constant clatter of noisy leather heels.

*Black, white or tan. For men,  
women and children—all dealers*

**FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY**  
105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.

*Originators and patentees of the Foster  
Friction Plug which prevents slipping*





GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.  
119 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK CITY



5 cents a copy  
June 1, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE GERMAN  
OFFENSIVE AND  
AMERICAN AID



Fernando Smith

more than a million Every week





Photograph by L. A. Miller

# Takes out all glare—Legal everywhere

## Gives you 500 ft. range

**BOTH** these cars are equipped with Noviol (yellow-tint) Conaphores. This scientific headlight glass is legal everywhere because it controls the light within the law's requirements, without diffusion and without glare.

The photograph shows the two cars as they meet at a dangerous turn on a dark road.

No confusing glare strikes the eyes of either driver. Both pairs of headlights direct the light where it is most effective—full on the road. Both drivers can see perfectly.

The main shafts of light illuminate every inch of the dangerous going for 500 feet ahead. Ample side-light shows the treacherous ditch at one side of the road, and the sharp, rocky turn at the other. Possibility of an accident is reduced to the absolute minimum.

### Signals "Safety" to others

The yellow-tint Noviol Conaphore is a recognized signal of safety on all highways. The instant a driver sees the yellow-tint Noviol lights he knows they will not blind him—and feels

perfectly safe. The soft, mellow light is easy on his eyes, and helps him to see past the oncoming car.



*The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with mud or dust*

Manufactured by the World's Largest  
Makers of Technical Glass

# CONAPHORE

No Glare—Range 500 feet—Pierces Fog and Dust

### Reasons for Conaphore efficiency

Four major advantages make the Conaphore the ideal headlight glass under all driving conditions.

1. **Kills all glare.** The Conaphore uses all the light, but patented corrugations control it within legal limits. Height of beam is not more than 42 inches from the road.

2. **Range 500 feet.** Corrugations throw a shaft of strong driving light along the road for 500 feet ahead of the car.

3. **Pierces fog and dust.** Projects a beam that is easy for the eye to follow through fog and dust. This is because yellow-tint Noviol Glass (patented) absorbs the blue and violet light waves, thus minimizing diffusion and "back-glare."

1. **Ample side-light.** Cylinders fan strong rays out over both roadsides. Light spreads 25 feet at each side of the car 75 feet ahead.

**Help make highways safe.** Equip your car with Conaphores. They safeguard you, and make for the safety of others. Legal everywhere. Dimming unnecessary. Made in both Noviol and clear glass. Easy to install. Sizes to fit all cars. Order from your dealer; if he has not received his supply, write us.

### PRICE LIST

NOVIOL GLASS	Per Pair	CLEAR GLASS	Per Pair
5 to 6 1/4 inches incl.	\$2.40	5 to 6 1/4 inches incl.	\$1.60
7 to 8 1/4 inches incl.	3.50	7 to 8 1/4 inches incl.	2.50
8 1/4 to 10 inches incl.	4.50	8 1/4 to 10 inches incl.	3.00
10 1/4 to 11 1/4 inches incl.	6.00	10 1/4 to 11 1/4 inches incl.	4.00

Sizes vary by steps of 1/4 inch above 6 1/4 inch size

Prices 25c. more per pair west of Rocky Mountains

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION  
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Mgrs.  
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

CORNING GLASS WORKS

CORNING GLASS WORKS ALSO MANUFACTURES PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES AND PYREX CHEMICAL GLASSWARE



Was  
\$100

Now  
\$49



# “How I Save 51% on Typewriters”

## An Expert Buyer's Statement

“Formerly the typewriters used in our office were priced at \$100 each. Now we buy Oliver's at \$49. This saving of half means a great deal to us because we use so many machines. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this Oliver Nine, which we buy direct from the maker. After using Oliver's we will never go back to \$100 machines. It is pure waste.”

### YOU Can save as Much

The Oliver Typewriter Company now sells direct. It has discarded old and wasteful ways. We no longer need an expensive force of 15,000 salesmen and agents or costly offices in 50 cities. These, and other expensive practices, amounted to \$51, which the purchaser had to pay. Our new way saves this \$51, and so we sell brand new Oliver Nines for \$49.

This is the exact \$100 machine—not a change has been made. Such is our \$2,000,000 guarantee.

The entire facilities of The Oliver Typewriter Company are devoted exclusively to the manufacture and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

### Free Trial

Merely mail us the coupon and we will send you an Oliver for five days' free trial. Try it at your office or at home. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of

\$3 per month. If you return it, we will gladly refund the transportation charges. Old machines are accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

We hope to be able to maintain the \$49 price. But, if the cost of materials and labor continues to go up, we may be forced to increase this price. We do not wish to. We do not expect to. But we advise you to act now to be certain of getting your Oliver Nine at \$49.

The Oliver Nine has the standard keyboard. So any operator may turn to it without the slightest hesitation. And it has a dozen other features which attract. It is greatly simplified in construction, having far fewer parts. It is noted for its freedom from trouble, great durability and easy operation.

### Why Be Wasteful?

Whether you use 1 typewriter or 100, this new Oliver plan saves you.

### PREFERRED BY

U. S. Steel Corporation	Montgomery Ward & Co.	Baldwin Locomotive Works
Pennsylvania Railroad	Columbia Graphophone Co.	Bethlehem Steel Co.
National Cloak & Suit Co.	New York Edison Co.	Cluett, Peabody & Co.
National City Bank of N. Y.	Hart, Schaffner & Marx	American Bridge Co.
Otis Elevator Co.	Diamond Match Co.	Fore River Shipbuilding Corp.
Corn Products Refining Co.	Boston Elevated Railways	Morris & Co. (Packers)

No machine does better work. No typewriter is speedier. None are more satisfactory in the long run than the Oliver Nine. All this you can know for yourself very easily. You are your own salesman and decide for yourself.

Read the coupon. Note how simple our plan is. Then mail it today for either a free trial Oliver, or our amazing book entitled, “The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy.” With the latter we send an illustrated catalog describing the Oliver in detail.

Which for you? Check one or the other item on the coupon now.

Canadian Price, \$62.65

### THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1026 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,  
1026 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....  
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book — “The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy,” your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

**This Coupon Is Worth \$51**



# A New Factory Built by a Revolution in Writing

The fine, deliberate writing of past generations is no more. And the hurried scrawls and pot-hooks, which we of busy to-day call handwriting, grow less legible with each year.

But in prompt American fashion the solution comes with the problem. Already one hundred and fifty thousand men and women have abandoned the pen for Corona, the Personal Writing Machine. And this is interesting not merely because it is another step forward by another American industry—but rather because it is evidence of a revolution in the writing habits of a nation.

Because it meets your twentieth-century needs, Corona has grown out of its first little loft, has overflowed its next factory, and now has taken a new home in this big modern plant of 3-acre floor space. The reasons are obvious when you know the machine.

Its light weight and ready portability make Corona instantly available, anywhere—at the office, at home, on train or ship or afield. It's so simple to operate that you can dispense with a third party to private correspondence—can put your personal or business affairs into legible, business-like, permanent form, whenever convenient. And Corona stands the grind of heavy daily service, for all its 6-pound compactness.

*Changing the custom of years is a big job for a little machine—but Corona bids fair to accomplish it.*

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., Inc., Groton, N. Y.  
New York Chicago San Francisco  
Agencies in all principal cities.

# CORONA

*The Personal Writing Machine*



*If you know anything that Germany would like to know, let this be your "Speechless Day."*

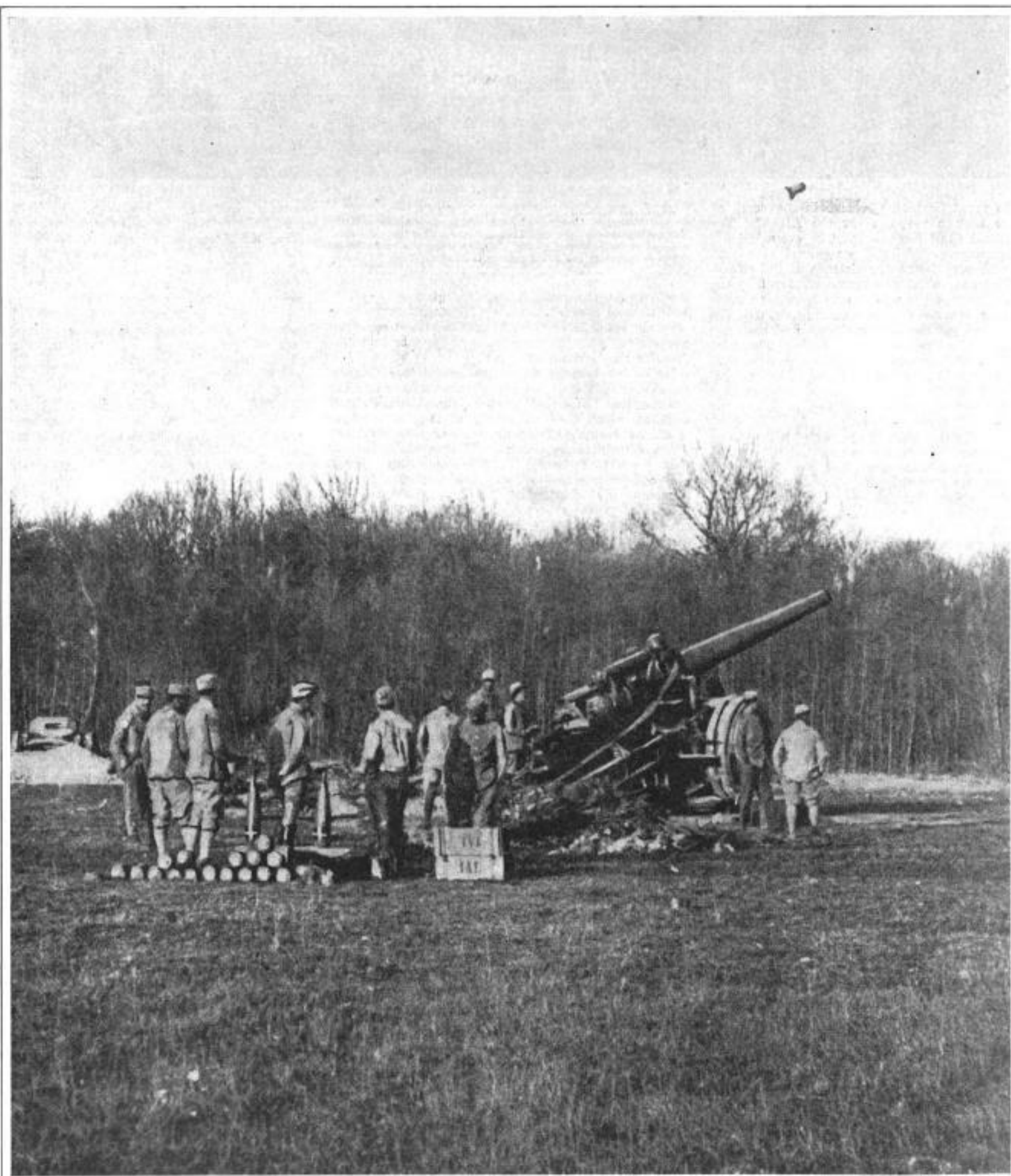


# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JUNE 1, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 12



French Official

## THE GUNS ARE IN THE OPEN

*A French 140-mm. (5 1-2 inch) gun firing over a wood. Overhead is a "saucisse"—an observation balloon—whose pilot, looking over the German lines, gives the range by wireless to the gunners below.*





# THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE AND AMERICAN AID

BY GENERAL MALLETERRE

HAS the great German offensive in the north of France been a surprise for the Allies? The Allied General Staff foresaw it. The event did not catch them unprepared. But we cannot aver that there was no surprise in the violence of the attack, in its suddenness, in the new means employed by the Germans. Perhaps there may also have been some astonishment because of the sector chosen for the offensive. And yet the German press had been announcing the offensive for several weeks. The most authoritative military critics had been asserting that the Germans would break through the elaborate system of trench defenses and resume the old-fashioned war in the open of which (according to them) the Germans were "passed masters."

Since the offensive started, the German press has been unwearied in its eulogy of Ludendorff's genius. It is claimed that Ludendorff was able to concentrate secretly an overwhelming number of divisions at the points chosen for the offensive, and that the Allies were in the dark until the very day the battle began. These divisions are said to have been gathered in the Ardennes and in the region of the Sambre where they were carefully trained for several months in the new methods of attack. They are said to have been brought by autotricks and by night marches several days before March 21 to the centers from which they were to storm the British lines.

## Anticipating America's Aid

THE Allied general staffs were not ignorant of the return to the western front during several months of dozens of divisions that had been occupied for more than three years in the East. They knew that the armies of the Crown Princes of Germany and Bavaria were growing steadily in numbers and in artillery. It seems impossible, moreover, that the Allied chiefs had not been informed of special concentrations of troops and of the movements of the last few days to the centers from which the offensive was to begin. Our air service has always been tireless and constant in its reconnoitering activity—and armies have other means of knowing what is going on behind enemy lines. Aside from the movements of troops, the Allied general staffs knew also that in addition to an important increase in heavy artillery, the German divisions trained for the spring offensive were provided with a special mobile artillery, manned and transported by the infantry.

And with this knowledge, our chiefs certainly realized that, if the offensive was undertaken at all, it would be pushed with the greatest violence and without regard to sacrifice in view of a decisive victory. Everything indicated this: the failure of the pacifist maneuvers undertaken by Germany in the Occidental Allied countries, which remained united in the implacable will to conquer in spite of the methods of corruption employed by Germany; the economic and food crises, which were growing worse from day to day in the Central Empires; the bitter disillusionment concerning revictualment at the expense of Russia; the imperative necessity of obtaining from the German people, starving though satiated with victories, a last moral effort, capable of forcing

General Malleterre, Governor of the Invalides, was a professor at the Military School before the war. He was on the staff of General Joffre, and was wounded at the Marne. He is a recognized authority on tactics and strategy and is the military critic of the Paris "Temps"

the Allies to conclude finally the kind of a peace which would prevent Germany from ruin.

In the councils of the Allies, then, there could be uncertainty only on two points: the date and the place of the German offensive.

Berlin newspapers assert that the date of March 21 was decided upon long in advance and that Hindenburg and Ludendorff gave the signal at the exact hour at which they had foreseen that everything would be ready. (The fine weather was probably also arranged for in advance, for it certainly helped their plans!) But since the Allies appeared to have resigned themselves to leave the initiative to the Germans, the question of date mattered little. A discussion of the reasons which dictated this policy cannot be undertaken at the present moment. One of them at least was very logical: to await the effect-

enemy's reason for not waiting. The German General Staff preferred to take the offensive once more before the American aid could make itself felt. A new offensive had become necessary to clear up a political and military situation which was becoming menacing to the Germans. Whatever information may have reached the Germans concerning the military situation in France on the other side of the lines, it was certainly of a nature to impose upon them the policy of going ahead, immediately and without counting the cost.

## The Weakest Spot

HINDENBURG and Ludendorff had, then, the choice of date and place. The date once decided upon, against which sector could the attack be directed with best chances of success?

When we study the German strategy since 1914, we must acknowledge that the Germans have always known how to put their finger upon the weak spot in the armor of their adversaries and that they have struck that spot without hesitation and with all their strength with the one idea of obtaining a decisive victory. Thus it was that in 1914 the principal attack was made across Belgium against the northern frontier of France, which was poorly fortified, turning at the same time the left of the French armies and the fortified regions from Verdun to Toul. In 1915, as a result of the failure to pass the Marne and the Yser, the Germans were compelled to remain on the defensive on the western front. The Russian menace was pressing the Central Empires hard, and the Imperial General Staff turned its attention to the East. Poland was recognized to be the weak spot of the Russian armies, and all the forces that could be mustered were used to stop the famous "steam roller." Then, to go to the aid of Turkey, Serbia was crushed. In 1916 the Verdun attack was probably inspired by the fear of a French offensive starting from Verdun and the Woevre against the region of Briey and the Lorraine mineral deposits, which were indispensable to the German war-material factories. During the summer of 1916, on the Somme, the Carso and in Galicia, the initiative passed to the Entente, and Rumania believed the moment was favorable for entering the war. Once again the Imperial General Staff saw a weak spot. They knew that Russia, undermined by corruption and on the eve of a revolution, was at the end of her rope. Rumania was invaded and put hors de combat. The Allies, in the face of Russian weakness and treason, were powerless to aid her.

Finally in 1917, when the retreat from the Somme and the intervention of the United States seemed to indicate that Germany was weakening and allowed us to believe in a certain victory for the Allies, German strategy returned vigorously to the weak point offered by "Sovietized" Russia, and by corruption much more than by arms, Germany imposed upon the Bolsheviks the ignominy of a separate peace. And immediately with the divisions that were withdrawn without delay from the Russian front, in spite of the obligations of the armistice, aid was given to the Austrians.



After the British rout the French saved the day at Noyon, and the Anglo-French front remained intact

tive participation of the Americans. We may say, however, that passive waiting is always regrettable, because it leaves to an adversary, who is bold and convinced of his force, the benefit of a surprise, at an hour and place which he has been free to choose.

Our reason for waiting was without doubt the



In several days a German army, which was not larger than a hundred and fifty thousand men, broke the Italian line at the weak point, and brought about the debacle of the victorious armies of the Isonzo.

This vigorous offensive policy, resulting in great military successes everywhere except on the French front, has sustained the morale of the Germans for more than three years, and has induced them to endure the tortures of the stomach through the hope of a supreme and decisive victory. And it will be one of the astonishing facts of history that this superior intelligence in strategy, coupled with a military organization which has been able, in the course of four years, to get the better of each adversary singly, has achieved only Pyrrhic victories, and cannot prevent the final defeat of Germany.

### The Unconquerable Coalition

IN the present offensive we see reproduced the same intelligence in strategy, the same success in tactics, the same inability to obtain a decisive victory.

Among the German chiefs there was uncertainty and hesitation in deciding upon the weak spot that would lend itself to a new and successful offensive and to the forcing of a decision. To renew the attack against Italy was undoubtedly a temptation. The breaking of the lines of the Piave would have led the Germans into the rich plain of Lombardy and to Genoa: if Italy were cut in two, she could be forced into a separate peace. A victory over Italy would have an unquestioned moral effect, and would be extremely useful by securing Italian cereals and giving to submarines a powerful base in the Mediterranean. But the coalition Great Britain-France-United States would remain intact and unconquerable.

To finish the war in a whirlwind and to force the Allies to recognize the invincibility of Germany and to resign themselves to a peace of mutual concessions, it was necessary to destroy the Occidental coalition by breaking the Anglo-French front, before the arrival of the American army, in such a manner that it could not be reestablished.

### Ludendorff Strikes

HAVING once decided to attack where alone victory could be found, Ludendorff sought for the weak spot of the western front. The arrangement of the British and French armies pointed out to him this weak spot. He knew that the British army had recently taken over the lines up to the Oise, and that the Oise thus separated the front into two great sectors, the British army occupying the one on the left between the Oise and the Channel. The British had remained a long time on a front much more limited, first as far as Arras, then as far as Saint-Quentin, and in the last operations in Flanders they were still supported by a French army. The regular increase in the size of the British army and its progress in fighting value had permitted little by little the diminution of the aid that the French General Staff was lending generously to its ally, and it is thus that in February last the French army was able to narrow its front to the lines of the Soissonnais, Champagne, Lorraine, and Alsace. Ludendorff knew all this, and also that unity of com-

mand had not been realized on the western front because of the unfortunate pride of certain Englishmen. The Inter-Allied Council of Versailles, established after the Italian defeat, was succeeding in coordinating the operations under the leadership of General Foch: there was the beginning of a real *entente* between the English and the French General Staffs. But recent incidents, such as the affair of Cambrai, had shown that the British intended to keep their independence of action in certain circumstances. Do we not remember the British tanks which swept over the Hindenburg line before Cambrai and brought the Tommies to the gates of the city—a success unfortunately not sustained by reserves? It was a sporting chance, an experience which ended in a German counteroffensive very costly for the British. The surprise would have become, on the contrary, disastrous for the Germans if it had been exploited in concert with the French General Staff. But the French had not been notified beforehand that the attack was to be made.

After Cambrai the British army had its own front, wholly autonomous, in Picardy and in Flanders. The little Belgian army was faithfully guarding the Yser. The liaison with the French army was effected on the Oise, between Noyon and Tergnier. The left wing of the French army held the northern slopes of the hills of Saint-Gobain, north of the Aisne. The weak spot was at the junction of the two Allied armies, in the region of Saint-Quentin, classic battle field. But, for Ludendorff, the weak point was especially the British army, which he believed to be inferior to the French. These considerations led him to strike it. He saw on the map the possibility of repeating, in almost the same proportions, the maneuver of 1914 in Belgium.

In this region of the north of France, between the valley of the Oise and the Channel, the British army was spread out from the Yser to the Oise in an oblique line of which the pivot was in the Pas de Calais, and whose future advance was toward the north, with the right wing on the Oise, to liberate, in conjunction with an advance of the French army, the invaded portions of France and Belgium. This army, with revictualment bases in the ports of Havre, Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk, was, in fact, backed against the sea. Were it overthrown by a powerful attack, were it compelled to bend, to retreat, it ran the danger of being thrown into the sea, and that under conditions very serious if the victorious attack crowded it into the narrow triangle of the Artois and Belgian Flanders, north of the Somme against Calais and Boulogne. But it was necessary to forestall the intervention of the French armies going to the aid of the British. The new arrangement of the Allied lines, after the first period of the German offensive, showed how the

attack and force the lines of Arras and complete the encirclement of the British center—what a conception! Even if the British were to re-form and propose a desperate resistance north of the Somme, the disintegration of the British army would be such that the German General Staff could hope, by using all its reserves, to push the British to the sea. This was the plan, with its incalculable consequences, of the German statesmen and military leaders.

### A Solid Anglo-French Front

INDEED, we have reason to believe that the present offensive intended to carry out this strategic conception. But it has not had the "kolossal" consequences that were hoped for. Begun on March 21 by an impetuous attack on a front of sixty kilometers, between Croisilles and the Oise, the offensive did push back the British right wing, first south of the Somme, then in the direction of Montdidier. In several days the Germans won back the ground abandoned a year ago by Hindenburg. There was a moment, on March 24 and 25, when the German General Staff was able to believe that it had indeed found its way between the two armies in the district between Roye and Noyon. For the retreat of the Fifth British Army took a wrong direction toward Montdidier, leaving uncovered the way to Compiègne by Noyon and an undefended strip up to Lassigny. Von Hutier, commanding the right of the group of armies of the German Crown Prince, pushed in here immediately, to form the defensive line planned for against the French left wing. But the French General Staff was watching. Warned immediately of the violence of the attack and of the retreat of the British right, Generals Pétain and Foch threw on the bank of the Oise infantry divisions brought in autotrucks and a cavalry division. These troops took their position on the heights north of Noyon. The battle was engaged so brusquely that the autotrucks were landing the poilus within rifle range, and the infantry entered the struggle almost without the support of artillery.

This rapid movement surprised the Germans. They attacked to the limit of their reserves with the advantage of numerical superiority. But the defense of the French divisions was more than heroic: it was intelligent. The soldiers, fully as much as their leaders, understood the value of the sacrifice they were making.



This group shows that German strategy failed to separate the Tommies from the Poilus



Photograph taken in the recent offensive of a battery of French "heavies" massed along a trench to meet an attack

French divisions were obliged to cross the Oise and to assume the protection of the region between the Oise and Amiens by Montdidier to menace on the flank or behind the advancing Germans.

On the map this strategy appeared splendid. To overthrow and crush the British right wing by a very powerful effort in the direction of Saint-Quentin-Montdidier, to interpose immediately a defensive line along the Oise as far as Compiègne, to prevent the intervention of the French, and then with the principal attacking mass, fighting in the open, to continue driving back the British right by Amiens and Doullens, while another mass would

The British recovered themselves, and the liaison was maintained.

On April 1, if the strategic plan of the Germans had been realized, we should have seen the mass of their armies crossing the Somme between Picquigny and Corbie, and the Ancre between Albert and Arras, and a decisive battle engaged in the neighborhood of Doullens, while the French armies would be hurling themselves in vain against the Crown Prince's defensive line between Breteuil and Noyon. But this did not happen. The Germans were holding with great difficulty Noyon, Roye, Montdidier, Albert. Amiens was not taken. They had failed before Arras. The Anglo-French front remained solid.

The first phase ended on April 1. None would deny the tactical success of the Germans, but their strategical failure was equally evident. The British army was neither outflanked nor disorganized. The French army remained in liaison with the English army and successfully resisted the Germans.

When the battle began again on the night of April 4, the Germans could no longer hope for more than to enlarge their tactical success. They could still fight for Amiens. They could still try to threaten Paris. They could undertake a new offensive against Calais, or make

(Continued on page 24)





**TOP**—Going and coming. A detachment of French troops hurrying up to the firing line meet and pass a squad of German prisoners on their way to the rear. A second squad of newly captured prisoners is seen approaching on the road ahead of them.

**CENTER**—The fearful strain of uninterrupted fighting is plainly evidenced in the attitudes of these German prisoners. The man on the right, utterly exhausted, has fallen asleep where he sits. Beside him is another German, finding what rest he can on the pile of bare planks. The helmet of a third exhausted man may be seen at the top of the pile on the left.



**BOTTOM**—The war began in the open. The Battle of the Marne was fought behind shallow breastworks, hastily thrown up, and from the shelter of trees, bushes, and walls. Then came the retreat to the Aisne, where the German army dug itself in. For three years the armies on the western front faced each other from the shelter of elaborate earthwork systems, each side launching an attack only after terrific artillery preparation had blasted the enemy's trenches to pieces. Several attempts were made to break the deadlock and carry the fighting once more into the open. The French tried it in the Champagne district, the British tried it on the Somme, the Germans tried it at Verdun. All failed. Now the deadlock is broken at last. The war of movement has come. Here is a French front-line trench along the present battle front. It is a shallow ditch, just such a one as might have sheltered Joffre's men when they turned back Von Kluck's hosts at the Marne.







**TOP**—The French cavalry has long been waiting its chance to fight in the open. Here is a company of dragoons in the Oise district on the way to the front. Notice the long, wicked-looking lances they are carrying. In the hands of a cavalryman the lance is a much deadlier weapon than either the rifle or the saber



**CENTER**—A German trench in the Oise district. The start of the great German offensive was marked by a reckless disregard of human life hitherto unparalleled even in the annals of the German general staff. Men were sent by thousands to certain slaughter. In an attempt to cross the Crozat Canal, in the Oise region, where this picture was taken, the enemy launched seventeen distinct assaults in close formation against a storm of machine-gun bullets, until the men in the last waves had to advance over a roadway of corpses. This photograph shows an enemy firing trench after a counterattack. Two bodies may be seen lying in the trench, while the litter of clothing and accouterments that cover the ground is evidence of the terrific nature of the struggle

**BOTTOM**—A wonderful bit of camouflage along a road in the present battle district. Two French 75-mm. guns, mounted upon auto trucks, have been placed in position before a row of ruined farm buildings. The wheels and bodies of the machines have been screened beneath a covering of planks and broken boxes, while the guns themselves have been so cleverly painted they are scarcely distinguishable even in the photograph. What chance would an enemy airplane observer have of distinguishing them?





# FEEF AND MEEMUH

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

**S**UPERCILIOUSNESS is not so safe after all, because a person who forms the habit of wearing it may some day find that his lower lip has become permanently projected beyond the upper so that he can't get it back, and must go through life looking like the King of Spain. This was to be the culmination of Florence Atwater's still plastic profile, as foretold by her mother, if Florence didn't change her way of thinking; and upon Florence's observing dreamily that the King of Spain was an awfully handsome man, Mrs. Atwater retorted: "But not for a girl!" She meant, of course, that a girl who looked too much like the King of Spain would not be handsome, and her daughter understood without difficulty; nevertheless, with an air of happy refutation, made the gratuitous statement:

"Why, he's my Very Ideal! I'd marry him to-morrow!"

Mrs. Atwater paused in her darning, letting the stocking droop in her work-basket. "Not at barely thirteen, would you?" she said. "It seems to me you're just a shade too young to be marrying a man who's already got a wife and several children. Where did you pick up that 'I'd-marry-him-to-morrow,' Florence?"

"Oh, I hear that everywhere!" returned the damsel lightly. "Everybody says things like that. I heard Aunt Julia say it. I heard Kitty Silver say it." "About the King of Spain?" Mrs. Atwater inquired.

"I don't know who they were saying it about," said Florence, "but they were saying it. I don't mean they were saying it together; I heard one say it one time and the other say it some other time. I think Kitty Silver was saying it about some colored man. She prob'ly wouldn't want to marry any white man; at least I don't expect she would. She's been married to a couple of colored men, anyhow; and she was married twice to one of 'em, and the other one died in between. Anyhow, that's what she told me. She weighed over two hundred pounds, the first time she was married, and she weighed over two hundred and seventy the last time she was married to the first one over again, but she says she don't know how much she weighed when she was married to the one in between. She says she never got weighed all the time she was married to that one. Did Kitty Silver ever tell you that, mamma?"

"Yes, often!" Mrs. Atwater replied. "I don't think it's very entertaining; and that's not what we were talking about. I was trying to tell you—"

"I know," Florence interrupted. "You said I'd get my face so's my underlip wouldn't go back where it ought to if I didn't quit turning up my nose at people I think are beneath contempt. I guess the best thing would be just to feel that way without letting on by my face, and then there wouldn't be any danger."

"No," said Mrs. Atwater. "That's not what I meant. You mustn't let your feelings get their nose turned up, or their underlip out, either, because feelings can grow warped just as well as—"

**B**UT her remarks had already caused her daughter to follow a trail of thought somewhat divergent from the main road along which the mother feebly struggled to progress. "Mamma," said Florence brightly, "do you believe it's true if a person swal-

lows an apple seed or a lemon seed or a watermelon seed, f'r instance, do you think they'd have a tree grow up inside of 'em? Henry Rooter said it would, yesterday."

Mrs. Atwater looked a little anxious. "Did you swallow some sort of seed?" she asked.

"It was only some grape seeds, mamma; and you needn't think I got to take anything for it, because I've swallowed a million, I guess, in my time, and—"

for she had indeed known moments of apprehension concerning the grape seeds. "Nothing but an old thing—what he is!" she repeated inaudibly.

"Florence," said Mrs. Atwater, "don't you want to slip over to grandpa's and ask Aunt Julia if she has a number three darning needle? And don't forget not to look supercilious when you meet people on the way. Even your grandfather has been noticing it, and was the one that spoke of it to me. Don't forget!"

"Yes'm." And Florence went out of the house somewhat moodily. Afternoon sunshine and the sight of the shady street restored her, however; and she opened the picket gate and stepped forth upon the sidewalk with a fair renewal of her chosen manner toward the public, though just at that moment no public was in sight. Miss Atwater's underlip resumed the position for which her mother had predicted that regal though Spanish fixity, and her eyebrows and nose were all three perceptibly elevated. At the same time her eyelids were half lowered, and the corners of her mouth somewhat deepened, facial maneuvers which added a veiled mirth to the superciliousness already accomplished, so that this well-dressed child strolled down the shady sidewalk wearing an expression not merely of high-bred contempt but also mysteriously derisory. It was an expression which should have put a pedestrian (no matter of what fancied status) in his place, and it seems a pity that the long street before her appeared to be empty of all human life. No one even so much as glanced from a window of any of the comfortable houses, set back at the end of their "front walks" and basking amid pleasant lawns—for, naturally, this was the "best residence street" in the town, since all the Atwaters and other relatives of Florence dwelt thereon.



"I believe the one to this side's a he," she said

"In your time?" her mother repeated, seemingly mystified.

"Yes, and so have you and papa," Florence went on. "I've seen you when you ate grapes. Henry said maybe not, about grapes, because I told him all what I've just been telling you, mamma, how I must of swallowed a million, in my time, and he said grape seeds weren't big enough to get a good holt, but he said if I was to swallow an apple seed a tree would start up, and in a year or two, maybe, it would grow up so't I couldn't get my mouth shut on account the branches and leaves."

"Nonsense!" "Henry said another boy told him, but he said you could ask anybody and they'd tell you it was true. Henry said this boy that told him's uncle died of it when he was eleven years old, and this boy knew a grown woman that was pretty sick from it right now. I expect Henry wasn't telling such a falsehood about it, mamma, but prob'ly this boy did, because I didn't believe it for a minute! Henry Rooter says he never told a lie yet, in his life, mamma, and he wasn't going to begin now." She paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully: "I don't believe a word he says!"

She continued to meditate disapprovingly upon Henry Rooter. "Old thing!" she murmured gloomily,

would meet. He was a stranger—that is, he was unknown to Florence—and he was well dressed, a person who might well be noticed; while his appearance of age (prob'ly at least forty or sixty or something) indicated that he might have sense enough to be interested in other interesting persons.

An extraordinary change took place upon the surface of Florence Atwater: all superciliousness and derision of the world vanished; her eyes opened wide, and into them came a look at once far-away and intently fixed. Also, a frown of concentration appeared upon her brow, and her lips moved silently, but with rapidity, as if she repeated to herself something of almost tragic import. Florence had recently read a newspaper account of the earlier struggles of a now successful actress: how, as a girl, this unmistakable genius went about the streets repeating the lines of various rôles to herself—constantly rehearsing, in fact, upon the public thoroughfares, so carried away was she by her intended profession and so determined to be famous. This was what Florence was doing now, except that she was not rehearsing any rôle in particular, and the words formed by her lips were neither sequential nor consequential, being, in fact, the following: "Oh, the darkness . . . never, never, never! . . . you couldn't



... he shouldn't ... Ah, mother! ... Where the river swings so slowly ... Ah, no!" Nevertheless, she was doing all she could for the elderly stranger, and as they came closer, encountered, and passed on, she had the definite impression that he did indeed take her to be a struggling young actress who would some day be famous—and then he might see her on a night of triumph and recognize her as the girl he had passed on the street, that day, so long ago— But by this time the episode was concluded; the footsteps of him for whom she was performing had become inaudible behind her, and she began to forget him; which was as well, since he went out of her life then, and the two never met again. The struggling young actress disappeared, and the previous derisive superciliousness was resumed. It became notably emphasized as a boy of her own age emerged to her view from the "side yard" of a house at the next corner.

The boy caught sight of Florence in plenty of time to observe this striking change in her manner, all too obviously produced by her sensations at sight of himself; and after staring at her for a moment, he allowed his own expression to become one of pain. Then he slowly swung about, as if to return into that side-yard obscurity whence he had come; making clear by this pantomime that he reciprocally found the sight of her insufferable. In truth, he did; for he was not only her neighbor but her first cousin as well, and a short month older, though taller than she—tall beyond his years, taller than need be, in fact, and still in knickerbockers. However, his parents may not have been mistaken in the matter, for it was plain that he looked as well in knickerbockers as he could have looked in anything. He had no visible beauty, though of course it was possible to hope for him that by the time he reached manhood he would be more tightly put together than he seemed at present; and indeed he himself appeared to have some consciousness of insecurity in the fastenings of his members, for it was his habit (observable even now as he turned to avoid Miss Atwater) to haul at himself, to sag and hitch about inside his clothes, and to corkscrew his neck against the swathing of his collar. And yet there were times, as the most affectionate of his aunts had remarked, when, for a moment or so, he appeared to be almost knowing; and, seeing him walking before her, she had almost taken him for a young man; and sometimes he said something in a settled kind of way that was almost adult. This fondest aunt went on to add, however, that of course the next minute after one of these fleeting spells he was sure to be overtaken by his more accustomed moods, and his eye would again glow with the fundamental aimlessness natural to his years. In brief, he was at the age when he spent most of his time changing his mind about things, or, rather, when his mind spent most of its time changing him about things—and this was what happened now.

AFTER turning his back on the hateful sight well known to him as his cousin Florence at her freshest, he turned again, came forth from his place of residence, and, joining her upon the pavement, walked beside her, accompanying her without greeting or inquiry. His expression of pain, indicating her insufferableness, had not abated; neither had her air of being a duchess looking at bugs.

"You are a pretty one!" he said; but his intention was perceived to be far indeed from his words.

"Oh, am I, Mister Atwater?" Florence responded. "I'm awfully glad you think so!"

"I mean about what Henry Rooter said," her cousin explained. "Henry Rooter told me he made you believe you were goin' to have a grapevine climb in' up from inside of you because you ate some grapes with the seeds in 'em. He says he scared you into fits, and you thought you'd have to get a carpenter to build a little arbor so you could swallow it for the grapevine to grow on. He says—"

Florence had become an angry pink. "That little Henry Rooter is the worst falsehood in this town; and I never believed a word he said in his life! Anyway, what affairs is it of yours, I'd like you to please be so kind and obliging for to tell me, Mister Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Esquire?"

"What affairs?" Herbert echoed, in plaintive satire. "What affairs is it of mine? That's just the trouble! It's got to be my affairs just because you got to be my first cousin. My goodness, I didn't have anything to do with you being my cousin, did I?"

"Well, I didn't!" Florence interposed hotly.

"That's neither here nor there," said Herbert. "What I want to know is, how long you goin' to keep this up?"

"Keep what up?"

"I mean, how do you think I like havin' somebody

like Henry Rooter comin' round me tellin' what they made a cousin of mine believe, and over thirteen years old, goin' on fourteen ever since about a month ago almost—"

Florence shouted: "Oh, for goodness' sakes!" then moderated the volume but not the intensity of her tone. "Kindly reply to this. Whoever asked you to come and take a walk with me to-day?"

Herbert protested to heaven. "Why, I wouldn't take a walk with you, of my own free will, unless I had to be killed. I wouldn't take a walk with you if every policeman in this town tried to make me. I wouldn't take a walk with you if they brought a million horses and—"

"I wouldn't take a walk with you," Florence interrupted, "if they brought a million million horses—and cows—and camels—"

Herbert looked incredulous. "Oh, no, you wouldn't—not if I could help it!"

But by this time Florence had regained her derisive superciliousness. "There's a few things you could help," she said; and the incautious Herbert challenged her with the inquiry she desired.

"What could I help?"

"I should think you could help bumpin' into me every second when I'm takin' a walk on my own affairs, and walk along on your own side of the sidewalk, anyway, and not be so awkward a person has to keep trippin' over you about every time I try to take a step!"

Herbert withdrew temporarily to his own side of the sidewalk. "Who?" he demanded hotly. "Who says I'm awkward?"

"All the fam'ly," Miss Atwater returned, with a slight, infuriating laugh. "You bump into 'em sideways and keep getting half in front of 'em, whenever they try to take a step, and then when it looks as if they'd pretty near fall over you—"

"You look here!"

"And besides all that," Florence went on, undisturbed, "why, you generally keep kind of snorting, or something, and then making all those noises in your neck. You were doin' it at grandpa's last Sunday dinner, because every time there wasn't anybody talking, why, everybody could hear you plain as everything, and you ought to've seen grandpa look at you! He looked as if you'd set him crazy if you didn't quit that chattering and cluckling!"

Herbert's expression partook of a furious astonishment. "I don't any such a thing!" he burst out. "I guess I wouldn't talk much about last Sunday dinner, if I was you, neither. Who got caught lickin' the ice-cream freezer spoon out on the back porch, if you please? Yes, and I guess you better study a little grammar, while you're about it. There's no such words in the English language as 'cluckling' and 'chuttering.'"

"I don't care what language they're in," the stubborn Florence insisted. "It's what you do, just the same—cluckling and chuttering!"

Herbert's manners went to pieces. "Oh, dry up!" he bellowed.

"That's a nice way to talk! So gentlemanly—"

"Well, you try and be a lady, then!"

"Try!" Florence echoed. "Well, after that, I'll just politely thank you to dry up, yourself, Mister Herbert Atwater!"

Herbert's eyes gleamed with fierce triumph. "You couldn't if you did try! You couldn't if you tried till you were a million years old! You couldn't if—"

"I said 'Dry up!'" shouted Florence.

At this Herbert became moody. "Oh, pff!" he said; and for some moments walked in silence. Then he asked: "Where you goin', Florence?"

The damsel paused at a picket gate, opening upon a broad lawn which was evenly bisected by a wide brick walk leading to the ample frame porch of a fat and honest old brick house. "Right here to grandpa's, since you haf to know!" she said. "And thank you for your delightful comp'ny which I never asked for, if you care to hear the truth for once in your life!"

Herbert meditated. "Well, I got nothin' else to do, as I know of," he said. "Let's go around to the back door so's to see if Kitty Silver's got anything."

Then, not amiably, but at least inconsequently, they passed inside the gate and went up the brick walk together. Their brows were fairly unclouded; no special marks of conflict remained. For this was but their customary way of meeting.

They followed a branch of the brick walk and passed round the south side of the house, where a

small orchard of apple trees showed generous promise; hundreds of little round apples among the crisp leaves glancing the high lights to and fro on their infantile green cheeks, as a breeze hopped through the yard, while the shade beneath was filled with sunshine flecks that moved coquettishly. This shifting of orange light and blue was laid like a fanciful plaid over the lattice and over the wide, slightly sagging steps of the elderly back porch; and here, taking her ease upon these steps, sat a middle-aged colored woman of continental proportions. Beyond all contest, she was the largest colored woman in that town, though her height was not unusual, and she had a rather small face. That is to say, as Florence had once explained to her, the face was small but the other parts of her head were terribly wide. Beside her was a circular brown basket, of a weave suggesting arts-and-crafts; it was made with a cover, and there was a bow of brown silk upon the little handle at the apex of the cover.

"What you been up to to-day, Kitty Silver?" Herbert asked genially. "Anything special?" For this was the sequel to his "so's we can see if Kitty Silver's got anything." But Mrs. Silver discouraged him.

"No, I ain't," she replied. "I ain't, an' I ain't goin' to."

"I thought you pretty near always made cookies on Tuesday," he said.

"Well, I ain't this Tuesday," said Kitty Silver. "I ain't, an' I ain't goin' to. You might dess well g'on home ri' now. I ain't, an' I ain't goin' to."

Docility was no element of Mrs. Silver's present mood, and Herbert's hopeful eyes became blank as his gaze wandered from her head to the brown basket beside her. The basket did not interest him; the ribbon gave it a quality which at once almost excluded it from his consciousness. On the contrary, the ribbon had drawn Florence's attention to it, and she stared at the basket eagerly.

"What you got there, Kitty Silver?" she asked.

"What I got where?"

"In that basket."

"Nemmine what I got 'n'at basket," said Mrs. Silver crossly, but added inconsistently: "I deas wish somebody ast me what I got 'n'at basket! I ain't no cat washwoman fer nobody!"

"Cats!" Florence cried. "Are there cats in that basket, Kitty Silver? Let's look at 'em!"

THE lid of the basket, lifted by the eager, slim hand of Miss Atwater, rose to disclose two cats of an age slightly beyond kittenhood. They were of a breed unfamiliar to Florence, and she did not obey the impulse which usually makes a girl seize upon any young cat at sight and caress it. Instead, she looked at them with some perplexity, and after a moment inquired: "Are they really cats, Kitty Silver, do you b'lieve?"



It was a voice almost of passion. "You grab it!"



"Cats what she done tole me," the colored woman replied. "You betta shet 'at lid down, you don' wan' 'em run away, 'cause they ain't yoosta livin' 'n'at basket yet; an' no matter whut kine o' cats they is or they isn't, *one* thing true—they wile cats!"

"But what makes their hair so long?" Florence asked, still keeping the lid lifted. "I never saw cats with hair a couple inches long like that."

"Miss Julia say they Berjum cats."

"What?"

"I ain't tellin' you no mo'n she tole me. You' aunt say they Berjum cats."

"Persian," said Herbert. "That's nothing. I've seen plenty Persian cats. My goodness, I should think you'd have seen a Persian cat at your age. Thirteen goin' on fourteen!"

Florence frowned. "Well, I have seen Persian cats plenty times, I guess," she said. "I thought Persian cats were white, and these are kind of gray."

At this Kitty Silver permitted herself to utter an embittered laugh. "You wrong!" she said. "These cats, they white; yes'm!"

"Why, they aren't either! They're as gray as—"

"No'm," said Mrs. Silver. "They plum spang white, else you' aunt Julia gone out her mind; me or her, one. I say: 'Miss Julia, them gray cats.' 'White,' she say. 'Them two cats is white cats,' she say. 'Them cats been crated,' she say. They been livin' in a crate on a dirty express train fer th'ee fo' days,' she say. 'Them cats gone got all smoke up thataway,' she say. 'No'm, Miss Julia,' I say. 'No'm, Miss Julia, they ain' no train,' I say, 'they ain' no train kin take an' smoke two white cats up like these cats, so's they hair is gray clean plum up to they hide.'—You betta put that lid down, I tell you!"

Florence complied, just in time to prevent one of the young cats from leaping out of the basket, but she did not fasten the cover. Instead she knelt, and, allowing a space of half an inch to intervene between the basket and the rim of the cover, peered within at the occupants. "I believe the one to this side's a he," she said. "It's got greenisher eyes than the other one; that's the way you can always tell. I b'lieve this one's a he and the other one's a she."

"I ain't stedyin' about no he's an' she's!"

"What did Aunt Julia say?" Florence asked.

"Whut you' aunt Julia say when?"

"When you told her these were gray cats and not white cats?"

"She tole me take an' clean 'em," said Kitty Silver. "She say, she say she want 'em clean' up spick an' spang befo' Mista Sammerses git here 's even' to call an' see 'em." And she added morosely: "I ain't no cat washwoman!"

"She wants you to bathe 'em?" Florence inquired, but Kitty Silver did not reply directly. She breathed audibly, with a strange effect upon vasty outward portions of her, and then gave an incomparably dulcet imitation of her own voice, as she interpreted her use of it in the recent interview.

"Miss Julia, ma'am, I say—'Miss Julia, ma'am, my bizness cookin' vittles,' I say. 'Miss Julia, ma'am, I tole her—'Miss Julia, ma'am, I cook fer you' pa, an' I cook fer you' fam'ly year in, year out, an' I hope an' pursue, whiles some might make complaint, I take whatever I find, an' I leave whatever I find. No'm, Miss Julia, ma'am, I say—'no'm, Miss Julia, ma'am. I ain't no cat washwoman!'"

"What did Aunt Julia say then?"

"She say, she say: 'Di'n' I tell you take them cats downstairs an' clean 'em?' she say. I ain't nobody's cat washwoman!"

Florence was becoming more and more interested. "I should think that would be kind of fun," she said—"to be a cat washwoman. I wouldn't mind that at all: I'd kind of like it. I expect if you was a cat washwoman, Kitty Silver, you'd be pretty near the only one was in the world. I wonder if they do have 'em any place—cat washwomen."

"I don't know if they got 'em some place," said Kitty Silver, "an' I don't know if they ain't got 'em no place; but I bet if they got 'em any place, it's some place else from here!"

FLORENCE looked thoughtful. "Who was it you said is going to call this evening and see 'em?"

"Mista Sammerses."

"She means Newland Sanders," Herbert explained. "Aunt Julia says all her callers that ever came to this house in their lives, Kitty Silver never got the name right of a single one of 'em!"

"Newland Sanders is the one with the little mustache," Florence explained. "Is that the one you mean by 'Sammerses,' Kitty Silver?"

"Mista Sammerses who you' aunt Julia tole me," Mrs. Silver responded stubbornly. "He ain't got no mustache what you kin look at—dess some blackish what don' reach out mo'n halfway todes the bofe en's of his mouf."

"Well," said Florence, "was Mr. Sanders the one gave her these Persian cats, Kitty Silver?"

"I reckon," Mrs. Silver breathed audibly again, and her expression was strongly resentful. "When she go fer a walk 'long with any them callers



she stop an' make a big fuss over any lil ole dog or cat an' I don't know whut all, an' after they done buy her all the candy from all the candy sto's in the livin' worl', an' all the flowers from all the greenhouses they is, it's a wonder some of 'em ain't sen' her a mule fer a present, 'cause seem like to me they done sen' her mos' every kine of animal they is! Firs' come Airydale dog you' grampaw tuck an' give away to the milkman; 'n'en come two mo' pups; I don't know what they is, 'cause they bofe had dess sense enough to run away after you' grampaw try learn 'em how much he ain't like no pups; an' nex' them two canaries hangin' in the dinin' room now, an' nex'—di'n' I holler so's they could ahear me downtown? Di'n' I walk in my kitchen one mawnin' right slam in the face of ole warty allagatuh three foot long alookin' at me over the aidge o' my kitchen sink?"

"It was Mr. Clairdyce gave her that," said Florence. "He'd been to Florida; but she didn't care for it very much, and she didn't make any fuss at all when grandpa got the florist to take it. Grandpa hates animals."

"He don't hate 'em no wuss'n whut I do," said Kitty Silver. "An' he ain't got to ketch 'em lookin' at him outen of his kitchen sink—an' he ain't fixin' to be no cat washwoman neither!"

"Are you fixing to?" Florence asked quickly. "You don't need to do it, Kitty Silver. I'd be willing to, and so'd Herbert. Wouldn't you, Herbert?"

HERBERT deliberated within himself, then brightened. "I'd just as soon," he said. "I'd kind of like to see how a cat acts when it's bathed."

"I think it would be spesh'y inter'sting to wash Persian cats," Florence added with increasing enthusiasm. "I never washed a cat in my life."

"Neither have I," said Herbert. "I always thought they did it themselves."

Kitty Silver sniffed. "Ain't I says so to you' aunt Julia? She done tole me, 'No,' she say. She say, she say Berjum cats ain't wash theyself; they got to take an' git somebody else to wash 'em!"

"If we're goin' to bathe 'em," said Florence, "we ought to know their names, so's we can tell 'em to hold still and everything. You can't do much with

an animal unless you know their name. Did Aunt Julia tell you these cats' names, Kitty Silver?"

"She say they name Feef an' Meemuh. Yes'm! Feef an' Meemuh! Whut kine o' name is Feef an' Meemuh fer cat name!"

"Oh, those are lovely names!" Florence assured her, and, turning to Herbert, explained: "She means Fifi and Mimi."

"Feef an' Meemuh," said Kitty Silver. "Them name don't suit me, an' them long-hair cats don't suit me neither." Here she lifted the cover of the basket a little, and gazed nervously within. "Look at there!" she said. "Look at a way they lookin' at me! Don't you look at me thataway, you Feef an' Meemuh!" She clapped the lid down and fastened it. "Fixin' to jump out an' grab me, was you!"

"I guess, maybe," said Florence—"maybe I better go ask Aunt Julia if I and Herbert can't wash 'em. I guess I better go ask her anyhow." And without more debate she hopped up the steps and skipped into the house through the kitchen. A moment later she appeared in the open doorway of a room upstairs.

It was a pretty room, vaguely scented with the pink geraniums and blue lobelia and coral fuchsias that poised, urgent with color, in the hearty sunshine streaming upon the window boxes at the open windows. The forms of pale-blue birds and lavender flowers curled up and down the cretonne curtains and over the chairs and the chaise longue whereon fluffily reclined, in garments of tender fabric and gentle colors, the prettiest twenty-year-old girl in that creditably supplied town.

It must be said that no stranger would have been apt to take Florence for her niece—though everybody admitted that Florence's hair was pretty. ("I'll say that for her," was the family way of putting it.) Florence did not care for her hair herself; it was dark and thick and long, like her aunt Julia's; but Florence—except in the realistic presence of a mirror—preferred to think of herself as an ashen blonde, and also as about a foot taller than she was. Persistence kept this picture of herself habitually in her mind, which, of course, helps to account for her feeling that she was justified in wearing that manner of derisive superciliousness deplored by her mother. More middle-aged gentlemen than are suspected believe that they look like the waspen youths in the magazine advertisements of ready-made clothes—and it is this very impression of theirs which accounts (as with Florence) for much that is seemingly inexplicable in their behavior.

Florence's aunt Julia was reading an exquisitely made little book which bore her initials stamped in gold upon the cover, and it had evidently reached her by a recent delivery of the mail, for wrappings bearing canceled stamps lay upon the floor beside the chaise longue. It was a special sort of book, since its interior was not printed, but all most laboriously written with pen and ink—poems, in truth, containing probably more references to a lady named Julia than have appeared in any other poems since Herrick's. So warmly interested in the reading as to be rather pink, though not always with entire approval, this Julia nevertheless, at the sound of footsteps, closed the book and placed it beneath one of the cushions which assisted the chaise longue to make her position a comfortable one. Her greeting was not enthusiastic.

"What do you want, Florence?"

"I was going to ask you if Herbert and me—I mean: Was it Newland Sanders gave you Fifi and Mimi, Aunt Julia?"

A look of weariness became plainly visible upon Miss Julia Atwater's charming face. "I do wish you'd hurry and grow up, Florence," she said.

"I do, too! What for, Aunt Julia?"

"So there'd be somebody else in the family at an eligible age. I really think it's an outrageous position to be in," Julia continued with languid vehemence—"to be the only girl between thirteen and forty-one in a large connection of near relatives, including children, who all seem to think they haven't anything else to think of but Who comes to see her, and Who sends her flowers and things, and Who came to see her yesterday, and Who was here the day before, and Who's coming to-morrow—and Who's she going to marry! You really ought to grow up and help me out, because I'm getting tired of it. Yes, Mr. Sanders sent me Fifi and Mimi—and I want you to keep away from 'em!"

"Why?" asked Florence.

"Because they're very rare cats, and you aren't ordinarily a very careful sort of person, Florence, if you don't mind my saying so. Besides, if I let you go near them, the next thing Herbert would be over here musing around, and he can't go near anything without ruining it! It's just in him; he can't help it."

Florence looked thoughtful for a brief moment; then she asked: "Did Newland Sanders send 'em with the names already to them?"

"No," said Julia.

(Continued on page 32)



"It's what you do, just the same—clucking and chattering!"



# WHAT ABOUT GUNS?



BY  
**ARTHUR RUHL**  
COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

DOWN on the Maryland shore, a little below the mouth of the Susquehanna and Havre de Grace, is a stretch of salty marsh and farm land and a gray, shingled house on a hill where the duck hunters used to come. It is a peaceful neighborhood, and until last October nothing broke its silence except the report of an occasional shotgun or the distant whistle of a train on its way to Washington. Now it is a sort of soldierless battle field. White shrapnel puffs show out above the oak trees, and along twenty-five miles of shore and out over the bay there is a more or less continuous booming and banging.

There is what they call a "front," with 3-inch guns and "75's," and semiheavies. I spent a day there recently and saw more cannon fired than I ever saw in action during visits to half a dozen European fronts, though, to be sure, battery positions are not spots to which war correspondents are generally hurried. There is a trench-warfare section, where they are testing all sorts of trench mortars, bombs, and hand grenades, and there is another place where bombing aviators are, or, at any rate, soon will be, practicing.

## Doings at Aberdeen

THERE are barracks like those in the training camps and enlisted men drilling, and there are several hundred young officers, most of whom were yesterday technical men in electrical plants or engineers on construction work—especially recommended young Americans, two or three years out of college, who are building railroads and barracks, and working over the delicate and interesting business of measuring the muzzle velocity of shells, accuracy of time fuses, relative dispersion of different sorts of shrapnel, penetrating power of heavy shells, and so on. They are not men who went into the Ordnance because they couldn't or didn't want to go into the Line, but have been

taken directly from their ordinary work for special qualifications, and they have a corresponding enthusiasm and esprit de corps.

They—the Army Ordnance Unit, that is to say, of which such reserve officers are a part—are pushing a railroad down to tidewater now so that material can be shipped abroad directly, and they were working on the other lines of railroad all winter when they had to blast through frozen ground, and when the cannon which they began to test in a January snowstorm had to be hauled on sledges by caterpillar tractors through waist-deep snow and mud.

They showed me a chart with curved lines indicating work done and planned for during the next few months, and this line started at the lower left-hand corner of a sheet and ran up to the upper right-hand corner at an angle of about 45 degrees. They were firing hundreds of rounds of shells a day, and they will be firing soon, if they are not doing so already, about a hundred thousand rounds a month, as much in a day as they used to fire at the old Sandy Hook Proving Grounds in a year. In short, here is a big and important piece of work, costing millions of dollars and absorbing the energies of a lot of specially trained, first-class men. It is being done, and done well, apparently, yet I must confess that I never heard of the Aberdeen Proving Ground until an ordnance officer suggested going there, and I don't suppose that one American out of a hundred has ever heard of it either.

I give this as one example of progress, decidedly real, yet not to be put in terms of finished cannon

British 18-pounders—a field gun similar to the French "75's"—all ready even to the green and yellow camouflage paint. And so on—at some twenty big plants, and many small ones.

## Difficulties

IT would be no use denying that there have been serious delays and disappointments in our gun program. There are still delays—maddening ones. At Watervliet, for instance, the other day, I saw about half the machines idle in one shop, not for lack of men, nor of capable officers to direct them, nor, as sometimes has happened, because the work demanded was unfamiliar and difficult, but simply because the rough steel forgings, the mere potter's clay of gunmaking, had not been delivered from Bethlehem. The officer showing me about was fairly tearing his hair.

"Why," he said, "we ought to have rough forgings piled up here like coal and cordwood!" Whoever was to blame, the steel makers themselves, the railroads, the cumbersome "paper work" in Washington, the lack of fundamental raw materials in the Government's principal arsenal seemed inexcusable: more cause for complaint than the fact—for which there were reasons given long ago—that our forces in France have, for the time being, been supplied with French cannon.

When, however, people isolate some such dramatic fact as this from all its context, as Mr. Lodge recently did in the Senate, and, regardless of the enormous amount of work that has been, and now is, being done, talk as if we had done nothing, their words are more useful as a contribution to a partisan "drive" than informing or just. Very few civilians have any notion of the difficulty and delicacy of modern cannon making, nor of the particular difficulties faced in this country, where, at the beginning of the war, the art, or craft, of gunmaking was known only to a handful of men, and everything, in what will soon be a huge industry, had to be done from the beginning, from making drawings for the guns themselves to making blue prints for the unbuilt shops that were to hold the unbuilt machines that were to make the guns.

Any civilian who takes the trouble to look into the matter a little will, I think, be struck by these difficulties. The ordnance officers with whom I talked in Washington impressed them on me very quickly, and this impression was not lessened by subsequent visits to the Bethlehem Steel Works, Watervliet Arsenal, and the Aberdeen Proving Ground. I shall not, even now, attempt an exposition of the Ordnance Department's complete cannon program, but endeavor rather to give a general notion of it, and a few first-hand observations which may, perhaps, clear up a little a subject much talked about and little understood.

There are, it might be recalled in the first place, three general types of cannon used in modern land warfare—the light, mobile, rapid-fire guns intended mainly for attacks

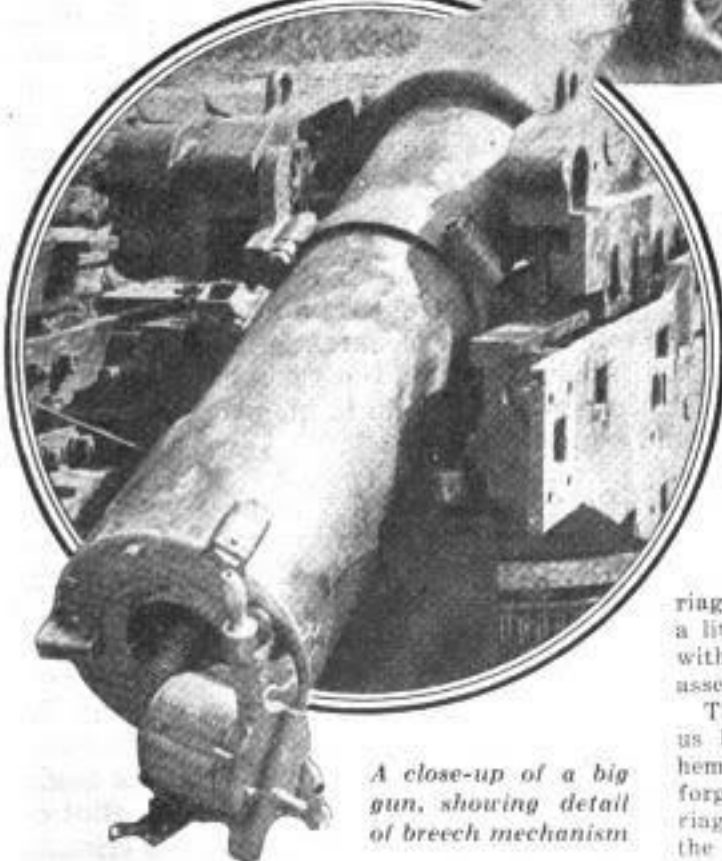
(Continued on page 25)



Trying out two French "75's." Gun on left is about to be fired; gun on right has just been fired and is in the extreme recoil position

actually delivered at the front. There are innumerable others. We are making cannon, complete, and sending them to France. But the completed cannon, with caissons and limbers, which you would find at any one place give a small idea of the amount of work being done. At Watervliet Arsenal, for instance, they are making cannon—the gun barrels—carriages and other parts for these guns are made elsewhere. A sewing-machine company is making recoil mechanisms for the "75's"; an automobile company recoil mechanisms for the 155-millimeter guns; another automobile company gun carriages. At the Bethlehem Steel Works you will find a little of everything, guns complete, big and little, with caissons and limbers, and parts of guns to be assembled elsewhere.

The rough forgings for some of the "75's" loaned us by the French very likely came from Bethlehem. Bethlehem has been sending such rough forgings over right along, and also finished carriages to be fitted with guns made in France by the French. Bethlehem is making and sending



A close-up of a big gun, showing detail of breech mechanism





# Collier's

## General Mallerterre Explains the Battle

IN Paris one would not have to tell an audience like that of COLLIER'S how authoritative is anything said about contemporary warfare by General MALLETERRE, one of the victors of the Marne. American readers are, however, entitled to a word of comment on the article with which this issue opens. For, unlike some military "experts," MALLETERRE is a modest writer. Also, he can afford to talk conversationally, without raising his voice or straining his language, precisely because he has something to say, and speaks from a knowledge of the facts, and what he asserts in his quiet way will be heard above the Biggest Guns of the penny-aliners. For instance, General MALLETERRE says of last year's French offensive ("The Battle of 1917," described in COLLIER'S opening article of January 5, 1918):

Our offensive of April 17, 1917, which had certainly been conceived and organized to break the German lines and to exploit strategically the success of the rupture in the open field, did not succeed for reasons that were probably not of a military order.

In writing that sentence the general does not use italics; but the reader, remembering "The Battle of 1917," will smile and realize the implications which, in an article like this, are often fully as significant as more detailed statements on subjects of less controversy.

## The Price of Pride

THE Battle of 1917 is ancient history now; the Battle of 1918, General MALLETERRE's real theme, is yesterday's history, and to-day's—and, as we shall see, to-morrow's. Significant to a degree is his statement (on page 7) that LUDENDORFF could strike with greater force, and could rout the Fifth British Army, and nearly ended the war in March, 1918, largely because "unity of command had not been realized," on account of "the unfortunate pride of certain Englishmen." This is franker language than France usually speaks, sparing, as France likes to do, the feelings of all her allies; and it is welcome frankness because, that unity of command having now been realized under FOCH, it must be maintained, at whatever cost to pride, insular or American, to the salvation of us all. The lesson of Cambrai, which General MALLETERRE does not hesitate to draw (though he refrains from underlining it) was surely expensive enough in men and mileage no less than "unfortunate pride." So were the opening days of the Battle of Picardy, or the "Kaiser's Battle," or whatever you call the German offensive of 1918. One may recall the London "Times's" editorial comment upon the Anglo-French agreement to make FOCH commander in chief of the Allied armies in France. "It is the natural outcome of the events of the last few days," said the "Times." "The decision was clearly not premeditated, but has been rendered imperative by the military position. Until recently the French and British armies fought, for all practical purposes, in watertight compartments."

Water-tight, perhaps, but not boche-proof.

## America at Bat

"AMERICAN AID will be the decisive factor," says MALLETERRE, looking to the future. Already we knew this—now we must also realize it. Thus far our far-famed industrial ingenuity and speediness must have seemed, to our allies, legend rather than reality. The Administration has now mobilized the industrial brains of the country as, until within a few weeks, they had not been mobilized. The hope of the world hangs upon the increasingly effective functioning of those industrial brains, and upon the equally effective functioning of American labor. Take it proudly or humbly—the simple fact is that it's up to America.

## Tickets or Taxes?

THE railway problem is by no means the least of our tasks of war. Regulation, on the basis of enforced competition and pared-down profits, had already brought the growth of our railway structure to a standstill. Competition is no longer required, and regulation, once parceled out among all the States, is now practically unified in the Federal Government; but the shortcomings of the old method are still with us. Operating under rates rigidly fixed, the leading railways of the country (114 of them) earned about \$54,000,000 net in the first three months of this year—a sum which will not meet the interest on their bonded debt. The nation

is under contract to make up the difference so that dividends and interest can be paid. Now comes the Railroad Wage Commission with a great (and just) scheme for raising the wages of transportation workers. The trackmen, station men, clerks, and others who have not had powerful organizations to fight for them are to get increases to meet the increased cost of living, and these wage advances grade down from the previously least-favored classes to those who in 1916 secured the benefits of the famous Adamson Act. The amount involved is some \$300,000,000 per year (including certain advances recently made). What, then, becomes of the slender net earnings as noted above? Will the still larger difference between present deficits and previous average profits be made up by more taxes and more bond issues—which here are merely delayed taxes? In our opinion, railway service ought to pay fair wages to the worker and a fair return to the investor, for it takes men and money to run trains. Those just costs can be financed, under Government authority, in various ways, but the only solid way is to have the railway user foot the bill. If he doesn't, some one else must—the some one who pays the necessary taxes. One great weakness of all democratic countries in handling the national railways has been just that weakness for making their administration look better by tucking some of the transportation costs off into the safe obscurity of general public finance. The report of FRANKLIN K. LANE's Railroad Wage Commission brings the country face to face with the fatal results of the Interstate Commerce Commission's folly of years past in fixing inadequate freight and passenger rates. We do not see how Director General MCADOO can refuse railway workers the fair deal which Mr. LANE has shown they should have. That done, the railway user must be made to pay the cost of the service he is now getting. That is the only honest solution.

## Our New Memorial Day

ON this anniversary the national heart is looking forward rather than back. Not merely in remembrance, but in actual fellowship, we pray for victory as our ancestors prayed before Yorktown and before Appomattox. Our sacrifice and loss and suffering are not yet as theirs were, but our country's cause is the same. In time and in the threat of hostile attack we are not as far from those battle fields of Flanders and Picardy and the Atlantic as New England was from WASHINGTON's final campaign in Virginia. The actual menace of our enemy's purpose to all that we hold dear is actually greater and deadlier than ever before known. One cannot imagine GEORGE III and his easy-going, stupid Prime Minister, Lord NORTH, plotting that remorseless enslavement of other peoples which is now the avowed purpose of Potsdam. The massed evils of a hundred years of Prussian despotism are striving now to strike down the liberties of our world. If the Kaiser wins his battle, our Memorial Day will be henceforth a day of somber mourning for all who love freedom, of mourning for freedom lost and, we know, of undying resolve that it shall be won again. But if we see our duty in the stern light of truth and win victory, as we must, then this Memorial Day will be hereafter a remembrancing time for those who established peace on earth and good will among men.

## Politics in a Nutshell

SPEAKING of the Kaiser, the British "Saturday Review" gets a complete essay on personal government into this one sentence: "The truth is that the most absolute monarch is no more his own master than the constitutional king or the republican president; each is the servant of those who keep him in his place." To prove that, read history and watch LUDENDORFF.

## Decoded

NOT altogether devoid of imagination or humor, these Germans. In BERNSTORFF's secret code, which one HUGO SCHMIDT, the Kaiser's paymaster in this country, attempted to destroy in the furnace of a German club in New York—and made a poorer job of it than the Kaiser did of Louvain—the gentle HUGO SCHMIDT was "SIDNEY PICKFORD." Whether the suggestion came from the guilelessness of our own MARY PICKFORD, or we find an echo there of SIDNEY PICKLOCK, as the eighteenth-century dramatists might have put it, the thing is illuminated by a thin, Prussian, glint of fun. Humor plus a touch of the daredevil appears in the German



# Editorials



Foreign Office described as "WILLIAM FOXLEY." When BERNSTORFF or SCHMIDT wanted to say "Remittance of German war bonds mentioned in your wireless received," he wrote: "A boy was born yesterday, both well"; as one might say, "principal and interest both doing well."

This latest discovery rounds out our knowledge of the Kaiser's secret code, with the principal elements of which we were already pretty well acquainted. Thus:

Code—"The sword has been thrust into our hands by those who would crush Germany." Translated—"Tell that fool Lichnowsky that we can't bother about Grey's proposals to give us the colonies we want."

Code—"Lusitania loaded with deadly ammunition." Translated—"Lusitania loaded with women and children; all the greater effect on those idiotic Yankees."

Code—"I did not will this war." Translated—"I did not will a war of more than four months, confound it."

Code—"This battle means victory." Translated—"This battle of anywhere from six months to ten years means victory perhaps."

Code—"Freedom for Ukraina." Translated—"Rush over a lieutenant with a squad to Kiev and throw out the Rada."

Code—"It is the will of Gott." Translated—"It is the will of Tirpitz and Ludendorff."

## Patriotism at Headquarters

USING the war to swell one's own bank account belongs in the very bottom circle of profiteering. The last place where it has any excuse for being is at our fountainhead of patriotism—Washington, D. C. The District of Columbia has been like a tenement house where there are no inspection regulations: it is so full that it is spilling humanity over into Maryland and Virginia. To find a roof for one's head, whether in a boarding house or apartments, has come to be a stern task for any but the wealthy.

Of course the landlords of Washington are patriotically striving to make the situation as endurable as possible. Here is a letter which the occupants of one apartment house recently received, five months before the expiration of their leases:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1918.

We beg to announce that we are now making leases of apartments in the — for twelve months beginning October 1, 1918.

Owing to the increase in operating cost due to the great advance in the price of coal, labor, and other commodities, we have been obliged to raise rents in this property.

The rent of apartment No. —, which you are now occupying, will be — per month, on yearly lease, from October 1, 1918.

Should you decide to occupy your present apartment for another year, kindly call at this office on or before May 10 to sign lease.

Respectfully, —

The raise specified is exactly 33 1-3 per cent. And the tenant, instead of being permitted to wait until the customary one month before the expiration of his lease in order to decide whether to release, had his dilemma thrust upon him five months ahead, with a *ten-day limit for his decision*. We do not assert that the action of this particular Washington landlord is typical of them all—and we're glad to note that rent-regulating legislation is actually under discussion in Congress. Certainly counsel against profiteering in the nation at large loses some of its force in coming from a city where such practices are, as we write, unabated.

## The Weed Philosophy

DO the young men who pursue the science of ministering to the wants of American smokers cultivate humor as a side crop? Not long ago we chronicled the tobacconist who, asked if he had some cigars, said: "He would look and see." And now HOMER JOSEPH DODGE tells us how an Elderly Person Who Doesn't Smoke Himself marches up to the cigar stand in the Home Life Building at Washington, announcing that he wants some cigarettes. "Nothing too expensive, and yet not too cheap either," is his order. The clerk names off several brands, and offers one at fifteen cents for a box of ten. "That is reasonable enough," agrees the Elderly Client. "I believe I'll take the whole box." "Several of our customers buy cigarettes in quantities like that," says the clerk—and, Mr. DODGE adds—"with not even the ghost of a smile on his face." After all, there must be something in tobacco that makes for Chesterfieldian suavity and a sense of humor. Mr. LANSING ought to try the cigar stores—if there still are vacancies in his State Department.

## "Mail Twenty-four Cents an Ounce"

WHEN we saw that headline in the morning paper—mail twenty-four cents an ounce—we assumed that Congress had been revising the second-class postage rates again. Our assumption was most unjust. Congress is not going to charge magazines and newspapers twenty-four cents an ounce for carrying: not yet. Congress is fixing the rate at which mail will be transported by airplane. If everything goes as planned, airplane mail service will be established between Washington, Philadelphia, and New York by the time this paragraph is printed. Which brings sharply to mind the fact that when the war is over and we have thousands of fast machines and thousands of trained pilots, we will be carrying not only letters but passengers 'cross country at more than one hundred miles an hour.

## C'est la Guerre!

SHELL SHOCK is a human malady incident to war, recognized by all medical authorities. But it seems not yet to be recognized (at least not legally recognized) as an animal malady. Here is evidence from the London "Times":

At a police court in a Kentish raid area James Kendall was charged with selling adulterated milk. He urged in defense that the milk was sold exactly as it came from the cows, which were suffering from shell shock. A fine of £8 3s., with costs, was imposed.

## That Garden of Yours

IN the old whaling days the harpoon men used to get away from the ship to the urge of a cheerful slogan that ran: "Bend your oars and break your backs!" DANA mentions it in his "Two Years Before the Mast." We've just about reached that stage now in this war-garden business. It's fairly easy to be a digging patriot in April, what with the warmth of the new sun on your shoulder blades and the smell of the new earth in your nostrils, but May brought great growing weather for all parasitic flora and fauna. The little green weeds mat up our neatly dug beds almost overnight, and bugs of divers forms and hues, but one in evil intent, are thicker than Pan-Germans around the Kaiser. Now is the time to remember that planting is only the initial blurb and perhaps of no more use in October than the Administration's last year's predictions as to airplane production. The food that counts is the food that gets into the family larder and on to the family table in due season. Having made your brag, back it up. Get your garden clean for growing, and as fast as you get one crop out (radishes, lettuce, etc.) prepare the soil for the next and different planting. Nature is no shirk, and most of us amateurs are only beginning to find out what can be done by wise cooperation with her. Gardening, like mathematical physics or any other abstruse science, is a matter of correct principles and then close attention to detail. In plain words, that means: do not cut off plant roots when you cultivate, thin out everything so it has a real chance to grow (most of us will not!), and use sense along with water, fertilizer, and other aids to vegetable life. Above all, keep steadily and cheerfully at it. Hoe the Hun under!

## Fear

A FRENCH officer wrote some letters, and now, after his death, they come out in English under the title: "A Soldier Unafraid." Very likely that makes a good title for the book, and then again perhaps not. You see, we haven't read it. Certainly the typical French soldier—or most any soldier at all—celebrates the conquest of fear as his first, if not his hardest, victory, and an American who is commanding a destroyer off the British coast writes in a letter home, printed in the "Atlantic Monthly":

If you find son timid in some things [the officer is writing to his wife], just remember that I was too. Lots of things he will change about automatically. At his age I had small love for firecrackers or explosives of any kind. Try to get him to realize that the very highest form of courage is to be afraid to do a thing—and do it!

Sound doctrine, this. If the cat is to be let out of the bag, the point of it is this: The man who "never knew fear" is either a person who never had much imagination anyway, or who simply didn't tell the truth about himself. We remember the British soldier in France who was asked: "Was he ever frightened out there at the front?" "Ever frightened?" he echoed. "Why, I'm frightened half of the time! But I'm never afraid!"

June 1, 1918



# HEBE

PATENTS PENDING



## The New Food Product

**H**EBE has its own place as an economical, satisfactory, healthful feature of the food supply of your home. Combining the healthful properties of evaporated skimmed milk with the nutritious fat of the cocoanut, it is ideal for cooking as well as for use over cereals, with coffee, etc. It has the approval of domestic science experts and is used by thousands of housewives.

Hebe has been tested and recommended as follows:—

for **Coffee**

Hebe gives coffee a tempting, golden-brown color and enhances its flavor. Hebe helps to make delicious cocoa and chocolate.

for **Cooking**

Dilute Hebe with pure water to the richness desired. Use it in all recipes for soups, oyster stews, gravies, sauces, creaming vegetables and fish, making custard, cookies, puddings, desserts, etc.

for **Cereals**

Pour Hebe diluted, or undiluted if preferred, over corn flakes, wheat flakes, puffed grains, porridge, oatmeal, etc. Cereals cooked with Hebe are most appetizing.

You may live in a section where Hebe cannot be obtained. As production increases, the needs of your section will be supplied through your local retail grocer.

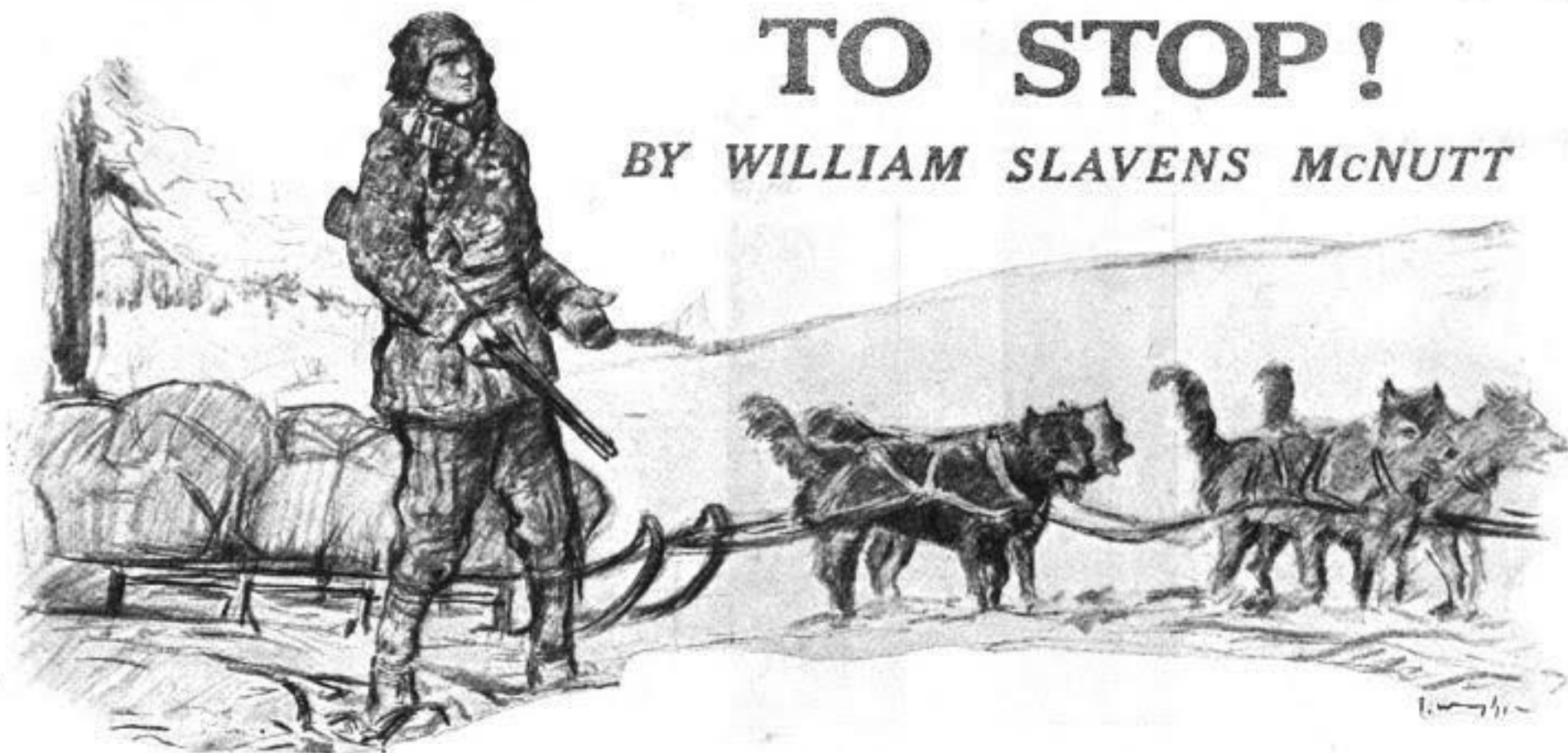
THE HEBE COMPANY, CHICAGO AND SEATTLE, U. S. A.

**Guaranteed to be pure and wholesome**



# THESE THING BANE GOT TO STOP!

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT



IT took us a long time to make the Alaskan talk. He was just out, after eleven years in the wilds above the Arctic Circle, and he was as shy and timid as any newly captured wild thing. The quality of his voice and his accent told us that he was an educated Norwegian. The high, fine forehead marked him a thinker. The large, straight, thin nose, finely modeled, the sensitive mouth, the wide-set deep-blue eyes, assured us that he was a gentleman. As the train made its way southward through the green Oregon valley, I learned something of him. I have never seen a man so pitifully, painfully hungry for music, plays, books, pictures, exchange of thought. The Viking in him had driven him to eleven years of exile in the Arctic wilderness, where the artist and thinker in him had starved. He had been on the road for over three months. Imagine that! For three months he had been devoting his entire time and energy simply to coming south. He had started from a point on Bering Strait, far above Nome.

"Why didn't you wait till the ice went out and come down from Nome by boat?" I asked him.

He sat hunched up in his seat, this long, lean, lathy man of the trail, staring rather amazedly out at the pleasant green of the fields to which his eyes had become so unaccustomed.

"Ay tell you how it is," he said slowly, after a long interval of thought: "When the war broke out, Ay don't think much about it, one way or the other. Ay think maybe both sides are very much wrong, and it is little difference to me which wins. Sometime Ay get some paper, and Ay read about the terrible things the Germans do in Belgium and in France, but Ay don't believe it. Ay think it was some lie. It makes me very mad when they sink some Norwegian ship; but still, Ay think perhaps they got some right. Then when America get into the war, Ay keep on thinking about it. Last fall Ay say to myself: 'Well, Ay guess next spring when the ice go out Ay will get on the boat, and Ay will go below and enlist in the army.' You see, by that time, Ay think Germany is more wrong than the rest. Ay am not very mad about it. Ay do not think that she is much more wrong, but Ay think it is better she should not win. So Ay am coming out next spring on the boat to fight against her. On the 7th of November Ay am up on Bering Strait, and a man bring me a letter from Nome from my people in Norway. My people have tell me about a sea captain that Ay once knew, and his wife. A German submarine had sunk his ship. They tell me that the German is very drunk. They take this captain and his wife from the small boat and tie them both together to the periscope of the submarine and then the submarine runs along for a little time and goes down. Ay read this letter, and Ay say to myself: 'Well, by God! These thing bane got to stop!' So Ay hitch up my dog and Ay come!"

I hitch up my dog and I come! How easily said! Yet the process involved absentsing himself from a considerable industry of the Arctic that he had spent years in building up. It involved a trip of 1,700 miles on foot, over the snow, behind his dog team,

to the nearest ice-free port where he could get a boat for below. He had done all this because he had become convinced that these things the Germans do had got to stop.

"Ay have many friends in Germany," he told me. "When Ay know Ay am coming to go to war, Ay feel bad to think Ay should be fighting them. But Ay do not feel bad now. You see, it is this way: If Ay am up in the north and Ay have a pardner to travel on the trail with me, and we are together very much, we are very good friends; that is fine. He does many friendly things for me, and Ay like him very much. Then some day we are holed up in some shack for the winter, and the nights are very long, and it is not nice. We sit and think very much. And we do not feel good. Suppose my pardner, my good friend, cannot stand it. He get shack fever. He goes crazy in his brain. And he rushes at me with an ax to kill me. Ay cannot stop then and think of the time my friend pulled me out of the rapids. No! My friend is no longer my friend; he is a crazy man. First Ay must protect myself from the crazy man. Ay must not let him kill me, and Ay must not let him loose in the north to wander about and perhaps let him kill some other musher who would not know he is crazy, and welcome him in. If Ay got to kill this crazy man to protect myself and other people, that is bad, but it is all right. That is got to be done. If Ay can get him down, and tie him up without killing him, that is

good. Ay keep him tied up and Ay take him to camp and Ay turn him over to the marshal, and they send him outside to an asylum. Perhaps he will get well in the asylum. If he does get well, then he is no longer a madman, and he is my friend some more. And we shake hands and we laugh about the time he is crazy, and the crazy thing he tries to do. Yes! But when he is still crazy, he is not my friend. Ay think the Germans are very crazy. Maybe some day they will not be crazy; but we cannot think about that now."

There was another interval of silence. The Norwegian was staring hungrily out of the car window.

"Ay can't tell you how pretty it is, to see something that is pretty and sweet like those fields," he broke out passionately. "Ay wish Ay could have time to hear some music and read some books and be friends with some people that Ay like to know. Ay have been so long away where there is nothing. Nothing!" He drew a long breath and shook his head regretfully.

"But there is not time for those things now. No! First we must fight. When the German is beaten, then Ay hope Ay shall have time to do some of the things Ay should like to do."

## To Go the Limit!

IN America during this past year I have seen hundreds of thousands of Americans transformed by the realization of the fact that "these thing bane got to stop!" The Americans to whom I refer were soldiers. The majority of the soldiers differ from the majority of the civilians only in the degree of their realization of the absolute necessity for the successful accomplishment of the task which they have laid aside their civilian habits of life to perform. I have seen hundreds of thousands of soldiers going willingly, eagerly, knowingly into the most frightful war of all history—for what? Booty? Glory? No! A civilized people will not fight for a selfish end. Civilized man, the majority, will go forth to die only for an ideal. Even the Kaiser must give his people an elaborate counterfeit of an ideal to insure himself of their support on the battle field. Germany spent forty years preparing for this war, and a goodly portion of the effort of that time was spent in convincing the German people that the counterfeit idea was genuine, demoralizing their minds with the poison of the madness that must be stopped.

There is in humanity an unquenchable spark of pure heroism, and it has never blown to so fine a flame as now. Only those leaders live who lead heroically. The people worshiped Lincoln because they knew that he understood them. Lincoln was simply one of those great enough to recognize and rely upon the nobility of the mass. It is related of another and a greater Man that "the common people heard him gladly." Jesus was not over the heads of the common people. It was the rulers, the educated men of the time, the brainy men who were above the people, that compassed His crucifixion.

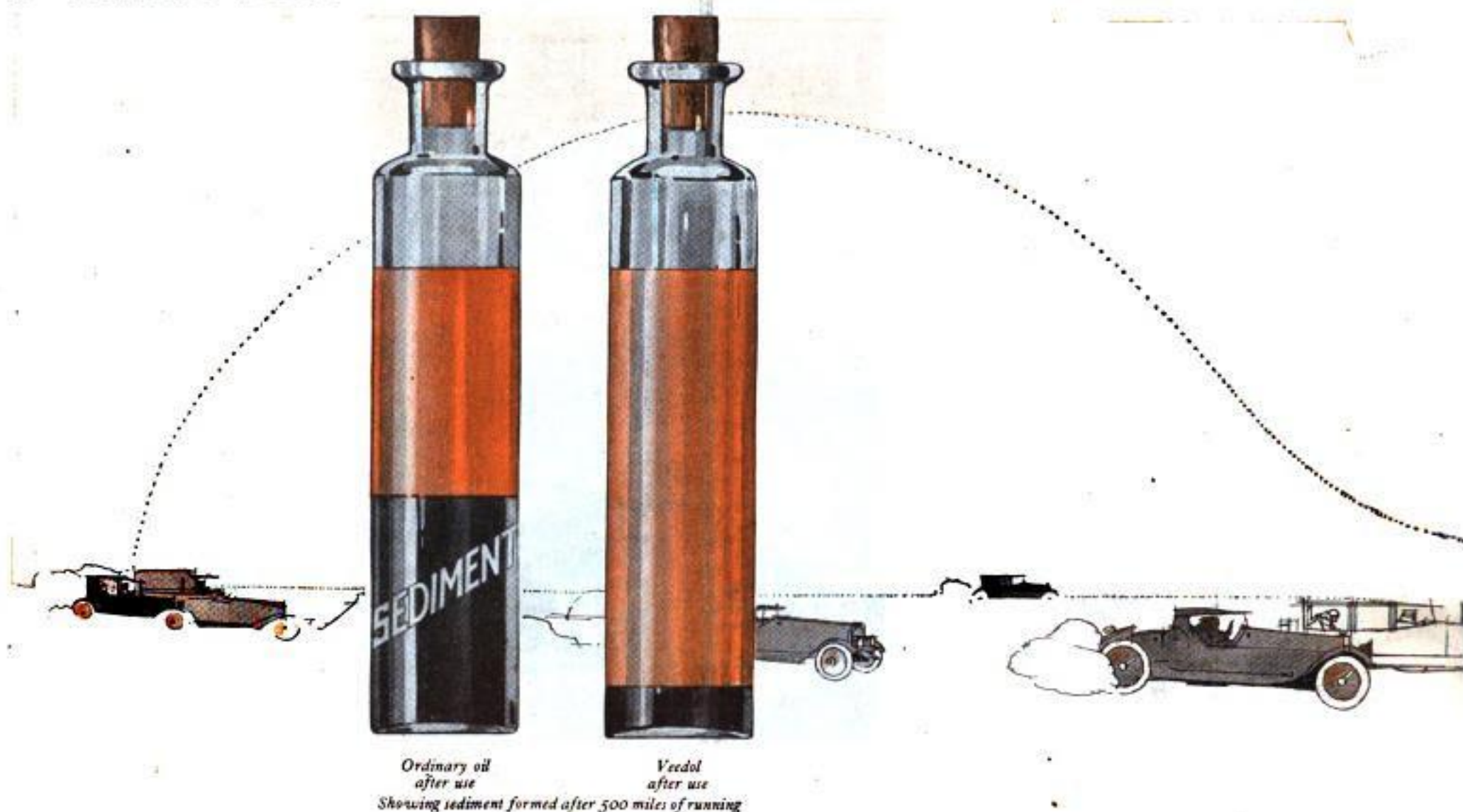
Lincoln knew that the will of the people was for the heroic thing, the great thing, and the people loved him

(Continued on page 20)



"Well, he's all wrong, see?"





# Muzzling the tiny teeth of friction

*How to prevent the wear caused by sediment in ordinary motor oil*

**S**UPPOSE you could see the apparently smooth working parts of your automobile engine under a strong magnifying glass.

You would find the surfaces of each covered with millions of microscopic teeth.

Ordinary oil breaks down quickly under the intense heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F.—forming voluminous black sediment.

Sediment is the greatest cause of friction in an automobile engine. Sediment has no lubricating value and crowds the oil with good lubricating qualities away from points where it is most needed.

When sediment prevents the formation of a protecting film of oil, these minute teeth grind together, producing rapid wear.

## How motorists' eyes were opened

Up to four years ago, very few people realized the importance of choosing carefully between motor oils.

Motorists took whatever kind of oil was offered, and trusted to luck that it would do its work correctly in the engine.

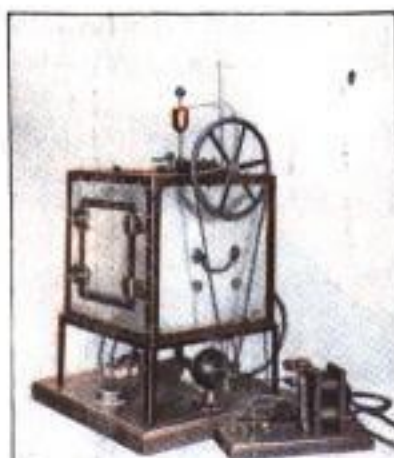
The reason is quite apparent. Everyone took lubrication for granted.

Naturally, under these conditions, every kind of oil was offered for sale—good, bad and indifferent. Many faults were ascribed to the motor, when the real trouble lay only in the improper choice of oils.

The Sediment Test first showed to the motorists of America how much sediment is formed in ordinary oil.

It brought home to them how dangerous to the engine is this excess of sediment and how any oil that decreases

*Tests of evaporation loss made in this durability even prove that Veedol gives 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon than ordinary oil.*



*Part of the special laboratory of the Tide Water Oil Co. for testing engine lubricants under actual service conditions. Constant scientific research of this character is largely responsible for the unusually high lubricating value of Veedol.*

sediment increases power, reduces gasoline and oil consumption, and prolongs the life of every working part.

## Be sure you know what kind of oil goes into your engine

You cannot afford to use ordinary oil at any price, for the damage caused by the sediment in ordinary oil cannot be repaired. Sediment in your oil means costly replacements.

As motorists discover that cheap, ordinary oil is the real cause of 90% of their troubles, they begin to insist on knowing what kind of oil goes into their engines.

## What the Sediment Test means

The striking superiority of Veedol to ordinary oil in this respect is clearly illustrated by the Sediment Test, shown in the two bottles at the top of the page.

Notice that the ordinary oil, in the left-hand bottle, contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

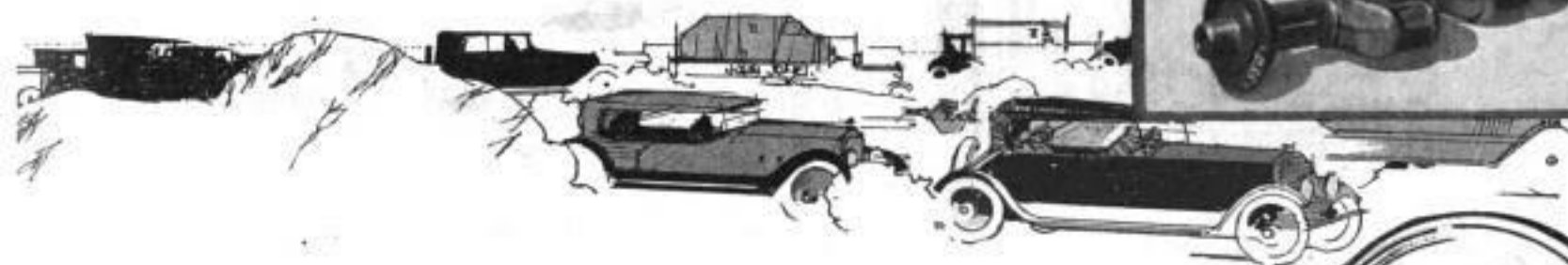
The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates as steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly through the oil-filler in the form of vapor.





*Your engine will give years of efficient, dependable service—if you lubricate it properly.*

Over a million motorists keep their cars running like new and avoid the heavy expense of a course in repair shop experience by scientific lubrication with Veedol. You will be doing your bit by saving the time of mechanics needed for your work.



oil not only resists destruction by heat and the consequent formation of sludge, but also reduces evaporation in the engine to a minimum. You will get from 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

n figured by miles of service, and by cost per gallon, Veedol proves to be more economical than ordinary oils which evaporate rapidly under the heat of the engine.

## ade by an exclusive process

ol is made by a distinctive method  
Faulkner Process—recently discov-  
and used exclusively by this company.

engineers and refining chemists who oped Veedol knew that one grade lubricant could not meet the requirements of all types of internal combustion engines.

erous experiments were conducted at the Veedol laboratory—the only mechanical testing laboratory in the world maintained by a lubricant manufacturer to determine the grade of Veedol best suited to each type of engine.

## The Veedol Lubrication Chart

result of all this research and experimentation was the Veedolication Chart.

chart specifies the scientifically cor-  
grade of Veedol for all types of in-  
combustion engines.

**Try this road test  
with your car**

1 the oil out of your crankcase and  
ith kerosene. Run the engine *very*  
for 30 seconds and then clean  
all kerosene. Fill up with Veedol

and make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and level straight-aways.

You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

**Buy Veedol today**

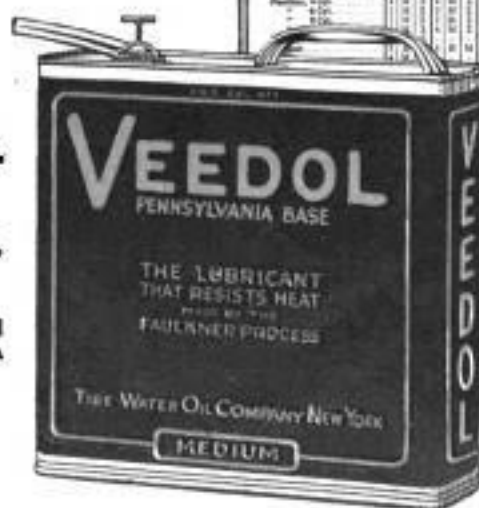
Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

**Send for this 80-page book  
on lubrication**

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.



Millions of tiny teeth cover the apparently mirror-like surface of a bearing or other working part of an engine. These teeth tear and grind each other unless kept apart by a protecting film of lubricant.

[illegible]

The Veeol® book contains the above chart, a list of  
 oils and you in selecting the exact viscosity  
 determined lubricant for your engine.

**TIDE WATER OIL CO.**

**Veedol Department**

1929 Bowling Green Building,  
New York

Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada



because he led them unerringly to their destiny. Our men ask definite assurance of what? Assurance that they are not fighting for a selfish end! There is no cry of: What is there in it for us? What are we going to get in booty, lands, or money in return for the hazard of our lives and the gift of the very golden best of our life's time? No! The questions are these: Is it really true that the Germans did such things? Is it really true that we are not in the war for purposes of gain? Is it really true that we are fighting an absolutely unselfish war, purely for the establishment and preservation of the right? Is it true that no group of men is egging us on for a personal, mercenary reason?

The men in the army believe the affirmative answer to these questions, and because they do so believe they are willing to go the limit!

### The Army Understands

I THINK I know that, in the last analysis, this is, for us, a war of self-preservation. I do not think that the majority of the soldiers really feel that. Is it a goading spirit of revenge, then, that urges them on? No! If revenge were the motive, the supreme topic of conversation would be the *Lusitania*. The *Lusitania* is not the supreme topic of conversation. There is far more discussion of the damnable things done to France and Belgium. The average American soldier feels, not that he is going to Europe to fight purely in self-preservation, but that he is offering himself as an aid to France; that he has a mission to help free Belgium, and that he must "get the Kaiser," not for any personal or national reward, but in order that the barbaric deeds for which the Kaiser stands sponsor shall stop!

There's a widespread assumption that the average American fighting man is not at all capable of understanding the principle of fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Those who assume that he is not capable of thoroughly understanding that principle draw their conclusion largely from the fact that he would not, could not, state such a principle in the elegant language of the President. To those people I would like to say: The lack of a vocabulary wherewith to express a sentiment is not conclusive proof of inability deeply to feel and thoroughly to understand that sentiment. Ours is not an army of adventure; ours is not an army of plunderers; ours is not an army blindly seeking territorial expansion, unconsciously expressing a land hunger. No! Ours is not a driven army. It is an army that goes willingly, quietly, without fuss or feathers, without thought of glory or gain. To accomplish what? To accomplish the establishment of justice in the world. To aid a stricken comrade of the federation of democracies. To make the world safe for the democracy that they represent. You tell me that they don't understand that principle? Oh, don't they? Then why do they go with the spirit which they are manifesting? There must be a motive, and only one is possible. However much the average American fighting man may lack the ability to express the high principle for which he is offering himself, he has a basic, unshaken understanding of that principle.

A colonel of my acquaintance had command of a regiment of colored rookies. Going about one bitter winter night, on a Stealthy Steve quest for whatever he might happen to find about the camp, he approached the quarantine barracks in front of which a newly drafted colored man was stationed as sentry. He left the road and started cater-corner across the area between himself and barracks, toward the front entrance.

"Hey there, you!" the colored sentry shouted. "You get on back into that road! If you want to come up todes this heah place, you come up by this heah walk an' see me fust!"

The colonel did as he was bidden and saw the sentry "fust."

"What are your orders?" the colonel inquired of the colored soldier.

"Ordehs, suh, colonel? I ain't got no ordehs, suh, colonel."

"You haven't got any orders?" the colonel quizzed him. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, suh, I'm right suah, suh, colonel. I ain't heah no talk 'bout no ordehs."

"Are you out here in the cold and snow for your health?" the colonel inquired caustically. "Do you walk around of nights this kind of weather for your personal pleasure? If you haven't got any orders, what are you doing out here, walking up and down in the snow this time of night?"

"Oh, yes, suh, colonel, whut is I doin'? You-all wants to know whut fo' I'm out heah? Well, dey's some folks in dat buildin' there with some kind of a fever sickness that's cotchin'; an' I'm walkin' up an' down heah to see that none o'



"Hey there, you! You get on back into that road"

dem folks inside that's sick gits out to give it to nobody, an' nobody outside that's well gits in to git it from anybody. Yaa, suh, colonel, dat's whut I'se heah foh."

"That man had his orders all right," the colonel said after telling me the story. "He didn't know they were orders, but he had 'em, and he couldn't have executed them any better if he'd known them under the proper name in forty-seven different languages."

### "So We Got to Give Him the Gate"

LIKE that colored rookie with his orders are the majority of the American fighting men of to-day in their understanding of the high principles for which they are offering themselves. I was talking to a New York selected soldier not long since, a man who was a driver of a milk wagon before he put on the olive-drab. I was trying to get his conception of the war and why he was perfectly willing to fight.

"I tell you how it is," he said laboriously. "I fig-

ure it that the Kaiser just simply wanted to hog the whole show, see? So he went an' bullied these Dutchmen of his along till they believed anything he'd tell 'em, do anything he'd ask 'em to do, an' then he starts in to clean up, see? Well, he's all wrong, see? He stands for a lot o' rough stuff that a reg'lar guy won't stand for, get me? So we got to give him the gate. 'Cause if he gits by with this stuff o' his, a reg'lar guy won't have a chance in the world any more, see?"

To be sure. I saw what he saw; and he saw with sufficient clarity what President Wilson meant when he spoke of making the world safe for democracy. Go ahead, Mr. Phrase Maker; build on that New York driver's statement of the case! You can write a million fine words about the cause of the war, and what we are fighting for, and when you are through you have only said what he said, and you only mean what he meant.

And there is one thing that the soldier knows that the civilian must learn: that these things of which the Norwegian spoke must be stopped by an American victory. They must understand that it is not humane to hope and work for an inconclusive compromise of the definite question of right and wrong, for which so many millions have died, and for the righteous settlement of which so many other millions are willingly offering themselves. Binding up a wound that is infected may stop the immediate flow of blood, but the action is ultimately fatal. We cannot put an end to the evil for which Germany has stood in this war by permitting her to go free with even the semblance of victory, for that were evidence that the method of evil is the method for success. That is only binding up a badly infected wound to stop the immediate flow of blood, to hide the ugliness of the wound from our eyes; if we do that, the patient, Civilization, will die. The wound is ugly, believe me! But it must not be bound up by the bandages of peace until it is cleansed with the antiseptic of a righteous victory.

### Our Arteries

FOR the last six months I have been much with the National Army in camp. I have been with it in camps all over the United States. I feel that I know something of the National Army. It is for us a new army, raised in a new way.

The American volunteer is a known quantity, vouched for by tradition. The American selected man is a new element in our military organization. To determine the quality of that element is to estimate the chances of victory or defeat. For the regulars and the guards are our major volunteer organizations; they form our emergency line. They had skeleton organizations in peace time that could be hastily clothed in time of war. To them falls the honor of enduring the first shock. As I write this they are in the line on the western front, but the two major volunteer organizations are practically at the top of their strength now. Their combined strength totals some few hundreds of thousands; and unless there is a sudden and miraculous disintegration of the German military machine, we are going to need several million soldiers to do the job that we came into this war to do.

When we speak in terms of the millions that must march in the uniform of the American soldier in order to carry this country's voice to the ears of those who listen only to steel, we speak in terms of the National Army. We've only got our feet wet so far, but our time of paddling about in the shallows is short. We've got to swim in bad water, and the blood power to keep afloat must come to us direct from the heart of the American people through the National Army arteries. The selective draft must furnish the material to win the war. Therefore I have sought in the

(Continued on page 30)





## Who Discovered **RICORO**?

Ricoro? That's what the doctor ordered!" said the Traffic Manager. "My nerves were jumping from overwork, so I phoned the doctor and told him my trouble.

'A common complaint,' he said, 'You're smoking too many heavy cigars again. Cut them out. Come see me tomorrow.'

Next day, when I called, I found the doctor hiding behind a regular after-banquet cigar.

'Ah Ha! Physician, cure thyself'—I laughed.

Nonsense, man!' he rejoined, 'I said no *heavy* cigars. This is light and mild, and you can smoke as many as you wish. Take one, it's a Ricoro!'

Doc,' said I, after a puff or so, 'Ricoro is the pleasantest prescription a doctor ever ordered!'

*Sooner or later you'll discover—*

# Ricoro

*the "Self-Made" Cigar*

Ricoro is *softly mild*—you can smoke them all day without feeling them. Their fine, mellow, tropic fragrance and pleasant flavor are thoroughly satisfying. The prices are low because Ricoro is *imported* from Porto Rico *duty-free*.

Ricoro is made in a dozen sizes and shapes, from 6c to 2-for-25 cents—simply the question of size. The quality is the same in all.

Sold only in United Cigar Stores—"Thank You."

## UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

Over 1200 Stores Operated in over 500 Cities. General Offices, New York

*Imported  
from Porto Rico*



Panetela Size—7c  
Box of 50—\$3.50



Saratoga Size—7c  
Box of 50—\$3.50



Corona Size—8c  
Box of 50—\$4.00



Invincible Size  
3 for 25c  
Box of 50 \$4.00

*Imported from Porto Rico*

War Savings  
Stamps sold  
in all United  
Cigar Stores





## Improved Summer Underwear

**R**EGARDLESS of your size or form, there is a Rockinchair Union Suit to fit you with absolute comfort.

After studying statistics showing the varying sizes, shapes and figures of thousands of men, a leading designer of men's clothes developed the new, unique Rockinchair method of sizing—which means that the short, the tall, the lean, the stout, are as perfectly fitted as the "regular"!

The difference in comfort between Rockinchair and other underwear is the same as the difference between a comfortable rocking chair and the plain, straight-backed chair.

Rockinchair not only fits perfectly, but it is also built for comfort. The full natural blouse above the waist permits perfect ease in all bodily movements—no binding, anywhere. The waistband that snugly fits the waist, like that of your trousers, keeps the garment in position. The one-piece closed seat (just like your trousers) is both comfortable and sanitary. It means a really closed crotch. There is no complicated drop seat to sag, or gaping split seat to bunch and annoy you.

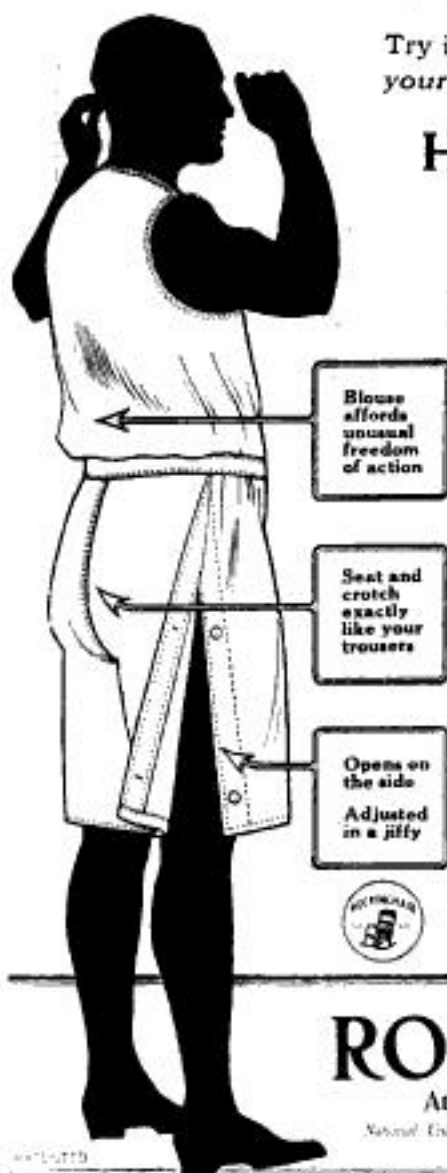
The patented side leg opening has only two buttons, placed where the eye can see them. They bear no strain; they won't tear off. This opening allows easy, quick adjustment and a broad, wide sweep that extends clearly across the back. Simplicity!

A model to fit every figure—a quality fabric for every purse.

Try it. Money back if not satisfied. If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

**Henderson & Ervin**  
Norwalk, Conn.

New York: 846 Broadway  
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Blouse affords unusual freedom of action

Seat and crotch exactly like your trousers

Opens on the side Adjusted in a jiffy



**ROCKINCHAIR**

Athletic Underwear for Men & Boys

Necked Underwear Standard Rockinchair for Men & Boys (Should be Gold Medal)



## "WE'LL GET THEM YET!"

BY MARY ROSS

I DON'T know where she picked him up. When I came upon them he was clinging to an iron railing and trying to sing—and the streaks of mud on his horizon-blue overcoat seemed to show that part of his progress along the wet streets had been on all fours. Every now and then he would make a hopeful sally from the railing and stagger back to its support. She was standing dejectedly beside him, pressing back into shape the lace frill of her hat, which the drizzling winter rain had wilted to a soggy mass about her painted cheeks.

"But, monsieur," she was protesting, "I can take you no farther. We should never reach the gare. There are no taxi-autos, and—but look at my hat: it is ruined."

Then she saw me, and as I reached them she caught hold of my sleeve.

"Monsieur the American," she pleaded, "surely you will be so good as to help this poor brave militaire. He has had his permission, and to-night it is up, and he must get to the gare and sleep there to go out early in the morning. I found him some ways back, and I have helped him here—but he is very heavy. Surely you will take him to the gare?"

The gallant militaire himself turned from a profound study of the railing and attempted a salute. Undoubtedly he was heavy to anyone as tiny and as precariously perched on high heels as the little cocotte, but from an American five feet eleven he looked like an appealing little old terrier. At some time or other he must have been with the Tommies, for he eyed me, then murmured solemnly in perfectly intelligible English: "Be a good boy."

### "We Must Not Be Too Late"

I TOOK his arm, and the little lady began thanking me as we started our shuffling march in one direction and she clicked off in the other. The streets were empty—war-time Paris after ten o'clock. Occasionally a taxi hissed past over the wet pavement, but it always was full. There was nothing to do but button up our coats against the rain, which was getting thicker, and walk the mile or more to the station.

Mr. Poilu was still unsteady but rather gay. He tried to chirp a couple of French songs in my ear, of which I got nothing but a refrain:

*Annette, Annette, elle est si belle . . .*

and every now and then he tried a precarious dance step, when only my sustaining hand kept him from sprawling again in the mud. But he wanted to get to that station all right.

"It cannot be that we will be too late, monsieur. We must not be too late," he would keep saying, worriedly. I asked him if he wanted to get back, and he said yes, with a firmness that did not seem part of his drunken babblings, but when I asked why his only answer was

*Eet's a long way to Tipperary.*

rendered with creditable accent and tune.

You know you don't often see poilus drunk in the streets in Paris—this was my second in three months—and I began impertinent questions. Did he live in Paris before the war, and had he spent his permission with his family, and wasn't it tough to clear out and leave them again? Asinine stuff like that. And where had he been with the army?

At first he didn't answer much, but the cold rain seemed to be sobering him up, and he began to talk about Saloniki. He'd been there two years, he said, and he didn't quite see how he had come through it alive. He never had been very strong, and it was all heat and dirt and disease, but every letter from

his good Sophie said: "I am praying for you that the good God will let you come back to us and to see your little Jean," and he thought it was because of that that he had come through.

You mustn't think that he said it all straight off like that. Only a phrase now and then, which I had to patch together as best I could. Then he began to talk about the kids.

"There is the little Marie, monsieur," he said, "who could hardly walk when I left. Now she must be a big girl—but always with brown eyes—and such curls! She is very fond of her papa—my wife wrote me that she had kept five sous that an American soldier gave her, to buy bonbons for me when I came home."

"And Luisette is now in the school. She once wrote me a letter. You should but see, monsieur," and he stopped right there in the rain and began going through bag after bag until he found a dirty, pulpy scrawl by a child. "She has six years," he said. "There was another between the two, but she died."

"And Jean," he went on; "him I have never seen. He was born three months after I left, monsieur, and now he must be able to walk. We had always wanted a son, and the good God sent us three little girls. But now at last there is Jean. And think, he will not know his father, and I shall have to teach him to say 'papa' to me!"

Of course the thing that got me was that he kept talking about going to see them, when here he was, his permission over, on his way back to some front or other.

"Do you live in Paris?" I asked him. There are stories of men who come hundreds of miles to see their families and then miss connections with them in some way or other, and have to go back before they can find them. But no, he did not live in Paris; he lived in one of the towns up near the present front. It was a soldier town, with lots of troops always there en repos, he said, and his wife had written him that some of the neighbors' wives had not been all they should have been while their husbands were away at war, but of her he was sure. She had written him what they would have for dinner when he came home, and how Marie had broken one of the blue bowls, how he was needed to look after the garden, which wasn't as good as it had been in former years, and how some one had stolen three hens.

"It is not a big terrain, monsieur," he said, "but so nice."

You must keep remembering that all this that I've written in a few pages came out in the course of a mile or so. At first I'd had to put my arm around his waist, almost dragging him, but by the time that we could see the blue lights in front of the station he was almost walking by himself—just clinging to my sleeve and stumbling along as a tired child might. Those lights seemed to remind him of something, for he stopped and muttered a sentence I didn't get and rubbed his hand across his face. "You had a long way to come from Saloniki. You must have been tired when you got here," I said, like a cheerful idiot.

"It was a long way, monsieur," he replied, "and sometimes we were very tired in those cattle cars, and sometimes there was not enough to eat and drink. But it was coming home."

"Yes; then you got home to Luisette and Marie and Jean?"

### "Yes, Monsieur, I Got Home"

A MINUTE later I would have given my commission and everything else to unsay those words. That little terrier of a man straightened up and looked at



me with more patient pain than I ever had seen in two eyes. He just looked for a minute or two. We were standing in front of the station all ready to begin a formal French good night. From within came singing in the canteen where vaudeville entertainers come every Thursday night to joke away the men's last evening before they go back. A great gust of laughter swept out, then they all swung in together:

*Il n'pass'ront pas,  
On les aura, il n'pass'ront pas...*

"Yes, monsieur," my little man was saying; "I got home. Near the station I saw old Anton, the barber, and he said: 'Have you heard about last night?' but I did not stop. I walked as fast up the street as I could walk, because I was thinking about them. The street looked different, for there were English soldiers everywhere. Then I got out that street and turned down another and then into the little passage of our terrain."

"And there was a crowd of soldiers, and I could not understand. Some one

was saying: 'Well, they got only four here; it's good it wasn't one of the big houses.' And I pushed through, and there, monsieur, was not my little house, but only a heap of stones. Two bombs, monsieur, on one little house! And I looked all the next day, but there was not even anything I could bury!"

He stretched out his hands helplessly. Tears were running down his cheeks, and there was a wetness in my own eyes that wasn't rain.

"On les aura," came from the canteen. ["On les aura" is a popular catch phrase. It is equivalent to "We'll get them yet."]

"But mine, monsieur?" he almost sobbed.

Then he pulled himself together and stood quite grimly and saluted.

"Bon soir, monsieur, et merci mille fois, monsieur. Vive l'Amérique et vive la France!"

I was still standing there in the rain like a stupid dolt when the door opened and for a moment I saw him silhouetted against the dim smoky light as he shuffled into the canteen.

## ARTHUR RUHL

OUTSIDE of soldiering there's only one really romantic calling left in the world and that's being a star reporter. It seems sometimes as if modern improvements have done away with star reporting—with the Richard Harding Davis kind of thing. Time was when it was common in any big newspaper office for a good man to go out on a good story all by himself and see all there was to see and then write the story the best he knew. It was growing less common before the war changed everything. Big papers had more and more adopted the plan of sending three or six or a dozen men out to get the story and telephone it to a rewrite man in the office, who did his trick at the typewriter without ever seeing anything more exciting than the copy readers. Then the war came along and all the best reporters went out on the biggest story of all and met the censorship and were defeated. At least that's the way it seems—and then you remember Arthur Ruhl.

Arthur Ruhl has been star reporting for COLLIER'S for nearly fourteen years, and he sailed the other day for France on his fifth trip to the war zone.

Ruhl came out of Harvard with an excellent mark in the half-mile run and that strange desire which marks off one man in every ten thousand from the other 9,999—the desire to be a newspaper reporter. He joined the staff (a man who subsequently becomes a star reporter is always said to have "joined the staff," though at the time he called it "getting a job")—he joined the staff of the "Evening Sun" immediately. And between 1899 and 1904 he did about all the kinds of reporting there are except star reporting. Then he came over to COLLIER'S WEEKLY to do that. In view of what happened we should like to record that it was owing to our editorial perspicacity that he came over here to be a reporter. But the facts are against us. We hired him to edit a department in the paper, a kind of review of the week's events. He did it so badly that we had to let him do what he had come to do, and he did that so well that he has been doing it ever since.

ONE morning he read in the paper on his way to work that there was trouble in Haiti. By ten o'clock he and Jimmy Hare, who was COLLIER'S staff photographer in those days, were at the bank exchanging paper money for gold. And before lunch they calmly sailed for Haiti. Another morning Ruhl read that Sarah Bernhardt was playing in Buenos Aires. It occurred to him that South America was no longer composed wholly of the Amazon River, the Andes Mountains, and Patagonia—the general impression in North America to the contrary notwithstanding. Ruhl mentioned this happy thought in the office. We asked him if he would like to go to



South America. Ruhl said calmly—Ruhl is always calm—that, on the whole, he would. We said: Why don't you go? We were going to say more, but Ruhl had started on the word "go." He stayed six months and wrote the colorful series of articles that were published in COLLIER'S and afterward in book form under the title "The Other Americans."

Ruhl was one of the men who heard that the Wright brothers were flying at Kitty Hawk. That was about the time the scientific debate was hottest as to whether it was really practicable for a man to fly. Ruhl stalked the Wrights across the uncharted dunes of North Carolina, saw without being seen, and came calmly home to write that he had seen a man fly. Two years later, in 1910, Ruhl had his first flight in an airplane. Orville Wright took him up from that cow pasture near Dayton, Ohio, which is now immortal.

THAT was the year of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. You will remember that there were more correspondents in Reno than would now be permitted on the whole western front. Reno was full of writers, from Jack London to Battling Nelson. The favorite theme—and some newspapers had more than a dozen men playing on it at the same time, but of course in different keys—was how in the last analysis the best black man couldn't beat the best white man.

All the correspondents—the popular novelists and the sob artists and the sporting experts—agreed that the white man had a superior stamina—a tradition of courage going back thirty centuries—which would win. And besides Johnson was a good-natured coon who had still to learn what real fighting was like. You remember, more or less, what happened. That night delirious darkies marched up and down South State Street in Chicago bearing slabs of bacon impaled on long poles until the police got worried and called out all the reserves.

And the popular novelists and the sob artists and the sporting experts sat beside telegraph operators in Reno explaining themselves to the country. But Arthur Ruhl found his train in the railway yards and put his bag aboard and, having nothing to explain, calmly sat down to write just what he had seen—with the result that COLLIER'S WEEKLY published the only memorable story of the occasion.

In the summer of 1914 he was in Wisconsin fishing. He packed his bag the day war was declared, arrived in New York thirty hours later, and calmly sailed on the *St. Paul* with the first group of correspondents to leave New York. He has spent about ten months a year on one battle front or other ever since.



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## German Offensive and American Aid

Continued from page 7

a diversion on the French front. But the day had passed for the realization of their great strategic plan.

### German Megalomania

**T**HE danger is over. It would be idle to deny that a danger did exist. One cannot write now the full history of Passion Week and Easter Week of 1918. But it is our duty to seek without delay the lessons of the critical period through which we have passed. There are tactical lessons, which have to do with the methods of combat, and there is the lesson of general strategy which concerns the possibilities of counteroffensive now and of the supreme offensive later in which the aid of the United States must play a decisive rôle.

Generally speaking, the German plan of 1918, like that of 1914, had only one serious defect. It was on too large a scale. Moderation in conception, economic as well as military, has luckily never been a German characteristic. For, in executing their plans, we must acknowledge that the Germans know how to make use of all the means of action that their genius for organization and discipline furnishes them. If the Germans fail in what they undertake, it is because of their fatal tendency to megalomania. In spite of all they have in their favor, the means of which they dispose are not in proportion to the goal they set before themselves.

In the present offensive, as in the offensives of 1914 and 1915, the German General Staff has been able to attain on the point of initial attack numerical superiority which it has known how to conceal up to the last moment, and even superiority of artillery. It is in the latter especially that the Allies have to confess the surprise.

The German attack began by a short and extremely violent bombardment, the effectiveness of which was due to the intensity of toxic gases. Then the waves of assault swept over the British lines, not blindly in the desperate madness of victory or death, but methodically organized and powerfully equipped with mobile artillery. We know now the new composition of the German battalions, and just how they are armed with Minenwerfer, mitrailleuses, and demountable cannon of 77 millimeters, all manned by the infantry and transported by the infantry. The new German infantry cannon suddenly revealed itself as the decisive factor in the assault.

Thanks to the ability of this cannon to be moved quickly and at will and to fire with precision at short range, the British, already half asphyxiated, had to evacuate their trenches.

### Light Infantry Cannon

**I**T seems that orders had been given to the first and second lines to hold their positions to the bitter end, relying upon the usual support of barrage fire. With the intention of holding at all costs, the British probably used their reserves. The Germans broke through, in spite of the heroic resistance of the British, as much by the unexpected short-range fire as by the mass of assailants. This explains the retreat of the Fifth British Army, which was overwhelmed as a result of new methods of attacking. It would be difficult to lay too much stress on this proof of the value of the German mobile infantry cannon. Even in 1915 we and our allies had not sufficiently developed the use of heavy artillery. It is the same now with infantry cannon—but we are late. Will not this lesson teach us?

No longer can one affirm the impossibility of breaking through trench defenses. For the present battle has taken the classic form of war in the open which the belligerents have been seeking for three years on the western front.

The Allies, in 1915, and in 1916, in Artois, Champagne, and on the Somme, failed to force the fighting into the open. The German retreat of March, 1917, was voluntary. Our offensive of April 17, 1917, which had certainly been conceived and organized to break the German lines and to exploit strategically the success of the rupture in the open field, did not succeed for reasons that were probably not of

a military order. But all these offensives, like those of Verdun, were preceded by long and careful heavy artillery bombardments. This means alone was believed capable of destroying trenches and barbed wire, of leveling the ground for the assault. Trench cannon, mortars, crapouillots, light cannon manned also by the artillery, worked in conjunction with the 75-millimeter and the field artillery, but as barrage and complement fire more than as destructive fire.

Little by little our old traditions of the bayonet had given place to grenade fighting in our infantry training. Because of the bloody and deplorable sacrifice in men necessitated by attacking lines insufficiently broken, the rôle of the heavy artillery had become of prime importance. The formula of General Pétain, a formula to economize men, was: "The artillery conquers, the infantry occupies!" But the play of the artillery was limited by distance and especially by the difficulty of moving forward the heavy artillery to keep pace with the progressive occupation by infantry columns. The ground torn by the heavy shells became impracticable for the advance of heavy artillery. Successive lines of trenches, skillfully made on counterslopes and extending far to the rear, escaped more and more the effect of the shells. The infantry stopped after a gain of several kilometers at the most. It was all to begin over again! And it goes without saying that the expense of shells of all sizes was taking fantastic proportions.

Heavy artillery had to be supplemented by cannon that could accompany the infantry and aid each storming party in destroying whatever obstacles were in the way. It was necessary that these cannon be small enough to escape destruction by heavy shells and light enough to be transported and served by the infantry. The new conditions of fighting gave birth to the idea of light and mobile infantry cannon, demountable, easy to feed, accurate in its fire. At the same time, to avoid the effect of barrage fire and the enormously increased use of mitrailleuses, the idea of armored cars was conceived. The problem of using them to advance in the torn-up ground of the battle line was solved by adopting the American caterpillar device.

The first armored cars, called tanks, were used by the British in 1917 for offensive work. The British tanks were equipped with mitrailleuses and cannon. But last year the armored car not only transported cannon—it became a means of attack directly with the infantry, carrying soldiers, mitrailleuses, and special cannon.

There were competition and rivalry between the two new ideas. The infantry cannon pure and simple, working in the open air, and the tank, both had ardent advocates. After much argument, the rather tardy conclusion was to manufacture both. But the Germans got ahead of us. They adopted a light infantry cannon, of the Minenwerfer type, but more easy to manufacture and more accurate in action. They also made tanks, but these were designed rather for revictualment than for attack. We have not yet had enough perspective on the Battle of Picardy to form a fixed opinion on the use of the new engines of war. However, it is certain that the German light infantry cannon have aided powerfully the attacking troops, and it is regrettable that the Allied armies have not yet been sufficiently provided with them.

### The New Warfare

**B**UT the logical conclusion is that the new inventions and the new developments in heavy artillery are all of service. We must not accord an exclusive privilege to any one of them.

Heavy artillery, even the cannon shooting 120 kilometers, field artillery, infantry artillery, grenades, tanks, all contribute their part to the battle. The great lesson of the new inventions and development is that we now have the proof that the fronts protected by trenches and barbed wire no longer form invincible defenses. They can be broken through if sufficient forces of destruction are employed.

For our comfort and encouragement, and to our satisfaction, this battle has



equally demonstrated the peculiar power of aviation in the clash of opposing armies. We have the right to say that the British aviators, supported by French aviators, have contributed to save the perilous situation of the British during the retreat. The airplanes have fought near the ground, with mitrailleuses and bombs. By bold swoops they have surprised German columns on march and in their assembling places, have cut the lines of re-victualment, have blown up depots. The Germans recognize this themselves. Their aviators have not been able to oppose successfully their adversaries in the air. British and French losses in airplanes are far less than those of the Germans.

### Aerial Strategy

THIS rôle of aviation in the battle and behind the front does not date, of course, from to-day. The Germans, like ourselves, have made large use of airplanes during an offensive movement.

But present events reveal the vital rôle that aviation ought to play. It is possible that aviation may be the decisive factor in the war, not only by bombarding at great distance industrial regions, war factories, railways, but also in contributing its share in the war of movement within the zone of operations.

(The splendid results of Franco-British aviation in the present battle, however, must not cause us to lose sight of the fact that aerial warfare is as much strategic as tactic. The Allied aviation has been hampered from lack of a definite aerial strategy. For two years I have been sustaining the point of view that if our bombing machines had struck continued blows in the mining regions of Lorraine and the Valley of the Rhine, the war would be perhaps finished. The Germans have had an aerial policy, shown by their Zeppelin and airplane raids on London and Paris. The British have been more advanced than we in formulating a strategic aerial policy, and we have shown some indecision in following them. Raids require a great number of airplanes,

particularly of bombing machines. Bombing is the final aim in aerial warfare.)

From the tactical lesson of the battle of the north, we pass to the strategic lesson. It is not for us to examine and to foreshadow the strategy by which the Allies will respond to this new check of German strategy; but from what we have just set forth, who can fail to see very clearly—and I believe that our American friends will understand me—that the United States must hurry in coming to take its great part in the final battle which will crush Germany?

General Pershing has acted nobly and with a grasp of realities in bringing the American army directly under the French high command. He has contributed powerfully to the realization of unity of command, so long opposed, and which was putting us really in a state of inferiority to Hindenburg. American soldiers are now shoulder to shoulder in the battle with the soldiers of the Marne, of Verdun, of the Somme.

But, although men are necessary, although we are certain that obligatory service in the United States is going to put on the field of battle millions of men, we must say to the United States that it is especially necessary to speed up the sending of war material, of engines of destruction. Airplanes as well as ships must be constructed. Too much time has been lost in discussion of types and in experimenting. We need thousands of airplanes and thousands of ships. We need infantry cannon and tanks. The marvelous industrial resources of the United States are already mobilized to aid us. American industry must measure up to the task that is expected of it.

### The Decisive Factor

AMERICAN aid will be the decisive factor in the war. By furnishing us soldiers to fill up our depleted ranks? Yes! But equally by furnishing us war material and tonnage.

Airplanes and cannon, come without delay from across the Atlantic, come en masse to the battle of France!

## What About Guns?

Continued from page 13

on personnel—men and horses—the semi-heavy guns, also more or less mobile, which take up the work where the light guns leave off and are intended mainly for use against enemy batteries and trenches; and the heavy siege guns, not mobile in the sense of being horse-drawn, and designed for attacks on more or less permanent fortifications. The light guns are close up—are fired generally, that is to say, at ranges varying from about fifteen hundred yards to two or three miles, although their maximum range may be greater than that. The semi-heavy guns are farther back, while the siege guns are miles in the rear—far enough away so that no enemy advance is likely to threaten them.

In actual fighting, the theoretical uses of the various types are a good deal modified. With high-explosive shells a light field gun may be effective for counterbattery work. With the help of motor tractors and railway mounts heavy guns can be made almost mobile, and in the frightful mêlées preceding or following an infantry attack on the French front, when it is a question of deluging the enemy with as many tons of explosives as quickly and cheaply as possible, everything, big, middle, and light, may be cut loose at once. And some of the trench mortars, though scarcely more than chunks of steel pipe, sawed off and plugged at one end, yet contrive to hurl a heavy shell far enough almost to entitle them to be included among the "guns."

If cannon were really as simple as that—and a good many people seem to think they are—mere logs of steel with a hole bored into them, set on wheels—an artillery program would be easy enough.

As a matter of fact, a modern cannon is a rather complicated machine which combines some of the qualities of a smoothly working engine with those of a burglar-proof safe. A little consideration of the 3-inch or 75-millimeter rapid-fire field gun—the "normal" field gun, so to speak, of all the armies—will make this clearer.

This rapid-fire gun is really only about twenty years old. The type originated with the French, about 1898,

but it was not until the Balkan wars, fourteen years later, that its effectiveness was demonstrated in the field. The characteristic feature of the rapid-fire gun—leaving out of consideration the panoramic sight, by which the gun can be "laid" on an unseen target by sighting some other visible object, and various other details—is the automatic recoil and counter-recoil, by the use of which the barrel of the gun is returned after firing almost to the same position it had as originally "laid." This is accomplished by permitting the gun, or the gun and the carriage to which it was fastened, to slide back and forth on a cradle, the recoil to be taken up and the barrel thrown back into position by means of a piston-and-cylinder arrangement similar to that with which doors are closed without slamming.

### Twenty 15-Pound Shells a Minute

THE jump backward and the return "into battery" takes only an instant, and the change in the position of the gun is so slight that the gunners seated on either side of the barrel do not need to leave their seats and can simply pull open the breech, slam in another shell, and fire again. A crack gun crew, working at top speed with a French "75," can fire twenty 15-pound shells a minute. The existence of such weapons as these, which in a few seconds can spray thousands of shrapnel bullets on advancing infantry several miles away, go far to make open warfare impossible.

A shrapnel shell, it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, is a shell containing both explosive and bullets—about 300 of them generally—and exploded by a time fuse which can be set with surprising accuracy. When the fuse explodes the shell in air over the heads of troops, the bullets are thrown out with the velocity of the shell itself plus that of the explosive in it, exactly as they were thrown out from an old-fashioned blunderbuss, and they have killing force over a space of several hundred square yards.

All armies have rapid-fire guns of this type, differing in details—especially the recoil mechanism—rather than in general purpose or behavior.

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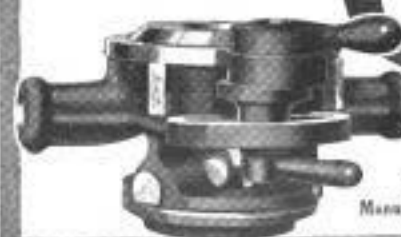
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The famous French "75," the British 18-pounder, our own old 3-inch gun and our 1916 model now being made for 75-millimeter shells (about 2.9 inches), are all cannon of similar function and action. A battery made up of them, all firing at once, would look to the average uninformed civilian very much alike, and he might easily mistake one for the other.

The French type—the much-talked-of "soixante-quinze"—is the most famous of these. The French put their imagination and intellectual charm into their cannon, as into so many other things. They felt that their "soixante-quinze" was the best gun of its kind in the world. They guarded the secret of its recoil mechanism; they talked about the gun and its work and wrote verses about it as if it were a person, and gave it finally a kind of glamour and personality not shared by its less-heralded sisters. It is not a fact, however, as many seem to think, that the French "75" is in a class quite by itself, a different sort of weapon altogether. Other guns of the same general type do similar execution. Artillerymen have their pets and enthusiasms like automobile owners, and while a majority of them will very likely agree that the "75"—which we are now preparing to make in large quantities for our own troops—is the best gun of its type, it is not impossible to find American artillery officers who have seen both guns working side by side, who, for one reason or another, stoutly hold to their preference for our own 3-inch guns.

One artilleryman with whom I talked put it in this wise: "The French gun may be the best, but when it comes right down to fighting if you armed a thousand men with the French '75' and another thousand with either our gun or the British gun, their functioning would be near enough alike so that the side would win which served their guns best. It would all come down to a question of men."

#### Recoils and Carriages

THE main difference between the French "75" and other cannon in the same class is in the recoil mechanism. The French use a hydraulic-pneumatic recoil, a combination of oil and compressed air; our old gun, and most of those the British have been using in France, depend on a combination of oil and springs. The recoil in our gun, that is to say, is taken up by a piston with holes in it pushing through a cylinder filled with oil, on the same principle as that used in a door check, and also by a series of springs inside the cylinder which push the gun back into place again.

In the French gun the oil is pressed back against air, and this air is sufficiently compressed to throw the gun back into place again. Oil is used in both recoil systems, but springs in our gun, compressed air in the French gun, return it to battery.

The French gun has another important feature—the "axle traverse." As the gun is "traversed," swung, that is to say, to left or right, it slides along the axle and the angle of wheels changes with it, so that the recoil is always toward the point of support and never oblique to it. This means that the gun will remain longer "on the target" during prolonged periods of rapid fire.

There are certain features in our 916 model—the split trail, for instance—worth noticing. This split trail, which the French themselves have adopted for their long 155-millimeterannon, differs from the old-fashionedingle trail just as a man standingraced, with legs apart, differs fromne standing with his legs together. With the split trail the gun can be swung much farther to the left or right—"traversed," as artillerymen say—and fired without causing the carriage to lose its stable equilibrium. And as the breech can be lowered without striking the trail, the gun can be given a much higher elevation. This greater elevation and traverse are important, though of course it would remain to be seen just how important—with the comparatively short ranges at which these light field guns are generally used—they would be in service.

According to ordnance officers with whom I talked, there was no basis for Senator Lodge's accusation that "Six golden months had been wasted while we were trying to improve the recoil of the best gun in the world." No attempt, they said, had been made to improve the French recoil. There had

been delays in getting the French drawings, and on the general use of parts of these drawings there are still certain minor, though doubtless necessary, restrictions. And there was much difficulty in finding manufacturers to make the recoil mechanism. The gun itself, indeed, was a comparatively simple matter. It was the carriage and recoil which held things up. There was a kind of packing, for instance, made of leather soaked for two years in a certain solution. We had no leather of this sort and had to experiment for some time before getting a rubber substitute for it. The two recoil-mechanism tubes had to be bored exactly parallel, with a very thin wall between them, through six feet of steel with practically no "tolerance." It was a kind of job few of our commercial manufacturers knew anything about—either such boring itself or how to bore with so thin a partition without bending the chamber.

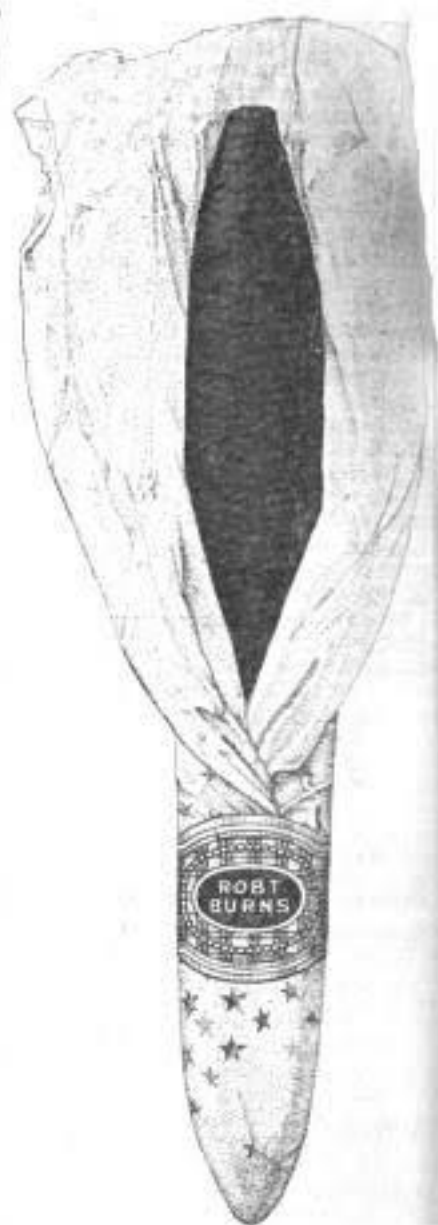
#### \$7,000 a Gun

ANY of these guns, the French model or our own, demand perfect materials and care and fine work from first to last. The steel itself is treated differently from the ordinary commercial forgings, and days of work may be spent on machining out a breechblock before some tiny check or flaw is uncovered which throws out the whole piece.

Boring the barrel is another pretty piece of work—and measuring its completed, mirrorlike inner surface with a "star gauge," an ingenious instrument with which the diameter and perfect roundness of the barrel can be measured along its full length to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. Then jackets must be shrunk on or—as in the British type—the barrel wire-wound. I saw them wire-winding these British field guns at the Bethlehem Works. This wire—really a narrow steel tape—exerted a pressure, so I was told, of 30 tons to the square inch. This pressure actually changes the character of the steel, squeezes it to the limit of its elasticity, and even reduces a hair-breadth the diameter of the barrel. Yet when your gun is finished and the wiring polished down, you would never know it was there. The breech mechanism is another neat job. It must be machined out of solid steel and fitted together again like a Chinese puzzle—easy enough to handle so that a gunner can yank it open and slam it shut with one hand, and yet strong enough to withstand the enormous strain of the discharge. There is about \$7,000 worth of work on each of these little guns, including the limbers and caissons to go with them. All along are finenesses and bignesses, a failure to meet any one of which might mean, months later in France, a gun that blew up or didn't function, and lives and perhaps a position lost. All these difficulties have been met by the other armies, of course, and there is no earthly reason why they should present lengthy delays for us, and these difficulties are being met, but it must be plain that even these light field guns are not the sort of thing that unprepared manufacturers and untrained mechanics can rush through in a few months by thousands as Mr. Ford, for instance, turns out his automobiles. And even he could not turn out his standardized machine until years had been spent building up an organization for it.

#### Pushing Production

BEFORE the war, with the exception of the Government arsenals, Bethlehem and Midvale were practically the only companies equipped to make all parts of field artillery. A few other shops made gun forgings, or carriages, or other parts, but the men competent to direct the manufacture of cannon, complete, could almost be counted on the fingers of one's hands. The Bethlehem people, who make a little of everything for everybody, were making field guns for the British, and as they were familiar with this type, they have gone on making them, some to go to the British, and others, bored out to take 75-millimeter ammunition, for us. Some twenty other large plants are now working on field artillery—complete cannon or their parts; five specialize on railway mounts and seacoast guns, and three on anti-aircraft guns. New shops had to be built in both Government and private plants and in some cases a new organization altogether. One motor-car company, now building recoil mechanisms for the 155-millimeter gun—roughly speaking a 6-inch



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cannon—has, for instance, built up a 13-acre shop, with some \$6,000,000 worth of machinery, from the ground since last November.

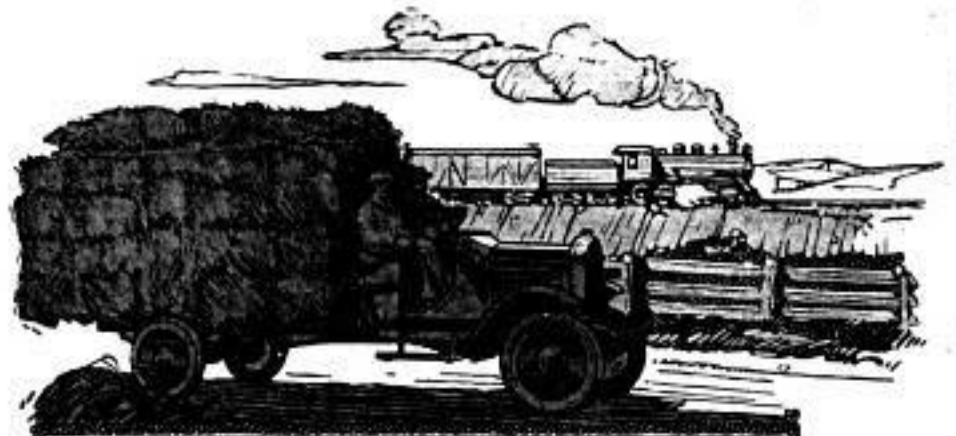
Some of the 155-millimeter guns to which these recoils will be fitted are being made at the Watervliet Arsenal, where a big shop has also been built since last fall especially for the manufacture of the big 155- and 240-millimeter guns. Another of Watervliet's new shops is intended wholly for new gun linings to be shipped to France and fitted to guns whose linings have been worn out in service. And so on. In some cases private manufacturers had to go ahead and spend millions in equipment in order to be able to fulfill contracts which, because of delays in recommending or in getting appropriations, they had only the informal notice they would eventually get. When the Ordnance Department had the money it assisted the manufacturers, and some \$46,000,000 was thus spent on shops and machinery intended for the guns themselves, as separate from battery equipment and other ordnance. Decisions as to type of guns have now all been made, so far as such questions can be fixed, contracts placed, enlarging work largely completed, and it is now simply a matter of efficiency in pushing production. Exact figures on production itself are not now given out, but it might be said, by way of illustration, that one Government plant is developing facilities to turn out cannon of various sizes up to 16-inch at a rate of 1,000 finished guns a year; or again that as many cannon of a certain caliber will be assembled from various plants in a month as used to be built in thirteen years. It does not appear that the efficiency of our own troops in France, nor the effective resources of our allies, were reduced by the temporary necessity of borrowing finished cannon from the French surplus. The Ordnance Department makes no prophecies whatever, but it is said by those familiar with the work done that in the matter of 3-inch and 75-millimeter guns—normal field artillery, that is to say—we should be completely self-sustaining within six, or at most, seven months.

### Watervliet

THE only plants of which I can speak from personal observation are Watervliet and the Bethlehem Steel Works—the one a Government arsenal, the other practically taken over by the Ordnance Department and now giving 95 per cent of its equipment to Government work. At Watervliet they are making "75's"; the "four-point-seven" so-called siege gun; a 3-inch anti-aircraft gun; a 4-inch navy gun, largely used nowadays for arming merchantmen against submarines; the huge 14-inch and 16-inch navy guns, and modifying various other heavy guns for railway mounts. Then there are the new shops for making gun linings and the long 155- and 240-millimeter guns. These last shops have all been built from the ground up and arranged so that, as far as possible, material will come in at one end and proceed straight down the line from one machine to the other until it is done. From an arsenal that had much the air of an old-fashioned army post, a sort of park decorated with piles of ancient solid shot, Watervliet has been transformed into a modern cannon mill, and the big shops for the 155- and 240-millimeter guns are on the ground where the officers used to play golf.

### Skilled Mechanics Needed

WATERVLIET merely makes guns. The steel forgings come from other plants, and while the difficulties at the moment I visited Watervliet seemed to be more those of getting steel delivered than of having men and machinery to work it, there is still need of skilled mechanics here as everywhere else. And several of the officers, who showed me the work of the plant, asked if something mightn't be done in such an article as this to call attention to this need and to encourage the transfer of skilled men now in nonessential work to such necessary work as theirs. There was sometimes a prejudice against an "arsenal," they said, because people associated it with explosives. This didn't apply to Watervliet, where not only is there no powder making nor filling of shells, but the location of the shops themselves and the general working conditions are pleasanter than those of most commercial factories. The Employment and Welfare Department of the arsenal assists in finding lodgings for workmen, and its superintendent



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will be glad to send information to any men who wish to apply. It is possible that the Rochester "community cooperation" scheme of supplying skilled mechanics, described in COLLIER'S for May 18, might be used effectively at Watervliet.

### "Paper Work"

IN a recent article in COLLIER'S on airplanes Mr. Mark Sullivan quoted a factory owner as saying that after the original design for the Liberty motor was in his shops he "received 529 telegraphic orders for changes—orders such as Numbers 432, 433, 434, 435, and 436 ordered replaced by Numbers 11,456, 11,457, 11,458, 11,459, and 11,460. Scrap all finished and unfinished material of original numbers and await new drawings and specifications." In the maze of "paper work" that goes on in Washington similar experiences are not unusual. Roaring about them is one of the favorite distractions of reserve officers not yet used to the formalities and red tape of the service. "The Government lost twenty-five cents back in 1841, some time, and they've spent ten millions on clerks and paper work trying to keep from losing another!"—so they run on when the day's work is done.

Here at Watervliet, for instance, I ran across a little example, in a shrinking pit in one of the new shops. A shrinking pit is a deep well into which a gun is vertically lowered to receive its jackets. These heavy bands of steel, made to fit tight around the barrel, are heated red-hot and, thus softened and expanded, are lowered over the gun as you would slip a ring on a finger. Water is sprayed on them, the bands cool and shrink and become practically part of the barrel itself. In this case the pit, a heavy piece of concrete construction, had been finished when another lot of specifications arrived, changing its dimensions, and the work had to be torn out and done over again. The officer in charge of the work, a man accustomed to big jobs and only recently called into the service, had no explanation for this change. He could only groan "Washington!"

There was, as a matter of fact, so I was told later, a reason. The pit was changed to meet certain proposed changes in the kind of guns eventually to be shrunk there, and it was not considered expedient that these proposed changes should be discussed. It was, in other words, a genuine military reason and not a mere mix-up in paper work which had caused the man on the job to tear his hair.

### Experts?

IN some parts of its huge task the Ordnance Department has been, naturally, more at home than in others. Work like that at the Aberdeen Proving Ground is work that the army knows how to do well. It has done the same thing before. This is an ordnance man's kind of work. A definite thing comes in to be handled in a certain way. It is his sort of thing and his sort of way—he is an expert at it. Factory management, "quantity production," on the other hand, the spending quickly and effectively of large sums of money, the correlating of all the multitudinous parts of our ordnance program and the various plants where it is being carried out—this is not the army's regular work, and the regular army ordnance officer, no matter how intelligent and patriotic and untiring, is not an expert at it. And he is further hindered by the cumbersome machinery he has to work with—the endless requisitions, permissions, signatures, and so on, inseparable from a military machine. If our distressed shrinking-pit man, for instance, wants to talk over his troubles with Washington, he may not jump on a train and go there. He must first get permission from Washington to leave Watervliet, and this may take a few hours or it might take a few days. On the other hand, it should be remembered that many of the civilians called into ordnance work are men who have had large experience in factory organization, some are army men who had resigned and now reenter the service after successful experience in civil life—of the several thousand ordnance officers only about 5 per cent were regular army men at the beginning of the war. And the latter ask with some reason whether many civilian organizations could undergo so huge and rapid an expansion without similar difficulties.

Bethlehem is, of course, a different sort of place altogether from Watervliet—a huge commercial steel-

works, where you may follow all the processes from the ore dumps to the finished product. Somebody told me that one could spend three weeks merely walking through the aisles of its shops—and they will make you anything from hand grenades to skyscraper steel, or from a steamship propeller to a 16-inch gun. Our own army and navy ordnance officers have large offices here; there is a British and French commission, and among those at lunch the day I was there were a Swedish naval commander and a young Costa Rican also following their own ordnance work. Mixed up with the other cannon in the shops I saw one little mountain gun lettered in Spanish and intended for Guatemala and half a dozen huge coast-defense guns built for Chile. The Chilean representative had been waiting a long time for his guns, and very likely he may have to wait a good deal longer, for just as soon as one was finished, it was said, somebody commandeered it.

Bethlehem is, in short, a sort of gigantic three-ring steel-making circus, where in peace times they are ready to undertake any sort of a job no matter how big, and a little of everything is done for everybody. Partly because of its size and the way it has grown—as an eccentric house grows by adding one addition after another, because it is, as one man put it, "really a huge jobbing shop"—it does not give an outsider the impression of planned and concentrated effort which one would doubtless find in the other plants built since the war for the special purpose of making some one gun or the parts of it. In a day's visit the outsider can scarcely more than "scratch" such a place, of course, but one does get a certain sort of impression, nevertheless.

### Women Munition Workers

THE shop in which they were making caissons and limbers for 3-inch guns and "75's"—a big place like a machinery hall in some world's fair—"Where you're standing now," the superintendent said, "was twenty feet underground a year ago!"—was built especially for this purpose, and the raw material comes in at one end and emerges at the other in limbers and caissons, finished even to their green and yellow camouflage paint. Even a caisson is not quite the simple tin bread box you might think. There is a lot of riveting, and the shells fit like phonograph cylinders into brass-lined holes—snugly, but not too tight, or the whole thing is rejected.

They were using many women in this shop—women from the neighborhood generally, some of them wives of workmen, in khaki and jumpers exactly like the photographs of women in the British munitions factories.

"They're better than the men, sometimes," the superintendent said; "for one thing because they really believe, when you tell them how a thing ought to be done, that you know more than they do about it. They'll do as they are told, but a man is always trying to do a job his own way. They're especially good on work they must repeat over and over—they get tremendously fast. There was one piece I tried to put a man on, and he said he never could do it that way. I put a girl on it, and in a little while she was earning seven dollars a day. There was another girl here who made \$200 in one month. The men tried to scare the women at first with stories about how hard and heavy the work was. They soon found they could do it well enough. We were afraid at first that the men might get fresh with the girls, and I called them all together and told them the women were coming and that the first man that tried anything on would go. We did fire one, and now they work along side by side as if they had always been doing it."

We spent most of our time in following the making of the British 3-inch guns and those of the same type which have been bored out for us into "75's." Theoretically they ought to have turned out in this part of the plant about fifty-five finished guns a month, but in the month just ended—partly because of labor troubles—they had only been able to finish between thirty and forty.

The lack of skilled mechanics is one of the causes of delays. In doubling the number of workmen to something like 25,000, men had to be raked and scraped in from everywhere, and a good many came from the near-by mines. Some of these latter could not speak English, and all of them were unskilled





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mechanics. And as a result a good deal of work is spoiled in the making.

The company's superintendent of cannon manufacture, a fine old Scotch-American who has been specializing on cannon for thirty years and knows the game, I was told, as well as anyone in the country, showed me a bench covered with rejected pieces. One was a complex breechblock on which there had been days of work, thrown out because the boring for a steel pin had been made a hairbreadth too large. It had to fit absolutely tight. Another heavy bit of machined steel, highly polished and all right to casual eyes, was rejected because the careless slip of a gouge had sliced off a shaving of steel which reduced the strength of the part about it beyond the permissible front.

"We have a hundred of these in a week, sometimes," said the superintendent mournfully. He was continually harassed between his craftsman's sense of what work should be, the responsibility he felt for the safety of the men who were to use these cannon some day in France, and his realization of the need of hurry and that the vital test, in times like these, was whether a thing would "function" or not.

### "They've Put Up Some Posters"

THERE is no great amount of love lost between the company and men at Bethlehem, and when, recently, the company thought it necessary to change the three eight-hour shifts into two shifts of ten and a half hours each, because so few men wanted to work in the early night shift that many of the machines were idle, the men struck. The trouble was adjusted when the men were made to understand that they would get time-and-a-half for overtime, but not until the output for the month had been brought below the normal level. To the question as to why the men had not been willing to accept this in the first place, the reply was: "Oh, I suppose they thought we wouldn't pay them extra for overtime." Why should they suppose so? Or why, if they were predisposed to suppose so, was not something done to make things clear before work was stopped, was not explained, nor, indeed, did my informant seem to think it a matter of any importance. That "company" and "men" were both Americans engaged in a common service, and that teamwork between them was just as important as teamwork between officers and men at the front, did not seem to have occurred to him, and possibly it had not occurred to the men either.

The Ordnance Department has organized a bureau of industrial relations, in charge of the experienced Dean Schneider of the University of Cincinnati, to handle this side of its work. In private plants the scope of such activity is, of course, more or less dependent on the attitude of the company itself, and in Bethlehem, at any rate, there seemed a good deal yet to be done. I asked several, both company men and ordnance officers, if anything were being done to strengthen the morale of the workmen and make them see that our men in France were depending on them and that they too were in the fight almost as directly here as if they were at the front. The reply was generally a look of puzzled surprise, but one man said:

"Oh, yes—the navy's doing something along that line. They've put up some posters."

Posters do no harm, and they might do some good, but something more than posters is needed to get hold of men who are working ten and a half hours a day in the heat and gas and hullabaloo of a steel mill. Many of these men do not speak English, a good many are of Hungarian origin, and very likely have cousins in the armies fighting against us. It would seem as if there were a chance here for live, humane, and tactful men to do some common-sense, get-together work of a very necessary kind.

### A Wider Democracy

THE labor problem is a story in itself which can scarcely be gone into here. But when one considers the importance of morale in any army and the efforts made to build it up and preserve it, and thinks of our training camps and how the young soldiers, already stimulated by discipline, teamwork, outdoor life, and the adventure and peril ahead of them, are talked to, lectured at, sung at, instructed with magazines and pictures, it seems grotesque that in the mills on which these soldiers depend,

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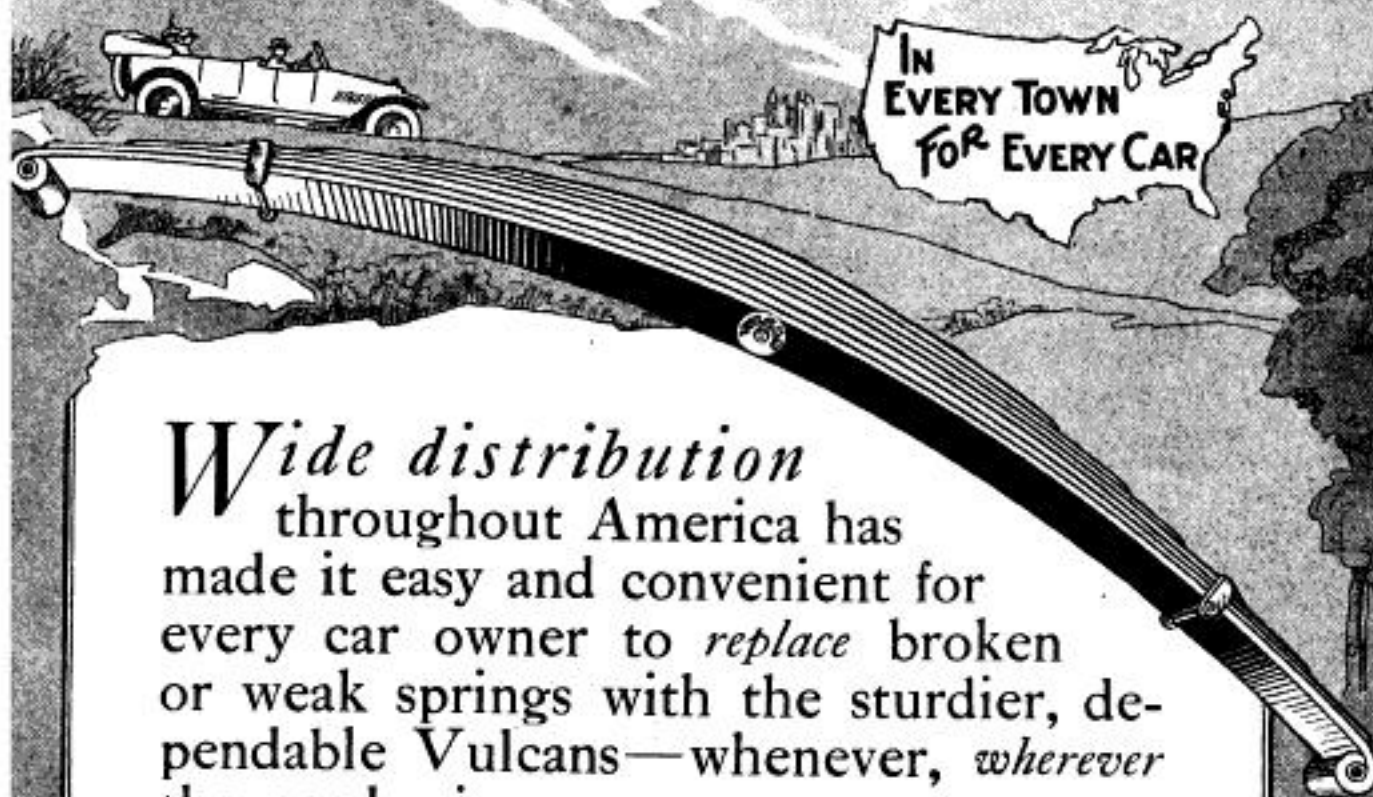
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employer and employed should drift along in the same old *laissez faire* relations as in times of peace. It is absurd that work so indispensable as cannon making should pause, that two or three months from now there should be twenty less field guns at the front than there ought to be, because the men in some shop or other "thought"—if that was what they did think—that the company was going to "do" them, and that they wouldn't be paid for over-time.

People keep saying that the world is never going to be the same after the war and act as if the mere killing of a few million men were in itself going to bring the millennium. It isn't necessary to wait until all the casualty lists are in. Some approach toward a wider democracy—without waiting for the Bolsheviks—and a more common-sense relation between human beings might begin right now. And there could scarcely be a more appropriate place to begin than in the great plants where we are making arms with which to fight.

## These Things Bane Got to Stop!

*Continued from page 20*

National Army cantonments for the spirit and strength on which we must depend to carry us steadily through this mad night of war to a victorious dawn.

In all the time I spent with the National Army I heard not one discussion on peace. The American soldier is not talking peace. He is not thinking peace. He is at a little job of work, and he's interested only in getting it done. The American civilian has been talking peace. He's been talking peace because he's been reading peace talk. What he has read has given him expectation of the early arrival of a vague millennial period when a miraculous panacea of words is to end the conflict with honor and profit to all.

In a fall and winter of travel all over the United States, en route from camp to camp, I heard only three civilians talk about licking Germany. The question, "When do you think the war will end?" was asked of me regularly, day after day, all over the country; not once did any civilian ask me this: "How long will it take us to win the war?"

Some way, some time, in mere justice to the men who fight for us, we have got to achieve that state of mind where, in discussing the probable duration of the war, we ask, not weakly, "Oh, when do you think it will end?" but calmly, "How soon do you think we can win?"

## Back Him Up

**VICTORY!** The people of the United States somehow have got to learn to think in terms of victory. It's unfair to our army to think otherwise. It is not only unfair, but it is dangerous. Our soldiers are the players in this deadly game of war. The civilians are the rooters. Translate the attitude into the language of the grand stand, and you get something like this:

"All right, old boy! We know you can't hit this pitcher, but we're with you. Of course, we know that your fielding is going all to pieces before such sluggers as those Kaiserites, but never mind, old boy, we're with you! Maybe it'll rain before the fifth inning. There isn't a cloud in the sky, but you can't tell. It might rain. Or maybe the cops'll stop it, or something. We know you can't beat those Kaiserites, and we don't expect you to. But maybe they'll all fall dead, or get hungry and go home to eat, or get tired of playing and call the game off; or there'll be a fire in the grand stand, or an earthquake. You never can tell! We're with you, old boy. We'll support you down to our last red cent; and we'll sit here and suffer while we get beat. We'll do most anything, old pal, except believe that you can win. We're with you."

The players on the American team in this game of war don't want it to rain before the fifth inning, believe me! They don't want this game postponed for any reason at all. They don't want to have to show up at the battle park on some later date to finish it. They've got to win or lose, or play it out at a later date. It's got to be finished some time, and they know it. They want to finish it now, while they're at it. If they can't win, then Abraham Lincoln was a fool, Christianity is history's funniest joke, and America is a ludicrously unsuccessful experiment that should



terminate immediately. If they can't win, then the might of evil that is Germany is right; and you can either Hoch der Kaiser or die disputing his rule of the world, as men and women have already died by the million.

Mr. and Mrs. American Civilian, back the American soldier to Victory! Back him with your labor, your money, and your will—to Victory! Back him to lick Germany! Don't waste your strength pitying him. Don't insult him by merely hoping that he'll be able to hold on until something happens to stop the war! Back him to win the war! If he doesn't win it to-day, don't argue from that that he won't win it to-morrow. No matter how strong Germany may be to-day, every time the clock ticks, she is a little weaker, and America is a little stronger. Believe in the necessity for Victory and its inevitability!

#### Back Him to Victory

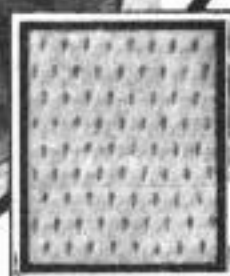
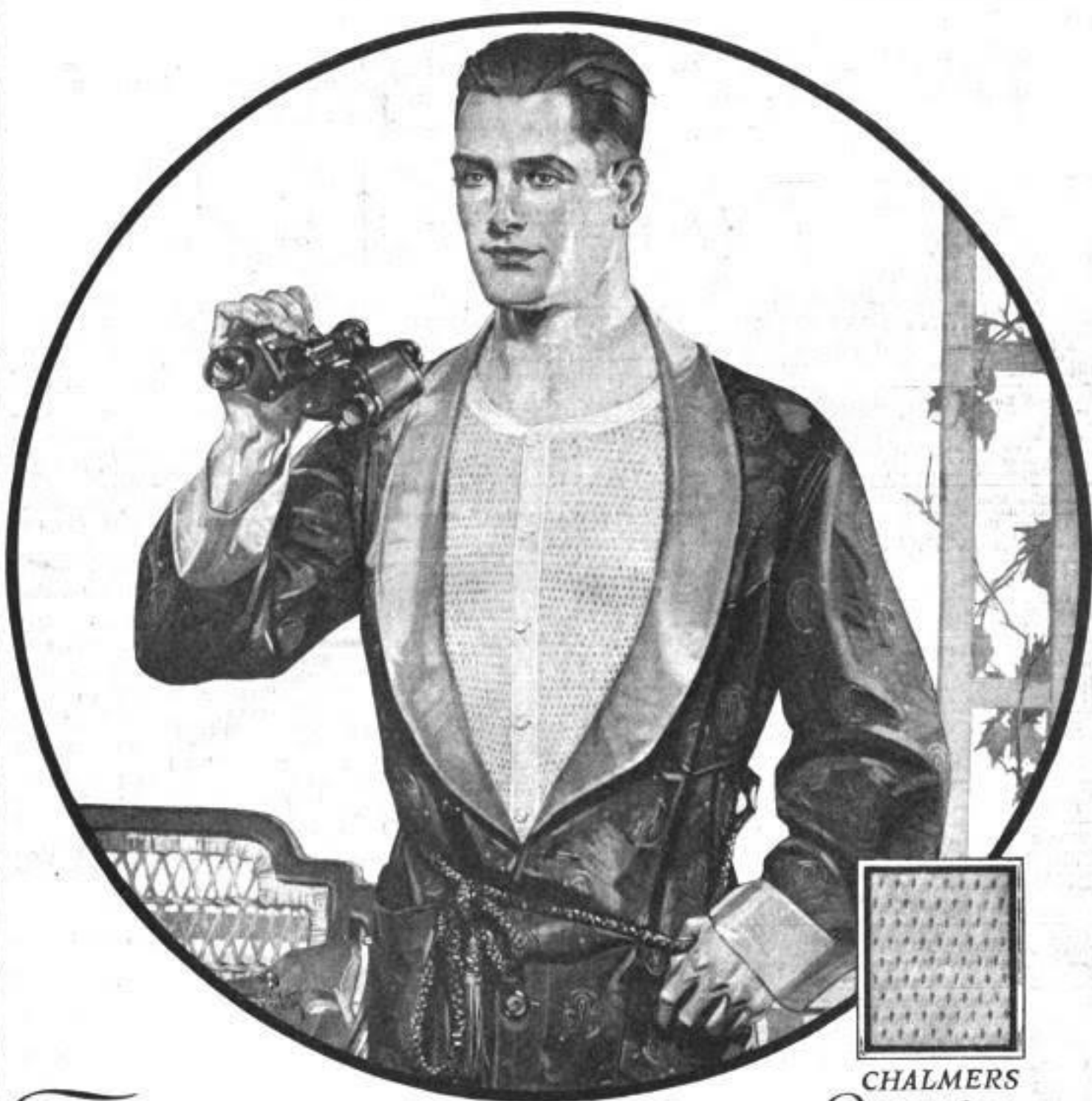
THE fighting man must be backed up with ships, equipment, food, munitions. He must be backed up with a wise administrative policy. Very few of us can have a hand in the control of ship production; very few may aid directly in shaping administrative policy. Every last one of us can back up the fighting man with our confidence, our surety of Victory!

If your congressman hears that you are talking of peace, he's very liable to talk of peace, and if Germany hears him talk of peace she has a legitimate right to believe that if she holds out a little longer we'll want peace so bad that we'll let her get away unpunished for murder and with some of the profits of her pillage. That thought gives her people heart to fight so much longer, and so much harder, and as a result a certain percentage of our fighting men die who might have lived had you courageously talked victory instead of weakly pulling about peace.

If you want to help directly in winning the war, Mr. and Mrs. Civilian, back up the fighting man who must win it for you. Back him up with your confidence and courage as well as your sympathy and dollars. Learn to think about an American victory as the only possible end to this war, and you can help the fighting man bring about the end of the war by thinking, talking, and working for the victory that will end it. Don't pray for rain before the fifth inning as you sit and watch. Pray for an even break for the men who are playing the game, and believe that they can win. They can and they will, and the deadly game won't be over until they do!

#### To Lick Germany

I HAVE been with the National Army in the various stages of its development all over the United States. I have seen the selected men in training, from the New Yorker at Camp Upton to the cowboy at Camp Lewis; from the northwoods Yank at Camp Devens to the soft-voiced Southerner at Lee and Jackson. I have seen them all, and, having seen them, I know this: I know that we can select and train an army that can lick Germany. Hear that again: This country, through the operation of the selective draft and the National Army training camps, can and will supply enough good soldiers and good enough soldiers to lick Germany. They must and will. These things have got to stop!



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Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Volume 61 Number 12  
JUNE 1, 1918



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# Feef and Meemuh

Continued from page 12

emphasizing the patience of her tone somewhat. "I named them after they got here. Mr. Sanders hasn't seen them yet. He had them shipped to me. He's coming this evening. Anything more to-day, Florence?"

"Well, I was thinking," said Florence. "What do you think grandpa'll think about these cats?"

"I don't believe there'll be any more outrages," Julia returned, and her dark eyes showed a moment's animation. "I told him at breakfast that the Reign of Terror was ended, and he and everybody else had to keep away from Fifi and Mimi. Is that about all, Florence?"

"You let Kitty Silver go near 'em, though. She says she's fixing to wash 'em."

Julia smiled faintly. "I thought she would! I had to go so far as to tell her that as long as I was housekeeper in my father's house she'd do what I said or find some other place. She behaved outrageously and pretended to believe the natural color of Fifi and Mimi was gray!"

"I expect," said Florence after pondering seriously for a little while—"I expect it would take quite some time to dry them."

"No doubt. But I'd rather you didn't assist. I'd rather you weren't even around looking on, Florence."

A shade fell upon her niece's face at this. "Why, Aunt Julia, I couldn't do any harm to Fifi and Mimi just looking in at 'em, could I? I don't see what—"

Julia laughed. "That's the trouble; you never do 'just look' at anything you're interested in, and, if you don't mind my saying so, you've got rather a record, dear! Now, don't you care; you can find lots of other pleasant things to do at home—or over at Herbert's, or Aunt Fanny's. You run along now, and—"

"Well—" Florence said, moving as if to depart.

"You might as well go out by the front door, child," Julia suggested with a little watchful urgency. "You come over some day when Fifi and Mimi have got used to the place, and you can look at them all you want to."

"Well, I just—"

But as Florence seemed disposed still to linger, her aunt's manner became more severe; she half rose from her reclining position, for emphasis.

"No, I really mean it! Fifi and Mimi are royal-bred Persian cats with a wonderful pedigree, and I don't know how much trouble and expense it's cost Mr. Sanders to get them for me. They're utterly different from ordinary cats; they're very fine and queer, and if anything happened to them, after all the trouble papa's made over other presents I've had, I go straight to a sanitarium! No, Florence; you keep away from the kitchen to-day, and I'd like to hear the front door as you go out."

"Well—" said Florence, and departed.

TWENTY is an unsuspicious age, except when it fears that its dignity or grace may be threatened from without; and it might have been a "bad sign" in revelation of Julia Atwater's character if she had failed to accept the muffled metallic clash of the front door's closing as a token that her niece had taken a complete departure from the premises. A supplemental confirmation came a moment later, fainter but no less conclusive: the distant slamming of the front gate, and it made a clear picture of an obedient Florence on her homeward way. Peace came upon Julia: she read in her book, while at times she dropped a languid, graceful arm, and, with the pretty hand at the slimmer end of it, groped in a dark shelter beneath her couch, made a selection, merely by her well-experienced sense of touch, from a frilled white box that lay in concealment there; and then, bringing forth a crystalline violet, become scented sugar, or a bit of fruit translucent in hardened sirup, delicately launched it on the way to that attractive dissolution hoped for it by the wistful donor—and all without removing her shadowy eyes from the little volume and its patient struggle for dignified rimes with "Julia." Florence was no longer in her beautiful relative's idliest thoughts.

Florence was idly in the thoughts, however, of Mrs. Balche, the next-door neighbor to the south. Happening to glance from a bay window, she negligently marked how the child walked to the front gate, opened it, paused for a moment's meditation, then hurled the gate to a vigorous closure, herself re-

maining within its protection. "Odd!" Mrs. Balche murmured.

Having thus eloquently closed the gate Florence slowly turned, then moved toward the rear of the house, quickening her steps as she went, until at a run she disappeared from the scope of Mrs. Balche's gaze, cut off by the intervening foliage of Mr. Atwater's small orchard. Mrs. Balche felt no great interest nevertheless she paused at the sound of a boy's voice, half husky, half shrill in an early stage of change. "What she say, Flor'nce? D'she say we could?" But there came a warning, "Hush up!" from Florence in a harsh whisper. Then in a lowered tone, the boy's voice said: "Look here; these are mighty funny-actin' cats. I think they're kind of crazy, or some'm. Kitty Silver's fixed a washtub full o' suds for us."

MRS. BALCHE was reminded of her own cat, and went to give it a little cream. Mrs. Balche was a retired widow, without children, and too timid to like dogs; but after a suitable interval, following the loss of her husband, she had accepted from a friend the gift of a white kitten, and named it Violet. It may be said that Mrs. Balche, having few interests in life, and being of a sequestering nature, lived for Violet, and that so much devotion was not good for the latter's health. In his youth, after having shown sufficient spirit to lose an eye during a sporting absence of three nights and days, Violet was not again permitted enough freedom of action to repeat this disloyalty—though in his advanced middle age he had been fed to such a state that he seldom cared to move, other than by a slow, sneering waltz of the tail when friendly words were addressed to him; and consequently, as he seemed beyond all capacity or desire to run away, or to run at all, Mrs. Balche had given him the run of the place. She found him now, asleep upon her back porch, and placed beside him a saucer of cream, the second since his luncheon. She watched him affectionately as he opened his eye and turned his noble Henry-the-Eighth head, with its great furred jowls, toward the saucer, and began the process of rising for more food, which was all that ever seemed even feebly to rouse his mind. When he had risen, there was little space between him anywhere and the floor of the porch.

Violet took his cream without enthusiasm, pausing at times and turning his head away. In fact, he persisted only out of an incorrigible sensuality, and finally withdrew a pace or two, leaving creamy traces still upon the saucer. With a multitude of fond words his kind mistress drew his attention to these, and, making a visible effort, he returned and disposed of them.

"Dat's de 'itty darlin'," she said, stooping to stroke him. "Eat um all up nice clean. Dood for ole sweet sin!" She continued to stroke him, and Violet half closed his eye, not with love and serenity, but rather, as he simultaneously curvingly gestured with his tail, in a kind of impotent menace, meaning to say: "Oh, for Heaven's sake, take your hands off o' me!" Then he opened the eye and paid a little, instinctive attention to sounds from the neighboring yard. A high fence, shrubberies, and foliage concealed that yard from the view of Violet, but the sounds were eloquent to him, since they were those made by members of his own general species when threatening atrocities. The accent may have been foreign, but Violet caught perfectly the sense of what was being said, and instinctively he muttered reciprocal curses within himself.

"Wat a matta, honey?" his companion inquired sympathetically. "Ess, bad people fighen poor Violet!"

From beyond the fence came the murmurings of a boy and a girl in hushed but urgent conversation; and with these sounds there mingled watery agitations, splashing and the like, as well as those low vocalizations which Violet had recognized—then there were muffled explosions, like fireworks choked in feather beds; and the human voices grew uncontrollably somewhat louder, so that their import was distinguishable. "Ow!" "Hush up, can't you? You want to bring the whole town to—ow!" "Hush up yourself—oh, goodness!" "Look out—don't let her—" "Well, look what she's doin' to me can't you?" "For Heavens' sakes catch hold and—ow!"

(Continued on page 34)

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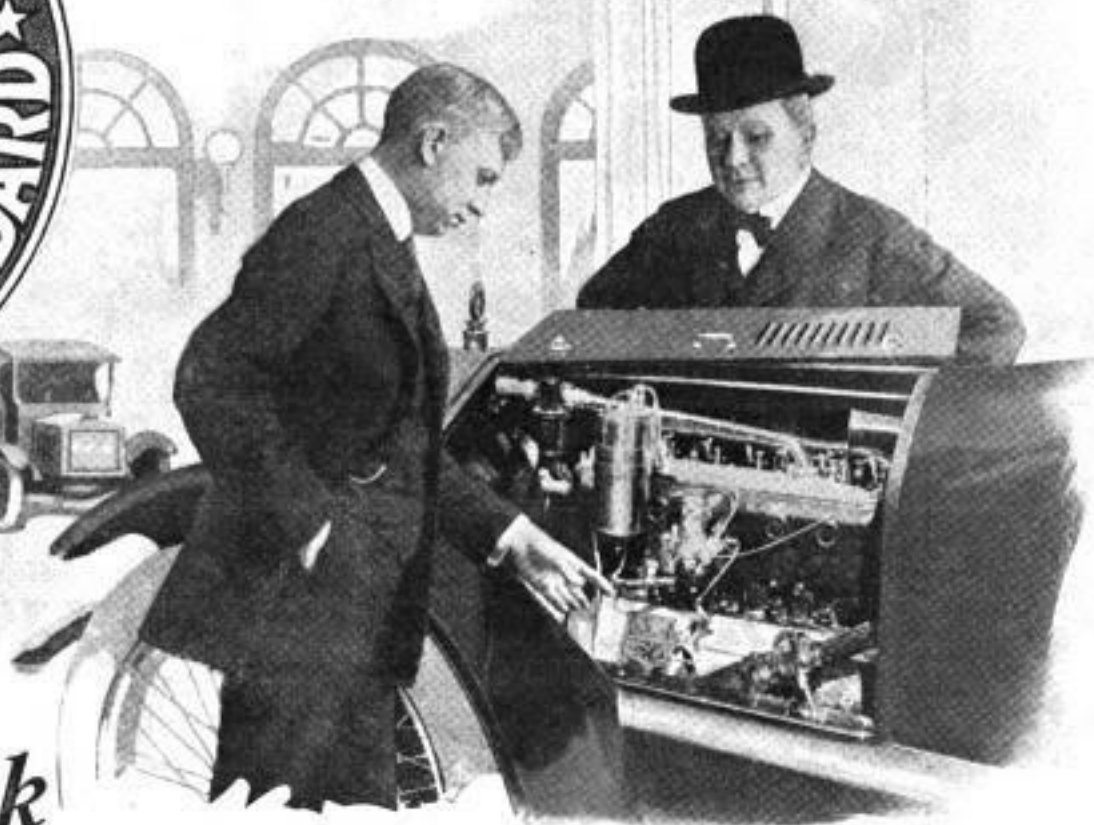
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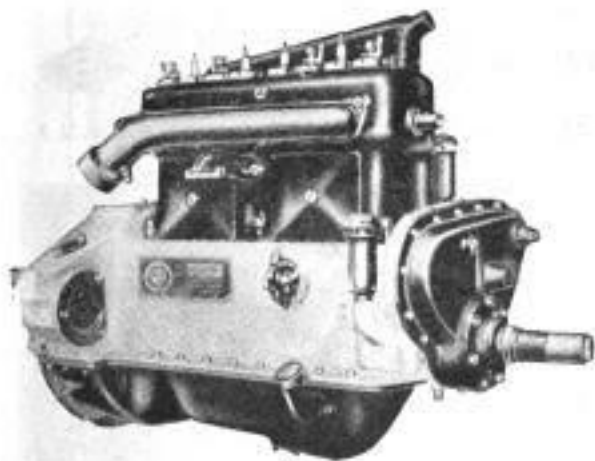
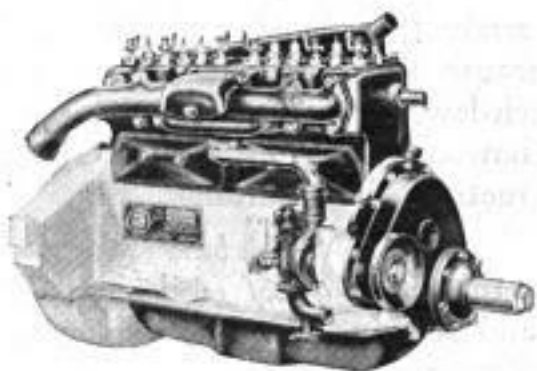






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The buyer naturally asks, "Do such roofs cost more than others?" Our answer is, "No, they do not."

The experience of many years has proved that Barrett Specification Roofs cost less per year of service than any other kind. It is because they give such long service at such low cost that this type of roofing now covers most of the permanent structures of the country.

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On all roofs of fifty squares or over, in cities of 25,000 or more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available, we will give with every Barrett Specification Roof a 20-Year Surety Bond issued by the well-known U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore.

*This bond exempts building owners from all roof repair and maintenance expense for a period of twenty years.*

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A few of the many concrete buildings erected by the Turner Construction Co., of New York City, in one year, practically all of which were covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.



# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JUNE 8, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 13



Canadian Official Photograph from Western Newspaper Union

## UNDER FIRE

*Canadian soldiers in Picardy waiting to go into action, while German shrapnel is bursting over the reserve trenches in which they are posted. Shrapnel shells are timed to burst in mid-air, scattering a shower of leaden bullets and bits of scrap iron*





# THE PERMISSIONNAIRE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

*"What was in the ground, alive, they could not kill."*

TWO weeks after the German retreat from the Aisne was rumored, five days after the newspapers were printing censored descriptions of the ravaged country they had left, and the very moment the official bulletin confirmed the news, Pierre Nidart presented himself to his lieutenant to ask for a "permission"—a furlough, the long-delayed furlough, due for more than two years now, which he had never been willing to take. His lieutenant frowned uneasily, and did not answer. After a moment's silence he said, gently: "You know, my old fellow, the boches have left very little up there." (Nidart was not an old fellow at all, being but thirty-four, and the father of two young children. His lieutenant used the phrase as a term of endearment, because he had a high opinion of his silent sergeant.)

Nidart made no answer to his officer's remark. The lieutenant took it that he persisted in wanting his furlough. As he had at least three furloughs due him, it was hard to refuse. There was a long silence. Finally, fingering the papers on the dry-goods box which served him as desk, the lieutenant said: "Your wife is young. They say the Germans carried back to work in Germany all women under forty-five, or those who hadn't children under three."

Nidart swallowed hard, looked sick, and said nothing obstinately. His lieutenant turned with a sigh and motioned the fourrier to start the red tape for the authorization for the furlough. "All right. I think I can manage a three weeks' permission for you. They're allowing that, I hear, to men from the invaded regions who haven't taken any furloughs since the beginning of the war."

"Yes, mon lieutenant. Thank you, mon lieutenant." Nidart saluted and went back to his squad.

His lieutenant shook his head, murmuring to the fourrier: "Those north-country men! There is no use saying a word to them. They won't believe that their homes and families aren't there till they see with their own eyes. And when they do see—I've heard that some of the men in these first regiments that followed up the boche retreat across the devastated regions went crazy when they found their own villages. Nidart has just one idea in his head, poor devil, to go straight before him, like a homing pigeon till—" He stopped, his face darkening.

"Oh, damn the boches!" the fourrier finished the sentence fervently.

"You see, Nidart is a master mason by trade, and he built their own little house. He carries around a snapshot of it with his wife and a baby out in front."

"Oh, damn the boches!" responded the fourrier on a higher note.

"And, like all those village workmen, they

got half their living out of their garden and a field or two. And you've read what the boches did to the gardens and fruit trees."

"Isn't there anything else we can talk about?" said the fourrier.

NIDART passed through Paris on his way (those being before the days of strictly one-destination furloughs) and, extracting some very old bills from the lining of his shoe, he spent the five hours between his trains in hasty purchasing. At the hardware shop, where he bought an ax, a hammer, some nails, and a saw, the saleswoman's vivacity of curiosity got the better of his taciturnity, and she screwed from him the information that he was going back to his home in the devastated regions.

At once the group of Parisian working people and bourgeois who happened to be in the shop closed in on him sympathetically, commenting, advising, dissuading, offering their opinions with that city-bred, glib-tongued clatter which Nidart's country soul scorned and detested.

"No, no, my friend, it's useless to try to go back. The Germans have made a desert of it. My cousin's wife has a relative who was in the regiment that first followed the Germans after their retreat from Noyon, and he said—"

"The Government is going to issue a statement, saying that land will be given in other parts of France to people from those regions, because it's of no use to try to rebuild from under the ruins."

"No, not the Government; it's a Society for the Protection of the People in the Invaded Regions; and they are Americans, millionaires, every one. And it's in America they are offering land, near New York."

"No, near Buenos Aires."

"The Americans want the regions left as a monument, as a place to see. You'll make much more money as a guide to tourists than trying to—"

"Your family won't be there, you know. The boches took all the able-bodied women back with them; and the children were sent to—"

"Give me my change, won't you!" said Nidart with sudden fierceness to the saleswoman. He turned his back roughly on the chattering group and went out.

They shrugged their shoulders. "These country people! Nothing on earth for them but their little hole of a village!"

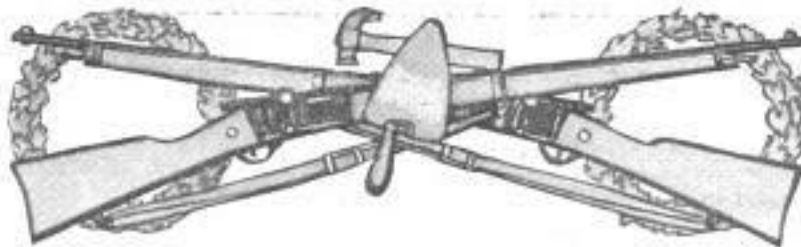
Down the street Nidart, quickening to an angry stride his soldierly gait, hurried along to a seed store.

That evening when he got into the battered, dingy, third-class compartment of the train going north he could hardly be seen for the innumerable packages slung about his person. He pulled out from one bulging pocket a square piece of bread, from another a piece of cheese and proceeded to dine, bent forward with the weight of his burdens and his thoughts, gazing out through the dirty windows at the flat farming country jerking by him in the moonlight. It was so soon after the retreat that the train went no farther north than Noyon, and Nidart had lived far beyond Noyon. About midnight he rolled off the train, readjusted his packages and his knapsack, and, after showing his perfectly regular *sauf-conduit* to five or six sentries along the way, finally got out of town.

HE found himself on the long white road leading north. It was the road down which they had driven once a week on market days. Of all the double line of noble poplar trees not one was standing. The utterly changed aspect of the familiar road was startling. Ahead of Nidart as he tramped rapidly forward was what had been a crossroads, now a gaping hole. Nidart, used to gaping holes in roads, walked down into this, and out on the other side. He was panting a little, but he walked forward steadily and strongly.

The moon shone full on the place where the first village had stood, the one where his married sister had lived, where he and his wife and the children used to come for Sunday dinners once in a while. He stood suddenly before a low, confused huddle of broken bricks and splintered beams, and looked about him uncomprehending. The silence was intense. In the instant before he understood what he was seeing, he heard and felt a rapid vibration, his own heart knocking loudly. Then he understood.

A moment later, mechanically, he began to move about, clambering up and down, aimlessly, over the heaps of rubble. Although he did not know it, he was looking for the place where his sister's house had stood. Presently his knees gave way under him. He sat down suddenly on a tree stump he noticed. The lopped-off trunk beside it showed it to have been an old cherry tree. Yes, his sister's big cherry tree, the pride of her garden. A long strip of paper, one end buried in a heap of bits of plaster, fluttered in the night wind. It beat against his leg like some one calling feebly for help. The moon emerged from a cloud and showed





it to be a strip of wall paper; he recognized the pattern; he had helped his brother-in-law put it on the bedroom of the house. His sister's four children had been born within the walls of that bedroom. He tried to fix his mind on those children, not to think of any other children, not to remember his own, not to—"

The paper beat insistently and rhythmically against his leg like a recurrent thought of madness—he sprang up with the gesture of a man terrified and, stumbling wildly among the formless ruins, sought for the road again.

He walked heavily after this, lifting his feet with an effort. Several miles farther, at the heap of debris which had been Falquières, where his wife's family had lived, he made a wide detour through the fields to avoid passing closer to the ruins. At the next, Bondry, where he had been born and brought up, he tried to turn aside, but, against his will, his feet carried him straight to the center of the chaos. When the first livid light of dawn showed him the two stumps of the big apple trees before the door, which his grandfather had planted, he stopped short. Of the house, of the old walled garden, not a trace beyond the shapeless heap of stones and plaster. He stood there a long time, staring silently. The light gradually brightened, until across the level fields a ray of yellow sunshine struck ironically through the branches of the murdered trees upon the gray face of the man.

At this he turned and, walking slowly, dragging his feet, his head hanging, his shoulders bent, followed the road which led, like a white tape laid straight across the plain, toward—toward— The road had been mined at regular intervals, deep and broad craters stretching across it, enough to stop a convoy of camions, not enough to stop a single soldier, even although he stumbled along so wearily, his cumbersome packages beating against his arms and legs; even although he walked so slowly, more and more slowly as he came in sight of the next heaped and tumbled mound of debris. The sun rose higher. . . .

Presently it shone, with April clarity, on the man lying, face downward, upon a heap of broken bricks.

For a long hour it showed nothing but that, the ruins, the prostrate trees, the man, like them stricken and laid low.

Then it showed, poor and miserable under that pale-gold light, a wretched antlike procession issuing from holes in the ground and defiling slowly along the scarred road toward the ruins; women, a few old men, a little band of pale and silent children. They approached the ruins and dispersed. One of the women, leading three children, picked her way wearily among the heaps of stone, the charred and twisted beams—stopped short, both hands at her heart.

And then the sun reeled in the sky to a sound which rang as strangely from that silent desolation as a burst of song out of hell, scream after scream of joy, ringing up to the very heavens, frantic, incredulous, magnificent joy.

THEY stood, the man and wife, clasped in each other's arms in the ruins of their home, with red, swollen eyes, smiling with quivering lips, silent. Now that the first wild cries had gone rocketlike to the sky and fallen back in a torrent of tears, they had no words, no words at all. They clasped each other and the children, and wept, constantly wiping the tears from their white cheeks, to see each other. The two older children, a little shy of this father whom they had almost forgotten, drew away constrained, hanging their heads, looking up bashfully under their bent brows. The man sat down on a heap of stones and drew the little girl to him, stroking her hair. He tried to speak, but no voice issued from his lips. His wife sat down beside him, laying her head on his shoulder, spent with the excess of her relief. They were all silent a long time, their hearts beginning to beat in the old rhythm, a sweet, pale peace dropping down upon them.

After a time the youngest child, cowering under the woman's skirts, surprised at the long silence, thrust out a little pale face from his shelter. The man looked down on him and smiled. "That's a Dupré," he said in his normal voice, with conviction, all his village lore coming back to him. "I know by the Dupré look of his nose. He looks the way my cousin Jacques Dupré used to, when he was little."

These were the first articulate words spoken. With them he turned his back on the unfriendly, unknowable immensity of the world in which he had lived, exiled, for three years, and returned into the close familiar community of neighbors and kin where he had lived for thirty-four years—where they had lived for hundreds of years. The pulverized wreck of this community lay all about him, but he opened its impalpable doors and stepped once more into its warm humanity. He looked at the little child whom he had never seen before and knew him for kin.

His wife nodded. "Yes, it's Louise and Jacques's baby. Louise was expecting him, you

know, when the mobilization . . . He was born just after Jacques went away, in August. We heard Jacques was killed—we have heard everything: that Paris was taken, that London was burned; I have heard twice that you were killed—Louise believed it and never got up out of bed at all after the baby came. She just turned over and let herself die. I took the baby. Somebody had to. That's the reason I'm here now. They carried off all the women my age unless they had children under three. They thought the baby was mine."

"But Jacques isn't killed," said Nidart. "He's wounded, with one wooden leg, frantic to see Louise and the baby." He made a gesture of blame. "Louise always was a fool! Anybody's a fool to give up!" He looked down at the boy and held out his hand. "Come here, little Jeannot."

THE child shrank away silently, burrowing deeper into his foster mother's skirts.

"He's afraid," she explained. "We've had to make the children afraid so they would keep out of sight, and not break rules. There were so many rules, so many to salute and to bow to, the children couldn't remember; and when they forgot, they were so dreadfully cuffed, or their parents fined such big fines—"

"I never saluted!" said the boy of ten, wagging his head proudly. "You have to have something on your head to salute; they won't let you do it bareheaded. So I threw my cap in the fire."

"Yes, he's gone bareheaded since the first days, summer and winter, rain and shine," said his mother.

"Here, Jean-Pierre," said his father, wrestling with one of his packages. "I've got a hat for you. I've been saving it for you; I lugged it all over because I wanted my boy to have it." He extracted from its brown canvas bag a German helmet with the spike, which he held out. "And I've got something for my little Berthe too"; he fumbled in an inner pocket. "I made it myself, near Verdun. The fellows all thought I was crazy to work over it so, when I didn't know if I'd ever see my little girl again; but I was pretty sure maman would know how to take care of you, all right." He drew out from a nest of soft rags a roughly carved aluminum ring and slipped it on the child's forefinger.

As the children drew off a little, to compare and examine, their parents looked into each other's eyes, the deep, united, serious look of man and wife before a common problem.

"Eh bien, Paulette," said the man, "what shall we do? Give up? Move away?"

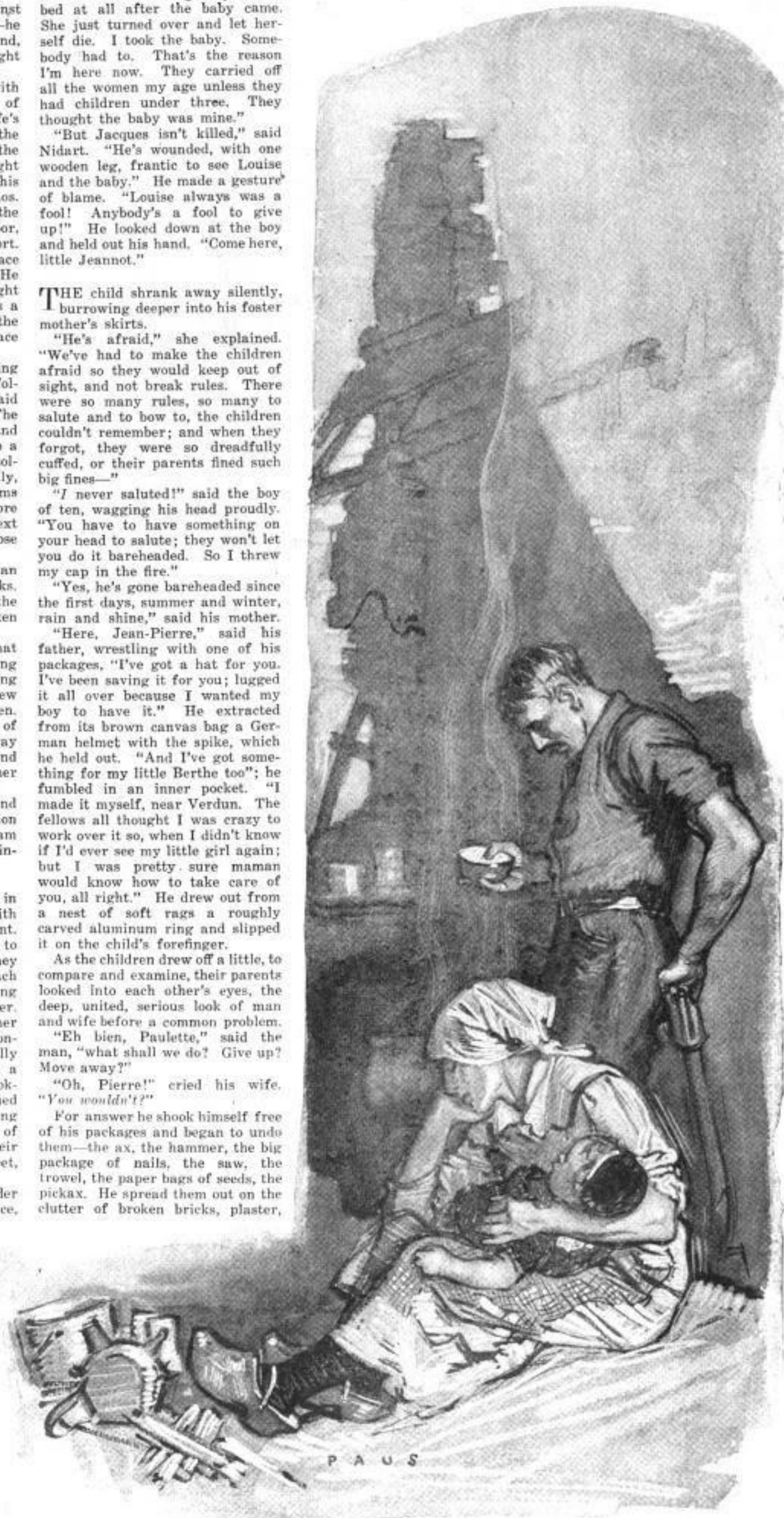
"Oh, Pierre!" cried his wife. "You wouldn't?"

For answer he shook himself free of his packages and began to undo them—the ax, the hammer, the big package of nails, the saw, the trowel, the paper bags of seeds, the pickax. He spread them out on the clutter of broken bricks, plaster,

splintered wood, and looked up at his wife. "That's what I bought on the way here."

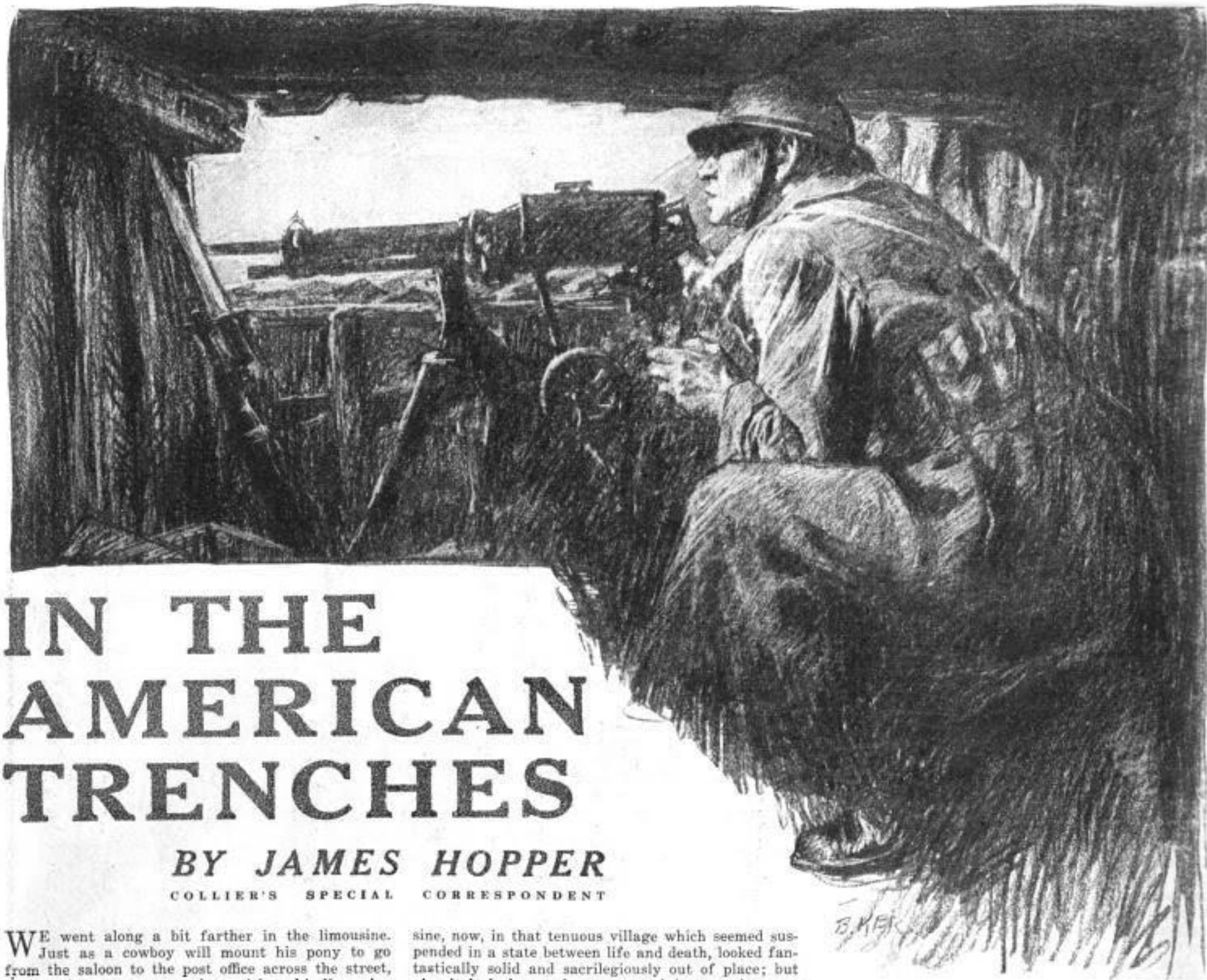
His wife nodded. "But have you had your breakfast? You'd better eat something before you begin."

While he ate his bread (Continued on page 27)



At noon they went back to the fire burning under the open sky





# IN THE AMERICAN TRENCHES

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

WE went along a bit farther in the limousine. Just as a cowboy will mount his pony to go from the saloon to the post office across the street, so does the war correspondent stick to his limousine to the last extremity. It was now an automobile without horn or lights, though, mute and blind, groping along a black road, furtive and muffled, all its insolence gone. The road was camouflaged; when our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness we could see, thanks to the vague milkiness which filtered from the moon through heavy banks of cloud, a sort of high screen to our left, made of long poles twined with twigs and leaves; and once, when we stopped to make sure of the way, my electric torch, winked for a moment, lit up a sign which said—or whispered—"Attention: l'ennemi vous voit" ("Beware: the enemy sees you"). This meant that from some observation post the German held this part of the road under his eye—my electric torch went out abruptly. We turned to the left, by the immobile shadow of a traffic policeman, looking exactly like the one at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue if you'll whelm that one in night and silence and helmet him mysteriously, and after a moment entered a village. The limousine stopped, and this time we left it.

## "How Fast Can You Get Your Mask On?"

IT was the most empty, the most silent village. We were on a wide main street; as far as we could see before us, and to the right and the left, there was not the smallest point of light, the slightest squeak of any sound—not the eyes of a cat nor the scurry of a rat. The stone houses had queer, distorted attitudes; they seemed to wring their hands and to scream voicelessly. Going up to them, we could look, through holes that had been windows, right up into the sky through holes that had been roofs; the houses were mere ghosts, the village a wraith. A chapel drew me by its apparent solidity. But it was the same. Standing in the Gothic arch of the entrance, at the head of the half-pulverized steps, and looking upward, I could see nothing but the sky—the heavy dome of cloud vaguely phosphorescent with moon—and where the altar had been there was a bush, almost as big as a tree, with one branch that looked like a witch astraddle.

We had left the machine up against a wall for shelter, and the chauffeur had vanished into the earth—into a dugout, I surmise, where he had friends (chauffeurs have friends everywhere). The limou-

sine, now, in that tenuous village which seemed suspended in a state between life and death, looked fantastically solid and sacrilegiously out of place; but also it looked very lonesome, and it seemed wrong to leave it thus alone. We did, though; we had come to the utmost limit allowed to machines; it was afoot that we made for the other end of the village. And while in a little solid group, as incongruous as the limousine, we tramped through this unreal scenery, reality and the moment suddenly reasserted themselves. Deep somewhere in the night, something boomed heavily, followed by a clearer, nearer crash. The sound spread, was taken up and imitated; a half-lazy, half-interested artillery game began—big guns, startled for some reason or other, baying, but without much conviction. There would be dull booms, then clear, vicious cracking detonations nearer, and once in a while something traversed the sky above like an invisible rocket, with a long hiss which seemed to travel from horizon to horizon. It was as if Old Dame Slaughter, deep asleep in the middle of the night, had stirred vaguely with mutterings of a bad dream.

At the end of the street we dived into a dugout—a deep, solid little place, snug and warm, where we found the intelligence officer—a captain—who was to guide us on our onward journey. He said: "How fast can you get your gas mask on?"

I have said that you can tell if you are getting toward the front by the villages you go through and by the houses of the people you visit. You can also tell by the concern displayed toward your mask. When you leave on your trip, some one or other will say carelessly: "You'd better take a gas mask along." You take it along, and throw it at the bottom of the limousine, and forget it. At some stage of the journey some one says: "You had better string your gas mask on," and you sling it on, loosely, letting it hang upon your hip. Further on you are told to place it at the ready, and you hitch it up to its place beneath your chin. Then you get to a place where an officer says: "How fast can you get your mask on?"

I answered I had never had one on; that last time I was at the front they had not been invented.

Our intelligence officer put on an air of exaggerated horror, and said: "I'm going to give you a little lesson in putting it on." Upon which I was made to practice a while. I found the art more difficult than I thought. The mask is a rubber contrivance, with two goggles, and it covers your whole

face. Once you have it on, your only communication with the outside world is through a rubber tube connected with the little reservoir, filled with filtering material soaked in neutralizing chemicals, which hangs still on your chest tightly; you take the end of the tube between your teeth and breathe through that, your nose meanwhile being closed by two little pieces of wood, connected by a spring, which pinch your nostrils together. That is, they are supposed to. But they didn't hold mine. I didn't know till then what a stubborn nose breather I am. At my first attempt the little piece of wood flew off my nose violently; I took a deep breath through my indomitable nostrils and exhausted, of course, what little air was in the mask, which immediately sucked in flat against my face. For the next breath there remained no air—I began to drown, right there in that place without water, while everybody laughed. Even then I didn't breathe in by the tube held between my teeth: I had to snatch off the mask, purple-faced. Well, the captain held me practicing till I had got the hang of the odious instrument, then said consolingly: "That mask of yours doesn't fit, anyway; it's much too small; it would let the gas through."

## The Chatelain of the Castle

AFTER which the captain took us to see his maps. These were in an old château near by, one of the rooms of which he had made his office and workshop. We stood in the ruins of a garden a while, listening to the cannonade—dull boomings of heavy guns, resonant arrivals and, now and then, that long, ripping sound as though of a rocket hissing from horizon to horizon and tearing in two a sky made of paper—while in the distance, to the north, the east, and the west, flares of an incredibly violent whiteness of light rose in the darkness, hung long, then died slowly out with a few last luminous crumbs. We then entered the castle, groping blindly behind our guide across a large hall with stone flooring, our feet striking now and then resonances of huge vaults, then up a stone stairway with balustrades of marble, stepping carefully, to the words of warning of our leader, over strange voids, holes, and missing steps. Upstairs was a long corridor, along sashless windows. The captain opened a door, and



we entered his domain—a large room with a Gothic fireplace at one end. It was lighted by one guttering candle, and in its poor light a young French soldier, a boy with large brown eyes and curly hair, was working, bent over a long table. As a matter of fact, he was working on a map, but he seemed to have been here forever in this old castle, toiling upon an urgent, minute, and interminable task—the chate-lain of the castle, bewitched. The old place had been gutted of furnishings, but the many maps upon the wall rustled like tapestry to invisible currents of air, and small cavalcades of rats passed overhead. A battery of heavy guns near by let loose suddenly; the whole pile rocked and shook to its deep foundations.

### Following Mercury

WHEN the intelligence officer had shown us, on his maps, to what point of the front-trench system we were going, we started on the last lap of our journey. We passed through the village again, and by our limousine, which looked very lonely and vulnerable there against its wall, and then went out into open country. To the right and the left plains spread dimly, houseless, treeless, untenanted and dead, unstirred even by whir of wing or squeak of small rodent. The melted snows, the rains, had converted them into a sea of mud, and across this sea the road went straight, narrow, and hard as a causeway, and so empty that it seemed impossible anyone could ever have traveled it. Once in a while we plumped into a shell hole, icy water above the knees; the strange half light, passing through heavy clouds, transformed all shapes into deceitful semblances. The cannonade was gradually ceasing, and giving way to the intermittent stuttering of machine guns, and ceaselessly, now on one side, now on the other, now before us, the Very lights hung themselves above the horizon, violet-white, violent, and spectral.

We came at length to the headquarters of the colonel of the regiment. This was among the stumps and vestiges of a murdered hamlet. The lower part of the one chaumière, the outer skin of which still stood, had been heavily rebuilt into a low shelter of heavy beams and concrete. Just five minutes before our arrival, we found, a big shell had passed through a corner of the old roof and had fallen into what once had been the peasant's cabbage patch. We viewed the very respectable hole made in the much-fertilized soil (the shell seemed to have turned and turned in it like a dog preparing his bed), and then were invited inside.

The room, low and heavily beamed, was filled with tobacco smoke and fragrance of hot coffee; two small lamps, half smothered, threw gleams on strong faces above a rough table; the colonel and his staff were here (no one sleeps at night in the first-line positions), close to the telephones—their eyes caved in with long vigils, their clothes coated with the mud of frequent inspections. A runner was ordered for us, and when he had reported we went on again, following him.

A runner is a soldier who is used because of his instinct of direction and his knowledge of the trenches. In peaceful moments he guides staff officers on their visits through the intricacy of the narrow guts or reliefs coming in or out. But during an attack or a raid, when the telephone wires have all been cut and the rockets signal wildly, he is the last resort, the last means of communication between the front line and the commanding post, and it is he who, link in the running relay, bears urgent messages—calls for help or rigid orders—through barrage fires, through very hells of fire and destruction. The runner walking ahead of us with a long, elastic step was very young—a slim lad built on greyhound lines. The long rubber boots which he wore to the hips, the sleeveless, tight leather jerkin above, defined his athletic slenderness—and suddenly something I had sought in my mind for several hours came to me: I knew what he looked like, what so many young lads I had seen this day looked like under their small, straight-brimmed helmets. He—and they—looked like the god Mercury, Mercury of the winged feet—or,

rather, like pictures and statues I had seen of him (I've never seen the real Mercury).

For a little while longer we followed the road, at first with a few stumps of destroyed houses to right and left, then with only the immensity of the spongy plain. The batteries were going back to sleep one by one—a lone boom once in a while—but the Very rockets, now nearer, lighted up the whole earth at intervals with an unearthly light and our faces as well. Machine guns too were stuttering. Tat-a-tat one would say and then abruptly stop, then another Tat-a-tat-tat and another Tat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat, while a last one unrolled its whole belt in sudden, frenzied decision. Then insensibly we left the road and took to a path by its side, and insensibly the path sank itself into the earth, and before we knew it the path had become a trench, a communication trench. First we were within it up to our knees, then to our thighs, then to our necks—and to an observer outside (but, thank the Lord, there wasn't any) we would have looked like a line of heads solemnly sliding along the surface of the plain. Finally our eyes too sank beneath the level of the earth, and we proceeded narrowly imprisoned to the right and the left, with just one opening to take, a narrow slit of an opening, ever ahead. From the manner in which a leprous spot of sick light, which marked the moon behind the clouds, shifted now to the right, now to the left, we knew our way was a winding one, but most of the time our attention was entirely taken up with the problem of merely proceeding, of following that diabolical runner who led the way so lightly. The gut we followed had been dug through a land soaked and re-soaked. Whenever, losing our balance, we put out a hand against one of the walls, that hand sank in something cold and clammy; whenever a shoulder struck, great flakes of diluted earth fell to the bottom. That bottom was much worse than the sides. Three-quarters of its width was taken up by a narrow walk of slats. Sometimes this little walk was

and landed with a ploop into the drainage ditch at the side. At other times again it was visible, but that was because it floated across a little lake. You stepped with mistaken confidence upon the nearer end of a section of slats, and abruptly found yourself in water to the hip, while the whole section, uprearing, came up to the perpendicular and slapped you in the face. Soon we were balls of mud; painfully waddling, and every once in a while, what with the necessity for silence, we would have to group close to control a mad fit of laughter and keep it down, through mutual severity and exchanges of warning, to smothered chucklings that hurt our poor ribs. And with some stupefaction we thought: "Here we are, come from the far States across the sea; here we are, in the midst of the greatest convulsion of all times; here we are, in one of the foremost bastions of the greatest war of all times—and we are laughing like fools!"

### The P. C.

AFTER a long time of this the communication trench became a fighting trench. We dived into a hole right in its side, crawled down a few rough steps, and found ourselves in the P. C.—the post of commandment: in other words, the captain's dugout. The captain was sitting on the upper of the two bunks, and two of his officers were sharing the bunk with him. The reason no one was using the lower bunk was that, from its earthen wall, a thin stream of chocolate-hued water was ceaselessly dripping. The fluid collected on the floor and floated its slatting. The huge-beamed ceiling was so low one had to be bent all of the time, and between the bunks and the small table against the other wall was just man width. The whole place, filled as it was with tobacco smoke, reeked nevertheless with another and more powerful smell—that penetrating odor of deep, wet earth which is so loathsome to man because so suggestive of his last habitat.

We had coffee there, in the dugout—coffee offered by a mysterious hand which emerged from a sort of low tunnel, the beginning of some abandoned sap, in which evidently were lodged the cook, the strikers, and the kitchen. Then the captain dressed to go out with us by the simple act of leaping down from his bunk into his big rubber boots, which stood at the ready on the floor below. A captain in a trench never sleeps nor undresses at night—nor in the day, with the possible exception of a little two hours' nap. I liked that captain. He seemed very young; he looked like the captain of a football team, and he had the same simple, calm, and alert efficiency which one finds in a good captain of a good football team. But he had been now seven days in the trench, and there were lines in his face which one doesn't find in the face of the captain of a football team.

### A Wedge

WE went out with the captain and, winding, reached the very first-line trench. We picked up on the way the lieutenant of the platoon. His home was a sort of little dog niche, just wide enough for a bunk, scooped out of the wall of a short gut between the first and second trench; he rose from it like a jack-in-the-box—a tall young fellow with head shaven under the helmet. As may be seen, our excursion had been in the form of a wedge, penetrating always farther toward the boche and narrowing ever from organization to organization—from army to corps, from corps to division, from division to brigade, from brigade to regiment, from regiment to company, from company to platoon. We were now with the platoon.

Well, we visited thoroughly the bit of France held by this platoon. It was all trench, of course. In spite of the darkness, through our sense of touch and the dim ghost of light that came through the clouds, we could see that the ground was bad. We were in the water all the time now, and the trenches were shallow, hardly higher than one's head. There

were places where cave-ins had occurred, and the fresh trace of shovels recently used could be seen; sometimes sacks of sand had restored a fallen wall; and there were places so

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We kept meeting our soldiers, our boys, singly or in little groups

out of sight altogether beneath a two-foot layer of liquid mud. Sometimes it was vaguely visible, humped over a bit of firmer stuff, and then one slipped from it as from the back of a greased pig



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## Stemming the German Tide

A British "heavy" on the Picardy battle line, photographed at the moment of firing. The barrel is in full recoil position. The man in the foreground is setting the time fuses on shrapnel shells



# THE CREDIT SIDE OF OUR WAR LEDGER

BY WILLIAM C. GORGAS  
SURGEON GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

THE greatest credit item which the Army medical corps has placed upon the war ledger, in the six months that the men have been in camp, is the prevention of some 13,000 cases of venereal disease. This is the number of men who would have had sex maladies, gonorrhea or syphilis, had they stayed in civil life, and who have remained healthy and fit only because we went to war.

This figure is conservative: reckons only our advance, in the conquest of this disease, over the army conditions of peace times. If civilian figures were available, the credit would be greater. Among new men entering the army, we always find a much larger percentage of infection than among seasoned soldiers. In a recent report from twenty-nine representative camps, 83 per cent of the venereal cases were incoming men. In preventing these diseases, we are also preventing their horrible after effects.

Our measure of success in stamping out venereal disease has come from compulsory education in the army, from medical treatment, disciplinary measures, and from community co-operation. The army rate for peace times, although it was a gratifying reduction from civil rates, still was higher than our present figure because of the indifference of the public.

Community sources of infection were not within the control of our medical corps. Now that the army is growing to millions, and every family or so has a son in it, we find it easier to arouse interest. Sources of infection are being wiped out, prostitution suppressed, alcohol prohibited, education on the subject promoted, and wholesome recreational facilities provided in camp and community. Imperfect as are our results, they represent, as far as we can tell, the best ever yet obtained in any part of the world. They come from only six months for organizing the proper machinery and another six months for installing it in camp and community. The next six months should make a still better showing.

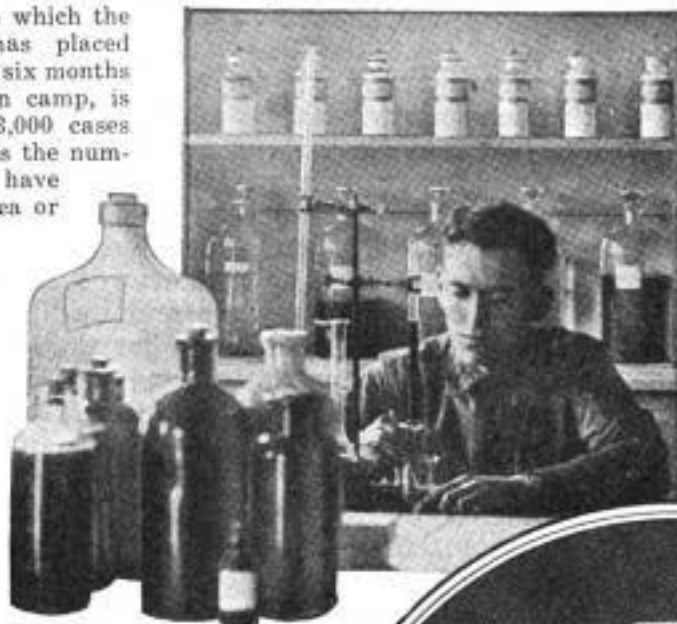
Eight hundred cases of alcoholism have been cured during our camp experience. This is another condition that comes to us from civil life when the men are drafted. These men may backslide at some future time, when they are released from military supervision, but for the time being, at least, 800 lives have been rendered normal and temperate.

## Unsuspected Defects Revealed

A GOOD many of our men have been taken into camp from areas which are known to have a large amount of malaria. It is a disease difficult for the individual to combat because of the costs of preventive measures, which involve the draining of streams, the straightening of their banks, the clearing of underbrush, the leveling of ditches and cutting of new ditches, the extensive use of oil on large bodies of water, the screening of dwellings, and continued medical treatment. Such costs are freely incurred for the protection of the soldiers.

Tuberculosis is another item to consider in the auditing of our health account. Frank tuberculous disease naturally excludes a man from entry, but all cases are not frank. Indeed, we have had men of strikingly splendid physique who turned out to have large active tubercular lesions. It is because of this fact that although the lungs of every registrant are examined for entry, and doubtful cases are referred to the medical advisory board and reexamined, and the men are all examined again upon arriving in camp, we are making still another examination of all the men in military service whom we can reach at this time, and still finding a small number of cases. Those which develop in the line of duty are cared for at special Government sanatoria. Mostly we are obliged to discharge them, in due course of time; but the treatment they receive, which in many instances they never could have afforded in civil life, and the educational benefits of their army and sanatorium experience, give them a protection against the disease which they did not previously have.

"Soldier's heart" is a term for classifying a variety of functional heart disturbances which are



Each base hospital has a full modern equipment

uncovered in camp life. Even though we examine registrants for heart defects, and all doubtful cases are again examined by the Medical Advisory Board, we still find heart irregularities on our third examination in camp, or later during the course of training. I cannot give exact figures as to how many of them we have reclaimed in the six



All mouths are put in a sanitary condition

months' work, but I believe I am justified in estimating as good results as they have had in England, where they have employed similar measures, and where 25 per cent of the cases of "soldier's heart" have been restored to full efficiency, and another 25 per cent to limited service.

Preparations are now under way for preventing the development, in many cases, of functional heart disturbance. Previously all men have fared alike as to training, whether they came from inactive occupations or from those involving heavy muscular activities. The sudden transition for men of inactive habits to strenuous physical exertion has been responsible for the uncovering of some of these heart weaknesses. Graded exercises will now be arranged for men of this type, to fit them by degrees for the heavy demands of full military duty.

In this group of men we shall include a number of types of slight physical defect, some of which, experience has shown us, break down under too sudden strain. A good many foot cases will thus be salvaged. There are no positive figures, but our orthopedic surgeons estimate that about 10 per cent of all the disabilities developing in camp have something to do with the feet.

The number of chronic cases of stomach disorder which our half year's medical work has uncovered is another indication of the amount of health saving which the war has brought about. A specialist from my office, who has recently made a survey of such cases in a number of camps, estimates that we are

restoring to health at the rate of 2,000 to 3,000 cases in a year. Many of these men have stomach or duodenal ulcers, or other digestive disorders with decidedly disastrous possibilities. In many instances they would have had no medical treatment, if they had remained at home, until they reached the incurable stage. The most highly scientific diagnostic measures are available to all these men regardless of expense. The cost of examination by laboratory and X-ray methods is generally \$50 to \$100, and this does not reckon the cost of subsequent medical treatment.

The teeth of young male Americans, as we view them on entry to the camp, appear in varying stages of highly dangerous neglect. Not only are all mouths put in a sanitary condition, but bridge, crown, and plate work are permitted, and the men are thoroughly instructed in oral hygiene. The relation of tooth decay and gum infection to heart trouble, appendicitis, and other organic illnesses is only beginning to be recognized by the public.

Approximately 15,000 cases of defective nervous and mental organization have been brought to light by the mobilization. Of these about 80 per cent have been sent back to civil life, as material unavailable for army purposes, but 20 per cent are being greatly improved in health and efficiency. The governor of Arkansas has sent to my office for a list of all soldiers from his State discharged for nervous and mental diseases, with a view to giving them special care. It is to be hoped that other States will follow this good example.

Our army death rate from typhoid is almost zero. In civil life this disease is still taking toll.

So widespread is disease that we are accustomed to think of good health as merely its negation. If it were, most of the men whom we accept would be ready at once, as far as their physical condition is concerned, for active fighting. But most men, in seemingly the best of



One reason why the army death rate from typhoid is almost zero

health, are far below their full physical capacity. War is a supreme test, and no man should enter it who has not been scientifically trained to the highest pitch of endurance. To bring him to this point is one of the principal objects of training-camp existence. His meals are carefully calculated as to quantity and proportion of food constituents (and, by the way, the American soldier is the best-fed in the world), he is obliged to eat at regular hours, to exercise a definite amount, to bathe at frequent intervals, to be in bed at a specified time, and to subject himself to a liberal quantity of fresh air. He is also instructed in the elements of hygiene and sanitation. Every man who receives military training will not only know more about the subject of health than he

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# Collier's

## Not a Half-Portion War

THAT last Liberty Loan was finally set at the lower sum of three billions plus because, after compiling many estimates, Secretary McADOO's people finally discovered that our country was going to be able to spend only some twelve or fourteen billion dollars during this present fiscal year instead of twenty-one billions, which had been their second or third guess. The estimates for the coming fiscal year (July 1, 1918, to June 30, 1919) are now being put out on an even grander scale. The talk is of \$15,000,000,000 for the War Department and of a total for all departments running close to \$31,000,000,000. These figures, deservedly much criticized, are as loose as they are large, partly because our country has no real budget system and partly because we have not as yet under direct governmental control any bulk of industrial strength able to produce on such a scale. Time will show what we will be able to do. On this year's cut-down totals our country is raising a larger part of the cost by taxation than is any other nation. This looks well and is well, but should be no source of pride to us, because it means that we have not yet got anything like our full force into the war. When we talk of the difficulties in the way of spending the huge totals now estimated for next year (the same difficulties which cut down our war accomplishment by from 30 to 40 per cent this year) we are really talking of our inability to get into things as we should. The British budget for 1918-19 calls for \$14,500,000,000. It is a fair guess, based on population, natural resources, and development, that our national wealth is about two and a half times that of Great Britain. On that scale we ought to raise during this next year no less than \$36,250,000,000, and the results obtained by spending it ought to make a real dent in Germany. The present task for all of us is to give up the useless things of peace to which, even now, far too much of our energy is devoted, and to set ourselves for the stern work of freedom. The task of our leadership is to make us do that.

## Germany and Alsace

THE late CHARLES DILKE, a great British Radical, at first regarded France and not Germany as the attacking power in the Franco-Prussian War—which paved the way for the war of 1914. In one of his books DILKE wrote that "if the English race has a mission in the world, it is surely this: to prevent peace on earth from depending on the verdict of a single man"—and the sentence was written against LOUIS NAPOLEON, not against the Hohenzollern or BISMARCK. Later, DILKE saw the facts as they were. You may read of this conversion in the massive "Life" of DILKE which an Irish parliamentarian, STEPHEN GWYNN, contributes. On one occasion DILKE quoted the words of an Alsatian deputy in the German Reichstag, in 1874:

Had you spared us, you would have won the admiration of the world, and war had become impossible between us and you. As it is, you go on arming, and you force all Europe to arm also. Instead of opening an age of peace, you have inaugurated an era of war; and now you await fresh campaigns, fresh lists of killed and wounded, containing the names of your brothers and your sons.

It is not passion or prejudice that made CHARLES DILKE add: "The view of this Alsatian deputy is my view. I do not believe that might makes right." It is not prejudice or passion that interests such men of state as the French Socialist ALBERT THOMAS or the American peace lover WOODROW WILSON in the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France as one of the bases of the world's peace. In fighting for justice we are also fighting for the restoration of the lost provinces to the French—remote as that result may seem at this stage of the war, judged on the basis of actual operations.

## Americans!

"ELEVEN per cent of the Massachusetts population can't write or read English," says a news dispatch to the New York "Globe." In the next column of the "Globe" one reads of the brave stand made by certain New England troops against German attacks on their part of the line. "The men engaged were 60 per cent Italian and Polish by descent," one of their proud officers—in civil life a Connecticut school-teacher—tells the "Globe" correspondent. It would be an error to deduce from these two clippings from a New York newspaper that the best Americans of 1918 are the Americans who can't read and write English. Yet something may, all the same, be fairly inferred. Here at home the roll of

foreign-born or foreign-derived national administrators includes such alien-sounding names as Baruch, Rosenwald, Goethals (but we're told that Goethals is a Belgian name), Warburg, Schwab, and Frankfurter (the new "Assistant Labor Administrator"); abroad, our Polish American and Irish American and Italian American and German American soldiers have been making good alongside our Anglo-Americans and Other-American mixtures of blood and language and tradition. Little-minded men cannot much longer fail to realize that a man's name indicates as much about his patriotism and usefulness as the name of his favorite flower or the size collar he wears.

## To Make "Straight Americans"

SPEAKING of "German Americans," there is the poet HERMANN HAGEDORN. HAGEDORN, most of whose family is in Germany, and whose Tory kinsmen have been fighting for the Kaiser, naturally inclined toward the German side of the argument while America was drifting. Since America has ceased to drift, he has seen the issue like the American he is: so much so that the semiofficial Cologne "Gazette" refers to his "unholy activities" in organizing the society called "Friends of a German Republic" and delicately classifies the members of that organization as "dirty pigs" (*Schmutzfinken*). But it is not enough for us to recognize the loyalty and the democratic spirit of our Hagedorns and Schiffs and Franz Sigel juniors. Here is a passage from a letter written by HERMANN HAGEDORN:

The great body of Americans of German origin are absolutely loyal. They know that America is their home, their only possible home henceforth. A good many of them realize that somehow or other they have been running on the wrong track these last three years. They want to get back to the main line. They want to feel that they "belong."

In that mental attitude lies a great opportunity for other Americans. The German Americans can be won over absolutely by an expression on the part of other Americans of trust and desire for friendly cooperation. Do these other Americans want to root out German secret agents? No one wants to root them out more ardently than the German American, for he recognizes that every misdeed of a German agent makes his own position more difficult. Do these other Americans want men and women for work on Liberty Loan committees, Red Cross committees, and the like? The majority of German Americans are hungry for an opportunity to work shoulder to shoulder with their fellow citizens. They don't want to be made to feel that they are outside the pale.

There is one infallible means to make German Americans into straight Americans, and that is to treat them as such until they prove themselves otherwise.

Already they have earned the right to this treatment. They have earned it here at home—and over there, on the right side of the battle front in France.

## Are You a "Gentleman"?

PERTURBATION has been caused among certain residents of New York State by the new law which stipulates that all able-bodied males from eighteen years of age to fifty, inclusive, must be "habitually and regularly engaged in some lawful, useful, and recognized business, profession, trade, or employment until the termination of the war." Most male citizens can probably prove their callings legal and recognized. But this word "useful"—what dangerous possibilities it opens up! Magazine editors, fiction writers, toe dancers, and sword swallowers can, obviously, demonstrate their use in diverting more solid persons from too much war-time care. But other cases offer more difficulty. How about bartenders and beauty doctors and politicians? It is (we understand) the "recognized business, profession, trade, or employment" of stock gamblers to provide champagne and diamonds for chorus girls. Writers of stupid plays have an incalculable use in the lives of dramatic critics. CHARLIE MURPHY and HEARST and the "German spy" are similarly indispensable to hordes of editorial writers and cartoonists who, without such objects of righteous anger, might be at a real loss to earn a living. But can the usefulness of all these uses be shown before the law? We'd hate to be some lawyers hired to prove that theirs is a useful "profession, trade, or employment." Who is to interpret this most perilous verbiage?

## The Pessoptimist

THERE are any number of optimists who are confident that things will come out all right in the end. HOUSTON's is the much rarer case of the optimist who hopes for the worst, or something near it. "The news in the papers is very good this morning," says



# Editorials



HOUSTON. "I see where they are determined to put over conscription on the Irish, and the Irish are getting ready to fight. It's encouraging."

"Oh," one says.

"And there are the Clyde engineers threatening to go out on strike again if something isn't done about the beer ration. It's good news."

"Oh," one says.

"Here at home," says HOUSTON, "the spirit of partisanship is running amuck, as this headline puts it, and the aviation program has got mixed up with the Congressional elections. That isn't half bad."

"Are you going in for subdued satire?" one asks.

"Me, satire?" says HOUSTON. "I wouldn't know the fellow if I met him. I am giving you the facts. On the other hand, here's Kaiser Bill crowing over the spirit of perfect unity and cooperation which animates his beloved taxpayers. And it's true too. So much the worse for Bill."

"Houston," one says impatiently. "Don't trot out that moth-eaten stuff about being glad because we are in each other's hair since that is the way of democracy."

"It isn't that at all," says HOUSTON. "Only when I am down in the mouth about the situation out there on the front, it cheers me up to read about Ireland, and the engineers on the Clyde, and the fence builders at Washington. It shows we are not going to lose the war."

"Oh," one says.

"It's this way," HOUSTON elucidates. "I know that LANSDOWNE and CARSON are not animated by the purest of motives. I know their nasty little game. But, after all, if LANSDOWNE and CARSON were afraid of losing the war, do you think they'd take off time to satisfy their little grudge against Mr. DILLON or Mr. DE VALERA? No. And if those Clyde shipbuilders were really afraid of the Kaiser they wouldn't be thinking of their beer so hard. And in Washington, if they expected the German navy to sail up the Potomac, they wouldn't be laying wires for next November."

"Oh," one repeats.

"In this respect," says HOUSTON, "I rely on the instincts of the average man: and when I read a particularly depressing communiqué from France, I like to look out all over the Allied world and see things a good deal the way they used to be. If the German people stands like one man behind Kaiser Bill, it's because the German people is scared to death. If we go on scrapping among ourselves, it shows a gratifying state of confidence."

One cannot recommend HOUSTON's attitude without reserve, but in the interests of history and human nature his case deserves to go on record.

## Gorgas

GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS, who contributes to this issue of COLLIER'S an article on the work of the United States army Medical Corps, is perhaps the most eminent sanitarian of our times. He it was who made possible the completion of the Panama Canal by changing the Isthmus from one of the plague spots of creation to one of the world's healthiest. When, in 1901, Major WALTER REED and his associates proved that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito, GORGAS, then Chief Sanitary Officer of Havana, set about applying this fact to the sanitation of the Cuban capital. In three months Havana was freed from yellow fever for the first time in 150 years. GORGAS became Chief Sanitary Officer at Panama in 1904, and his work in ridding the Canal Zone not only of yellow fever, but of all dangerous infectious diseases, is his outstanding achievement. Before becoming surgeon general, in 1915, GORGAS investigated the cause of the high mortality from pneumonia among the miners of the Rand, South Africa; and, more recently, he has made a survey of the breeding places of yellow fever in South America. GORGAS believes that, if yellow fever can be eradicated from these "endemic foci," the disease will entirely disappear. Lately, GORGAS has not only done his uttermost for the health and well-being of the enlisted men, but has transformed the army Medical Corps from a handful of efficient officers into a greatly expanded organization of equal efficiency, capable, we believe, of meeting the great demands which may be put upon it as the war goes on. Officers returning from the western front state that the American army medical establishment is there regarded as the best in the field.

## Clucking for Uncle Sam

THE country came up to scratch on the third Liberty Loan—no doubt about that!—and at a Liberty Loan meeting at Cheyenne Wells, Colo. (a town of 400 inhabitants), the people subscribed \$10,000. They held a Red Cross auction on the same occasion, and a calf was sold for \$1,190 and a hen brought \$113; and we city people miss the fun of auctions like that in spite of all our parades and band music. While the bidding was going on, that Cheyenne Wells hen laid an egg, and when the hen began to cackle, the auctioneer promptly knocked down the egg for \$1.25. This news from home ought to please the seventy-two men from Cheyenne Wells who are serving in the army or navy.

## Our Railways Are Good—Why?

THOSE who know often speak of our American railways as the best on earth. The underlying reason is fairly well shown in one recent issue of the "Railway Age." In glancing it over we noticed a summary of a 200-page report by a special committee organized over five years ago to investigate the stresses in railway tracks. They made over 250,000 observations on rail strains alone, and the work is continuing. In time we are going to know how a railway track ought to be built and why, instead of leaving the roadbed largely to the professional instinct of the section boss and his gang. Another group of practical men have been getting data as to the transverse fissures or splits in steel rails, and there will be fewer accidents in years to come because of their work. Another paper, bristling with tables and diagrams, tells how to reduce the "dynamic augment" for heavy locomotives. It seems that the big locomotive pounds on the rails because some of its parts are relatively too heavy and that various modern (and lighter) alloys of steel will help cure that bad habit. A fourth paper points out the deep interest in education that railroaders must take if their forces are to have the right human training and intelligence. It appears that our railways ought to cooperate with our public schools. All this from one number of one technical paper, and we have indicated only the high points! Busy brains make good railroading, and the U. S. A. has 'em.

## Reality

IN the worst days of Israel's desolation her prophets saw the hollowness of the tyranny by which she was oppressed. The conquest of Syria or Egypt or Babylonia was bound to fail in the final reckoning because the world's tide runs against the victory of unrighteousness. Across the gulf of three thousand years we can see that truth flaming from the hills of Judea as it flames to-day from the ridges of Picardy and the flats of Flanders. Not that the victory of the right comes of itself, for the arms of good men must advance it—but, through good and evil report, justice is strong and despotism is failing. An Irish poet, named DUNSANY, now a captain in the British army, has put this vision into words that will live:

They are mirage towns. The farms grow Dead Sea fruit. France recedes before the imperial clutch. France still smiles, but not for him. His new towns seem to be his because their names have not yet been removed from any map, but they crumble at his approach because France is not for him. His deadly ambition makes a waste, before it as it goes clutching for cities. It comes to them and the cities are not there.

He sees victory near him now. That also will fade in the desert of old barbed wire and weeds. When will he see that a doom is over all his ambitions? For his dreams of victory are like those last dreams that come in deceptive deserts to dying men. There is nothing good for him in the desert of the Somme. Bapaume is not really there, though it be marked on his maps; it is only a wilderness of slates and brick. Peronne looks like a city a long way off, but when you come near it is only the shells of houses. Pozières, Le Sars, Sapignies, are gone altogether.

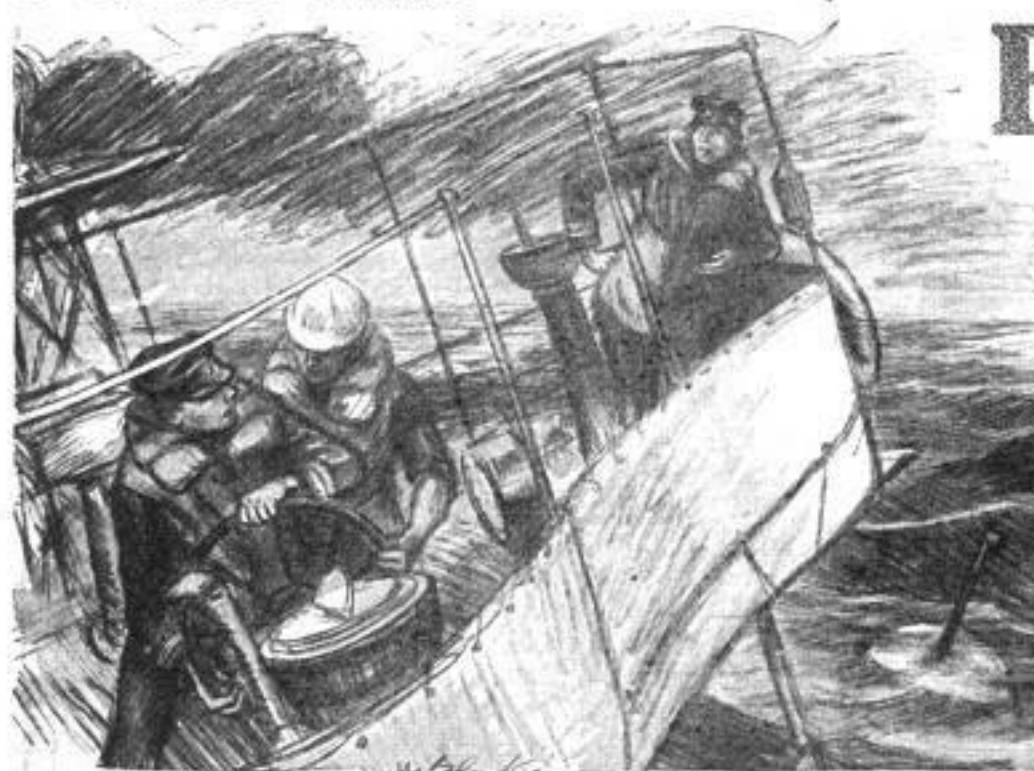
And all is Dead Sea fruit in a visible desert. The reports of German victories are mirage, like all the rest; they, too, will fade into weeds and old barbed wire.

And the advances that look like victories, and the ruins that look like cities, and the shell-beaten, broken fields that look like farms, they and the dreams of conquest and all the plots and ambitions, they are all the mirage of a dying dynasty in a desert it made for its burying place.

Bones lead up to the desert; bones are scattered about it; it is the most menacing and calamitous waste of all the deadly places that have been inclement to man. It flatters the Hohenzollerns with visions of victory now, because they are doomed by it and are about to die. When their race has died, the earth shall smile again, for their deadly mirage shall oppress us no more. The cities shall rise again and the farms come back; hedgerows and orchards shall be seen again; the woods shall slowly lift their heads from the dust; and gardens shall come again where the desert was, to bloom in happier ages that forget the Hohenzollerns.

June 8, 1918





# FLOTILLA SMILES

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

*Suddenly he let drop his glasses, grabbed the wheel, and pulled it hard toward him*

WE were a group of American destroyers convoying twenty home-bound British steamers. There was one big ship, a whale of a P. & O. liner with eight guns, all ready for a raider.

She was a great specimen of camouflaging, like a boiler explosion amidships and her bows appearing to be bent in as we looked at her. She was the only ship in the convoy that was camouflaged; and she rode in stately style two lengths out in front of the others. All of which made her a prominent object. Our officers felt like telling her to dress back; but she had a British commodore aboard; and for an American two- or three-striper to try to advise a British commodore—No, no—it isn't done.

All day long she rode out in front of the column, and all day long our fellows kept saying things about her.

"Isn't she the chesty one!"

"Look at that big squash out there in front—how does she expect any U-boat to overlook her?"

"That big loafer, she'd better watch out or she'll be getting hers before the day's gone!"

U-boats were thick around there. One of them must have come up, looked the convoy over, and said: "Well, there's nothing to this but the big one!" and Bing! let her have it, for it was not yet quite dark when those who were looking at her saw a column like steam go into the air, a black column like coal follow it, and after that a column of water boiling white.

One of our destroyers hopped to twenty-five knots, dumped over a 300-pound "ash can" and got Mister U-boat; and two other destroyers—the 396 and the 384, say—went at once to the job of taking off passengers from the sinking *Oranna*.

That was at five minutes to six. It had interrupted dinner on our ship; but by and by we went back to the wardroom to finish eating. It is always good business to eat—no knowing when a man will be needing a good meal to be standing by him inside. And we were still eating when the messenger came in with a radio. He passed it to the skipper, who read it to himself, whistled, and then read aloud: "Torpedoed—*Clan Lindsay*."

The *Clan Lindsay* was another of our convoy, and she had been within 1,000 yards of our ship when we last came about to zig-zag back across the front of our column.

We looked at one another, and one said: "Well, you got to hand it to Fritz for being on the job every minute." And another: "Yes, but it looks like a big night to-night. Two in an hour! And eighteen more ships and eight destroyers to pick from yet. If he starts off like that, what d'y' s'pose he'll be battling by morning?"

The wardroom on our ship opens on to the ship's galley; and from the ship's galley another door opens on to the deck. Through the open galley door just then came a muffled explosion—a great Woof!

We all thought just one thing—they've got us too!—and we all sort of half curled up, and would not have been a bit surprised if the next instant we found ourselves sailing through the deck overhead. The feeling lasted for perhaps three seconds, and then our skip-

per, looking up at our colored mess boy George, suddenly came out with: "What the devil you laughing at?"

George had been staring through the galley door. Said George: "Cap'n, I see the flame. The galley stove done bust!"

The galley stove on our ship is an oil burner. It had back-fired, and so the loud Woof!

The big liner sank, but not until the two of our destroyers standing by had taken off every one of the 503 passengers, who were mostly soldiers home-bound on leave, the one taking people off the deck, the other picking up the people in the boats. One destroyer—the 396, say—took off 307 of these passengers. Her skipper passed the word by radio to the 384, which had gathered in 196 passengers, including the commodore. The 384 got the message, only she got it 7 instead of 307 rescued.

"Seven survivors!" said the 384's skipper. "I wonder why she radioed that?" And then he doped it: "Of course. She wants us to take off her seven and make one trip of it to port. Of course."

The 384 carried a little motor dory about twelve feet long. Said the skipper to the boson's mate in charge of her: "Go over to the 396 and get her seven P. & O. survivors."

The boson's mate shoved off, lit a cigarette, balanced himself on the gunwale of his twelve-foot dory, and motored out into the night.

Now, aboard the 396 they are busy trying to find space for their 307 passengers, when a lookout hears a Putt! putt! putt! coming over the waters. He listens. The officer of the deck listens. Everybody on the bridge listens: Putt! putt! putt! it comes. The officer of the deck reports to the skipper. The skipper wonders who it can be, when just then a radio message arrives: "Am sending a boat—384."

"Sending a boat? What for?" And then it flashes on him: "Sure! That British commodore she picked

is coming to see how the survivors aboard here are getting on. That's it, and"—he turns to his executive—"you know how these Britishers are for regulations. Even in the midst of a mess like this we'll have to kotow to his rank or he'll probably be writing the department about it. So rouse out six side boys, line 'em up, rig up the port ladder, have the bugler stand by for ta-ra-rums and all that stuff."

The Putt! putt! putt! is coming nearer and nearer. Then from out of the blackness of the ocean they make out a little motor dory; and then, balanced out on the gunwale of the little dory, an American bluejacket.

The captain of the 396 looks down at him, and then into the depths of the dory. Nobody else. "Who are you?"

The bluejacket removes the cigarette from his lips. "I'm from the 384, sir."

"Yes, yes, but what do you want?"

"I've come, sir"—he waved his cigarette stub—"to get the survivors."

## "It Was a Mine"

WHEN the big *Oranna* reported herself torpedoed that evening, a destroyer—not one of ours—picked up the message 100 miles or so away; and at once radioed: "Coming to your assistance—give position, course, and speed."

That was proper and well-intentioned, but as the 384 and the 396 were already standing by, a radio was sent back: "Everything all right—no help needed—thank you."

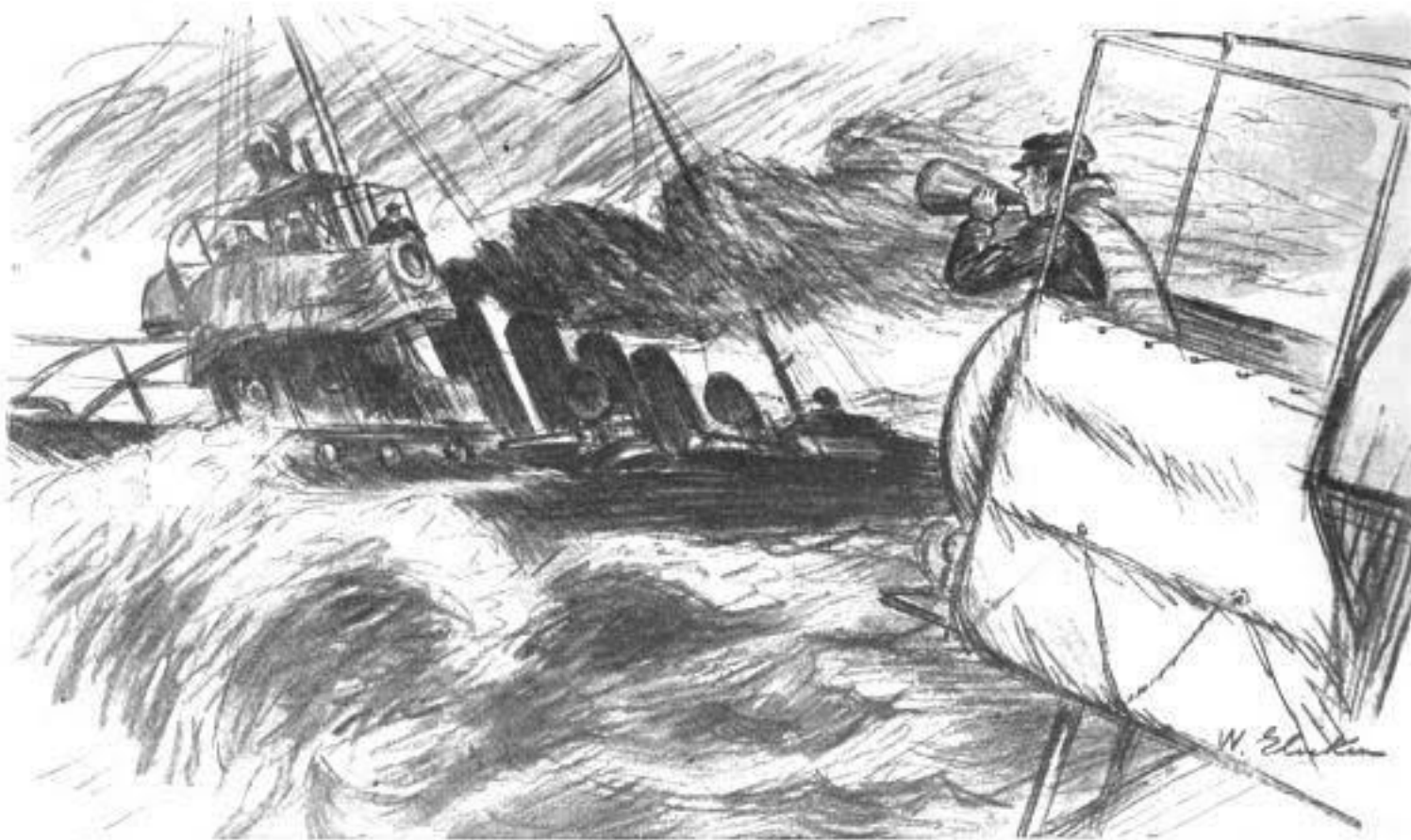
That did not seem to satisfy the inquirer. "Would like to help—give position, speed, and course."

Everybody being busy, nobody bothered to answer that. By and by came another radio: "This is the destroyer Blank—give position, speed, and course."

He was so evidently one of those Johnnies who are always volunteering to do things not needful to be done that nobody paid any further attention to him. But he kept right on sending radios. By and by, for perhaps the seventh time, came: "This is the destroyer Blank—please give position, speed, and course."

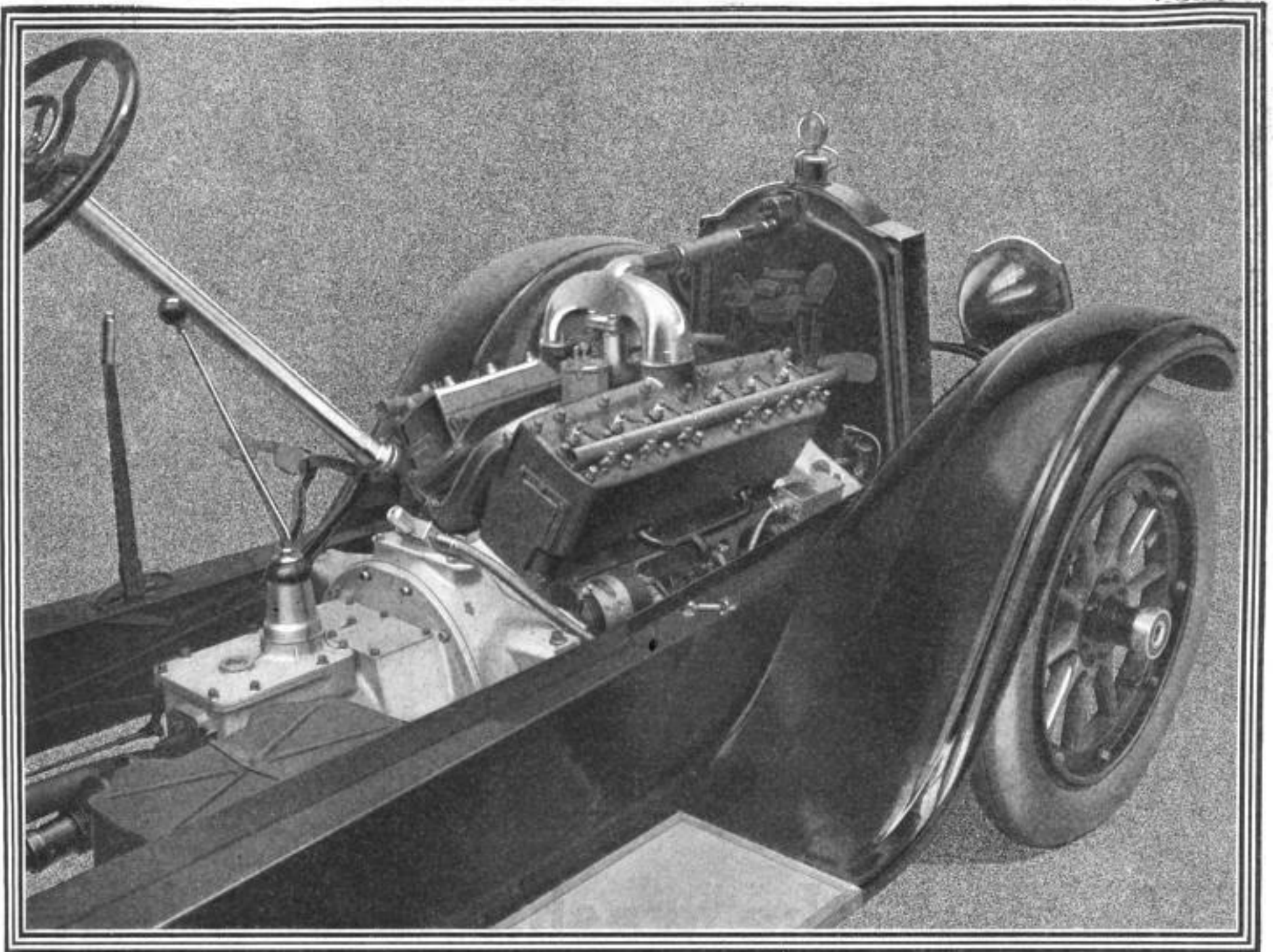
At which some one—nobody seems to know who, but possibly some undistinguished enlisted radio man whose ears were becoming wearied—sparked out into the night: "*Oranna's* position? Between two destroyers. Her speed? About four feet an hour. Her course? Toward the bottom of the Atlantic."

Which wound up the matter—no more urgent radios came to us that night. (Continued on page 32)



As he passed her young Captain Chisholm leaned out from his bridge and hailed: "Call yuh!"





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# THE LEPRECHAUN OF TIN CAN ALLEY

BY RUTH SAWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

IT happened in the borough of a great metropolis. I could name the borough and the city, only there is the danger of setting real-estate prices soaring—especially in connection with those front yards which boast of hawthorn bushes. So you must content yourselves with geographic generalities and a hazy description.

In the olden time, when the metropolis was a small, concentrated, civic unit, Tin Can Alley was the aristocratic suburb. Its families entertained presidents and visiting royalty and it was called something like Sidon-on-the-Heights. Then, after a century of social dominance, it went suddenly out of style, as suddenly as if it had been a lady's garment. The city spread itself like an incoming tide and Tin Can Alley became its damp heap; hence the name. For a score of years its property was quoted at a song; squatters' rights could be had for the asking, and some of the farthest out and most aristocratic of all the houses were torn down to give place to gas tanks and breweries.

And then another change took place. The city's universities commenced to jump like castles in a chess game from the crowded lower end to the extreme upper; professors and their families began poking into the alley in search of homes. Close on the border a line of modern apartment houses sprang up; and beyond them a circle of small brownstone houses with a park in the center; while dotted about the outskirts stood a few of the old mansions—tattered shreds of the neighborhood's past glory. Of course the name changed again. It was put down in telephone directories as Park Hill, and the professors' wives had it carefully engraved thus on their cards; but for all that it was remembered as Tin Can Alley, and the flippant-minded persisted in calling it so.

This brings us to the house of Van Decker and the beginning of the story; and I beg you to bear in mind that it all happened just as I am telling you.

**WILLUM VAN DECKER**—of course he spelled it William, but that makes no difference, for his mother gave it the good Dutch twist when he was christened and the world perpetuated it as he grew up—Willum Van Decker accepted the place of in-

structor in the English department of the City University at a salary of a thousand, with an empty bank account and a full heart. Ever since Willum could remember the Van Deckers had been woefully aristocratic and wishfully poor. It was natural, therefore, that a thousand a year seemed stupendous to Willum until Molly O'Gorman came sailing across his mental and spiritual horizon; and then it dwindled by the minute. She came sailing fresh from her green isle, as empty-pocketed as Willum, with cheeks like Killarney roses and eyes like Killarney lakes, with a mind bubbling full of Celtic fancies and a tongue dripping Celtic poems—many of them her own making. In fact, she had come to sell the poems and, having sold them, she stayed to write more.

From the moment that Willum first cast eyes on her over the edge of a teacup and a half-bitten wafer at an Authors' Club reception to the afternoon on the river bank when he confessed that he hadn't enough cash in hand to buy an engagement ring, he had loved and never stopped longing for Molly. And Molly herself betrayed something of the same state of mind when she answered him: "Wouldn't I have been angry at you then if you had been buying a ring? What good is a ring—tell me that! Sure, we'll be needing the money soon enough for a rug or a set of dishes." Which went to show that in spite of the poetry Molly was practical.

Those who knew them both best prophesied dire results, among themselves, when the engagement was first announced. The aristocratic kin of the Van Deckers felt an O'Gorman was no fit mate for Willum. They wagged their heads, repeating in a horrified tone: "Irish and Dutch! Who ever heard of such a combination? And, my dear, it is simply impossible to imagine what may hang hidden on the lower branches of an O'Gorman family tree."

The literary Bohemians, who knew Molly best, wagged their heads another way. "He'll simply smother her!" they gasped. "He's too literal, too repressed, too silent. He'll snuff out every bit of her genius; dissolve those precious Celtic dreams into thin air. There'll be no more fancies, no more poems; and without those what will happen to Molly?"

So the Bohemians and the Van Decker kin sat up and waited for what they expected to happen; and while they waited and expected, nothing happened. It was not until time had done considerable scudding, and their interested world had made its mind easy concerning them, that things began to go awry. But I am running ahead of my story.

They married and went to housekeeping in one



"I'll give ye a bit of advice—  
if ye'll promise  
not to take it"

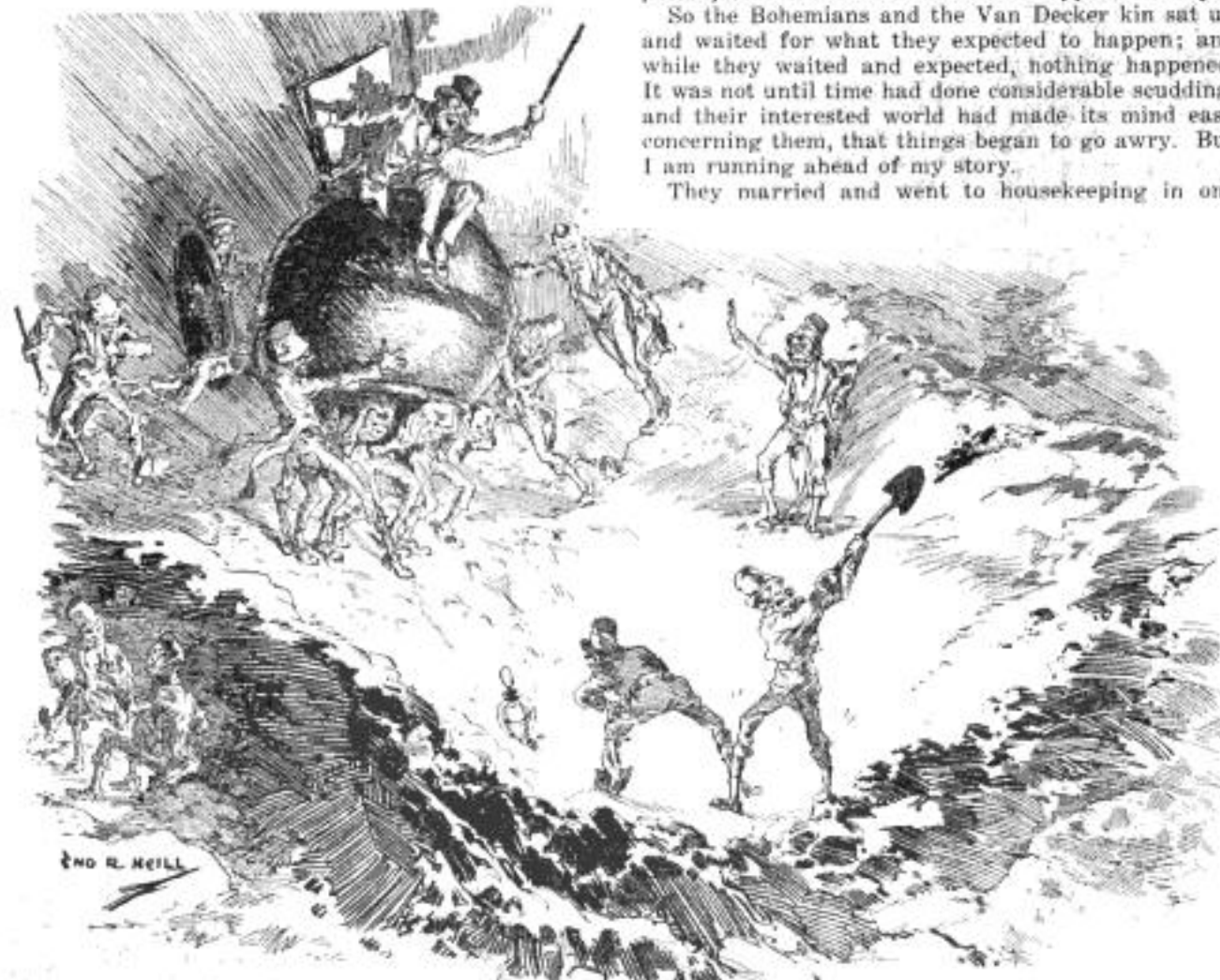
of the littlest of the border-line apartments; and everything went as joyfully as a throstle song. Having a free tongue and a mind eternally spilling over, Molly found peace and restfulness in Willum's repression, and with her ready fancy could read into his silence all the love and adoration that were there. And Willum found himself beginning to talk and dream. It was a veritable Jack Sprat combination. They attacked life with a wholesome, unsated appetite, allowing of no waste to their daily platter. Molly wrote more poems, and better ones than ever before, and set her dream cap for a play—a poetical Irish drama. Willum brought a touch of imagination into his lectures, and on rare occasions even waxed eloquent. The head of his department spoke encouragingly of his work; and Willum's dream of an assistant professorship came true.

"It's all your doing, little girl," he burst forth after reading of his new appointment. "You've turned me from a pedagogue into a human being. Keep on and I'll be a poet myself, some day." And he laughed and swung her high into his arms.

"Maybe it's a bit of Irish yeast gone into a lump of Dutch dough," Molly laughed down at him. She loved his endearing outbursts all the more just because they did not come often or too glibly. "But be careful, lad, don't be letting it raise you too sudden. It spoils the flavor for afterward—and it bakes hard!"

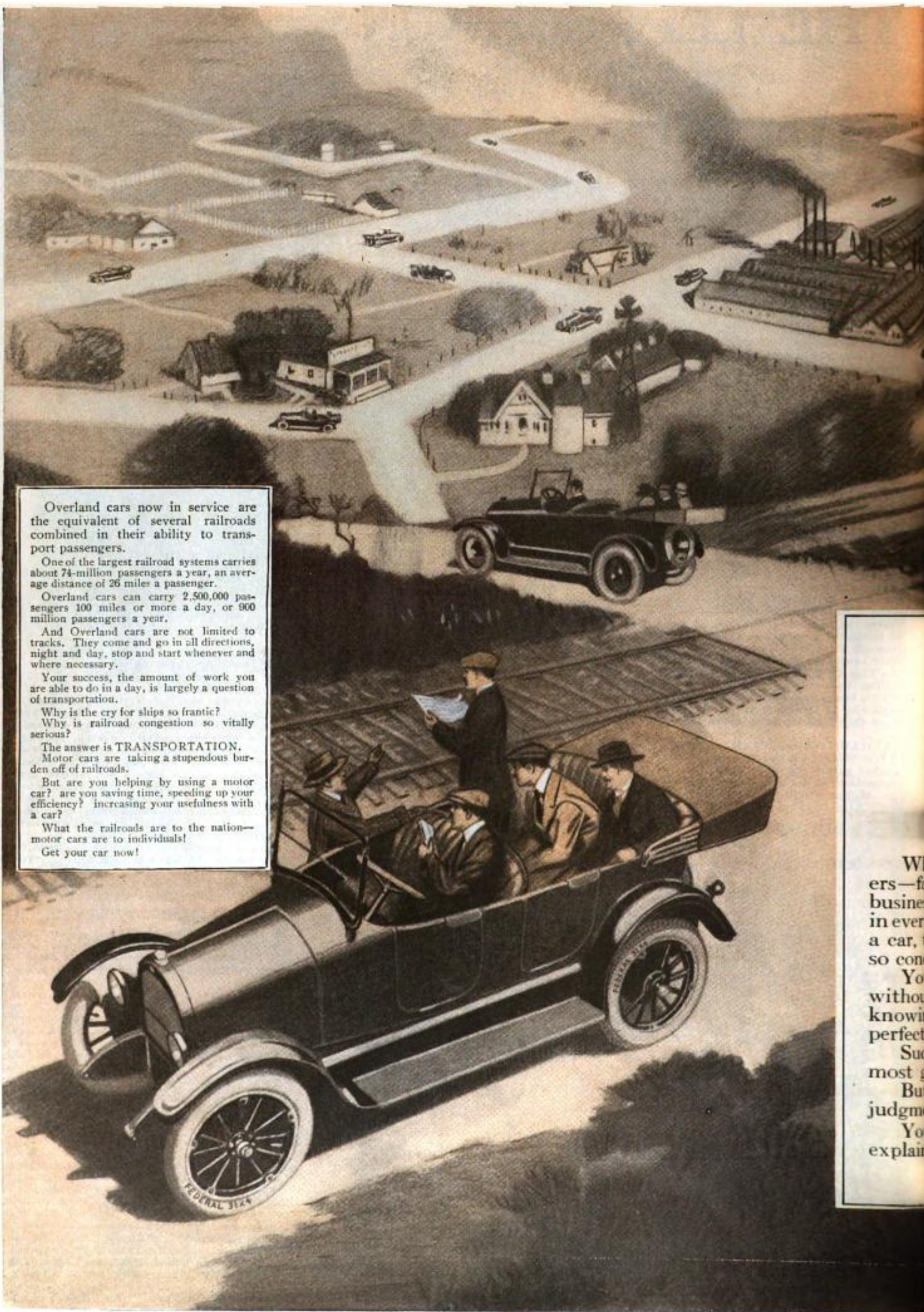
**CLOSE** on the heels of the assistant professorship came Willum Junior. As Molly put it: "So much good luck couldn't be housed in a five-room apartment"; therefore, as soon as she was about again, she and Willum went searching for a home. First of all they looked at one of the stone houses facing the tiny park. The park offered a future playground when Willum Junior should come into possession of his legs and a faculty for adventure. But the rent was too high, the park too small and restricted; and, moreover, there was not enough inside space to meet Molly's dreams of what a home should be for a growing family. So they wandered on to the outer fringe of Tin Can Alley, and there they came upon what was still known as the Van Decker Mansion. It was decidedly seedy and overgrown. It looked as if it had not known good company for more than a decade. It had been swept ruthlessly of grounds and driveway; and the little house at the corner, that might have once been a caretaker's or gardener's lodge, looked far more up in the world than it. But there were two fine old elms shading it, a sunny spot behind large enough for a garden, and on the front lawn grew a hawthorn bush. It was white with blossoms when Molly first saw it.

"And is it related to (Continued on page 23)



Rolled it beyond—where the throstles sing





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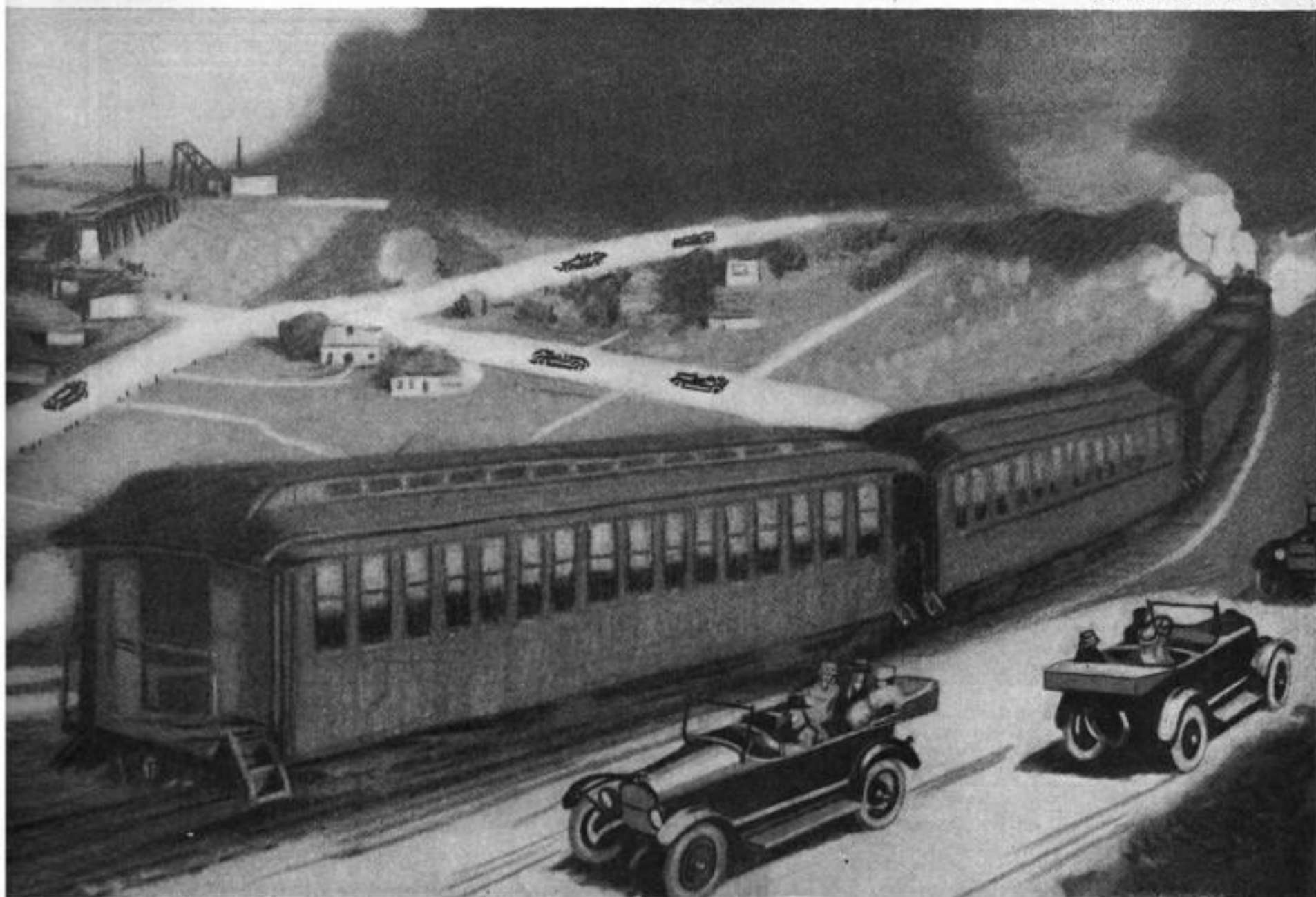
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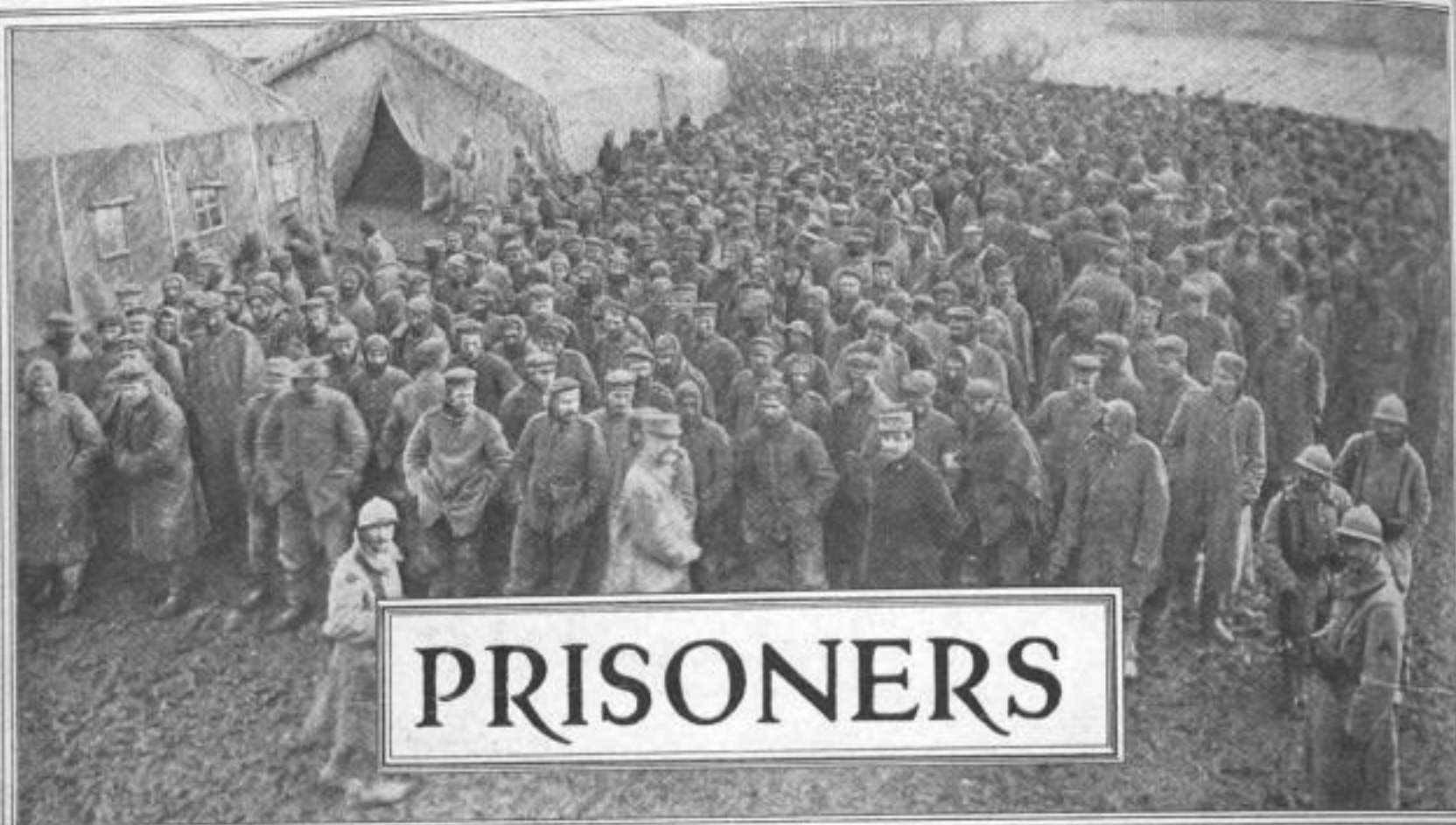
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# PRISONERS

*Notice how many of the Germans shown above have their hands in their pockets. This is not because they are cold, but to keep their trousers on! The French make it impossible for their prisoners to run away by cutting all the buttons off their trousers and then taking away their suspenders*



*German prisoners in France are easily identified by the "PG" stenciled on their clothing. The lettering stands for: Prisonnier de Guerre—prisoner of war*



*A squad of British soldiers captured by the Germans. Notice that they are covering their faces with their caps to avoid being photographed for exhibition use*



*"Sammy" Brings in His First Boches."—A drawing by J. Simont in "L'Illustration" of Paris, commemorating the events of the morning of Feb. 23, 1918, when American troops, in the Chemin des Dames sector, captured their first prisoners*











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## In the American Trenches

Continued from page 9

narrow through slips that even as we scraped through we imagined the walls—like the walls of the torture chamber in one of Poe's fantastic tales—to be slyly approaching each other to catch us like worms. Every once in a while we stopped, and raised ourselves to a firing step, and peered over the parapet. We could see, on the level with our eyes, a few blades of frozen grass (at first we would think they were trees), then, perhaps, a little farther, the pickets of the barbed wire, then nothing—nothing at all except something we knew must be the No Man's Land, but which, soon merged in shadow, did not even seem solid, seemed vaguely to undulate like the sea.

### Our Boys

**AND** then we kept meeting our soldiers, our boys. We would come upon them singly or in little groups, motionless and wrapped in shadow. It was thrilling and strange. They came from our own land, maybe we knew some of them, maybe here was the gay grocer boy of my small town, he who before the war flitted about all day atop his delivery Ford like a swallow catching bugs—but we could not find out. They stood immobile in the dark, and silent, helmeted, booted, and jerked, changed as though by enchantment, mysterious and grim and impenetrable, and so, as we passed by them, we whispered merely: "Good night, boys," and they murmured back huskily: "Good night, sir." Some stood watch by little piles of grenades—small objects that looked like toys, like pretty toys; others stood by a sheaf of rockets—at the slightest menacing movement from the enemy one of those rockets would go high up in the sky, and to the signal the artillery behind would instantly transform the fluid and vague No Man's Land into a hell of steel and fire; each and every one had his duty apportioned, and waited, vigilant and attentive.

We stopped quite a while at a gabionade, a small half-lunar redoubt giving toward the German trenches. We rose on the firing step, and stood half emerged, our waists even with the plane of the earth, protected only by the night, and tried to take in and absorb a larger view than that given in the interminable narrow galleries. The German trenches were before us; we could not see them at all, but their unseen presence, thus, in some way, was all the more impressive. Ahead we could see only the dim barbed-wire pickets, with their strange shapes, sometimes of crouching men, but to the right and the left, as far as the eye could command, white flares were rising and bursting, illumining the horizon long with their savage white light before they died, leaving behind them drooping white tears. The night was wonderfully silent. That is, what noise pierced it was of that quality and intermittence which gives silence its utmost power. The artillery exchange of the first part of the evening had ceased, and only at very long intervals, very far away, there sounded a dull booming, more like the pulse itself of the night than a detonation. Then upon a large slice of silence would come the chatter of a machine or rapid-fire gun. Tat-tat-tat, one would go, then stop abruptly, as though it said: "No, no, I'm mistaken; there's nothing there." But another would say: "By Jove, I don't know, it seems to me there is something there—tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat." And a third: "Oh, my—I'm getting so nervous! I can't hold on any longer! I'm going to let

go—oh-oh, here goes!" and would fire off its whole belt.

We resumed our walk along the first-line trench, and after a time I noticed that we were passing, at regular intervals, little curtains hung seemingly against the wall of the parapet. I raised one of these—and it was not the earthen wall which was behind, but a space hollowed within it. My eyes immediately were attracted in this darkness by the light of a loophole, and then almost at the same time I became aware of a head close by, between me and the loophole, but a little to the left. I dropped the curtain; with the curtain up, that head probably showed in silhouette from the German trenches. The captain was at my elbow by this time. "Go on in if you want to," he said: "but close the curtain quickly."

So I went in, snapping the curtain shut behind me. The place was small and dark; boards were beneath my feet, not mud. The loophole irresistibly drew the eye; from the profound darkness of the place, through the loophole the sky, the horizon, were extraordinarily light, and a sort of dim phosphorescence was on No Man's Land, making it luminous yet vague for perhaps a hundred yards—when it lost itself finally in a fantastic fluidity of black and opalescence. Within, to my right, I could just make out a recumbent figure upon a bench—a young soldier, asleep, and to my left was the man whose head I had first seen. He sat on something I could not discern—a high bench or high stool—and before him was a steel thing which in the obscurity seemed half great quadrant and half gun—a rapid-firer, no doubt. He was a slim lad; he sat very erect and watchful, motionless, his eyes peering fixedly through the loophole. We were very close; we almost touched. I said softly: "Hello," and he, without turning his head, said softly: "Hello." I whispered: "What are you doing?" and he, his eyes never leaving the loophole, whispered back: "From here I have a fine sight across there." Then, as some slight movement brought me nearer, I felt that he was trembling—trembling with eagerness and fine vigilance.

### "Go On Over There"

**I** KNEW now that I had come to the apex of my journey; through army corps, division, regiment, company, platoon, to this lone sentry, to this boy from the States, forefront sentinel on guard over humanity's spiritual treasures, over Beauty and Kindness menaced by Ugliness and Insane Cruelty. The great German offensive was just at its eve. This boy, although he did not know it, had said to some soldier of France: "Go on over there, feel free to go; go there where the threat is greatest. I am still young and untried; before you I am humble; but soon I will be able to be wherever you are, to feel your ribs against mine in the hells to which you are accustomed. Meanwhile go and feel free and easy; I will take your place. And be sure that over this place no one shall pass." That is what that boy had said. Only he did not know it, and so, when I asked: "What are you doing?" he answered simply: "From here I have a fine sight across there."

The captain clutched at me through the curtain. "Come on," he murmured; "you're being left behind."

This is the concluding part of Mr. Hopper's story of his visit to the American front. His next article will appear in an early issue.

## The Credit Side of Our War Ledger

Continued from page 11

knew before, and can benefit by that fact the whole of his life, but he will have ingrained into him the proper habits for applying his knowledge.

The new regulations permit men with such types of defect as enlarged tonsils, adenoids, nasal growths, chronic appendicitis, hernia, hemorrhoids, etc., to be called when circumstances warrant. These will be cared for in the army, when they are called, and corrective measures applied. Those whom we are unable to qualify for full service may be eligible for a limited service, provided we decide to adopt the English system of utilizing slightly defective physical material in this way.

From pneumonia and meningitis we have lost a number of men in excess of

those who would have died anyway in civil life. Reckoning from the census figures of 1916 for males of military age and upon a nominal-sized army, we have 3,014 cases of pneumonia and 729 cases of meningitis to place on the debit side of our war ledger. All communicable diseases of this sort are more difficult to control in the army than in civil life, because of the concentration of large numbers of individuals. A good many of the pneumonia cases developed from a weakened condition left by measles, which is highly contagious.

One of the very tangible gains which will accrue from the war is a raised standard of medical knowledge. Army medical schools furnish courses that may be likened to postgraduate work.



The bringing together in camp of large numbers of men, and the variety of disabilities which are attendant upon war, offer an opportunity for medical experience which no other situation can give. The public will reap the benefit of higher standards of medical and surgical skill, and of the new facts which constant researches are uncovering. New vaccines are being developed for diseases not yet under control, new measures applicable to serious surgical cases are being discovered, and obscure pathological problems are being analyzed and solved.

Some 800,000 men have been examined and excluded from military service because of physical unfitness. Doubtless many of them will seek treatment for the defects uncovered.

The stupendousness of the task of properly safeguarding the health of our soldiers may be realized in some degree when I mention that a base hospital alone, which represents but a small fraction of the total camp construction, covers about seventy acres of ground, contains some thirty-odd wards, all so situated as to have direct access to sun and fresh air, each with a screened or glassed veranda, and all connected by corridors that cover about two and one-half miles of ground. The heating plant for a hospital of this sort is among the largest in the world. Before the war we had a hospital at every post, with from twelve to 100

beds in each, and in addition four general hospitals with from 120 to 500 beds each. We now have sixty-three hospitals in this country alone, thirty-two of which already have more than 1,000 beds, with preparations going on for doubling the capacity in nineteen of them.

Each of these hospitals has a full modern equipment, equal to the best in the world. We have one trained graduate nurse for every ten beds, at the present time, whether the beds are occupied or not, and whether the occupants are acutely ill or convalescing. This is full war strength, and makes it possible for each patient to have every luxury of attention. The chiefs of surgical, medical, and laboratory departments are men of the highest attainments. Assistants to the chiefs of service are not internes, but are also men of wide experience who had already passed through their preliminary hospital training before they entered the army. We have put in the special branches, such as eye, ear, nose, and throat, the same caliber of medical men. At one camp we have a famous specialist who is said to have left a practice netting him fifteen to twenty times his pay from the Government. We have a number of surgeons, both in this country and in France, now serving as majors at salaries of \$3,000 a year, who are said to have left practices of from \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year.

## The Leprechaun of Tin Can Alley

Continued from page 17

your family?" Molly asked with cheeks afish while she balanced elbows on the rickety fence and sniffed the air for a whiff of the thorn.

"Hmmm—yes," agreed Willum. "The first William Van Decker built it, but it passed out of the family in my grandfather's time, along with all the mortgageable property. Since then it's been rented, sold, used as a road house, a temporary orphan asylum, and I don't know what else."

"Wouldn't it—oh, wouldn't it be grand to bring it back into the family for Willum Junior and—the others!" and Molly's hands closed over Willum Senior's like a vise. "Let's do it! Let's buy it now, right off, instead of renting a plain stone house that a body can't tell from its neighbors."

For a moment Willum stared at her aghast. Never before had Molly's flights of fancy achieved quite such proportions, and the unexpectedness of this almost staggered him. "Buy it?" he managed to stammer out at last. "We've got a balance of just eighty-two dollars in the bank. You can't buy even decrepit real estate as near the city as this for eighty-two dollars, you know." "Faith, I know that much. But we'll buy with a loan. We can, lad; think of our prospects! We'll live on the old salary and save all the rest, and my poetry money. And there's the play! 'Twill be no time at all before Willum Junior will be grown enough so I can work again, and the first thing will be the play. I can do it, lad; I know I can."

Molly's face radiated insured dreams and happiness; and when she looked that way, her eyes flashing appeal into Willum's, he was as powerless to be conservative and practical and pessimistic as if he had never heard of the house of Van Decker. Moreover, he loved the memory of the old mansion—the traditions he had been reared on ever since he had stepped from his cradle. It would be a wonderful thing to bring up his son in the home of the first Willum. So it took but a slight pressure of Molly's hand to pull him round through the unhinged gate, up a weathered strip of turf that might once have been a driveway and to the house itself. The door was locked, but a little manipulation gave them free entrance through a window; and hand in hand they circumnavigated the house—once, twice, three times. Molly saw it all with the eyes of the dreamer; Willum saw it all with Molly's eyes. When they came down the tottering stairs for the last time it was settled. Willum, who was an artist with the hammer and saw, felt equipped on the spot to do miracles; to Molly's resources were to be left the gentler arts of coaxing mural decorations out of small paint cans, and curtains from bargain counters. Indoors should be their winter work—the garden for spring and fall; and with their dream full-fledged and ready to take wings, they sought out the real-estate agent.

They were right in their supposition that the place could be had relatively

cheap, and on a mortgage basis. It was plain that the owner, who figured only in the third person and nameless, was anxious to get rid of the property and the accruing taxes, and the agent agreed to the first terms Willum offered. The papers were drawn up by dusk of that very day; and Molly danced back through Tin Can Alley to Willum Junior, crying ecstatically: "It's ours, laddy, all for a bit of paper and a promise. But we're going to work for it—work and sing for it. You'll see."

WELL, they worked—oh, yes, they worked! And at first they sang—Molly in particular. But as the months went by and the work became more burdensome the songs became fewer. Willum was weighed down by the responsibility he felt toward his assistant professorship, and the memory of the annual taxes and the semiannual interest on their mortgage. Molly was literally swathed and bound with domestic intricacies. She cleaned and washed and baked and brewed; she painted and papered, stitched and made over. She held up her social end as Willum's wife simply, but as efficiently as if she had not had all the other things to do first; and she gave herself unstintingly to Willum and Willum Junior. Besides all this she found time for what she called "doing the decent human thing." This meant gathering in such of Willum's students as were working their way through the university, and giving them an evening of home life and good fellowship; or tending some young instructor's baby along with her own so that he might take his wife on a long-hungry-for-holiday; or helping to initiate some of the new brides into the mysteries of adapting a diminutive pedagogical income to the needs and desires of metropolitan life. And when their nearest neighbor, the little old Irishman who lived alone in the once-upon-a-time lodge, came down with typhoid, and she found he had an abnormal horror of being taken to a hospital, somehow she managed to nurse him along with all the other things—sending Willum down at night to sleep on a portable cot by the old man's bed.

Willum fought hard against this, not for his sake but for hers; he was beginning to see for himself that for some reason Molly's cheeks were no longer as pink as Killarney roses, nor did her eyes dance like Killarney lakes. "It's all nonsense, this wearing yourself out for a sour-dispositioned, hard old miser who hasn't a kind word for anyone and happens to be almost a stranger. He's probably got plenty of money to hire a nurse if he needs one."

But Molly shook an obstinate head. "I don't believe it. Half the world thinks the other half is hoarding. What's more, he's a neighbor, and that's no stranger; and his disposition is only tart—tart like a gooseberry picked over green." Two coaxing arms found their way about Willum's shoulders. "Can't you see—the poor old soul is lonesome and fearsome; and maybe if



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somebody shows him a bit of kindness he'll find the way to it himself."

In spite of the arms Willum still grumbled. "If we nurse every sick person in the neighborhood and you tend all the babies when their parents want a good time, we'll never get on. We've stuck fast where we started—neither of us has made a foot of headway any direction."

"Sure and we have. We've gone miles along the way of being happy and making a few other folks happy. Just be patient, lad; the rest will come with working and—doing our best."

So they worked harder than ever. By getting up very early and going to bed very late Molly had managed the first year to lessen their debt by a clear two hundred. The next year there was only half as much; and the third year—which brought Mary the Second to the Van Decker Mansion—netted only a Christmas poem and a cradle song. The fourth and fifth years brought nothing at all.

As winter melted into spring mud and tired nerves, Molly began to realize the truth of Willum's assertion; he was right—they were not getting on. The worst of it was their wind was breaking. The work they had dispatched in the old days with zest and pleasure they drudged at now with the nagging consciousness of the probable years they would have to continue at it; the obstacles they had faced squarely with a laughing challenge to failure they were beginning to meet with a wavering courage.

**S**o it came about on a fine spring day when the thorn bush in the front lawn was heavy with bloom that Molly, after tucking in Mary the Second for her morning nap and incensing Willum Junior in overalls for a wrestle in his garden patch, deliberately turned her back on the unfinished housework and came forth into the morning, hatless, almost heartless, to take tally of those five years.

For the first time in her life she felt old and indescribably tired. It is a customary toll of sleep-broken nights and overcrowded days. The inward joy of being alive—at being just Molly, the wife of Willum and the mother of Willum's children—was curiously missing. When it had gone, and where, she could not have told. With the joy had gone much of the belief in the mystical infallibility of youth and courage, in the unquestioned conquering powers of Willum and herself. And with all these gone she knew time might as well ring the passing bell for her poetry and her fancies.

Would the day ever come—had it already come—when she could believe in nothing but the grim realities of a pinched, humdrum, unleavened existence? Would her tongue forget its trick of coloring everyday happenings and discouragements with the make-believe of old Celtic lore, thereby reading into their efforts, that had practically gone for naught, the magical ending of fairy gifts to the two adventurers? Not that Molly expected something for nothing—she knew the world too well for that—but she had been born with the soul of her race that needs must turn the light of fancy upon the hardships of life and so keep it glowing and translucent instead of impassably leaden. It had seemed to her a hundred times in the past as if she could have looked through and seen the wonderful thing that was going to happen to them some grand day. How did they know but that one of the poems Molly had written might turn into a prize winner and open the road for the much-dreamed-of play? What more likely than that Willum's last course of lectures might earn for him his coveted full professorship? It had been a rare game, this picturing of opportunity sitting at their very elbows like the Irish leprechaun, invisible but for that one fleeting moment when he must be caught and firmly held if he is to give up the hidden crock of gold.

"When we're after catching the leprechaun," had been a chimney-corner phrase among them for that time when they should be able to do some of the things they had never had time or money to bring to pass. Even Willum Junior had fared forth on certain climactic occasions to see if he could not speed ahead the appointed moment by discovering the fairy man for himself.

**A**S Molly crossed the lawn to the thorn bush—the leprechaun's own bush—she realized how that particular bit of Celtic fancy had dwindled away and in its place was only a dull

ache of the hopelessness of it all. Their debt was hardly diminished—a bare five hundred less. They were growing old, stupid, uninspired before their children had come into their power of perception and understanding. All the gracious, beautiful, bountiful side of life was being crowded to the wall to make room for the necessities. Willum longed for books, for travel, for ways of improving mind and ability; she longed for time to do more with her children than feed, clothe, and keep them clean, and for a little over and above leisure to write and invite her soul. She thought she knew what the matter was—and the knowing did not supply a remedy. They had contracted to do more than two human beings could do: to bear and raise children, minister to them, fill a responsible position, shoulder a considerable debt, reclaim a crumbling old house and get on in the world. If only she had not dreamed beyond all human power; if only she had not pulled Willum and the children into the dream with her and made them suffer!

"If I could only be twins now!" She dropped on the ground under the thorn bush and addressed the lawn at large. "If there was one of me to mend and bake and clean, 'twould leave the other time to make songs and keep fancy alive for the wee ones and Willum. Sure if I could be twins, just, everything would come right."

"Twins!" sputtered a voice behind her. With a tear balanced neatly on the end of her nose, Molly looked over her shoulder and saw the little old Irishman of the lodge leaning on his blackthorn stick and eying her with amazement. He was withered and bent and looked every whit as sour and miserly as Willum had claimed him to be. "Twins!" he repeated acridly. "How in the name o' the seven saints could ye be twins?"

"I couldn't," agreed Molly somewhat chokingly, "but I'm wishing I could."

"God forbid! Sure, what would your husband be afther doin'? Hasn't a man the full of his patience with one woman hanging to his neck; would ye kill him entirely with two o' ye?" The little man's voice rasped shrilly as he shook his stick at her.

**B**UT Molly only smiled. She liked the little man for all his tartness, and ever since she had saved him from the hospital he had shown a marked liking for Molly. His manner of showing it was as characteristic of him as his blackthorn stick and his piercing tongue. It was on her he perpetually showered all the wealth of his caustic humor; he gloated over every chance she gave him to tease or hector her. When she paid him back in kind he would cackle forth his dry little laugh and beat the ground with his stick; when no retort followed he would snarl out the remark that she wasn't fit to be Irish, turn on his heel, and quit her company. But he could not stay long away. Unconsciously she had touched some hidden spring of feeling in his shrunken, loveless nature; and he reached out as involuntarily toward her as a plant toward the sunlight. And his eyes showed this. His tongue might keep its sharpness, but his eyes had grown softer and more kindly ever since that day when she had first crossed his threshold with a thermometer in one hand and a bowl of broth in the other.

"If there were two of me," continued Molly, "we'd have each other to hang to and let him go free. Don't you see the sense of it yourself, Mr. Hegarty? Now half his spare time he's doing a woman's work to help me out and give me more time to rest or write; but the time never comes. Sure, the both of us are beginning to feel like a parcel of mules with hay tied to our forelocks—we see it within reach of our noses, but we never get it into our mouths."

The amazement on John Hegarty's face turned to suspicion. "What ails ye? There, ye needn't be tellin'—'tis easy guessed. Ye've pestered the good man near to death an' it's on your conscience or ye've taken to sulkin' for the why he wouldn't be buyin' ye one o' them newfangled hats. The more a woman has the more she wants."

"And the more a man wants her," laughed Molly.

"Ye might laugh again," suggested the Irishman. "Sure, sulks on the face of an Irish lass is worse nor blight on a rosebush." He looked down at her closely, the mouth drawn into a sardonic grin, but the eyes filled with trouble. He had never seen Molly like this before, and he couldn't make head or tail of it. Suddenly he tilted his old



silk hat back on his head and dug viciously at the thorn roots with his stick. "I'll give ye a bit of advice—if ye'll promise not to take it. Don't let worry bark at your heels; 'twill keep ye fretted and fetch ye nowhere."

With that he was gone, as unexpectedly as he had appeared.

But worry did bark at her heels. It barked so hard and so continuously through the rest of the day that at day's end she could summon only the ghost of a smile as a greeting for Willum. And she might have spared herself the effort, for Willum never noticed. He brushed by her, entirely forgetful of the kiss that Molly had tiptoed for regularly every day in the five years. Straight past her he went, as if she had been nothing more than the umbrella stand in the hall; and throwing his books on the living-room table he sank down in the nearest chair. A hot flush mounted to Molly's cheeks. She stood angry, ready to fling him a bitter word and then leave him. Was this to be the end of it all—was their love going to fall them along with all the other things?

ANGER was swept away by a grim resolve. Molly clenched her fists, and the flush died out of her cheeks. "We can go hungry, we can go near naked, we can do without shelter or warmth, but we'll keep our love whatever happens!" And slipping into the room after him she crouched down beside his chair and laid her cheek against his hand. "What is it, lad?"

"Harvey's been put at the head of the department."

"Put in the chief's place?" There was awe in Molly's voice.

"Yes. It's decided, the chief's retiring, and Harvey's got the appointment."

"Never mind, lad."

"Never mind? Never mind! Can't you see what it means? Good heavens! don't you see it makes me out a plain failure? They might as well publish it in the 'University Chronicle' or post it officially. It's as plain as the date on the calendar. Harvey at the head of the department—Harvey, who got his instructorship when I got my advance! Oh, I'm not blaming them—Harvey deserves it. He's clever and a worker. He spends his summers studying and traveling—I spend mine trying to raise enough in our garden to bring down the cost of living!"

All the pent-up bitterness and discouragement of months was poured forth in this one outburst. It was the first complaint Molly had ever heard from his lips. Her cheek was very white now. Under all the agony of the morning she had held to one abiding hope: that Willum might not see and feel their lives as she had. And now in one brief illuminating moment Willum had shown depths of despair that she had never fathomed. She gripped fast to what little courage she had left and she spoke the love that was spear and shield to her.

"And I still say, never mind, lad. Bliss Harvey is a single man. He's been able to spend all his time, all his money on himself and getting on; while you've had yours to divide among four of us. It's small wonder that the trustees might be choosing him for the better head of the department, but that doesn't be making him the better man or you a failure."

But Willum was deaf to her meaning. "I am a failure—you're a failure. When we married we had every chance two young people would wish for, and we've wasted them—or been blind to them. Why, the chief told me years ago that he hoped to see me in the chair after him some day; and editor after editor spoke of you as the coming poet. And see where we are. Harvey's got the appointment, and you've written one cradle song in three years!"

THERE was unmeant mockery and stinging in Willum's words. Molly had to wait an interminable space before she could trust herself to answer. And then, as she had called forth her flagging courage before, she groped now for what faith and fancy she had left. "I know, lad. I know. But I warrant you the chief still thinks the most of you; and when all's said and done you've put more into your life than Harvey. He's just built for himself a grand intelligence and crammed it with knowledge; you've made yourself into a man your students adore, your wife can worship, and your children put next to God Himself. As for me, I'd rather be having the children and one song than

the years full of songs and empty of children. That's the plain truth for us both; and who knows?" Molly's lips curved bravely to a smile—"who can be telling but the leprechaun has something better hidden for us than a peering English chair!"

That night, with the children in bed and Willum fitfully dozing away a nervous headache, Molly rolled up the sleeves of her old dimity dress and attacked the supper dishes in the big old-fashioned kitchen. If her heart had been heavy in the morning, it was twice as heavy now. Then there had only been her discouragement and burden of work and failure; now there was Willum's coupled to it, and Molly knew how his bitterness would grow.

"If we could only get a bit ahead—enough to catch our wind again. Then Willum might go traveling, studying at Oxford and getting his hands on those books he's hungering after; and I could be getting time to earn something instead of trying to save what never gets saved. Just a fair push from behind and I'll wager we'd go puffing straight up the hill and land Willum in the president's chair. If I was only twins—" Molly drew dripping hands out of the rinsing water and buried her face in the glass towel.

SO it happened that she never saw the knob of the kitchen door turn, nor heard the tap of the blackthorn stick on the floor. She never guessed she was not alone in her kitchen until the rasping voice of the little Irishman broke out at her elbow. "Is it still weeping that ye're not twins that ye are?"

"It is," confessed Molly.

"An' ye've let worry bark at your heels—aye, an' nip them into the bargain?"

Molly nodded.

"Faith I'm ashamed to own ye for Irish." The little man looked as sour as a bushel of green gooseberries as he boosted himself to the top of the table with the aid of his stick. He sat there, swinging his legs and wagging his head. "Who ever heard tell of a glower-faced Irish lass writin' poetry! Aren't ye ashamed o' yourself?"

"But I can't be writing poetry—that's half the trouble. Don't you see, if I could get the time to write and the money to start with I could pay some one to come into the kitchen. Then there'd be more time and more money. It's the old bag of tricks: time makes time and money makes money; but it's hell, just, for those who have to start without either!"

The Irishman eyed her narrowly.

"Well, what's the matter with your takin' time? Why don't ye pen up the childher, put the kettle on wi' enough corn beef an' cabbage to do ye for a week, and get down to work?"

Molly laughed outright. "That's a grand idea. Thank you, Mr. Hegarty."

Then she sobered again. "But it isn't the time, just; there's the ideas and the fancies. Housework does something to your mind just as it's bound to redder your hands and tire your feet. All the storage space up there"—and she tapped her forehead—"goes to ideas of how I can make over Willum's worn-out shirts into rompers for Willum Junior and such like, and I'm comin' round to believe in nothing much but the butcher's bills and the mortgage. The fancies won't come."

"Coax 'em."

"But suppose they won't coax. Oh, I get them so far and then—" Molly shook her head hopelessly. "Months ago I sat up one night and wrote the bare beginning of something; but I've never had the wits to finish it. It went—" She folded her hands tightly and almost as if she had been alone she repeated softly:

*Out on the moors where the throstles sing,*

*My feet brushed the green of a fairy ring;*

*My ears caught the lilt of a fairy pipe*

*And the fruit of the blackthorn hung full and ripe.*

*And because of the ring and the fairy tune,*

*And the wishing time at the full o' the moon—*

"That's all," said Molly.

The little old man glowered at her.

"What kind of an ending is that? There's a grand chance to put a fancy in—a pretty Irish fancy that will make them that has known Ireland wishful to be tramping her moorland again, an' them that has not to be keenin' for what they'll never be knowin'."



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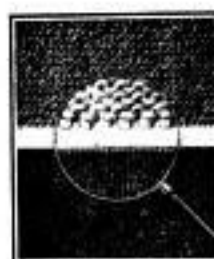
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"I know," said Molly, "but I can't, just. Ochone, if I could have kept them just—the fancies and the poetry. That was about all the good there was to me—all that made me fit to be loved by Willum and blessed with the children. And they need the fancies—Willum to keep heart in him and temper his great seriousness, and the children to thrive on. Sure, what way is it to bring up children—to believe in nothing but what ye can see on the surface of the earth and the outside of people's hearts and minds!"

"What way at all!" echoed the little Irishman. He slid down from the table as abruptly as he had mounted it and came close to Molly. His face was strangely twisted with some painful emotion while his eyes blinked appealingly at her. "Faith, maybe the fancies aren't gone. Think hard, lass; maybe ye could be thinkin' one back an' writin' it straight into the poetry. 'Twould be there, safe then, for the childer to keep. Don't ye see, lass?" He pulled her sleeve insistently. "What is an Irish heart without a fancy but a flower without perfume? Think hard!"

Molly never witnessed such earnestness on his part before; she had never dreamed it was in him. The little man was actually shaking with his feelings while his lips quivered piteously. For the life of her she could not see what it mattered to him whether she kept her fancies or not; but plainly it did matter, and for this reason she found herself thinking hard.

"Could ye put in the leprechaun now?" he questioned timorously.

"Sure and I could try," agreed Molly. "The O'Gormans were always looking for the leprechaun; and my great-uncle Timothy had his hands on him once. He caught him one night on his way home from a fair, and held him fast while he made the wee man tell him where was the crock o' gold. The wee man pointed out the thorn bush where he had it hidden, but that wasn't enough for Great-uncle Timothy. 'I must be going home to fetch a pick for diggin'; how will I know the bush when I come back?' says he. 'Fasten your green neckerchief to it,' says the wee man. So Timothy did, going home with a brave heart, but when he returned to dig for his gold every thorn bush on the countryside was fastened with a green neckerchief. But that's not the ending I'd be fancying for us. If I write in the leprechaun I must write him in with the crock found."

"And why not?" The little man peered anxiously into Molly's face.

"It takes more than wishing to catch the leprechaun," sighed Molly.

THE little man cackled dryly. "I've heard tell o' fools that hadn't sense enough to know when they had him caught. Ye wouldn't be that kind of a fool, would ye?"

"Would I?" asked Molly.

"There's no tellin' women." He glowered at her again in his odd fashion. All the feeling of the moment before had vanished. "There'd be no harm, though, in diggin' under a thorn bush to see—especially if there was only the one thorn bush."

"That's true," agreed Molly. "But to make sure, he might take the advice he gave Great-uncle Timothy and fasten a green neckerchief to it."

"He might, if he had one," conceded the Irishman. With a swiftness unusual in him he made for the door; but he turned again to Molly on the threshold. "I'll be givin' ye another bit of advice—'twon't harm ye any if ye leave it alone. If ye do catch the leprechaun, keep it to yourselves. Sure, the news of a leprechaun in Tin Can Alley might make it too popular and crowd the likes of us out."

"All right," agreed Molly. "I'll just tell you. And we'll celebrate with a baking of Irish griddle bread and jam."

THE next morning Willum woke with a dull head and dressed in silence; Molly woke with a dull heart and dressed herself and Willum Junior with equal silence. She might play at fancies to humor the whim of a lonely old Irishman; but she had not clung to enough for the making of even a dream, nor had they sent forth a single shaft of color into the morning for her.

Willum Junior, being finished first, turned his attention to the open window. So it fell to his lot to announce the news.

"Mother, there's a long green string hanging to the thorn bush, and it wasn't there yesterday."

Molly flew to the window, looked,

rubbed her eyes and looked again. There it was—a long green streamer, the kind they use abundantly in St. Patrick's Day parades. With a little hysterical laugh she buttoned her morning dress, picked up Willum Junior, and swung him pickaback; then she called to Willum to hurry and almost tumbled down the stairs.

The earth looked fresh packed in one place about the roots, and here Molly made Willum Junior dig with his little spade. First came loose dirt, then the shiny cover of a brown crock, then the crock itself. With suspended breath Molly drew it forth and lifted the cover.

Let me say right here that the climax was distinctly disappointing. No shining gold met the eager eyes that looked expectant; in fact the crock was conspicuous for its emptiness. Only at the bottom lay a small folded paper. Molly drew it out with trembling fingers and unfolded it.

"Why," said Willum, "that's our mortgage. There's your signature and my signature—and—and—it's canceled!"

"Why," said Willum Junior, "it couldn't have been the leprechaun after all. That's nothing but the brown crock that sits on Mr. Hegarty's kitchen shelf. He keeps buttons in it."

"Can you make anything out of it?" asked Willum, frowning and smiling by turns. He was frowning at the mystery that baffled his practical mind; he was smiling at Molly's eyes—they were dancing themselves straight into Killarney lakes again.

"The meanin's as simple as the sky over your head, and spring under your feet—things nobody quite understands for all they may say. It means, lad dear, that we caught the leprechaun years ago when we hadn't an inkling he was within miles of us; and it means more than that. Some day you'll be having something better than the chair of English in the university. I was always thinking you had the makings of a fine college president."

THE withered and tart little Irishman came to supper that night and Molly baked the promised griddle bread. This time she took his advice and made no mention of the leprechaun all through the evening. But as he was reaching for his blackthorn stick, preparatory to departure, she put forth an impulsive hand and drew him back from the door.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Hegarty. Maybe you would like to be hearing the end of the poetry—the poetry that has hung on my tongue for months like a half-made cloak in a closet?"

"Thank ye, lass. If the ending is no worse than the beginning, faith, I might be standin' it."

Again Molly folded her hands tight and repeated the lines:

*Out on the moors where the throstles sing,*

*My feet brushed the green of a fairy ring;*

*My ears caught the lilt of a fairy pipe*

*Where the fruit of the rowan hung full and ripe.*

*And because of the ring and the fairy tune,*

*And the wishing time at the full o' the moon,*

*Out of the bog mist's choking gray*

*A wee man-fairy found his way.*

*He was there—he was gone—in the space of a laugh;*

*But he cleaved the dank bog mist in half,*

*Rolled it beyond—where the throstles sing*

*And hid his gold in my wishing ring.*

*Sure, gold may be precious and gold may be grand;*

*But a far richer gift filled the small gnarled hand:—*

*The wish of a brave heart to put heart in me—*

*And I found that too, by the Leprechaun's tree.*

The little old Irishman cackled dryly as he thumped the floor triumphantly with his stick. "What was I tellin' ye? Didn't I know ye could coax them back! Troth, fancies be harder to lose nor a bad shillin'. Give them a chance an' they're bound to come thrailin' ye."

Molly smiled and slipped a hand into Willum's. And Willum looked down at her as a man who was realizing for the first time in his life what the conquering power of a woman's courage meant. Then he swung her high in his arms, in the old, old way. And it all happened in the borough of a great metropolis—just as I am telling you.

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## The Permissionnaire

Continued from page 7

and munched his cheese, she told him, speaking with a tired dullness, something of what had happened during the years of captivity. It came out just as she thought of it, without sequence, one detail obscuring another. "There wasn't much left inside the house when they finally blew it up. They'd been taking everything, little by little. No, they weren't bad to women; they were horrid and rough and they stole everything they could, but they didn't mistreat us, only some of the foolish girls. You know that good-for-nothing family of Boirats, how they'd run after any man. Well, they took to going with the boches; but any decent woman that kept out of sight as much as she could—no, I wasn't afraid of them much that way, unless they were drunk. Their officers were awfully hard on them about everything—hard! They treated them like dogs. We were sorry for them sometimes."

Yes, this ignorant woman, white and thin and haggard, sitting on the wreck of her home, said this.

"DID you hear how they took every single thing in copper and brass—grandfather's candlesticks, the andirons, the handles of the clothespress, the door knobs, and all—every one of my saucepans and kettles?" Her voice trembled at this item. "The summer after that it was everything in linen. I had just the chemise I had on my back—even what was on the clothesline, drying, they took. The American Committee distributed some cotton material, and I made a couple for me and Berthe, and some drawers for Jean-Pierre and the baby. That was when we could still get thread. The winter after that it was woolen they took, everything, especially mattresses. Their officers made them get every single mattress in town, except the straw ones. Alice Bernard's mother, they jerked her mattress right out from under her, and left her dying on the bed ropes. And M. le Curé, he was sick with pneumonia and they took his that way, and he died. But the boches didn't dare not to. Their officers would have shot them if they hadn't."

"I can make beds for you," he said. "There must be trenches somewhere near." She nodded. "They'll have left some wire netting in an abri. You make a square of wood, and put four legs to it, and stretch the wire netting over it and put straw on that. But we had some wire netting of our own that was around the chicken yard."

"Oh, they took that," she explained, "that and the doors of the chicken house, and they pried off our window cases and door jams and carried those off the last days too. But there was one thing they wouldn't do, no, not even the boches, and that was this dirty work!" She waved her hand over the destruction about her, and pointed to the trees across the road in the field, all felled accurately at the same angle. "We couldn't understand much of what happened when they were getting ready to leave, but some of them had learned enough French to tell us they wouldn't do 'it'—we didn't know what. They told us they would go away and different troops would come. And Georges Duvallet's boy said they told him that the troops who were to come to do 'it' were criminals out of the prisons that the officers had let out, if they would do 'it'—all this time we didn't know what—and somebody said it was to pour oil on us and burn us, the way they did the people in the barn at Vermaderville. But there wasn't anything we could do to prevent it. We couldn't run away. So we stayed, and took care of the children. All the men who could work at all and all the women too, unless they had little, little children, were marched away, off north, to Germany, with just what few extra things they could put in a big handkerchief. Annette Cagnon, she was eighteen and had to go, but her mother stayed with the younger children—her mother has been sort of crazy ever since. She had such a long fainting turn when Annette went by, with a German soldier, we thought we could never bring her to life." The rough, tired voice shook a moment, the woman rested her head again on her husband's arm, holding to him tightly. "Pierre, oh, Pierre, if we had known what was to come—no, we couldn't have lived through it, not any of us!" He put his great working-man's hand on her rough hair gently.



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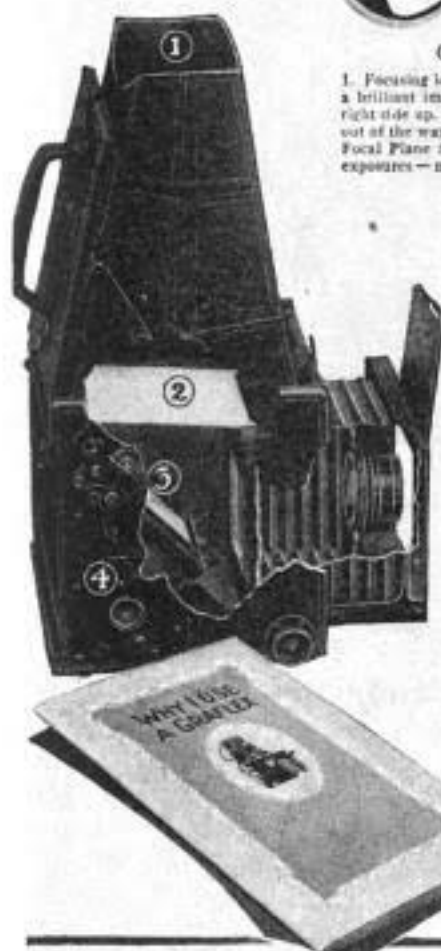
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She went on: "And then the troops who had been here did go away and the others came, and they made the few of us who were left go down into the cellars of those old houses down the road. They told us to stay there three days, and if we went out before we'd get shot. We waited for two whole days. The water they had given us was all gone, and then old Granny Arnoux said she was all alone in the world, so it wouldn't make any difference if she did get shot. She wanted to make sure that her house was all right. You know what she thought of her house! So she came up and we waited. And in half an hour we heard her crutches coming back on the road, and she was shrieking out. We ran up to see. She had fallen down in a heap. She hasn't known anything since; shakes all the time as if she were in a chill. She was the first one; she was all alone when she saw what they had done. And you know—"

The man turned very white, and stood up. "God! Yes, I know! I was alone!"

"Since then, ten days ago, the French soldiers came through. We didn't know them for sure; we were expecting to see the red trousers. I asked everybody about you, but nobody knew. There are so many soldiers in an army. Then Americans came in cars and brought us bread, and blankets and some shoes, but they have leather soles, and I make the children keep them for best, they wear out so. And since then the Government has let the camions that go through to the front leave bread and meat, and once a bag of potatoes for us. The préfet came around and asked if we wanted to be sent to a refugee home in Paris or stay here, and of course I said stay here. The children and I come every day to work. We've got the plaster and bricks cleared out from the corner of the fireplace, and I cook there, though there isn't any chimney, of course, but I think the tiles of the kitchen floor are mostly all there still. And, oh, Pierre, we have one corner of the garden almost cleared, and the asparagus is coming up! They cut down everything they could see, even the lilac bushes, but what was in the ground, alive, they could not kill."

Nidart put the shovel in his wife's hand, took up the pickax. "Time spent in traveling isn't counted on furloughs," he said, "so we have twenty-one days, counting to-day. The garden first, so's to get in the seeds."

THEY clambered over the infernal disorder of the ruins of the house, and picked their way down and back into what had been the garden. A few sections of the wall were still standing, its thick solidity resisting even dynamite petards.

"Oh, see, almost all of the pleached trees are saved!" cried Nidart, astonished. "That part of the wall didn't fall."

"I'm not sure I pruned those right," said his wife doubtfully, glancing at them. "I couldn't remember whether you left two or four buds on the peaches, and I just gave up on the big grapevine. It grows so, it got all ahead of me!"

"Did they bear well?" asked the man, looking across the trash heap at the well-remembered trees and vines. "We'd better leave those till some odd time, they won't need much care. I can do them between other things some time when I'm too tired to do anything else. Here is where the big job is." He looked over the ground with a calculating eye and announced his plan of campaign.

"We won't try to carry the rubbish out. It's too heavy for you, and my time has got to go as far as it can for the important things. We'll just pile it all up in a line along the line where the walls used to stand. All of us know that line! I'll use the pickax and maman the shovel. Jean-Pierre will throw the bigger pieces over on the line, and Berthe will go after and pick up the littler ones."

They set to work, silently, intensely. When they reached the currant bushes, all laid low, Pierre gave a low growl of wrath and scorn, but none of them slackened their efforts. About eleven the big convoy of camions on the way to the front came through, lurching along the improvised road laid out across the fields. The workers, lifting their eyes for the first time from their labors, saw at a distance on the main road the advance guard of the road menders already there, elderly soldiers, gray-haired territorials, with rakes and shovels, and back of them, shuttlelike,

the big trucks with road metal coming and going.

Reluctantly leaving her work, Paulette went to get the supplies for dinner, and started an open-air fire in the cleared-out corner of the chimney. Over this she hung a big pot and, leaving it to boil, she hurried back to her shovel. "The soup kettle and the flatirons," she told her husband, "they were too hard to break and too heavy to carry away, and they are about all that's left of what was in the house."

"Oh, I found an iron fork," said Berthe, "but it was all twisted. Jean-Pierre said he thought he could—"

"Don't talk," said their father firmly. "You don't work so fast when you talk."

At noon they went back to the fire burning under the open sky, in the blackened corner of the fireplace where it had cooked the food during the years past. The man looked at it strangely, and turned his eyes away.

"Now, where is your fork, little Berthe?" he said. "I'll straighten it for you. With that and my kit—"

"I have my jackknife too," said Jean-Pierre.

They ate thus, dipping up the soup in the soldier's gamelle, using his knife and fork and spoon and the straightened iron fork. The baby was fed bread soaked in the gravy, and on top of potato given him from the end of a whittled stick. In the twenty minutes rest which their captain allowed them little force after the meal, he and Jean-Pierre whittled out two wooden spoons, two-tined, from willow twigs. "There, one apiece now," said Nidart, "and asparagus bed is all cleared off. We have made a beginning."

They went back to work, stooping, straining, heaving, blinded with the ing plaster, wounded with the sharp edges of the shattered stones. The shone on them with heavenly brightness, the light, sparkling air lifted hair from their congested faces. A time, Nidart, stopping for an instant to wipe away the sweat which ran down into his eyes, said: "The air has a ferent feel to it here. And the looks different. It looks like home."

AT four they stopped to munch a piece of bread which is the supplementary meal of French working people at that hour. Nidart embellished it with a slice of cheese for each, which made the meal a feast. They talked as they ate; they began to try to bridge the gap between them. But they lay words to tell what lay back of them only the dry facts came out.

"Yes, I've been wounded. There's a place on my thigh, here—put your hand and feel—where there isn't any bone over the bone, just skin. It doesn't bother me much, except when I try to climb a ladder. Something about that position I can't manage . . . and for a mason—"

"I'll climb the ladders," said Jean-Pierre.

"Yes, I was pretty sick. It got gangrene some. They thought I wouldn't live. I was first in a big hospital near the front, and then in a convalescent hospital in Paris. It was awfully dull when I got better. They thought if I had made an application to be reformed and retired, I could be like Jacques Dupré with his wooden leg. But with you and the children here, what could I have done with myself? So I didn't say anything, and when my time was up in the hospital I went back to the trenches. That was a year ago last winter."

"Berthe and Jean-Pierre had the mumps that winter," said their mother. "The baby didn't get it. I kept him away from them. The boches shut us up as though we had the smallpox. They were terribly strict about any sickness. The boche regimental doctor came every day. He took very good care of them."

"He wanted to give me a doll because I didn't cry when he looked in my throat," said Berthe.

"Of course she didn't take it," said Jean-Pierre. "I told her I'd break it all to pieces if she did."

"But she cried afterward."

"Come," said the father, "we've finished our bread. Back to work."

THAT night, after the children were asleep on straw in the cellar down the road, their parents came back to wander about in the moonlight over their ravaged little kingdom. The wife said little, drawing her breath irregularly, keeping a strained grasp on her husband's arm. For the most part he succeeded in speaking in a steady voice of material plans for the future—how he could get some galvanized roofing out



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of the nearest trench-abri; how he could use the trunks of the felled trees to strengthen his hastily constructed brick walls, and for roof beams; what they could plant in the garden and the field—things which she and the children could cultivate after he had gone back.

At the reminder of the inevitable farewell again before them, the wife broke out in loud wailings, shivering, clutching at him wildly. He drew her down on a pile of rubbish, put his arms around her, and said in a peremptory tone: "Paulette! Listen! You are letting the boches beat you!" He used to her the tone he used for his squad, his new soldier's voice which the war had taught him, the tone which carried the laggards over the top. At the steellike ring of his wife was silent.

He went on: "There's nothing any of us can do but to go on. The only thing to do is to go on without making a fuss. That's the motto in the army, you know. Don't make a fuss." He lifted his head and looked around at his home dismantled, annihilated. "Not to give up—that and the flatirons are about all the boches have left us, don't you see?"

He was silent a moment and went on with his constructive planning. "Perhaps I can get enough lime sent on from Noyon to really rebuild the chimney. With that and a roof and the garden and the allocation from the Government—"

"Yes, Pierre," said his wife in a trembling voice. She did not weep again.

He himself, however, was not always at this pitch of stoicism. There were times when he looked up suddenly, and felt, as though for the first time, the downfall and destruction of all that had been his life. At such moments the wind of madness blew near him. The night after they had moved from the cellar into the half-roofed, half-walled hut, to sleep there on the makeshift beds, he lay all night awake, crushed with the immensity of the effort they would need to put forth and with the insignificance of any progress made. There came before him the long catalogue of what they had lost, the little decencies and comforts they had earned and paid for and owned. He sickened at the squalid expedients of their present life. They were living like savages; never again would they attain the self-respecting order which had been ravished from them, which the ravishers still enjoyed. With all his conscious self he longed to give up the struggle, but something more than his conscious self was at work. The tree had been cut down, but something was in the ground, alive.

At dawn he found himself getting out of bed, purposefully. To his wife's question he answered: "I'm going to Noyon to buy the seed for the field. We haven't half enough corn. And I can get young cabbage plants there too, they say. I can make it in six hours if I hurry."

He was back by ten o'clock, exhausted, but aroused from his waking nightmare—for that time! But it came again and again.

ON the day he began to spade up the field he noticed that two of his murdered fruit trees, attached by a rag of bark to the stumps, were breaking out into leaf. The sight turned him sick with sorrow, as though one of his children had smiled at him from her death-bed. He bent over the tree, his eyes burning, and saw that all the buds were opening trustfully. His heart was suffocating. He said to himself: "They have been killed! They are dead! But they do not know they are dead, and they try to go on living. Are we like that?"

In an instant all his efforts to reanimate his assassinated life seemed pitiful, childish, doomed to failure. He looked across the field at the shapeless, roughly laid brick wall he had begun, and felt a shamed rage. He was half minded to rush and kick it down.

"Papa, come! The peonies have begun to come up in the night. The whole row of them, where we were raking yesterday."

The man found his wife already there, bending over the sturdy, reddish, rounded sprouts pushing strongly through the loosened earth. She looked up at him with shining eyes. When they were betrothed lovers they had together planted those peonies, pieces of old roots from her mother's garden. "You see," she said again, "I told you what was in the ground, alive, they could not kill!"

The man went back to his spading



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silently, and, as he labored there, a breath of sovereign healing came up to him from that soil which was his. The burning in his eyes, the taste of gall in his mouth, he had forgotten them when, two hours later, he called across to his wife that the ground for the beans was all spaded and that she and Jean-Pierre could come now with their rakes, while he went back to building the house wall.

But that quick scorching passage through fire was nothing compared with the hour which waited for him in his garden beside the wall on which the branches of his pleached trees and vines still spread out their carefully symmetrical patterns. He had put off caring for them till some odd moment. He and his wife, glancing at them from time to time, had made estimates of the amount of fruit they would yield. "And for us, this time—we haven't had a single peach or apple from them. The boche officers sent their soldiers to get them always."

"Queer they should have left those unharmed," said his wife once, and he answered: "Perhaps the man they sent to kill them was a gardener like us. I know I couldn't cut down a fruit tree in full bearing, not if it were in hell and belonged to the Kaiser. Anybody who's ever grown things knows what it is!"

ONE gray day of spring rains and pearly mists the fire would not burn in the only half-constructed chimney. Paulette crouched beside it, blowing with all her might, and thinking of the big leathern bellows which had been carried away to Germany with all the rest. Jean-Pierre shaved off bits from a dry stick and Berthe fed them under the pot, but the flame would not brighten. Pierre, coming down, cold and hungry, from the top of the wall where he had been struggling with a section of roof, felt physically incapable of going on with that work until he had eaten, and decided to use the spare half hour for pruning the pleached trees and vines. Almost at the end of his strength after the long-continued straining effort to accomplish the utmost in every moment and every hour, he shivered from the cold of his wet garments as he stood for a moment, fumbling to reach the pruning shears. But he did not give himself the time to warm his hands at the fire, setting out directly again into the rain. He had been working at top speed ever since the breakfast, six hours before, of black coffee and dry bread.

Sudden with fatigue and a little light-headed from lack of food, he walked along the wall and picked out the grapevine as the least tiring to begin on. He knew it so well he could have pruned it in the dark. He had planted it the year before his marriage, when he had been building the house and beginning the garden. It had not been an especially fine specimen, but something about the situation and the soil had exactly suited it, and it had thriven miraculously. Every spring, with the first approach of warm weather, he had walked out in the evening after his day's work, along the wall to catch the first red bud springing amazingly to life out of the brown, woody stems which looked so dead. During the summers as he had sprayed the leaves, and manured the soil and watered the roots and lifted with an appraising hand the great purple clusters, heavier day by day, he had come to know every turn of every branch. In the trenches, during the long periods of silent inaction, when the men stare before them at sights from their past lives, sometimes Nidart had looked back at his wife and children, sometimes at his garden on an early morning in June, sometimes at his family about the dinner table in the evening, and sometimes at his great grapevine, breaking into bud in the spring, or, all luxuriant curving lines, rich with leafage, green and purple in the splendor of its September maturity.

It was another home-coming to approach it now, and his sunken, blood-shot eyes found rest and comfort in dwelling on its well-remembered articulations. He noticed that the days of sunshine, and now the soft spring rain, had started it into budding. He laid his hand on the rough, knotted, fibrous brown stem.

It stirred oddly, with a disquieting lightness in his hand. The sensation was almost as though one of his own bones turned gratingly on nothing. The sweat broke out on his forehead. He knelt down and took hold of the stem lower down. The weight of his

hand displaced it. It swung free. It had been severed from the root by a fine saw. The sap was oozing from the stump.

THE man knelt there in the rain, staring at this, as though he were paralyzed. He did not know what he was looking at, for a moment, conscious of nothing but a cold sickness.

He got up heavily on his feet then, and made his way to the next vine. Its stem gave way also, swinging loose with the horrible limpness of a broken limb. He went to the next, a peach tree, and to the next, a fine pleached pear. Everything, everything, peach trees, apple trees, grapevines, everything had been neatly and dexterously murdered, and their corpses left hanging on the wall as a practical joke.

The man who had been sent to do that had been a gardener indeed, and had known where to strike to reach the very heart of this other gardener who now, his hands over his face, staggered forward and leaned his body against the wall, against the dead vine which had been so harmless, so alive. He felt something like an inward bleeding, as though that neat, fine saw had severed an artery in his own body.

His wife stepped out in the rain and called him. He heard nothing but the fine, thin voice of a small saw, eating its way to the heart of the living wood.

His wife, seeing him stand so still, his face against the wall, came out toward him with an anxious face. "Pierre, Pierre!" she said. She looked down, saw the severed vine stem and gave a cry of dismay. "Pierre, they haven't—they haven't!"

She ran along the wall, touching them one by one, all the well-known, carefully tended stems. Her anger, her sorrow, her disgust burst from her in a flood of outcries, of storming, furious words.

Her husband did not move. A death-like cold crept over him. He heard nothing but the venomous, fine voice of the saw, cutting one by one the tissues which had taken so long to grow, which had needed so much sun and rain and heat and cold, and twelve years out of a man's life. He was sick, sick of it all, mourning not for the lost trees, but for his lost idea of life. That was what people were like, could be like, what one man could do in cold blood to another—no heat of battle here, no delirium of excitement—cold, calculated intention! He would give up the effort to resist, to go on. The killing had been too thoroughly done.

His wife fell silent, frightened by his stillness. She forgot her own anger, her grief; she forgot the dead trees. They were as nothing. A strong, valiant tenderness came into her haggard face. She went up to him, close, stepping into his silent misery with the secure confidence only a wife can have for a husband.

"Come, Pierre," she said gently, putting her red, work-scarred hand in his. She drew him away from the wall, his arms hanging beside him. She drew him into the sheltered corner of the room he had half finished. She set hot food before him, and made him eat and drink.

THE rain poured down in a gray wall close before them. The heaped-up ruins were all around them. Inside the shelter the children ate greedily, heartily, talking, laughing, quarreling, playing. The fire, now thoroughly ablaze, flamed brightly beside them. The kettle steamed.

After a time the man's body began slowly to warm. He began to hear the children's voices, to see his wife dimly. The horror was an hour behind him. The blessed, blurring passage of the moments clouded thick between him and the sound of that neat small saw, the sight of that deft-handed man, coolly and smilingly murdering...

He looked at his wife attentively as she tried to set in order their little corner saved from chaos. She was putting back on the two shelves he had made her the wooden forks and spoons which she had cleaned to a scrupulous whiteness; she was arranging neatly the wretched outfit of tin cans, receptacles, and formless paper packages which replaced the shining completeness of her lost kitchen; she was smoothing out the blankets on their rough camp beds; she was washing the faces and hands of the children, of their own children and the little foster son, the child of the woman who had given up, who had let herself be beaten,



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who had let herself be killed, who had abandoned her baby to be cared for by another, braver woman.

A shamed courage began slowly to filter back into his drained and emptied heart. With an immense effort he got up from the tree stump which served for chair, and went toward his wife, who was kneeling before the little child she had saved. He would begin again.

"Paulette," he said heavily, "I believe that if we could get some grafting wax at once we might save those. Why couldn't we cover the stumps with wax to keep the roots from bleeding to death till the tops make real buds, and then graft them on to the stumps? It's too late to do it properly with dormant scions, but perhaps we might succeed. It would be quicker than starting all over again. The roots are there still."

He raged as he thought of this poor substitute for his splendid trees, but he set his teeth. "I could go to Noyon. They must have wax and resin there in the shops by this time, enough for these few stumps."

The little boy presented himself imploringly.

"Oh, let me go! I could do it, all right. And you could get on faster with the roof. There are only ten days left now."

He set off in the rain, a small, brave spot of energy in the midst of death. His father went back to his house-building.

The roads were mended now, the convoys of camions rumbled along day after day, raising clouds of dust; staff cars flashed by; once in a while a non-militarized automobile came through, sometimes with officials of the Government on inspection tours, who distributed miscellaneous lots of seeds, and once brought Paulette some lengths of cotton stuff for sheets; sometimes with reporters from the Paris newspapers; once with some American reporters who took photographs and gave some bars of chocolate to the children. Several times people stopped, foreigners, Americans, English, sometimes women in uniforms, who asked a great many questions and noted down the answers. Pierre wondered why those able-bodied young men were not in some army. He had thought all the able-bodied men in the world were in some army.

For the most part he found all these people rather futile and uninteresting, as he had always found city people, and paid little attention to them, never interrupting his work to talk to them—his work, his sacred work, for which there remained, only too well known, a small number of hours. He took to laboring at night whenever possible.

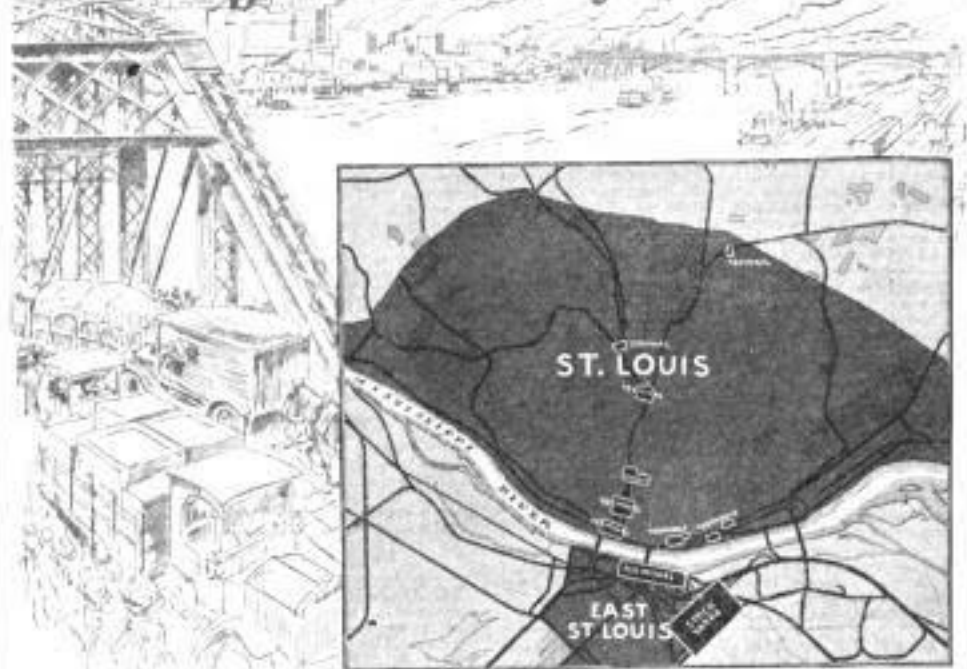
THE roof was all on the one tiny room before the date for his return. The chimney was rebuilt, the garden spaded, raked, and planted. But the field was not finished. It takes a long time to spade up a whole field. Pierre worked on it late at night, the moonlight permitting. When his wife came out to protest, he told her that it was no harder than to march all night, with knapsack and blanket roll and gun. She took up the rake and began to work beside him. Under their tan they were both very white and drawn, during these last days.

The day before the last came, and they worked all day in the field, never lifting their eyes from the soil. But their task was not finished when night came. Pierre had never been so exacting about the condition of the ground. It must be fine, fine, without a single clod left to impede the growth of a single precious seed. This was not work which, like spading, could be done at night in an uncertain light. When their eyes, straining through the thickening twilight, could no longer distinguish the earth, he gave it up, with a long breath, and, his rake on his shoulder, little Berthe's hand in his, he crossed the mended road to the uncemely little shelter which was home.

Paulette was bending over the fire. She looked up, and he saw that she had been crying. But she said nothing. Nor did he, going to lean his rake against the reconstructed wall. He relinquished the implement reluctantly, and all through the meal kept the feel of it in his hand.

THEY were awake when the first glimmer of gray dawn shone through the empty square which was their window. Pierre dressed hurriedly, and taking his rake went across the road to the field. Paulette blew alive the coals of last night's fire, and made coffee and carried it across to her husband

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with a lump of bread. He stopped work to drink and eat. It was in the hour before the sunrise. A gray, thin mist clung to the earth. Through it they looked at each other's pale faces soberly.

"You must get the seed in as soon as you can after I'm gone," said the husband.

"Yes," she promised, "we won't lose a minute."

"And I think you and Jean-Pierre can manage to nail in the window frame when it comes. I thought I'd be able to do that myself."

"Yes, Jean-Pierre and I can do it."

"You'd better get my kit and everything ready for me to leave," he said, drinking the last of the coffee and setting his hand again to the rake.

They had reckoned that he would need to leave the house at ten o'clock if he were to make the long tramp to Noyon in time for the train. At a quarter of ten he stopped, and, the rake still tightly held in his hand, crossed the road. His knapsack, blanket roll, all the various brown bags and musettes were waiting for him on the bench hewn from a tree trunk before the door. He passed them, went around the little hut, and stepped into the garden.

Between the heaped-up lines of rubble the big rectangle of well-tilled earth lay clean and brown and level. And on it, up and down, were four long, straight lines of pale green. The peas were up. He was to see that before he went back.

He stooped over them. Some of them were still bowed double with the effort of thrusting themselves up against the encumbering earth. He felt their effort in the muscles of his own back. But others, only a few hours older, were already straightening themselves blithely to reach up to the sun and warmth. This also he felt—in his heart. Under the intent gaze of the gardener the vigorous little plants seemed to be vibrating with life. His eyes were filled with it. He turned away and went back to the open door of the hut. His wife, very white, stood there, silent. He heaved up his knapsack, adjusted his blanket roll and musettes, and drew a long breath.

"GOOD-BY, Paulette," he said, kissing her on both cheeks, the dreadful long kiss which may be the last.

"I will—I will take care of things here," she said, her voice dying away in her throat.

He kissed his children, he stooped low to kiss the little foster child. He looked once more across at the field, not yet seeded. Then he started back to the trenches. He had gone but a few steps when he stopped short and came back hurriedly. The rake was still in his hand. He had forgotten his gun.

## Flotilla Smiles

Continued from page 14

One of the destroyer commanders of this group at sea this night had a personality that the others liked to hang stories on to. He was a quick-thinking, quick-acting man named—well, say Lanahan. He was one day on the bridge when the lookout shouted: "Periscope!"

"Charge her!" called out Lanahan. Away they went hooked up for the periscope, which everybody aboard could see now—about 200 yards ahead.

"He's a nifty one—see her stay up!" said the officer of the deck, who had glasses on it. And then, hurriedly: "I don't like the looks of her, captain—it looks more like a phony—a mine."

"The devil with her—ram her anyway!" snapped Captain Lanahan.

The deck officer had not once taken his glasses off the periscope. Suddenly he let drop his glasses, grabbed the wheel, and pulled it hard toward him. Lanahan had stepped to the wing of the bridge and was leaning far out to get a glimpse of the U-boat. What he saw beneath him, as his ship scraped by, was not a U-boat, but a great white mine. He watched it slide safely past his side, and then, turning around, said gravely to his deck officer: "You were right. It was a mine."

## Raising Him Five

THERE was another young officer—John Chisholm call him—who played poker occasionally. He commanded a "flivver," which is the service term for the smaller class of destroyers, the 750-ton ones.

In the navy there are plenty of people who will tell you that they never built destroyers which keep the sea better than that same little flivver class.

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Young Captain Chisholm of the 323 was one.

One morning, having convoyed a fleet of merchant ships safely to their port, the 323 was one of a group of destroyers making the best of their way to their base port. Officers and men who have been hunting U-boats for a week or so do not like to linger along the road home. So it was every young captain giving his ship all the steam she could stand and let her belt. It was moderately rough when they started. It grew a bit rougher. Chisholm in the 323 was going along at twenty knots when a fellow he very well knew came along in his big 1,000-ton destroyer. Her nose hauled up on the quarter of the 323; up to her beam; up to her bridge. As she passed the 323 her commander megaphoned across: "What you making, Chiz?" "Twenty knots!" hailed back Chisholm.

"I'm seeing your twenty knots and raising you five!" returned the other, and passed into the lead.

"All right," said Chiz, "but wait!" The sea grew yet rougher. The 323 was bouncing pretty lively, but hanging on to her twenty knots. "And at twenty you let her hang if she rolls her darned crow's nest under!" said Chisholm to his watch officer—"and we won't be acting rudder to this bunch going into port!"

They were still going along at twenty knots when from out of the drizzle ahead they saw the stern and funnels of a destroyer. It was the big destroyer that had just passed them; and the tough little 323 breasted her stern, her waist, her bridge, and as he passed her (and he came quite close to let all hands view the passing), young Captain Chisholm leaned out from his bridge and hailed: "Call yuh!"

### Keep Straight On!

THIS same young flivver captain was headed for port in the usual hurry and was already well into the west channel just outside the port when a signal was whipped out from the signal tower. It was for his ship: "West channel mined last night by U-boats. Proceed to sea and come in by east channel."

Chiz did not proceed to sea, and he did not come in by the east channel. The harbor saw him come straight on to his mooring.

Said Chiz: "I was well into that channel when I got the signal. And, of course, the first instinct was to obey orders. But I stop and think: 'This ship of mine, she's 300 feet long and under her stern there's two big propellers. If ever I turn this 300-foot ship in this channel with those two propellers churning, and there's any loose German mines around, there won't be a blamed one of 'em she'll miss. But if I keep her straight on, there's a chance.' So 'Hell's afire!' I says to myself, 'the only thing to do is to keep straight on!' And I kept straight on, and we made our mooring."

After that they waited to hear what the Admiralty had to say. But they heard nothing; whereupon some said that was due to the Admiralty concluding that it is poor business to scold an officer who carries through a nervy



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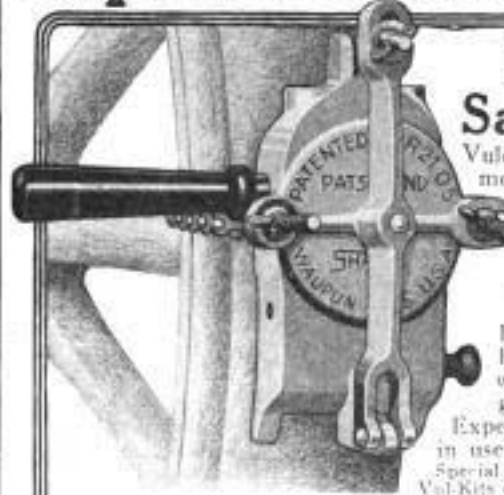
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Volume 61 Number 13  
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piece of work. The rest were sure it came of a previous experience with this same Captain Chisholm.

This Admiralty to whom our destroyer skippers had to report was presided over by an old fellow who believed that the Lord made the earth for admirals, more especially for British admirals.

Following his first cruise after U-boats, our young Captain Chisholm went up the Hill to report. He knew little of the procedure at this naval base, and nothing of the quality of the man he was to report to. So up he goes whistling to the castle on the hill, and by and by he is admitted to the presence of the admiral, who is seated at a flat desk in the middle of the room gazing straight ahead of him.

Chiz waited a moment, then ventured a "Good morning, sir."

The face at the desk did not even turn, but a voice barked out: "Got anything to say to me?"

Chiz was one of the sociable souls, and he would have liked to sit down and talk in an informal way of several little happenings that he thought were fairly interesting. But he had not been asked to sit down, and the voice froze him. So: "Why, no, sir, nothing special," was all he did say.

"If you have nothing to say, you might as well get out, hadn't you?"

Chiz got out.

"An American lieutenant commander in this place must rate about seven numbers below a yellow dog," said Chiz when he was talking of the matter to some of his chums in the King's Hotel smoke room.

"You Wish to See Me?"

THAT same week there was a cricket match between a team from our flotilla and a team from theirs. The idea was for all hands to forget rank for a while, get into the game, and so cement the entente cordiale between the two nations.

It is a friend and great admirer of Chiz's who told the sequel—in that same smoke room. Said Chiz's friend:

"You know what a husky Chiz is, and what he used to do with a baseball bat. There weren't many who ever hit 'em any farther or oftener than Chiz on the old Annapolis ball field. He was one of the first of our fellows to go to bat for our side. He's standing there waiting for one to his liking, when he spots the admiral friend playing what we'd call it in baseball left field. 'Oh, boy!' murmurs Chiz, and sets himself. Those cricket bats, you know, are about three times as wide as a baseball bat, and they're pretty heavy; and along comes one about knee-high, with an incurve to it, and when it does Chiz swings and, whale-o, over the admiral's head it goes and down the slope of a hill the other side of him.

"Chiz makes all the runs the law allows—six, I think it is—and he's sitting resting on the wide part of his cricket bat before the admiral even shows the top of his head over the hill with the ball. When he does and heaves it about halfway to the pitcher, or bowler, whatever they call him, he's out of breath.

"Chiz sets for another one knee-high with an inshoot, and when he gets one he whales it again, and away trots the admiral on another hunt down the hill. And Chiz makes six more runs before they even see the top of the admiral's head over the brow of the hill.

"The third time, and the fourth time, Chiz sets for a knee-high one with an inshoot to it, and the third time and the fourth time he belts it over the old fellow's head and down the long slope. And the fourth time the old fellow walks clear across the field and up to the stand and says to the chief judge that perhaps they had better call the game off for that day.

"That was all right. Chiz puts out to sea, and when he's into port again he calls up on the Hill as per instructions. And by and by he is passed again into the presence, who is sitting just as before at the flat desk in the middle of the room and gazing straight before him.

"This time Chiz doesn't speak, not even to say: 'Good morning, sir.' And the graven image at the desk doesn't speak either, and there's a silence for maybe a minute; and then the old fellow barks out: 'What are you standing there for? You wish to see me?' And Chiz barks out in his turn: 'No, sir, I don't wish to see you.'

"You do not wish to see me? What are you doing here then?"

"And Chiz cracks out: 'I'm here because your orders compel me to be.'

"Zowie! That straightened the old boy up. He took a look at Chiz, says Ah! won't Chiz have a chair? And after that Chiz and a lot more of us didn't find it so hard to get along with him. Trace it down and you'll find that was why Chiz was not jacked up for not coming in that other channel."

Results, Not Percentages

THIS admiral that our fellows told these stories about wasn't the worst in the world. He lacked imagination, and he had the manner of a rat terrier toward people not of his own kind; but he was one good executive. Before he came to take command of this coast district the U-boats had been raising Cain there.

There was a fleet of steam trawlers skippered by their old fishing captains and crews, whose special duty it was to sweep up the waters just outside the harbor. It was at that time a dangerous business, but it was also monotonous. It was a duty most easy to evade.

As a trawler went over an area of water, she was supposed to drop buoys to indicate that these waters were safe. Suppose they dropped the buoys anyway? Who was to say they had not swept up? No cove at a naval base five hundred miles away, that was sure! Even if mines were found there after buoys were put out, what would that prove? The boches were laying mines all the time, weren't they? So—war days are hard enough anyway—why not ease up now and again?

The British public will probably stand more from their lawfully ordained rulers than any public on earth. They stood for a good many of these ships being mined on that coast before they began to ask the why of it.

The powers returned with facts and figures, percentage tables and so on, of ships departing and ships arriving, seeking to prove that the number of ships lost was no more than was to be expected. Whereupon the B. P. took to writing letters to the press. British politicians take letters to the press seriously—a new man was sent, this time the admiral we have been talking of.

He got down to business. He fitted out a 30-knot dispatch boat and away he went. All along that coast he pounced in on little harbors where mine sweepers should be working outside—but where he found them working mostly inside at little sociable gatherings where was a dance or the like of that going on in the front and a little something nourishing to drink in the back room. Our stern and efficient admiral lit into them like a gull into a school of herring. Out by their gills he hauled them, and pretty soon the B. P. began to read less of percentages and more of results.

For £5

SOME trawler skippers lost their jobs under the new regime and new skippers took their places. This was at the time that rewards of £5 or so was offered the skipper bringing a mine into port.

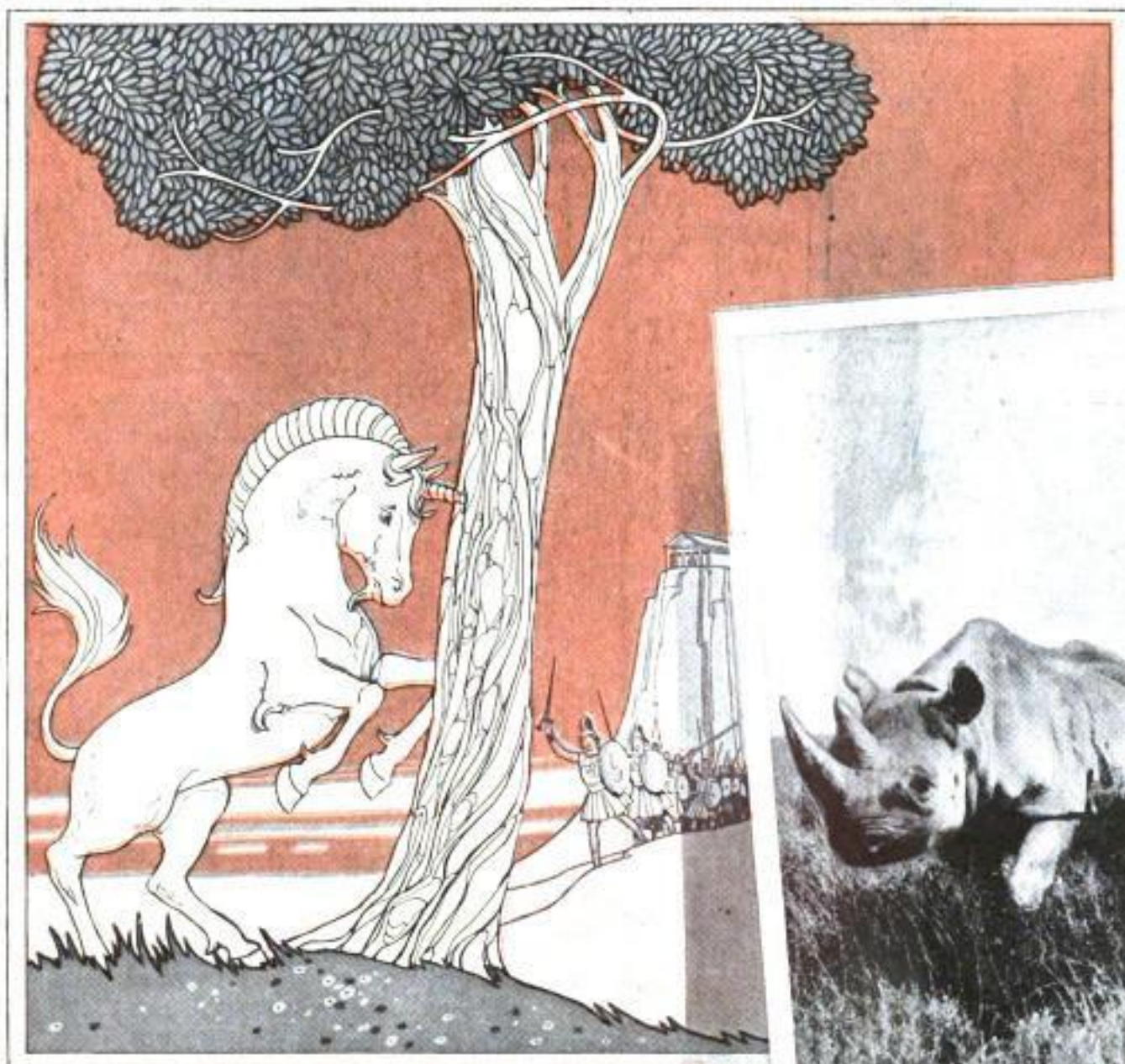
That £5 looks pretty good to one of the new skippers; and when one night at a pub a discharged skipper confides where there is a nest of German mines, out he goes into the gray dawn to be there first. He's there first, and sure enough it's a grand little spot for mines. He hooks into one, lashes it under his quarter, and goes scooting back to his harbor, which happens to be the naval base.

Proudly and noisily he steams along, telling everybody he meets of his good luck and asking the course to the admiral's ship. Everybody he meets gives him the course, and also the full width of the channel as he passes. He runs alongside the flagship, hailing lustily for the admiral as he steams up.

The admiral is not aboard, but his aid is; and the aid, coming on deck, takes a look over the side. He sees the mine bouncing up and down between the mine sweeper's quarter and his own ship's side. "Get away from us! Suppose you pressed one of those little 'feelers' and blew us all to pieces—get away, I tell you!"

The mine sweeper looks up—would they cheat him of his £5 reward? "Feelers, sir?"—and then looked down. "Feelers, eh? You mean them little 'orns stickin' out on 'er? Blyme, sir, I thought I'd knocked 'em all huff when I lashed 'er alongside. But 'ave no fear, sir, there's only two of 'em left, sir, and I'll bloomin' well soon—he reaches for an 'ar—"I'll bloomin' well soon knock 'em all huff, sir!"





## *Photography Rediscovered the Unicorn*

THE difference between Pliny's mythological unicorn and the photograph of the rhinoceros is the difference between fiction and fact.

The strange tales brought home by the travelers of other days were distorted in repetition, exaggerated in detail, because there was no truthful and unimaginative lens to record the facts.

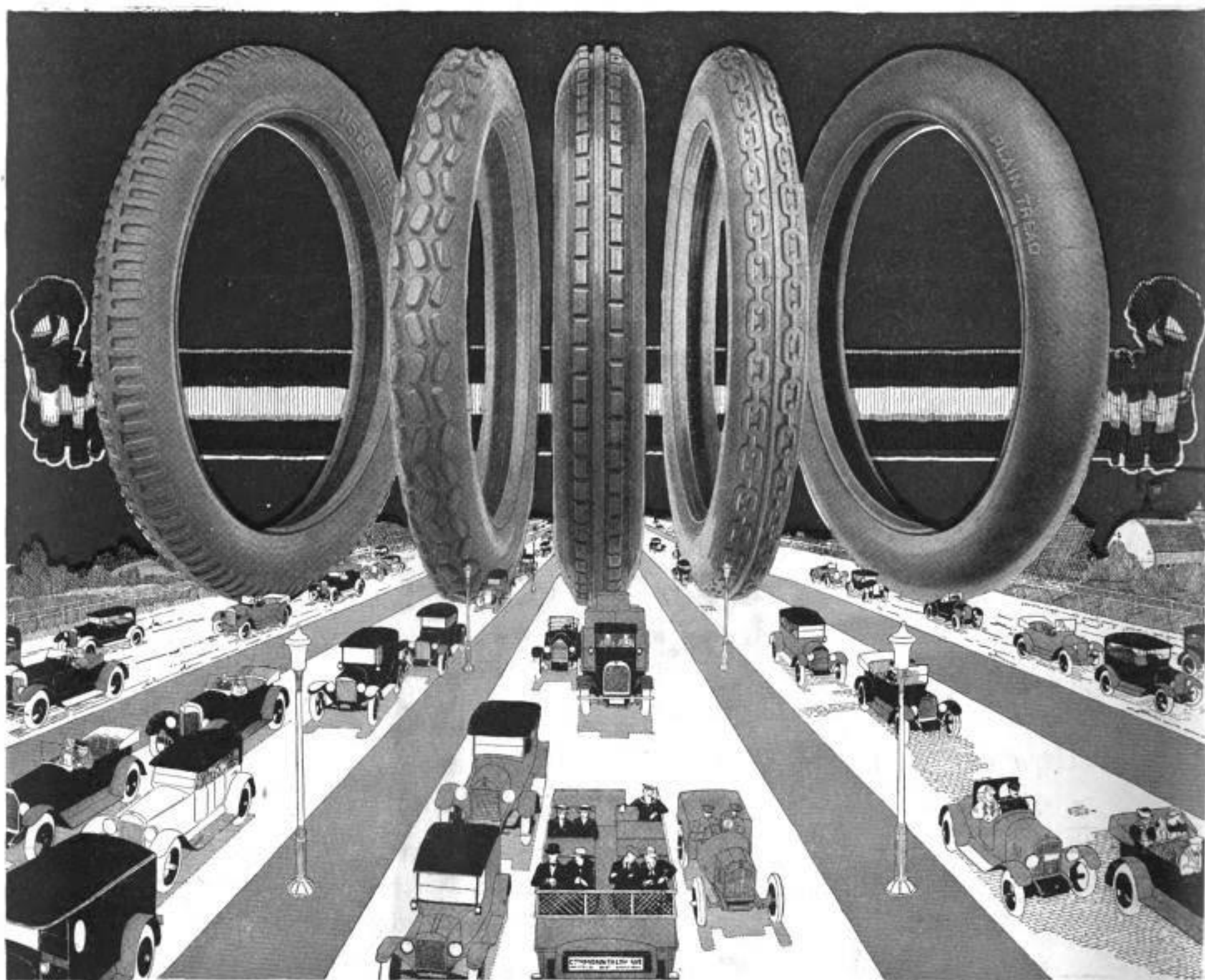
Today we sit in comfort by the library lamp and all the world is brought to us. Our magazine gives not merely a word picture, but the indisputable photographic record. It shows, not a unicorn rampant, but the rhinoceros and how he lives; it may acquaint us with the fauna of Africa, the

texture of silk, the face of a famous man—or a ruined Zeppelin—all interesting and compelling because we know them to be pictorial facts—given to us by photography.

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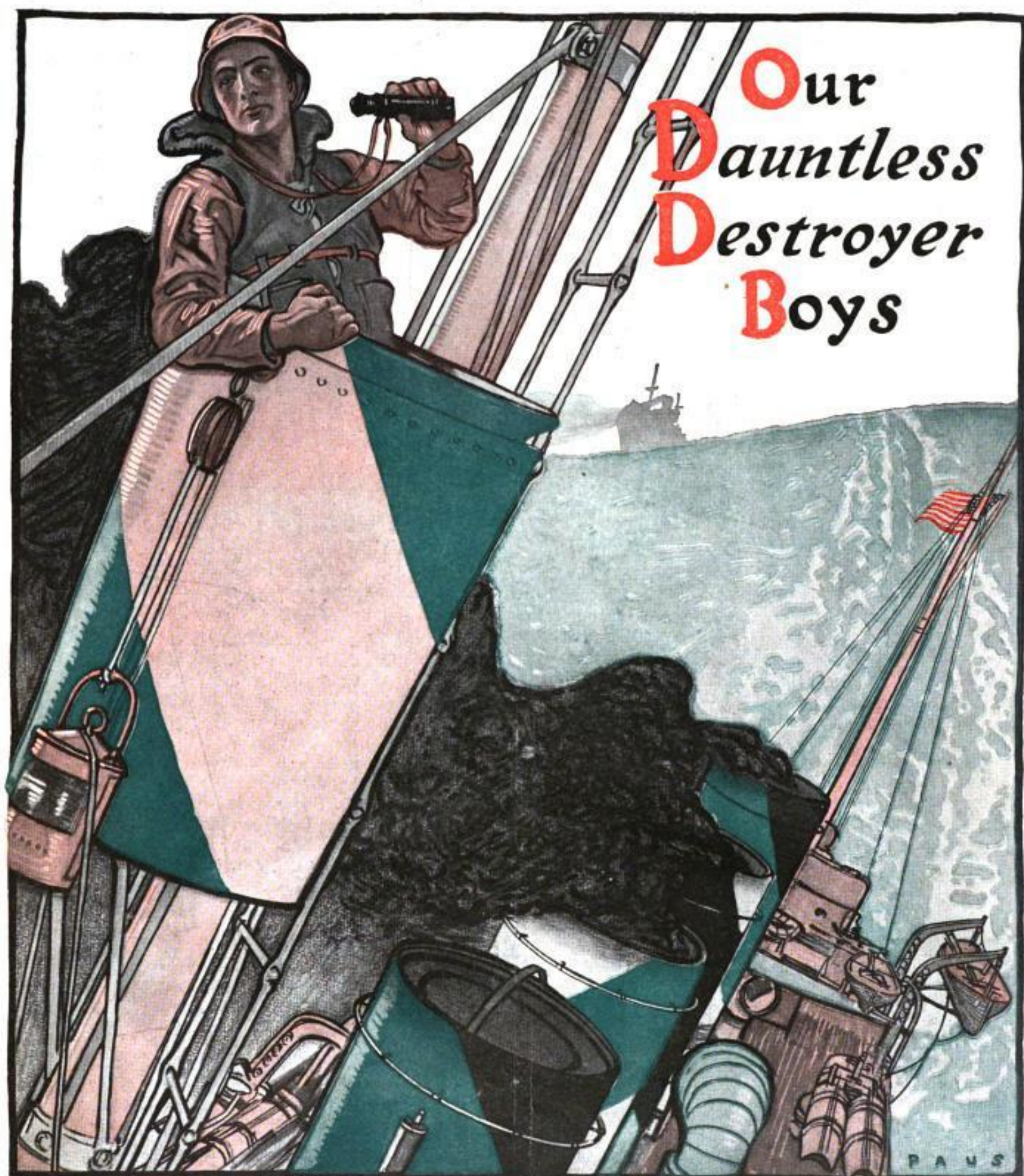
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June 15, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Marco Polo said:

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Pounds yearly for All Peoples*

MARCO POLO found the Ancients of Tartary bruising small pieces of silky rock-fibre in a brazen mortar. He had stumbled on the crude efforts of ignorance to turn asbestos—the gift of Nature—to the use of rulers of men.

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So man delved and found a way to make these uses available and the mines increased in number and production.

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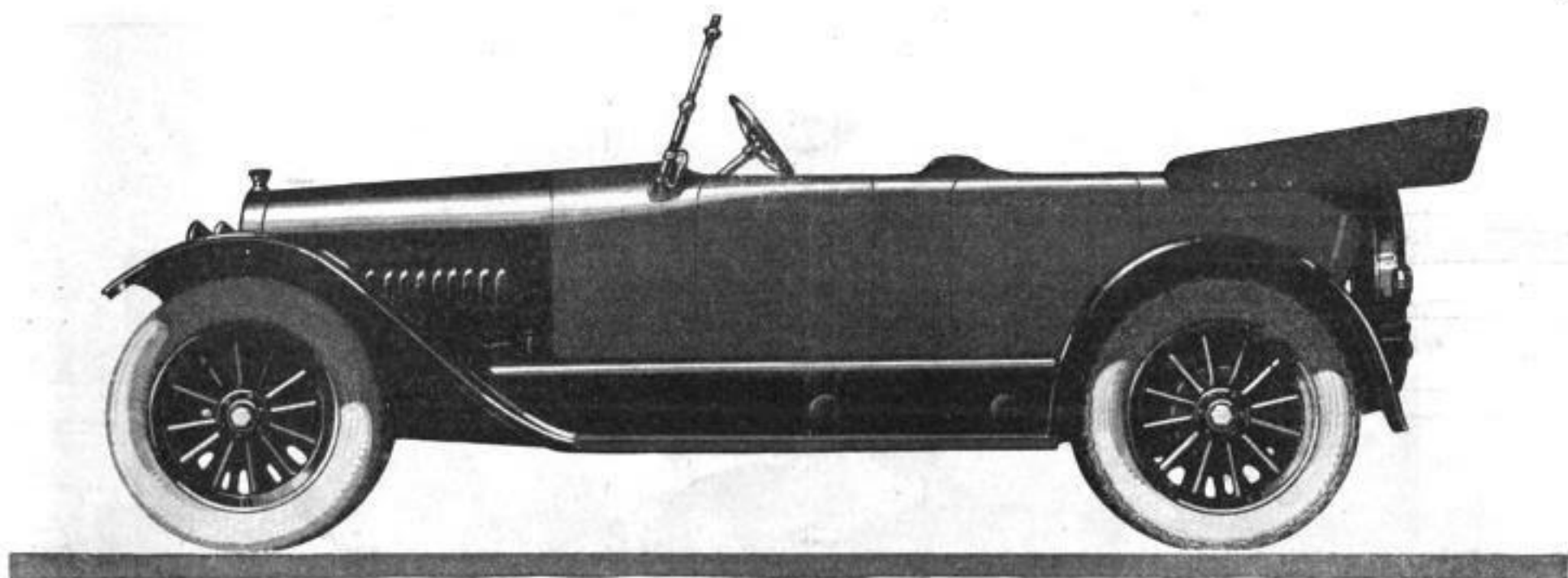
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JUNE 15, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 14



Canadian Official

## TENDING THE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE

*A trench dressing station along the British battle front, showing Canadian stretcher bearers giving first aid to the wounded during the course of a German assault. The two men standing against the trench wall at the left are wearing tags that describe the nature of their injuries*



# WHY ARE WE AT PEACE WITH BULGARIA?

BY DEMETRA VAKA

AUTHOR OF "IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE"

IN April, 1917, we entered the world war, not as enemies of the German people, but in order to defend our rights and the lives of our citizens under international law. No one except a German or a peace-at-any-price man could accuse us of having taken to arms in the heat of passion or before having exhausted every peace-preserving word and argument that might have prevented hostilities. President Wilson is—in the best acceptance of the word—the greatest pacifist of our times. He endured from the German Government all that good will, patience, forbearance, and even humility could be expected to before drawing the sword. He turned the other cheek not once, but so often as to brave the accusation of cowardice, in his sincere endeavor to avoid bloodshed.

When finally the President did resort to arms, he did not do so as the ally of this or that group of people, but against German militarism and its lawlessness. Over and over again he had maintained that international law and the rights of the nations under it must be preserved. Those among us who were aware of the extent of European political entanglements, even among the nations which are fighting against Germany, have often wondered if President Wilson would be able to stand by the high principles and the high political standards he set for America in this war. Would he be able to uphold the rights of the nations, especially of the little nations, when those rights already, through force of circumstances, had been jeopardized by our own friends?

A year passed, and as April, 1917, was memorable for the entrance of America into the war, so April, 1918, is memorable for a pronouncement of far greater importance than appears on the surface. On the 26th of that month our Government assured Greece, through Minister Droppers, that her integrity would be preserved, and that her rights should be assured, in the final peace settlement.

The significance of the message to Greece is this: It was fair warning to all the diplomats of the old school that the strongest of the world's democracies was going to uphold the rights of the little nations, openly and aboveboard, no matter what bargains the old-line, subterranean diplomats might already have made among themselves.

Never before has a European war ended in any other way than by a rearrangement of the boundaries of the small nations to suit the schemes of the "great" powers. And now there appears the latest accession to the concert of Europe and announces openly that the time-honored methods are to be done away with.

That is the first significance of President Wilson's action. The second is this: it indicates that he may be beginning to realize the potentialities at the Saloniki front and its possibilities for victoriously shortening the war, even at this late hour. And the Saloniki front can only be made the most of by us if we obtain the full cooperation of the Greek nation and of the Greek army. Thus what Mr. Wilson has done for Greece he has done no less for the Entente cause.

Of the two great fronts in Europe, the western front (including Italy) must be held if we are not to go down to defeat. But the Saloniki front has been, and still remains, the one on which we can most easily strike a vital blow at the enemy. Had



Ferdinand brings out and emphasizes the worst traits of the nation he was chosen to rule

the Allies taken care of this front in the first year of the war, they would have spared Serbia her martyrdom and Rumania her humiliation.

Why did the Allies not do it?

The answer lies in the sinister name—Bulgaria! As soon as war was declared, and Austria attacked Serbia, there was one thing that ought to have been attempted at once, and that was to re-form the Balkan Alliance. (To effect this both Serbia and Greece were willing to make substantial concessions to Bulgaria.) Could it have been formed, it would have blocked Germany from Turkey; it would have localized the war; England would have been spared the necessity of maintaining large armies and commissariat in so many distant places; and there would have been saved the thousands of Christians murdered in the Turkish Empire during the last three years.

whose persistent misunderstanding of the Bulgarian character would be incredible were it not a matter of history. And Bulgaria, laughing in her sleeve at the gullibility of the Anglo-Saxon—and how many times must she not have laughed at another branch of the race since!—utilized the time during which she dickered with the Entente to provide herself with arms, ammunition, and money from Germany.

The men on the spot—Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece, and Pachitch, Prime Minister of Serbia—knew that Bulgaria was simply hoodwinking the Entente. They warned Downing Street of it, and implored for permission to strike Bulgaria while the latter was still unequipped and unfinanced by Germany. This permission was absolutely refused.

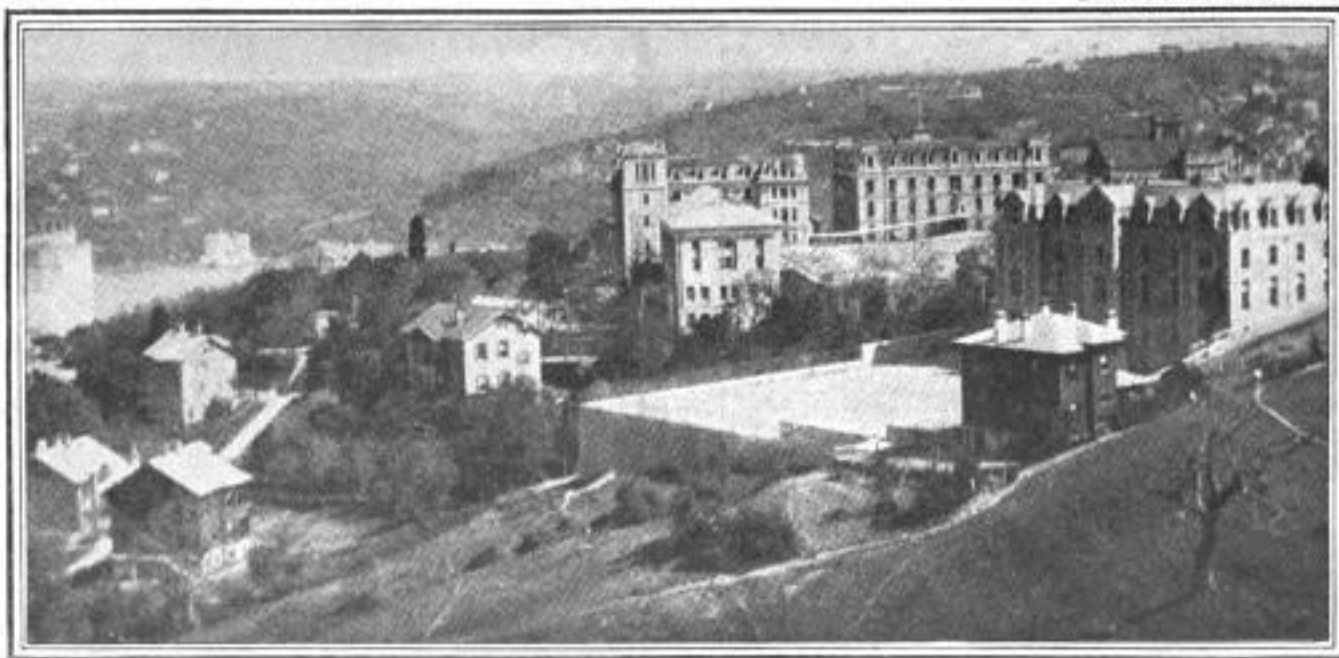
Sir Edward Grey was so completely deceived as to the real state of affairs that, even one week before Bulgaria fell upon Serbia, he still hoped that she would go with the Entente.

Had the English been acquainted with the history of the Bulgars in the Balkans, they could hardly have helped knowing that Bulgaria stood for autocracy against democracy, for the aggrandizement of the state against the welfare of the individual, and for might against right—in a word, for exactly the things that modern Germany stands for. Bulgaria's principles, her sympathies, and her deepest beliefs inevitably ranged her on the side of the foes of the Entente.

The Bulgarians in reality have no more right in the Balkans than the Turks. Of Tatar origin, they descended on the unfortunate peninsula in the seventh century, and wrested lands from the Greeks and Serbs by force. For two hundred years they were the dominant power, and the historian records that "even for those cruel times they were noted for their cruelty." As they grew in strength they began to harass the Hellenic Empire in Constantinople, until Emperor Basil, gathering his forces together, fought and defeated them, and earned for himself the title of "The Bulgar Killer." The Serbs seized this opportunity to strike for their rights; they too rose against the Bulgars, and won back a large part of their lands—and that ended the Bulgar supremacy in the Balkans, which had lasted only two hundred years. In the eleventh century, when the Greek Empire was suffering from internal dissensions, the Bulgars united with the Wallachs of Rumania, reconquered a portion of their former conquests, and for fifty years once more assumed a dominant position. So impossibly cruel were they, however, that they goaded the Serbs into fighting, and the Bulgars were again defeated. Later the Turks arrived and conquered the whole peninsula.

During the supremacy of the Turks we hear nothing more from the Bulgarians until the latter part of the nineteenth century. This is due to the fact that as soon as Turkey consummated her conquest, most of the Bulgarian leaders turned Mohammedan, in order to retain their lands.

From the sixteenth century on, the Greeks were gathering force to break free from the Turks, as were the Serbs and the Albanians. The Bulgars made no attempt to gain their freedom. Each at-



Roberts College, whose professors are targets for Bulgarian propaganda

On the other hand, had it been found impossible to re-form the Balkan Alliance, the Entente Powers would at once have known where Bulgaria stood. Instead, futile, long-range attempts were made to win Bulgaria to the Entente cause by a man who did not understand the Balkan situation at all, and

© International Film Service



tempt of the others at freedom was a failure, and was followed by tremendous slaughter. It was only in 1830, after nine years of bloody revolution by the Greeks, that a small part of the land which had fought against the Turks was permitted by the powers to become free. Later Serbia and Rumania also became independent.

Autocratic Russia looked with strong disfavor upon all these awakenings of national patriotism in the Balkan Peninsula. For centuries she had been scheming to become mistress of the peninsula, and through it to reach Constantinople. Every new country in the Balkans able to satisfy its national aspirations was a new stumblingblock to the growth of great, all-embracing Russia.

As time passed, however, Russia began to fear that Greece and Serbia would become too strong to be absorbed by her. She even feared that they might unite, drive the Turks out of the Balkans, and (perhaps with Rumania) themselves become heirs to the dying Ottoman Empire. The idea was intolerable to Russia because in that case Constantinople would naturally revert to the Greeks—to the Greeks who had founded it, whose capital it had been for eleven centuries, and to whom morally and ethnographically it belonged, since even to this day the Greek language and the Greek population predominate.

So about this time Russia first began to talk of her little "Slav" brother, the Bulgarian, groaning under the Turkish yoke, and pining for the protection of big, Christian Slav Russia. Agents provocateurs were sent among the Bulgarian peasants to distribute arms among them, and inflame them with promises of the lands of the Turks. The Bulgarian peasant's one passion is the acquisition of land, and the Russian agents succeeded so well that soon—in certain parts—they rose and slaughtered the Turks.

At the same time the Russian Embassy in Constantinople was sedulously playing upon the fanaticism of the Turks by telling them that still another Christian nation was about to rise and assist at the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire.

The outcome of it all was just what autocratic Russia had schemed for. The Sultan ordered his troops to put an end to the uprising, and a cruel slaughter of the Bulgarian population ensued.

This was the opportunity Russia had been awaiting. She called upon civilized England to witness the martyrdom of her "Slav" brothers, and dear Mr. Gladstone—who epitomized all that is most sentimentally high-minded, and least farseeing, in England—was completely fooled by Russia, and

backing Tatar Bulgaria to punish Slav Serbia—and Serbia was duly punished by a first dose of modern Bulgarian atrocities.

From that time on the Balkan Peninsula was the regular intriguing ground for Russia and the Triple Alliance, and neither side thought anything of the welfare of the people there, but only of how it might checkmate the moves of its rival.

If Bulgaria had not fought for her independence, she soon developed remarkable skill in fencing diplomatically for her further advantage, and played Austria and Russia against each other with remarkable success. Having had but one minor uprising against the Turks, her manhood was not depleted, like that of

churches had been paid for by rich Greeks from all over Europe; but Russia backed Bulgaria in her stand, and Greece was too little to obtain justice at that time.

It was most unfortunate also that the second prince of Bulgaria should have happened to be a man like Ferdinand. If the palm for unscrupulousness can fairly be awarded to any one man, then surely Ferdinand has the greatest claim to it. Had Bulgaria been blessed by an honest ruler, she might be progressing along better lines; for that the Bulgarians—like the Germans—are one of the most hardworking and industrious of peoples no one will deny.

But Ferdinand brought out and emphasized the



Upper picture—Ferdinand visiting Austrian Headquarters. Lower picture—Serbian troops on the march



Map at left shows Bulgaria's boundaries after the Treaty of Berlin; map at right, Bulgaria after the Second Balkan War; shaded portions show invasions of Bulgaria and Teutonic powers on Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, and Rumania

openly espoused her side against Turkey. In Russia, meanwhile, by those methods which autocratic governments know so well how to employ, the people were whipped into a frenzy of indignation, and called upon to go and save their "Slav" brethren.

In 1877 Russia made war on Turkey, and it was only when the Muscovites were actually at San Stefano, and within sight of Constantinople, that England woke up to the way in which she had been duped. With the utmost haste, then, she dispatched her warships to the Dardanelles, and ordered Russia to go no farther.

It was a tight squeeze in the old diplomatic game, and was followed by the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, in which modern Bulgaria was created a state; and if it was Russian soldiers who had done the fighting for Bulgarian independence, it was now Russian rubles and Russian officers that began to groom Bulgaria to be used against Serbia and Greece if Serbia and Greece did not do as Russia wished. And so, in the war of 1885, we had the spectacle of Holy Russia

the other Balkan States; and the lands allotted to her were not only more extensive than those of Greece and Serbia, but they were richer. They contained flourishing Greek cities, such as Philippopolis and Varna. Later—backed by Russia again—she seized all the Greek schools and churches throughout Bulgaria and proclaimed them Bulgarian property, giving as excuse that they had been built by the taxes that Turkey had raised from all the inhabitants. Considering that Turkey spends only an infinitesimal part of the taxes she collects on even her own schools and mosques, it is laughable to claim that she had spent large sums on schools and churches for the Christians. These schools and

worst traits of the nation he was chosen to rule, and under his tutelage Bulgaria more and more assumed the position of the Prussia of the Balkans. Not only did she prepare the sword, but she developed a propaganda which compares favorably in efficiency with that of her model, Germany. To win England, the Government printed pictures of Gladstone wholesale, and distributed them to every town in the land, so that all English travelers could see how the people loved the English. To propitiate Austria, Ferdinand's son and heir, Boris, had been baptized a Catholic;

but the time came when Ferdinand felt the need of bolstering up his reputation with the Russians; so Boris was rebaptized into the Russian Church, and the Czar was asked to become his godfather. During the present war, I understand, he has again become a Catholic. While manifesting this devoutly religious spirit, Ferdinand was secretly promising the Austrians that the whole nation would change from the Russian to the Roman Catholic Church—and a

(Continued on page 21)





ONE day last summer a group of our destroyers was sent across the Atlantic. It was a night and day strain for all hands; watching out for raiders, watching out for U-boats—watching out for everything—and grabbing snatches of sleep when they could.

Arriving at their naval base, every skipper of the little fleet felt pretty well used up. But every worth-while skipper thinks first of his men. One we have in mind passed the word to his crew that whoever cared to take a run ashore to stretch his legs and forget sea things for a while—why, to go to it. And stay till morning quarters if he wished.

As fast as they could clean up and shift into shore clothes they were going over the side. Our young captain felt then that perhaps there was a little something coming to himself, so he turned in, and he was logging great things in the sleeping line when the anchor watch, who was also a signal quartermaster, woke him up with:

"Signal from the Admiralty, sir."

"Read it."

The S. Q. M. read it: An order to proceed at once to an oil dock and take oil.

It was nine o'clock at night when our skipper had come to moorings. It was now one in the morning, and he knew he could have slept for another week; however, orders were to oil up.

He turned out and mustered what remained aboard of his crew. There were about a dozen. He sent three to the fire room, three to the engine room, one here, another there, he took the wheel himself, and, with his signal quartermaster acting as a sort of officer of the deck, set out to find the oil dock.

He had never seen that harbor before that night, but he sheered close in to every ship's anchor light he saw and hailed for the course to the oil dock. Most of them did not know, but one now and then passed him a word or two, and so he bumped along and by and by made the oil dock.

Officers who have business with it will tell you that the naval organization of the British is pretty complete. Our young skipper found everything ready for him now. Men ashore made fast his lines, connected up his pipes, filled his tanks, all in good order. Sister destroyers were oiling up with him; and with tanks filled they all bumped their way back to moorings, again without sinking anything along the way.

It was then daylight, and right after breakfast they all had to report to the Admiralty, so there was no use trying to sleep any more. Arrived at the Admiralty, the officer in command complimented them on their safe run across, and then went on to say that of course they had had a trying passage, and naturally their ships, especially engines and boilers, would have to be overhauled—all very natural and proper—and of course the needful time for overhauling, and for officers and crew—two, three, four days, whatever it was—would be granted; but (they knew the need) the question was: How long before they would be ready to go to sea?

The young destroyer commanders had discussed

English Channel, the Irish coast—the U-boats were collecting frightful toll. In the Mediterranean they were running wild. Five ships from one convoy in one day, three of them big P. and O. liners, was one of their records in the eastern Mediterranean.

To the natural question: "Why haven't you checked them?" almost any young British naval officer felt like saying: "Check 'em? Try it yourself and check 'em! You go out there and keep your zigzagging full speed night and day for three years and see how you like it! Go out there in rough weather and fog with not a minute's let-up, and see if you get to where the fall of a bucket of a dark night will make you jump three feet in the air or not! Our ships were not built, and our chaps were not trained, to beat their rotten game."

#### "What Were They Doing?"

SO things were when our fellows took hold; and hearing no word from them for a long time and then but a meager one, it may be that many a citizen on this side was saying to himself: "Well, they're gone, that little flotilla, swallowed up in the mists of the Atlantic, and that is all we know about them. And now I wonder what they're doing over there—or are they tied up to a dock at the naval base and their officers and crews roistering ashore?"

I can say from several weeks' observation later that they were not doing too much roistering ashore. Before leaving this side I found no evidence that anybody in Washington wished to suppress the record of what that little fleet was doing. Secretary Daniels and Chairman Creel of the Committee on Public Information believed with me that our little fellows over there were doing things worth recording. This fact is set down here because many people last summer believed there was too much suppression of the news of our fighting forces; and suspicion of suppression breeds distrust. Our fellows perhaps were not doing well. If they were doing well, wouldn't we be told more?

But they have ideas of their own on these matters over on the other side, and it is the other side which has most to say of what shall or shall not be given out for publication. When I first asked the British Admiralty to be allowed to cruise on an American destroyer from a British port, the reply was a flat and immediate no. The Admiralty did not allow British writers on British ships; why should it allow an American writer on an American ship?

It had to be explained that, despite what the Admiralty allowed or did not allow, English papers did publish praiseful items about the deeds of the British navy; and even if they did not publish such items, conditions governing publicity in the United States and the British Isles were not equal. The British navy was a tremendous one; it was operating just off its own shores; officers and men were regularly going ashore by the thousands, and to their friends and families, if to nobody else, they talked of what was going on; and it didn't take long for thousands of bluejackets to spread the gossip

# OUR DAUNTLESS DESTROYER BOYS

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

*When her stern rises he lifts his feet and shoots and fetches up—Bam!*

that and other possibilities in the reception room outside, so when the senior of the group looked from one to the other of his colleagues they had only to nod for him to turn to the admiral and say: "We are ready now, sir."

At this time—at the gates to the North Sea, the

in a country where no spot in it was much more than fifty miles from tidewater, whereas our nearest Atlantic ports were three thousand miles from our base of operations in Europe; and it was another three thousand miles to our west coast.

It also had to be pumped into the Admiralty over there that possibly the American and British publics did not hold to quite the same ideas about their respective navies. It was possible that the 110,000,000 people of the United States looked on our navy as not altogether the property of the officers and men in it; possibly our people looked on the navy as their navy; and believed that they had a right to know something of what it was doing; and so (this item had to be pointed out to one of our own top-side admirals), as that same public were paying the bills of the navy, no harm perhaps to let them in on a few things or—this being the twentieth century—they might take it into their heads some day to have no navy at all.

#### An Ash Can of TNT

IT took the foregoing talk and something more before I could get the permission of the British Admiralty to cruise on one of our own destroyers. This isn't a criticism of the British Admiralty—merely to show that its point of view differs from ours, and to show that it was not Washington which was holding up news of our navy.

And our navy has been doing great work. The destroyer on which I cruised was five years old, yet one day, during an 85-mile run to answer an S. O. S. call, she exceeded her builders' trial record. Incidentally, she saved a merchantman, which had been shelled for four hours by a U-boat, and her \$3,000,000 cargo; also she ran the U-boat under, one of the new big U-boats with two 5.9 deck guns. On the same day two other destroyers of our group took from a sinking liner 503 passengers without the loss of a life. One of these destroyers lashed herself to the sinking ship the more quickly to get them off; and as the liner went down our little ship had to use her emergency steam to get away in time. A fourth destroyer of ours got the U-boat which sank the liner. That was the record of one little group of destroyers in one day; and it is detailed here because the writer happened to be present when it happened.

When our fellows first went over they had to learn a few things from the British. We had first to get rid of some childish ideas about depth charges. We brought over a toy size of 50 to 60 pounds. They showed us a man's-size one—300 pounds of TNT—a contraption looking so much like a galvanized iron ash can with flattened sides that they call them ash cans.

These ash cans need not actually hit the U-boat; to explode one anywhere near is enough. When our fellows let go one of them, the ship has to be going 25 knots to be safe. One of our destroyers was making 11 knots one night—the best she could do under the weather conditions—and an ash can was washed overboard by a heavy sea. The destroyer's stern came so near to being blown off that she had to feel the rest of the way carefully to port.

#### Saving Our Men

THIS U-boat hunting has been found so wearing on men's nerves that the British Admiralty has a law that our destroyers must remain in port after every cruise for periods that average about two-thirds of their time at sea. Once our destroyers are back to port and tied up to moorings, a U-boat might come up and sink a ship at the harbor entrance and our fellows not be allowed to up steam and at 'em. It was only after a hard experience against U-boats that the Admiralty evolved this law to save men from breaking down.

It is a dangerous, hard service on one of the



roughest coasts in the world—a coast where for seven months or so in the year wind and sea and strong cross tides seem to be the daily diet; a service where for days on a stretch it is nothing at all not to be able to take a meal sitting down, not even in chairs lashed to stanchions and one arm free hooked around a stanchion; a service where officers live jammed up in the eyes of the ship and never think at sea of taking off their clothes, and where they sleep (when they do sleep), mostly by snatches, on chart-house or ward-room transoms.

And for watches: eight hours in every twenty-four, night and day watching of their convoy, of their colleagues, of periscopes. (The prospect of collision with their close-packed convoy is a bad chance in itself.) On a destroyer conveying ships the officer of the deck has to stand with one eye to the compass ordering, say, 200 changes of course in every hour. One watch officer of every destroyer has the extra job of acting as chief engineer of the ship; and when a watch officer has to go aboard a torpedoed ship, or to go in the crow's nest in a critical time—to spend hours, it may be—the time so spent is in addition to his regular eight hours.

If he is the executive officer, he must also act as navigator; and as it is important to know just where the ship is any moment of the day or night, the navigator does not figure on sleep in any long stretches. About twenty waking hours out of twenty-four is his portion. As for the skipper: Every single waking hour is a heavy strain. I went to sea with a commander of the alert, intense type. Most of them are of that type, but this one was particularly so—with eyes, ears, nerves, and brain working always at full power. Three hours in twenty-four was a pretty good lay-off for him.

### Whoop-o, They Can Roll!

**L**IVELY? Our destroyers are about eleven and a half times as long as they are wide, which does not mean that they cannot keep the sea. They can. Put one of them stern on to a 90-mile breeze and all the sea to go with it, give her five or six knots an hour head of steam, and she will stay there till the ocean is blown dry. But they are engined out of all proportion to their tonnage, with their great weight of machinery deep down; which means that they roll. Oh, but they can roll! Whoop-o—down and back like that! Most any of them will make a complete roll inside of six seconds. Ours was a five-and-a-quarter-second one. When she got to rolling right she would snap a careless sailor overboard as quickly as you could snap a bug off the end of a whalebone cane. There is one over there which rolled 73 degrees—and came back.

Take one of them when she is hiking along at 20 knots, rolling from 45 to 50 degrees, and just about

to go forward, say. He hooks onto a rope loop, hanging from a fore-and-aft taut steel line about seven feet above deck, and when her stern rises he lifts his feet and shoots and fetches up—Bam!—against the foc'sle break. He is forward and wants to go aft; he hooks onto the loop, waits for her bow to rise, lets himself go, and there he is, back to her skid deck.

That sounds like rough work. Sometimes it gets rougher than that; you hear of the wireless operator who was held in his radio shack for forty hours. He got pretty hungry, but he preferred that to being washed overboard.

But let a machinist's mate tell you in his own way of the night he was standing a fire-room watch (this with all due respect to the chart-house bulkhead, the trolley line, the buckling decks, and the radio operator who was confined). And was it rough? Rough! When he looked down at his feet, there were the fire-room deck plates folding in and out like a concertina!

Destroyer crews do not loaf overmuch around deck. They can't. They live below decks, mostly, strapped in when it is rough to a stretch of canvas laced to four pieces of iron pipe, set on an angle down against the ship's sides, and called a bunk. Even strapped in so, they are sometimes, when she has a good streak on, hove out into the passageway. It was a young doctor of the flotilla who said that, except for their broken arms and legs, his ship's crew were disgustingly healthy.

Our officers over there volunteered for this service, and for every one who went there were a dozen who wanted to go. And there is a lot of difference between men who go to a duty because they are ordered to go and men who go because they want to go. These officers and men—there is no beating them, except by blowing them off the face of the waters. And even then they are not always beaten. One of our destroyers was cut down one night by collision (with so many ships being crowded into a small steaming area, collisions are sure to happen). All

hands had to take to the rafts in a hurry. It was about two in the morning, one of those summer nights in the north when the light comes early. They watched her going under. Her deck settled level with the sea, and as it did so a young irrepressible one sang out: "What do you say, fellows, to having



"Where do we go from here?"

in European ports; singing it from behind the drawn shades of coaches rolling across France. There were even those who sang it while waiting to step into the lifeboats on a torpedoed troopship; but for light-hearted courage has anyone beaten that destroyer lad who was torpedoed one night last winter?

When the torpedo struck his ship the two depth charges astern were exploded also. Two 300-pound charges of TNT they were. The little ship seemed to be lifted out of water. There was just time to throw over a few life rafts and take a high dive after the rafts. There was no time to get an S. O. S. message away before the ship went down; so there they were—a November night in northern waters, more than half their crew known to be dead, their ship sunk, no other ship near, and no hope of one coming near. It was about as tough a case as men could be expected to face and hope to live. But there was a boy there—he was jouncing up and down in the water to keep warm, and jouncing up and down he was singing (from out of the dark they heard him)—singing cheerfully:

"Oh, boy; oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

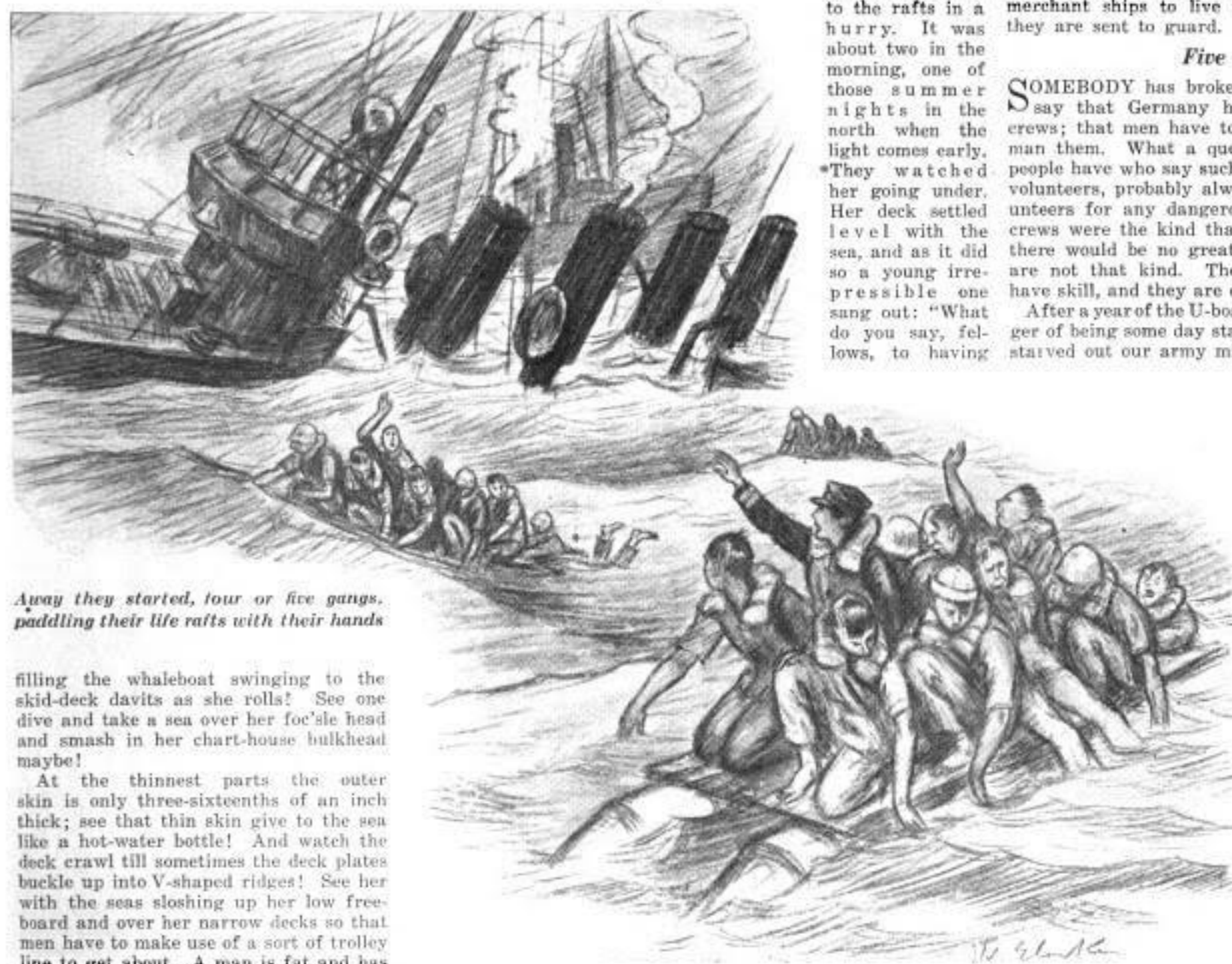
Only half a dozen destroyers in that first group; but other groups followed and are still following. They have not driven the U-boats from under the seas, but they have made it possible for British merchant ships to live in that part of the ocean they are sent to guard.

### Five a Day

**S**OMEBODY has broken into print somewhere to say that Germany has trouble getting U-boat crews; that men have to be driven into U-boats to man them. What a queer idea of human courage people have who say such things! There are always volunteers, probably always will be—plenty of volunteers for any dangerous service. If the U-boat crews were the kind that have to be driven to sea, there would be no great harm in them. But they are not that kind. They have courage, and they have skill, and they are dangerous.

After a year of the U-boat drive England saw the danger of being some day starved out; and with England starved out our army might as well have stayed on this side last summer; but though the drive is still on, England is not yet starved out, for much of which comfort she can thank the unquenchable spirit of the officers and men of our destroyer flotilla.

At a time when England was worn and weary with the U-boat game our fellows went over to hearten them up; they are still heartening them up, and besides heartening them up, getting the U-boats regularly. How many they are getting I could not say, even if I knew; but one of our vice admirals has publicly stated that once they got five in one day. And, with malice toward none, let us hope for more days like it.



Away they started, four or five gangs, paddling their life rafts with their hands

filling the whaleboat swinging to the skid-deck davits as she rolls! See one dive and take a sea over her foc'sle head and smash in her chart-house bulkhead maybe!

At the thinnest parts the outer skin is only three-sixteenths of an inch thick; see that thin skin give to the sea like a hot-water bottle! And watch the deck crawl till sometimes the deck plates buckle up into V-shaped ridges! See her with the seas sloshing up her low freeboard and over her narrow decks so that men have to make use of a sort of trolley line to get about. A man is fat and has





*OVER THE TOP AT COURCELETTE—Canadians leaving their trenches in a dashing counterattack*



*FOUNTAINS OF DEATH—Two big German shells bursting before the British lines in Picardy*



*"BIG LIZZIE" SPEAKS—A British howitzer in action. Notice the size of the shells*

Canadian Official



# THE RIGHT SORT OF MAN

BY LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

ANN WINKLER was a distinctly modern young person. Ann knew what she wanted and quite intended to get it. Ann, being twenty-four, confided as much to her friend Dorothy.

"Well," said Dorothy, and paused. "Just—just what is it you want?"

"I want," Ann continued firmly, "to lead an interesting life."

"Oh," said Dorothy.

Ann reflected afterward that it was vain to confide in Dorothy. Dorothy couldn't possibly understand. Dorothy was planning to marry Ed King and live the rest of her life in Bingham. Could Ann say to Dorothy: "I will die before I will marry a small-town man and bury myself in this hole?" She could not. Dorothy would never know how dull life in Bingham was—unless somebody told her. There was, after all, something of the vegetable about Dorothy. Ann felt herself to be more alive. Dorothy was positively mid-Victorian.

Ann was one of those girls who are all long legs and flying pigtails at sixteen; who are suddenly pretty at eighteen; and who flower some time after twenty into that harmonious beauty which does not so much hit you in the eye as steal upon you unawares until you are permanently bewitched.

Besides, Ann had an altogether exceptional speaking voice; a voice a note deeper than you expected; a voice for laughter, a voice for moonlight on the water.

Ann had other qualifications for getting what she wanted.

For one thing, Ann had got a liberal education at the University of Wisconsin. Ann had been one of the leaders of the Gamma Kappa sorority, a heroine of the war for supremacy with the Gamma Delta sorority. Ann was reputed, during her sophomore year, to have had "dates" forty-nine evenings in succession. During her junior year she was variously believed to be engaged to Bill Williams, the all-Western full back; to Red Tarleton, who left college the day the town went dry; and to a young professor of philosophy from Harvard. It was during the fourth year of Ann's unabated popularity that a Gamma Delta girl inquired with malice of one of Ann's Gamma Kappa sisters if she thought Ann Winkler was the "sort of girl men marry."

"No," said the Gamma Kappa—"no, she isn't; she's too particular."

Ann's four years in Madison developed in her a positive technique for the painless repulse of college boys.

For another thing, Ann had an indulgent father. Mr. Winkler was the sole proprietor of the Bingham

wire-box factory, founder of the Bingham Country Club, and the only man in town who habitually maintained two machines.

Mr. Winkler did not understand Ann's impatience with life in Bingham even after Ann had informed him of it. Mr. Winkler had established the wire-box business on a shoe string in the face of the most complete skepticism on the part of both the local banks. Mr. Winkler had never suspected that life in Bingham was dull.

When Ann mentioned it at breakfast Mr. Winkler said something about nonsense.

The subject was renewed at luncheon. Ann observed that there were no interesting people in Bingham.

"What do you mean—interesting people?" asked her father.

Ann found it extremely difficult to state just what she did mean; she knew well enough, but she had never put it into words.

"People who do things," she flashed.

"H-m-m-m," said Mr. Winkler.

At dinner Ann remarked that Bingham was a narrow-minded community. People had nothing to talk about but each other.

HE inquired belligerently what Ann proposed to do about it. Ann proposed to spend the winter in New York. Mr. Winkler would be pleased to know what on earth for. Ann said she wanted to know what was going on in the world. Mr. Winkler said he wanted to know what was coming in the world when young ladies calmly proposed to abandon perfectly good homes in order to gad about New York. Alone, too. At this point Ann's mother remarked that Ann's aunt Josephine lived in Brooklyn. Mr. Winkler looked from his daughter to his wife and from his wife to his daughter. Then he ostentatiously retired.

So it was not long after Ann's original confidence to Dorothy that Ann offered another.

"I'm going to New York," Ann said.

"On the stage?" Dorothy cried.

"I rather think not," said Ann judiciously. "I don't know just what I shall do. I'm going to spend the winter finding out."

"I think that's awfully nice," said Dorothy. "If I weren't going to be married, I'd like to spend a winter in New York myself. But of course—"

Dorothy did not finish the sentence, but her tone implied that she who had the sun naturally took only a slight interest in the moon.

Ann, driving home down the wide brick-paved street that was the pride of Bingham, felt sorry for Dorothy, and impatient of her.

"Ed King is a nice enough fellow," she observed to herself. "But, good Lord! Think of marrying him and living with him all your life! Of limiting yourself to Bingham—forever!"

Later, when everybody had gone to bed and she could not sleep for thinking of New York, Ann reflected that there was something vitiating about the atmosphere of small towns. Somehow at twenty people who lived in small towns were alert and eager and daring; and at thirty they were comfortably settled in humdrum. Worse, they were satisfied with humdrum; content just to go on living. It had affected her already. It would be easier just to slump back into easy-going Bingham



than to dare New York.

Ann got up, found a steamer rug, and climbed out of her bedroom window to the roof of the dining-room extension. There

she sat, her hands clasped about her knees, in her pajamas. The pajamas were not important in themselves. They were important in what they meant. They said, those pajamas, that Ann Winkler had emancipated herself from small-town prejudices; they said that Ann Winkler was a person of sophisticated taste; they said that Ann Winkler was a woman of the world. They were the only feminine pajamas in Bingham, Wis.

Bingham, Ann thought, would be pretty much the same fifty years hence—just as dead to first nights at the theater and spring academies and the kind of dinner parties that matter.

Ann observed the intermittent glow to the south—the reflection of the plow works at Bardwell, Ill. Bardwell and Bingham, though less than ten miles apart, were in different States. Citizens of either regarded the other with condescension. Ann could see no important difference between the two. If you lived in Bardwell, you went to the University of Illinois; if you lived in Bingham, you went to the University of Wisconsin. What had either community to boast of? Both were crude and neither was vivid. Ann was going to New York—where life is interesting.

Imagine meeting an interesting man in either Bingham or Bardwell! There were men who danced nicely in Bingham; there were men who played excellent golf; there were amiable, honest, sober men. But imagine a man of any sophistication of speech or manner or point of view. Imagine a man whom you couldn't—well, whom you couldn't solve in the first five minutes! You just couldn't. The Middle West produced the obvious. New York—the New York of painters and poets and studio teas—produced something more complex. . . .

ANN got her first good look at New York from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

It was one of those bright afternoons that come sometimes in November. One of those afternoons when the avenue is its pagan best. One of those afternoons when you can count more imported cars between Forty-sixth Street and Forty-second than anywhere else in the world.

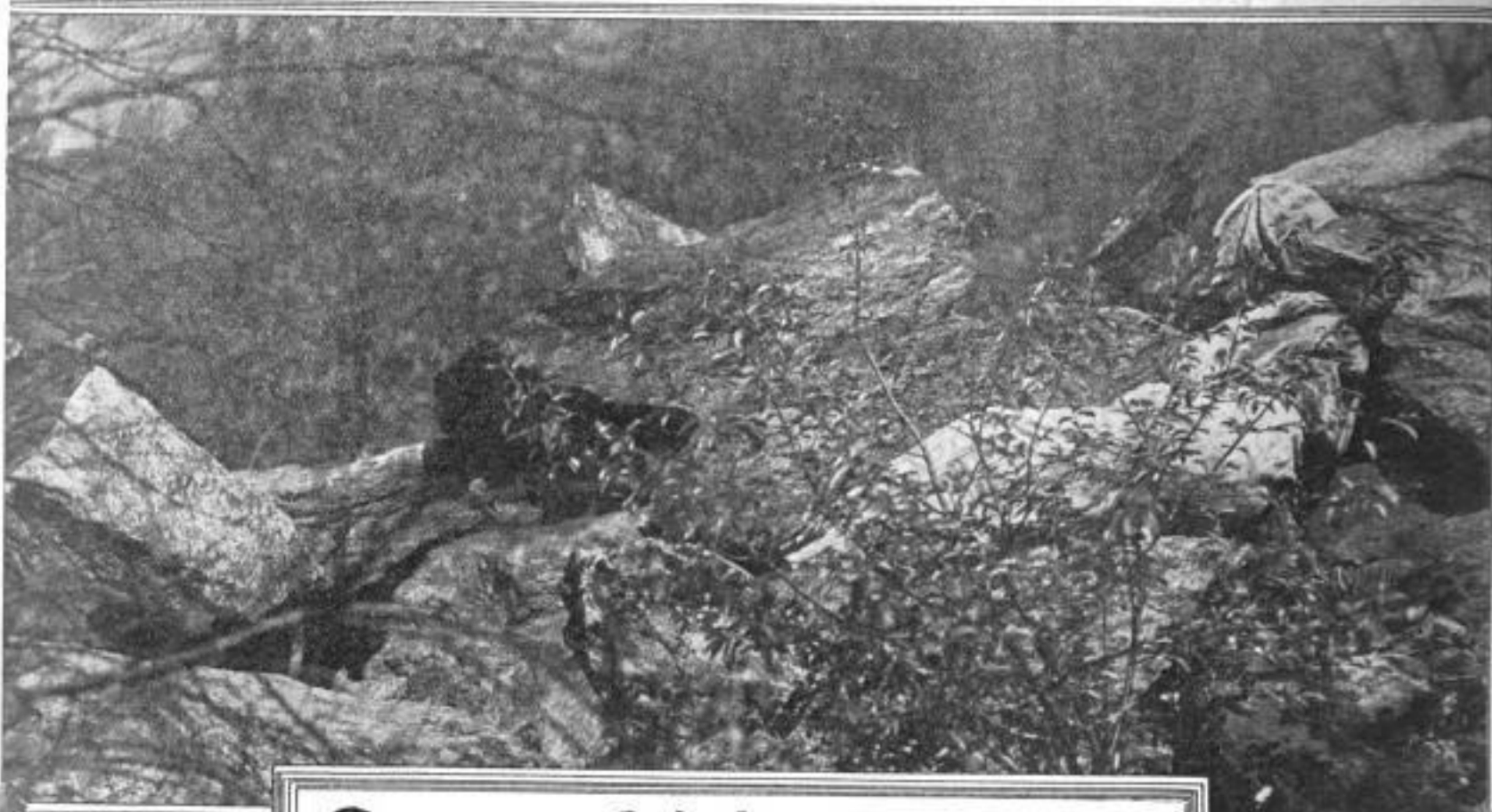
Ann leaned forward, her arm resting on the back of the empty seat in front of her, and gazed as one entranced at the stream of motors, at the people on the sidewalks, at the shop windows. She observed the blue-coated czar of traffic at each cross street, the mixture of residence and business buildings, the magnificent assurance of those shops that are so certain of their clientele that they carry no sign—not so much as a brass plate. She was alert to all those details which delight the newcomer for no reason at all except that they are different. Had she not come to find differences?

At Thirty-fourth Street a young man took the empty seat in front of her. Ann identified him in a swift glance as a typical product of the metropolis—the young man whose shoes are always polished, whose chin is always freshly shaved, whose Malacca stick hangs with the ease (Continued on page 27)



"See you at Jane's on Sunday?"





## Coats of Many Colors

*The National League for Women's Service is training girls to make camouflaged suits for snipers. Can you find the lady among the rocks above?*



*An antidetection suit colored to imitate a stump with sky behind it*



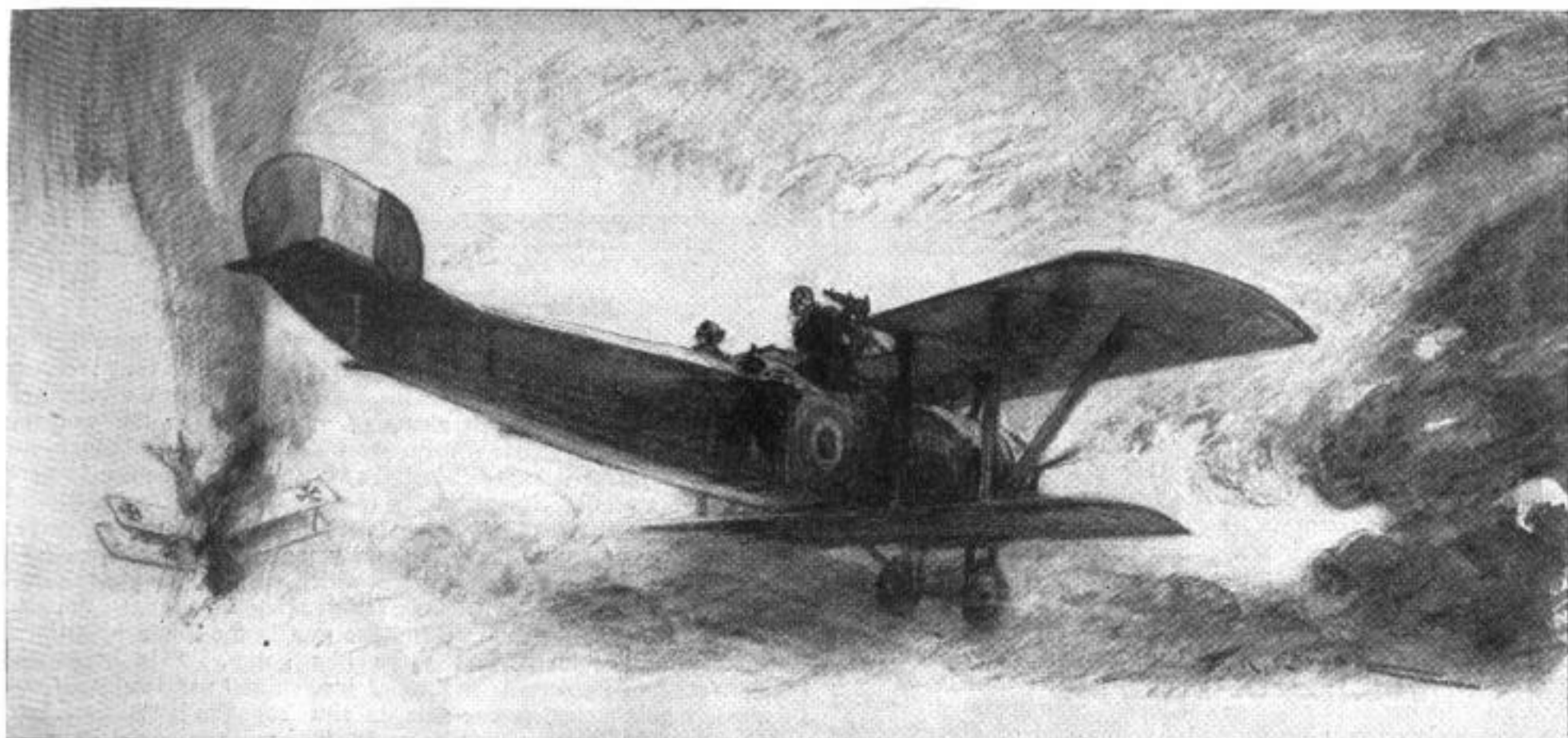
*The new antidetection uniform colored like its surroundings is hard to detect*

*Notice how plainly even khaki shows against a background of earth and branches*

*Here is a stirring and lifelike imitation of a rock, as given by a member of the antidetection suit squad*

All © Paul Thompson





# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—SEVENTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, don't be surprised if you read in the papers any day now that the Germans has fled outa France, because I am back at the front again. No doubt you remember in my last letter I was on leave of absence when them squareheads pulled off that spring drive, and I'll betcha Pershing, Haig, and Foch won't let me get six inches away from the trenches again till the war's over. Sec. Baker was over here too, and I seen him talkin' to Gen. Pershing the day I come back. They both gimme a odd look as I passed, and a infant could figure out what they was thinkin'. You never won no lovin' cups with your brains, Joe, so I'll tell you what was goin' on in their minds. They was thinkin' which one of them the American public would blame for lettin' me be away when the boches pulled off that drive. Joe, I would of run them guys ragged and will do the same the minute they turn me loose on 'em again!

But all jokes to one side, Joe, it was certainly tough that I had to be elsewhere when this thing come off, hey? However, they is a good chance that I will soon be 'mid shot and shell again, because they is a rumor runnin' around wild here that we are goin' right up to where this latest free-for-all is bein' had, at any minute. Joe, when we do go up, believe me, we will knock them squareheads kickin' and make 'em like it!

Don't pay no attention, Joe, to that there slight gain which them Germans tore off the other day. Every one of them guys must of been carryin' a pocketful of horseshoes and wore nothin' around their necks but four-leaf clovers. My dope is that they was all fed rabbit's left-hind legs for breakfast and Hindenburg must of touched all the humpbacks in the world on the back. If this big stiff in Berlin with the trick whisker thinks any of us Alleys is bothered about this drive, he's kiddin' himself to death. We let them squareheads come outa their holes where we could get at 'em and staked 'em to a coupla useless burgs over here simply to make it look good. No doubt you remember, Joe, how I used to let Cobb and the like get a long lead off first and just when they got the idea I was dreamin' of the sweet old farm or somethin', I'd wheel around like lightnin' and nail 'em a mile off the bag. Well, that's what us Alleys is gonna pull over here. Just when them squareheads figure they have got us in a hole, which is what we want 'em to think, we'll turn on them babies and—oh, boy! They won't none of them ever see France again, except maybe on a picture post card or somethin'.

Well, Joe, no doubt you remember in my last letter I was in dear old Paris, with a chance to see is it true they is more life there than they is in the South Bend of Poughkeepsie. Joe, I must say I had an elegant time and would probly be satisfied to live there all my life—if I was French. The town is a knockout and the people is great! Jeanne, my newly made bride and a guy from the South

named Calhoun, was with me, and we seen all the sights just like the hicks does when they hit New York from the sticks. Joe, I had the time of my life without gettin' stewed or doin' a thing that is against the traffic laws of any religion on earth; can you beat that? Just imagine, I didn't even see the makin's of a headache, whilst at the same time they was never a dull moment all the time we was in Paris!

No doubt you will laugh yourself sick at this and say I have gone to work and become the champion long-distance liar of the world, but such is not the case, Joe. I wanna tell you somethin' about this army life which no doubt you ain't never seen on no draft questionnaire. Joe, it is the greatest thing on earth, I'll tell the world fair, and if they was a son of mine in it around the age of twenty where a kid begins to hit nothin' but the high places, I'd sleep comfortable durin' the night and know they was makin' a man outa him! I wouldn't be sayin': "Where is my wanderin' boy to-night?"—I'd know he was bein' taken care of better than if he was out shootin' Kelly pool or tryin' to startle Rockefeller with his winnin's at poker. He'd be doin' his bit like a he-man to make the world a regular place for his own kids to live in, and if he wasn't behavin' himself he'd be in a nice clean guardhouse, and why not?

They is also some more things, Joe, which a guy don't appreciate till he gets in the army. You get good food, a nice clean place to sleep, doctors and medicine as free as fresh air, exercises every day that keep you where you'd be willin' to get gay with Jess Willard, and the best-lookin' suit of clothes any man ever put on his back! On top of all that they give you money—can you imagine it? Joe, I have knowed guys which before the war kept the booze factories workin' day and night so's to keep up with their thirst—and looked it—turned into big strong huskies, healthy as life in the mountains, in no time at all. They're seein' what the sun looks like for the first time in their lives and livin' on meat and potatoes instead of Rock and Rye. They come down to the camps lookin' like a good, strong sneeze would blow 'em to bits, and in a coupla months their own family don't know 'em, but is darn glad to make their acquaintance. Then take these here Winsome Willies which before they went into the army was so yellah that if they was throwed into a barrel of lemons you wouldn't know which was the fruit. The captain, which eleven times outa ten is a regular guy, takes 'em in charge, and by the time they get to France you oughta see them babies go over the top with a baynet—Oh, lady! Say! I'd rather battle with three of them so-called hard guys than one warmed-up Willy boy any day of the week—believe me—I know!

Well, Joe, fare-thee-well for the time bein', as the guy said which fell off Pikes Peak.

Yours truly,

Serg't ED HARMON. (HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR LIBERTY BONDS?)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I must tell you about our last day in Paris, because they was a few things happened I ain't likely to forget for some time. Me and Jeanne started out with this big buck private Calhoun to have a regular field day before goin' back to toy with the German army again. Jeanne claimed she had a sister livin' in Paris by the name of Marie, which was so good-lookin' she balled up traffic every time she crossed the street. She thought she could introduce her to Calhoun so's we could fix up a little party. Calhoun had enough francs on him to pay off the French army and even allow 'em overtime, so it looked like we was all set for a large day.

The first thing we did was hire a guide on account of Calhoun havin' a friend which told him before he come over that was the proper stunt to do in order to really see Paris. This here friend of his lived in Bird's Nest, Va., and had once been all the way to Richmond, so naturally he knowed what he was talkin' about. The guide we dug up was a knockout, Joe. He claimed he was a Algerian, but, notwithstanding that, he could speak every language known to the world, not to mention a couple he had made up all by himself. I come to find out later he spoke them last two better than any of the others, Joe. He was so little I bet he went up curbstones hand over hand, but he sure was hefty. Out on the farm, Joe, we'd say this guy was just about fat enough to kill. His complexion and coffee with no milk was the same. Calhoun takes one flash at him and gets a bad case of the hystericals, but Jeanne gets sore.

"This small little cochon," she says, "why is he?"

"Sssh!" I says. "He's liable to get sore and leave us flat. This bird's a guide—he's gonna show us Paris."

"He is of a certain not having the good looks," she says.

"Maybe he ain't tryin'," I tells her. "Never mind whether he's a good looker or not; we didn't hire him for a chorus girl, did we?"

All the time this here little guy stands there grin-nin' from one to the other and not sayin' a word.

"Where is the best place to go for somethin' to eat?" I asks him.

"Gazink oofus la gump et pluto!" he says, still grin-nin'.

Calhoun busts out laughin'.

"Ah knowed this little grampus come from the zoo!" he hollers. "Gazink oofus, hey? Oh, boy!"

Even Jeanne begins to giggle.

"Hey, stupid!" I says to our charmin' guide, grabbin' him by the shoulder, "what are you tryin' to do—kid somebody? I thought you claimed you could speak the English?"

"Alla paza goop gump oofus catawbas!" he says, puttin' all he had on the grin.

"Aw, shut up!" I says. "I oughta bust you in the nose!" I turns to the rest of them, and they is on the verge of death

(Continued on page 18)





# Collier's

## The Fallen Mighty

IT is not so long since a railway president was a "bigger man than old GRANT." In those not-distant days the tour of a president of the United States would hardly excite more emotion in the breasts of the people of remote parts of the country than a visit from one of these mighty men, who came in a private car, delicately furnished with walnut and green plush, and could be seen at the window smoking his great cigar and gazing benevolently upon the gaping citizenry. They were a strong race, these men who built or bought their roads, and controlled the policy of the companies as well as operating the lines. Also, they managed the politics of the sections through which their roads ran, and the governor of a State might be a less considered employee of the "Three G's and H" than a general passenger agent. When the days of new railway construction and enterprise passed, the presidencies went into the hands of salaried employees, who operated the roads and had little or nothing to do with financial or other policies. As a rule, they are men who have risen from the ranks. It is surprising to find in the lives of those who have fallen or are likely to fall how many of them have "come up" from brakemen or telegraph operators. Generally speaking, they were not overpaid, according to the scale of salaries common, except at Washington, among the directors of great enterprises. No doubt the survivors will accept the new schedule and serve the Government as eagerly as they have served the corporation.

But how the old race of "railway kings" would have roared over this order! Imagine JAMES J. HILL suffering eviction from control of his road—his road, which he took over when it was the St. Paul-Pacific, with a length of a few hundred miles, and built up till it spanned from St. Paul to the Pacific; his road, over which he used to walk with the surveying parties, and which seemed to him as much his individual property as his hat or his Corots. When President ROOSEVELT dissolved the merger, his protestations almost shook the firmament. If he had lived to see this fatal day, we can imagine him tossing his great head and charging full tilt against the Director General. But we doubt if even he could disturb the equanimity of the boldest man who has appeared in American public life in many years. And we question whether, if the roads are well managed and the returns are large, either the public or the stockholders will long lament the able individuals who have been so summarily disposed of by the unsparing hand of Mr. MCADOO.

As to the future of the roads, whether they will be returned to the stockholders or kept by the Government, and if returned what their condition is likely to be, that is a matter upon which the public can only conjecture while watching the inception of an economic adventure audacious even in these days of bewildering changes.

## After Twelve Years

BACK in 1906 that same JAMES J. HILL, who knew, said that one thousand million dollars a year for five years would hardly be enough to keep the railways up to their job. Nothing like that has been so spent since, and the experience of last winter proved the need. So now Mr. MCADOO's Railroad Administration has approved plans for putting \$937,961,318 into this year's "additions, extensions, improvements, and equipment." That does not mean new tracks, but it does mean better vehicles and harness for the steam horse. Financially, it means Government aid, and, whether or not as a consequence, up go freight and passenger rates. Politically it means a storm of protest sooner or later from the narrow-gauge, single-track State commissions. The average citizen should approve, because supplies will flow faster to our allies and our armies, and the American home will have a better chance of getting some coal in the bin for next winter. The practical problem is this: How will the railways get the fuel, the iron, and the men for this betterment work? That will have to be sweated out this summer, and in doing it we shall learn the toil of trying to catch up with JIM HILL after twelve years' delay. In passing, it seems odd that Mr. MCADOO did not take this occasion to give the railways the use of the four thousand trained engineers and of the millions of money now being wasted in that red-tape "valuation" of railway property. Conditions are changing so fast that the valuation will be perfectly useless in comparison with its cost. But the National Government is learning the railway business, and that knowledge is everlastingly worth while.

June 15, 1918

## Picks and Shovels and Gondolas

NOW that we are beginning to get our stride in turning out ships and airplanes and guns, it is time to remember that the very pulse of all this war work is coal. Every riveted seam, every humming motor, every dully gleaming gun barrel is the working ghost of so much coal. We ran short last winter even though our war manufactures were not in full swing. There is no comfort for the wise nowadays in comparing present coal output with that of last year or the year before. Almost every dollar that Congress appropriates for the army and navy means burning more coal. These gigantic war programs for which we cheerfully pay taxes and buy bonds are really plans for gouging deeper into the coal seams. Behind the man behind the gun is the quota of anthracite and bituminous that keeps him going. This is a war of mechanical power as well as of brains, and practically all our modern mechanical power gets its vim from the bottled sunlight that sparkles in the black diamonds. The gulch mines of Pennsylvania, the prairie diggings of Illinois, the hill pockets of West Virginia—every place we have that can put out coal—is on the firing line to-day. The swarthy lads with the picks and the funny little lamps on their hats—they're in the trenches too. If you want to know what our national strength will be next winter, watch the figures as to coal output. If you can raise it, that's your clear duty.

## Why Not?

WE note in the local paper that a War Savings Metal Market is now open in our town and that all sorts of jewelry, etc., can be turned into fighting stamps. Gold and silver are on the firing line these days, getting supplies over to our soldiers. The same paper shows a column of lost articles, mostly having some precious metal in them. These are no times to be flourishing mesh bags and other vanities—why not enlist such items in UNCLE SAM'S war finances? Your jewelry will be safer then; so will you and so will your country.

## Committees, etc.

WE find it hard to get excited over these proposals that Congress set up some sort of a joint committee on the conduct of the war. Such a body, composed of three senators and two representatives, was constituted in December, 1861, and maintained through the Civil War. It is very difficult to find anything more than passing reference to it in the standard histories, or in the biographies of the rough, aggressive, patriotic, and rather crude committee members. ANDREW JOHNSON went from it to become LINCOLN'S second vice president. Military writers think that discipline was rather the worse for its investigations. The civilian historians who notice it at all, grateful perhaps for eight massive volumes of "proceedings," argue that the committee did stamp on graft and inefficiency and did get the public needed information. Neither side attributes to the committee any real contribution toward winning the war. The newspapers of our country to-day are vastly better qualified for such publicity campaigns, including the fight on graft and muddling, than any formal investigating body that can be set up at Washington. We doubt very much if the French Chamber of Deputies or the British House of Commons has effectively influenced the actual conduct of the war in the field: much less the main committee of the German Reichstag or the Austrian legislators. The fact is that war is a responsible executive matter, an "operating job," as railroaders say, and that the legislative branch can serve best by bringing popular support to the tested leaders of the nation's fight. From this angle one can see the importance of the Overman Act, which gives the President power to line up the governmental departments as he thinks the need is. It is the greatest trust ever committed to an American executive and also the heaviest responsibility ever imposed on one. The underlying idea is, to our notion, sound. The President can now cut red tape and shift men almost as he sees fit, but he must get results. If Congress wishes, it can go farther along this line: can give the country a real budget system for planning war expenditures, a sound revenue system to replace the present hodgepodge, and clear the way for having our war work done with all possible scientific skill. Nobody cares much nowadays for investigations, post-mortems, and like luxuries. What we are after is victory.



# Editorials



## And the Merchant Seamen

"WHEN Germany first threatened Britain with the submarine blockade," writes an Englishman, "she supposed that a few months would serve to bring the latter country to her knees—but she forgot the British seaman." Britain is still unconquered; her ships move in and out; if a ship goes down, the brothers of the men in sail or steam who sink with her still carry on the business of the seven seas. A hundred merchant ships a day pass Dover's narrow gateway. Over 8,000 British seamen have gone down since the beginning of this war; half as many are prisoners—but Britain is still HENLEY'S "Mother of Ships." CURZON of Kedleston declares that 13,000,000 human beings have been moved in British ships since August, 1914, out of whom only 3,500 have been lost; 2,000,000 horses and mules and 500,000 vehicles; 25,000,000 tons of explosives and supplies; 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel for the fleets and armies. The daily cargo of supplies conveyed to France amounts to 30,000 tons, and the daily passenger list is 7,000 persons, and 570 steamers are kept busy with the moving of these passengers and their freight. It is good to know that Britain not only has such loyal sons as the sailors who make these things possible, but is giving them a recognition more complete than they have formerly had. In future, officers and men of the merchant service will cast their votes by proxy—and this political recognition is accompanied by such other advantages as the institution of a standard service uniform, and of better and safer quarters for crews of standard ships. The story of Britain's mercantile marine, 1914-18, is, as the New York "Evening Post" puts it, "an epic of human accomplishment." Not only their fellow countrymen, but all their allies, are proud of the Britons who have insured the provisioning of Great Britain and Ireland during the war, and also the immunity of the French coast and the French colonies from attack, and, indeed, the carrying on of the war. It is an epic that is not yet concluded. What one can write to-day is that the spirit of the British seaman remains as indomitable as ever it was; and he is worthy of the reenforcement he is receiving, thanks to the American navy that we are always proud of, and the American merchant fleet that we are now seeing increasingly and worthily recruited. Who shall say which has most of poetry—heroism on land, or at sea, or in the air? The merchant seaman has never pondered this weighty question: but he carries on!

## Lapsing Into the Truth

"NOT by the gain or loss of ground will the war be decided. It will end with the annihilation of the enemy's armed might." Why should we bother to reprint a statement so widely understood? Well, this time it appears in the Berlin "Lokal Anzeiger." And it is heartening to read one German statement which precisely expresses the basis upon which we Allies will fight out the war.

## Officers

IT is pleasant to read how the men in our new army believe in and stand up for their officers, whether of militia, West Point, or reserve training camp origin. Very pleasant indeed—and then one sees some of these upper-class uniformed photographs now so plentiful in all good photographers' windows and rather wonders! An observant friend remarks that many of them seem as if they were afraid some fellow was not going to salute as he should. No doubt some of these youngsters were prominent recently in their college fraternity circles, and have not quite gotten over it as yet. Time and the job are a great cure for all such human frailty. No young fellow ever kept much of a foolish streak after having the lives of other men on his hands in time of peril—men with whom he shares mud and toil, danger and utter weariness. Unless an army is based on masses of dense ignorance, as in Russia, or built on a savage superstition of caste such as the Kaiser cherishes, it inevitably tends to become democratic. In the front lines the tailored grace of a uniform is no longer fundamental, and those who hold authority have to meet its ancient challenge: that of ability to surpass in doing the things that everyone does. Our officers will meet that test. Glance at their photographs of a few months hence and you will see. "KIPLING got it all into two lines of verse: "The look of men that ha' brothered men by more than the easy breath. The eyes of men that ha' read wi' men in the open books of death."

## Anastasie

THE American censorship, operative on both sides of the Atlantic, has been criticized more or less. In view of our native tradition, it would be strange if it hadn't been. What surprises one is not the fact that the Public Informers at Washington and the gentlemen who study news cables and the officers of the Intelligence Section in Paris and at American Headquarters "over there" are more or less unpopular with newspaper correspondents, but the ease and the seriousness with which our newly anointed ministers of public opinion slip into their swivel chairs and their new habits of mind. No one would realize that, until less than a year ago, Americans thought of "censors" (and especially censorship of "tendencies" and opinions) as peculiar to melodramas about Russia, and to muckraking articles about Germany and her "Reptile Press." How fluid we are, after all! We take the censorship idea for granted now; we find it reasonable enough that large sums should be at the disposal of a Committee on Public Information for purposes of "propaganda" in America and abroad, in countries enemy and Allied and neutral. France, in accepting the censorship, has been far less reconciled to it than we seem to be. The French censorship which, under CLEMENCEAU, purports to be nonpolitical, is constantly the subject of gibes from the unregenerate. The French personify the censorship as a virulent old maid armed with large scissors; they have found a fitting name for the old maid: ANASTASIE. The wittiest of French newspapers, the Paris "Œuvre," has even formed the habit of reprinting, whenever a considerable number of lines are deleted from one of its articles, a black-bordered extract from the works of ANATOLE FRANCE:

*Silence and ignorance are from now on the people's only rights! Surely our masters are wonderfully confident of their genius to deprive us thus of light and of counsel.—ANATOLE FRANCE.*

But ANATOLE FRANCE always was a sarcastic old intellectual, and something of a liberal too; probably he isn't duly awed by that female, ANASTASIE—even when she wears uniform, and talks big bow-wow talk about saving civilization by blowing out the gas.

## Unofficial Honors

LIBERTY LOAN, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. campaigns, one big war drive after another, each with its heroic speechmakers and full-dress parades, have made the Croix de Guerre as familiar as a Ford car! The small boy next door looks down on anyone who fails to differentiate between our own Medal of Honor and the Victoria Cross; he knows all about the D. S. C. and the D. S. M. But there are other decorations than these: unofficial, democratic decorations to which we are not yet accustomed; decorations which do not figure in press dispatches, pictures of which never appear in the Sunday papers or draw cheers at the movies; decorations of which the heroes themselves as yet know nothing. Not gold, or silver, or bronze, these decorations, but words written on the backs of letters, envelopes, on scraps of white or brown paper picked up in a trench or dugout, written with pen or pencil; decorations which cannot be worn on parade, yet will be passed from generation to generation as jealously as any badge of honor.

There is no lining up of battalions to witness their award, no kiss or formal handclasp for the winner—but these decorations are coming to the mothers of our boys; coming quietly, modestly—just a bit of unfamiliar handwriting tucked in somewhere in that letter from France.

"Dear Madam," so one reads, "it might please you to know that your son is one of my best and most dependable men," and signed "His Platoon Commander."

Another—and this is an actual copy: "May I tell you that your son is indispensable to me, that without him our work could not go on so well; he is always cheery and ready. Madam, I love your boy."

They come from where, from whom, these unofficial honors? Straight from the front lines, slipped in by some busy officer of your boy's command, an officer who, in spite of a thousand other duties, finds time to act as censor, but is something more than any censor in the ordinary meaning of the word; an officer who has watched your boy day after day, and worked with him through danger and—worse than danger!—drudgery.

June 15, 1918



# LET 'ER BUCK!

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

A CHARGING column of frightened horses broke down a section of fence and came plunging across the road toward the ranch house. With the foreman of the ranch, I stepped up on to the porch for safety and watched the runaway band go thundering by. Snorting and neighing, they scrambled up the steep hill back of the house and disappeared in the dense woods. Two cowboys, wearing sombreros, chaps, high-heeled boots, and with brilliant-colored handkerchiefs knotted about their necks, hurried from behind the stable across the way and made for their horses.

"Watch these fellows ride," the ranch foreman said to me. "They're a couple of our top hands."

Watching those two cowboys ride was easy on the eyes. They swung into their saddles with the ease of ordinary men sitting down to breakfast in an accustomed chair, and went rocketing away after the runaway animals. One of them took a narrow winding trail up the hillside through the brush. I found my admiration about evenly divided between rider and horse. The horse scrambled and twisted up that narrow, rough trail as sure-footed as a cat; and the cowboy stayed with him as secure in his seat as a hungry flea at bedrock on a woolly dog's back.

"Top hands," the ranch foreman said proudly. "And mighty fine fellows. You won't find a cleaner pair of gentlemen anywhere!"

What the ranch foreman said was quite true, but he was not a ranch foreman, and the cowboys were not cowboys, and the ranch was not a ranch. The ranch was a part of the great remount depot of Camp Lewis, the National Army cantonment at American Lake, Wash.; the foreman was the officer commanding the remount, and the cowboys were soldiers in the service of the United States.

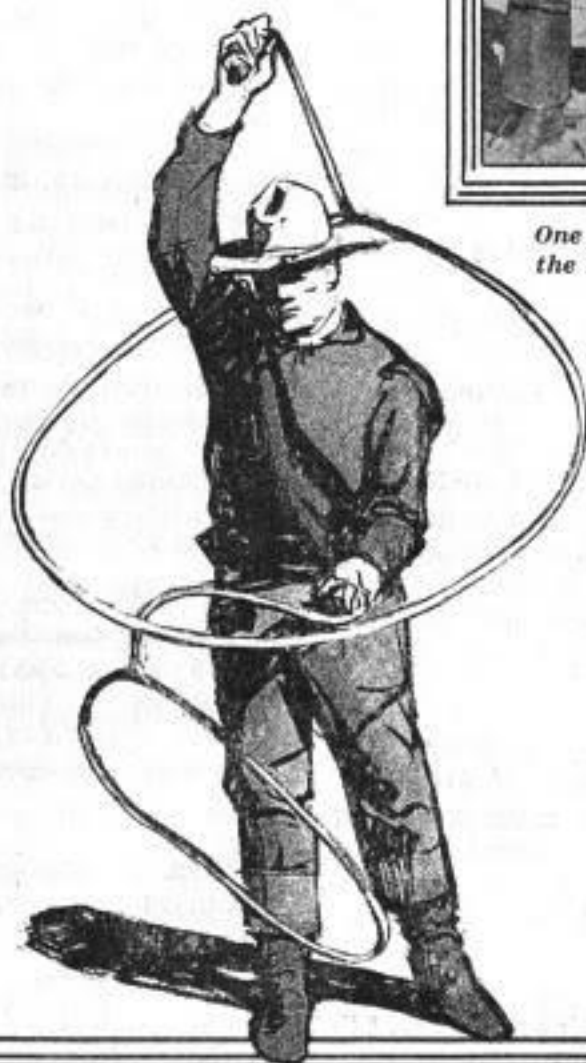
## Regular Rookies

THE remount depot at a cantonment is simply the horse camp where the animals called for service are received and trained for their military duties.

At the remount the incoming horses are greeted with the equine equivalent of the "shot in the arm" that welcomes the rookie into camp; only, instead of getting the needle for protection against small-pox et al., Dobbin gets his little squirt of goozelum to insure him against glanders. When our friend, the horse, arrives in camp, he is immediately examined and assigned to one of a number of detention corrals, according to the state of his health. If he has a particularly bad case of the blues, or a sniffy nose, or any of the forms of pazootski that afflict a horse, he gets a trip to the hospital. It's a real hospital with smells and operating tables and doctors all dressed up in white clothes, with knives and serious expressions. I watched one poor gee-gee get cut apart and sewed together again for appendicitis, or grand larceny, or whatever it was that ailed him. The doctors kidded him on to the operating table. The table, operated by machinery, was stood up

Photographs from Union Pacific Railway Press Bureau

on edge to make the horse believe it was a nice, ordinary barn wall and good to lean on. When the poor nag leaned on it, they locked him to the camouflage wall with straps around his legs and neck, and then turned the table top back to a horizontal position again. Of course the nag went with the table, and there he was, all laid out on his side for burial or convalescence, whichever he might be fit for when the vets got through trying out their knives on him. A horse can't talk like a human being, but he can groan and whine like one. I stood at that poor nag's head while they worked on him, and all I had to do was to shut my eyes to believe that a man in pain



One man was keeping two loops going at once, and the fence top was lined with a cheering, jeering crowd

was lying at my side. And the great shuddering sigh of relief when they had finished with him and let him up! He was a little shy on articulation, that horse, but he was a regular four-legged Warfield when it came to expression. He couldn't say anything, but you knew what he meant all right!

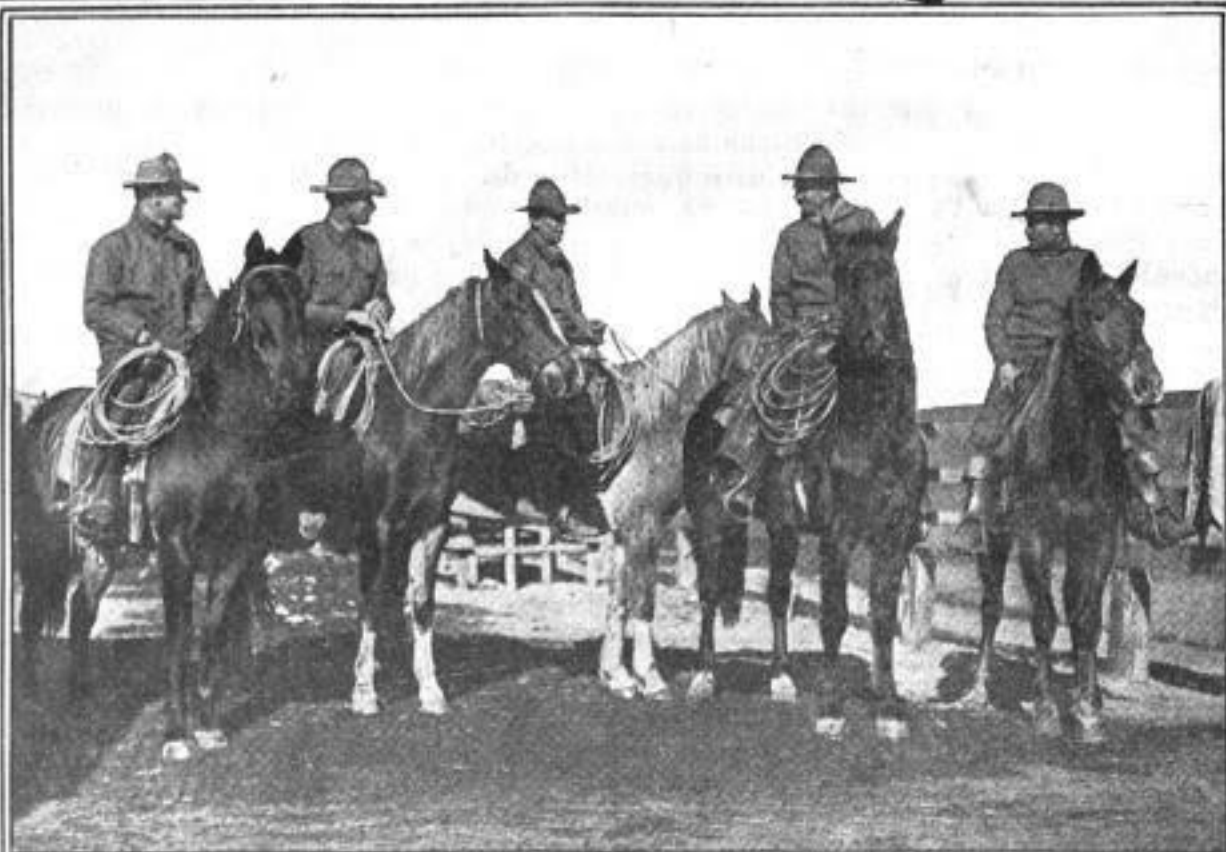
## The First Battle

BUT the brones and all the rest of the gee-gees are in the hands of their friends at Camp Lewis. The camp draws from all the range country of the West, with the exception of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado, whose men report at Camp Funston, Kansas, or Camp Travis, Texas. There are accommodations for fifteen thousand horses and mules at Camp Lewis. The muster rolls of some of the companies sound like a list of the champion riders and ropers of the West. A mean brone that's never been ridden and doesn't ever intend to be is out of luck at Camp Lewis. He goes into one of the six bull pens stepping high and haughty, snorting information to the wide world that no bow-legged, cow-punching imitation of an animated pretzel in boots and spurs is going to fork him and live to die in bed! A solemn-looking cowboy goes into the pen with him. The bull pen is like a paper drinking cup in shape. It is thirty feet in diameter; it has board walls set at such an outward angle that there is little danger of the rider's legs being crushed during the battle, for a battle it is. Those circular board walls are about eighteen or twenty feet high, and there are hoof marks mighty close to the top of some of them. The cowboy and the brone stay in the pen alone for the length of time determined by the orneriness of the brone; but when they come out Mr. Horse is stepping meek and low and gingerly, like a deacon in a foreign chicken yard, and if a man had advertised him for sale as being fit for women and children to play with, he could not be sued for making a false statement!

It is a vital work these men of the rope and saddle are doing, the work of taming and training thousands of horses for the officers and the artillery, and mules for transport. Captain Jackson, commanding at the remount, explained to me how important the work is. He is a ranch owner from Williston, N. Dak., who volunteered for service the day after war was declared.

"It takes a long time and a lot of money to make a good officer—a colonel, we'll say—but one twist of an ornery brone's back may put him out of business. We can't afford to have any officers put out of business just now; we need 'em too bad. It's our business out here to see to it that the officers' mounts are trained so's they don't tend to any of Berlin's business. We always advise an officer to let us pick his mount for him, and if he does, we guarantee to give him a horse that'll behave. So far as I know, there hasn't been an officer thrown in this camp yet. That's a record to be proud of, isn't it?"

A few days later I met Captain Jackson, sitting on his horse in a downpour of rain, watching a division review. He was accompanied by Sergeant Richardson, who sold (Continued on page 26)



It is a vital work these men of the rope and saddle are doing, the work of taming and training thousands of horses for the officers and the artillery, and mules for transport





# How Soon Will Premiums Be Paid for Hudson Super-Sixes?

Soon, it Seems, People Will Pay Extra Prices to  
Get the Car of their Choice

It is not a new condition for people to pay premiums for prompt deliveries of Hudsons.

There have been many times when that situation has obtained.

It bids fair to be repeated again—soon.

This time the reason lies in the growing demand for cars of proved quality.

That demand grows.

More and more people can buy cars than ever before could afford them. But the supply grows less. Realizing the situation, still other thousands desire to get rid of the cars they now own that they may get new proved reliable cars that may be relied upon to serve them through the uncertain times ahead.

They know the growing difficulty of getting efficient automobile repair service. Consequently, they will not hazard their motor car needs by retaining a car that is dependent upon constant mechanical supervision.

So they, too, turn to the Super-Six.

They, having owned and used motor cars for several years, know what the Super-Six may be relied upon to do.

They watched the way it made its reputation on the speedway, in road races, in a double transcontinental race against time and in the most famous hill climb to the highest altitude to which a motor car was ever driven against time. They know the Super-Six defeated all contenders. And they further know how it has served others who have put it to the most severe tests.

That is why they have chosen the Super-Six.

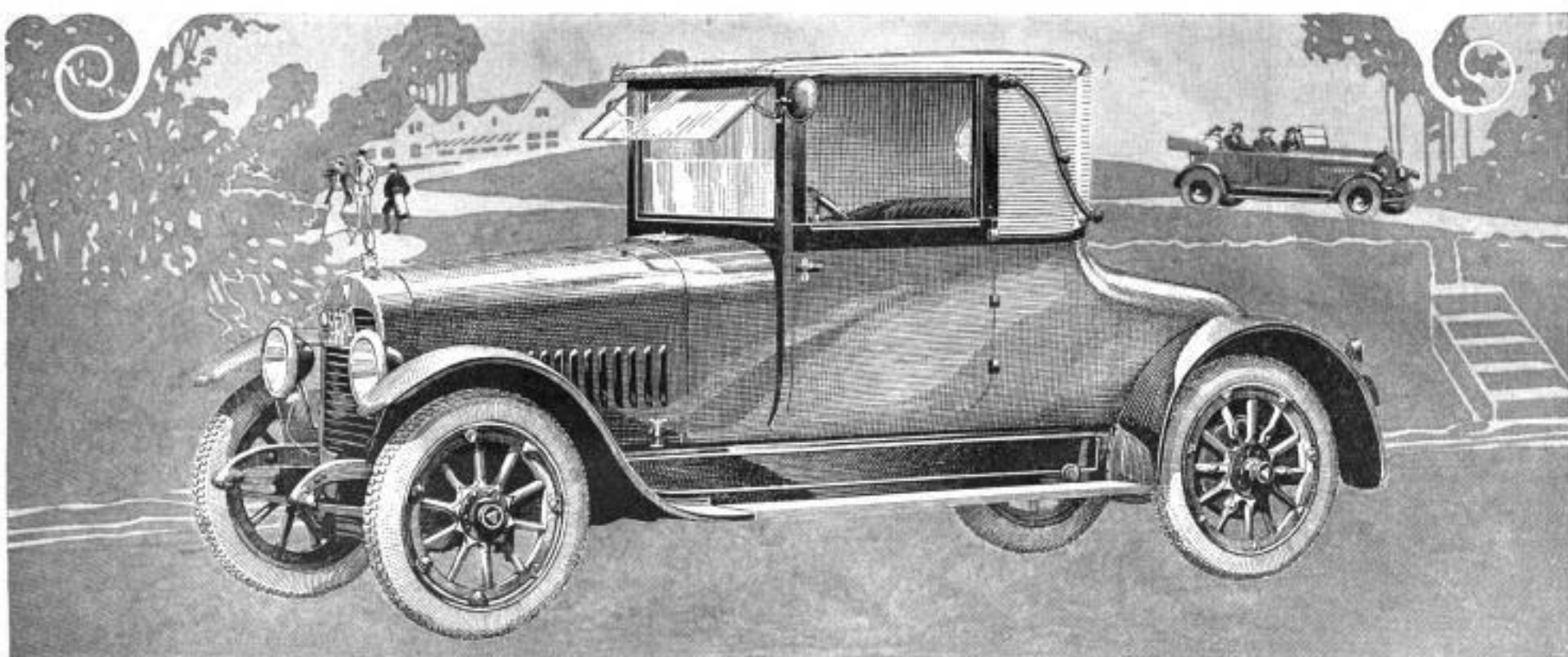
It is the reason, also, why you too can rely upon it.

Strange and wonderful as is the performance record of the Super-Six, still all that has been said for it never seems able to match the final performance of the car. Ask anyone of 50,000 owners.

Production cannot be increased, but demand shows how much motorists desire the Super-Six.

It is a case of the early bird if you will want a Super-Six this year.

**Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan**





(Continued from page 13) from laughin', Joe. "Stop that stuff!" I hollers, "and gimme a hand here. Jeanne, try this bird out in French."

Well, the wife goes to work on him, and they begin a shoulder-waggin' and hand-wavin' tourney. At the end of ten minutes I had enough.

"Come on!" I says. "I didn't ask you to rehearse an act with him. Can he talk or not?"

"Gazink oofus—" begins this here freak, but I grabbed him.

"If you butt in again, I'll strangle you!" I says. "That stuff may get you laughs in that Algeria place you come from, but it's small-time comedy with me! Where is the best restaurant in Paris, for all you know?"

"Ah!" he says, hittin' himself on the head. "It is sooch long times since I have spik the Engleesh, I forget him. Excuse, please. I will now talk of you with the most fluent. Madam and monsieur would of the dine, then? Let us then be off!"

"I'm already off of you for life!" I says. "Where's the nearest highest-priced beanery in this burg?"

"I would offer the Café de la Paix," he says. "It is not too far; come!"

With that he runs out to the middle of the street and begins wavin' his arms around and yellin' like he's gone nutty. Nobody pays no attention to him except us, until finally he stops one of them there *fiacres*, which is French for a kind of trick carriage they have over here, Joe. It's all open in the back, and you simply loll back in it and look at the world with a "Pretty soft for me, hey?" expression on your face. What had prob'ly at one time been a horse was hitched to the front of this thing and, Joe, you should of seen this here brute! I'll betcha if you had took him to a boneyard and tried to park him there for the night, they would of waved you away with sarcastical sneers. At no time was his head over a inch from the ground, and he remind me of a bloodhound sniffin' for the trail of the desperate escaped murderers, or somethin'. His neck was a long lane without no turnin', and he's featurin' a pair of hips which acted like a windshield by stickin' away up on the sides. I wouldn't think he was a day older than Noah's old man, and when engaged in walkin' he had a trick shuffle that would make Charlie Chaplin take carbolic outa pure envy.

The steersman of this layout is all dressed up in a white high hat and a apron he borrowed from some garage mechanic which never did nothin' but grease cars all day long.

"Pig!" says our guide to the driver. "Prepare now to drive us to that Café de la Paix with the utmost speed and precision. We will enrich you with two francs. Call me but the one improper name and I will have those gendarmes at your heels!"

The driver give a moan and begins waggin' his head from side to side.

"Playmate of dogs!" he says, "I ask ten francs. I—"

"Enough!" butts in the guide. "That, then, is agreed. Two francs shall be the fee, little pig, with perhaps a centime as a bonus—who can tell?"

Well, Joe, we all climbed into this thing, and the driver and our guide keeps bawlin' each other out in French all durin' the trip. Them guys never let go for a minute, and if they only had dumb-bells in their hands, the way they kept wavin' them around, the exercise would of done them a world of good. The guide stands up in the carriage and keeps pourin' it into the driver, which never once durin' the entire ride looked ahead to see where he was goin'. Instead, he sits facin' us and give the guide back as good as he got. What they was sayin', Joe, ain't neither here or there, but it's a cinch they wasn't doin' no love makin'.

We got along that way through all the main boulevards and, Joe, the Paris streets is great sights these days, believe me! Even Coney Island would have to hump itself some to make a showin' alongside of 'em, if you can imagine anything like that. They is officers and privates in the uneyforms of every army in the world, Joe, except the Germans and them boobs which is fightin' on their side. These big Scotch babies walk along with them little trick skirts blowin' around, and the first time I seen 'em I thought

Ziegfeld's chorus had been drafted, on the level! But, Joe, you ought to see them birds scrap! Believe me, they know more about fightin' than the guy that wrote it. They is plenty of U. S. uneyforms in the mobs here, Joe, and all in all I think our uneyform is the trimmest and most business-like-lookin' one of the lot. As far as I am concerned, I know positively that I look better than any of these other mixed soldiers, but then I always kinda stood out, Joe, if you know what I mean.

The main thing, of course, is the dames. They is certainly lots of 'em over here, Joe, and most of 'em could make the front row in the Winter Garden without half tryin'. They walk along, laughin' and smilin', and, Joe, they ain't none of 'em deliberately unfriendly, and that's a cinch! This Calhoun guy kept stretchin' his neck around like it was on ball bearin's all durin' the ride, and all he said was one thing: "Some burg!" Joe, he must of said that eight million times!

By some miracle this here horse lasted out the journey, and finally our delightful trip come to an end. This didn't get me sore, because, Joe, we didn't attract no more attention with that layout than a German flag would of on top of this Ethel Tower. Jeanne went to telephone for her sister, and me and Calhoun went over to get a table outside the Café de la Paix.

Right here, Joe, they was a thing happened which I'm warnin' you now to be careful of when you get over here. Paris right now is full of con men and dips from the U. S. which is preyin' on the soldier boy, far from home and crazy to pal around with anybody that speaks United States. They'll take you out and show you around Paris and touch you for everything but your political belief before they get through with you!

A guy in citizen's clothes rushes up to us whilst we are sittin' at the table and slaps me on the back.

"Well, well, well!" he says, holdin' out his hand. "Of all the guys in the world! Don't you remember me, Jack?"

"No!" I says.

"Why, you come from Peoria, didn't you?" he asks me. "Ain't you Jack Leyton?"

"No!" I says.

He shakes his head.

"Well, well, well!" he says. "You and Jack Leyton ought to certainly meet! I never seen two guys so much alike. I could of swore you was him!" He bends over the table. "Seein' Paris, eh?" he says and winks. "Wanna go where you can have a

and J. P. Morgan's right-hand man. He'll prob'ly send me fifty thousand or so the minute he gets around to it. I ain't got a nickel right now. Could you loan me fifty bucks till I get it?"

"No!" I says.

"What?" he hollers. "You'd leave a guy from your own country flat in a strange land?"

"Yes!" I says. "Listen! You ain't broke—they's too many suckers here for that. You never seen Iowa; you're a New York con man. The only cable you expect is one from the New York police askin' the Paris cops to start you back to dear old Sing Sing again. If I see you botherin' any more of the boys here, I'll beat you up first and then have you pinched! Now, on your way—get me?"

"All right, pal," he says. "My mistake!"

He starts away, and a waiter nails him with a check. Joe, you ought to of seen the roll this guy pulled out to pay it with. It must of took weeks for him to print it!

"How did you-all know that scorpion was a New York crook?" says Calhoun. "I thought he was sure enough broke, and would have give him ten anyways."

"I didn't!" I says. "But they's many a worse guesser than me! If all them guys whose fathers is J. P. Morgan's right-hand men was tellin' the truth, Morgan wouldn't be able to get into his office in the mornin's—they wouldn't be no room!"

So you wanna be careful when you get over here, Joe, and hang onto your dough. That's if you got any. You'll no doubt lose yours on the way over, bettin' how many waves they is in the ocean or somethin'—not meanin' no reflections on you as a boob or nothin', Joe.

Yours truly,  
Serg't ED HARMON. (How is the Giants makin' out, Joe?)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I have a lot of things to tell you, includin' bein' up in an areyoplane and gettin' recommended for a commission on account of it. I guess, however, I'll start in where I left off in my last, because I know you have been prob'ly no doubt stayin' up all night to get a letter tellin' of the finish of that trip to Paris—hey, Joe?

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes—we was at the Café de la Paix gettin' ready for the eats. Well, Joe, Jeanne come back with her sister Marie, and, Joe, I'm sorry I could not of saved this one for you! Believe me, she is some doll, and the minute she sit at our table they was a epidemic of twisted necks took place. You know, Joe, these here French dames knows more about dressin' than Columbus did about real estate, and you can imagine what a commotion two knockouts like Marie and Jeanne caused, by bein' at the same table with me and Calhoun. Joe, they must of been a hundred doughboys tried to get acquainted with me in the next five minutes. I leave it to you whether they did or not. Don't get the idea, Joe, that this here Marie has got anything on Jeanne when it comes to bein' a good-looker. Why, Joe, Jeanne would make Venus look like a washwoman after a tough day at the tubs!

Well, Calhoun is anxious to show off in front of Marie, which he had fell for so hard he like to broke his neck, so he claims he'll order the dinner. The menu is all in French, and Calhoun studies it long enough to have recited it blindfolded, if only he had an idea of what he was readin'. Finally he says: "Well, let's start off with a bottle of nice, cold *eau*, anyways."

"A bottle of O what?" I says.

"*Eau* is water, you bone-head!" says Calhoun. He turns to the waiter, "C'mon now!" he says, waggin' his shoulders and wavin' his hands like he seen the French guys do. "Look—see—Aha!—one bottle of *eau*!"

The waiter looks stupider than usual, and turns to the girls, shakin' his shoulders. This here seems to get Calhoun's goat.

"*Eau, eau!*" he hollers. "*Eau, eau, eau, eau, eau, eau, eau!*" till he gets red in the face.

Everybody sittin' around is lookin' at us, and I thought the girls and me would die of the hystericals. Up comes the manager. (Continued on page 20)



"I will try to die as bravely as I know you would"

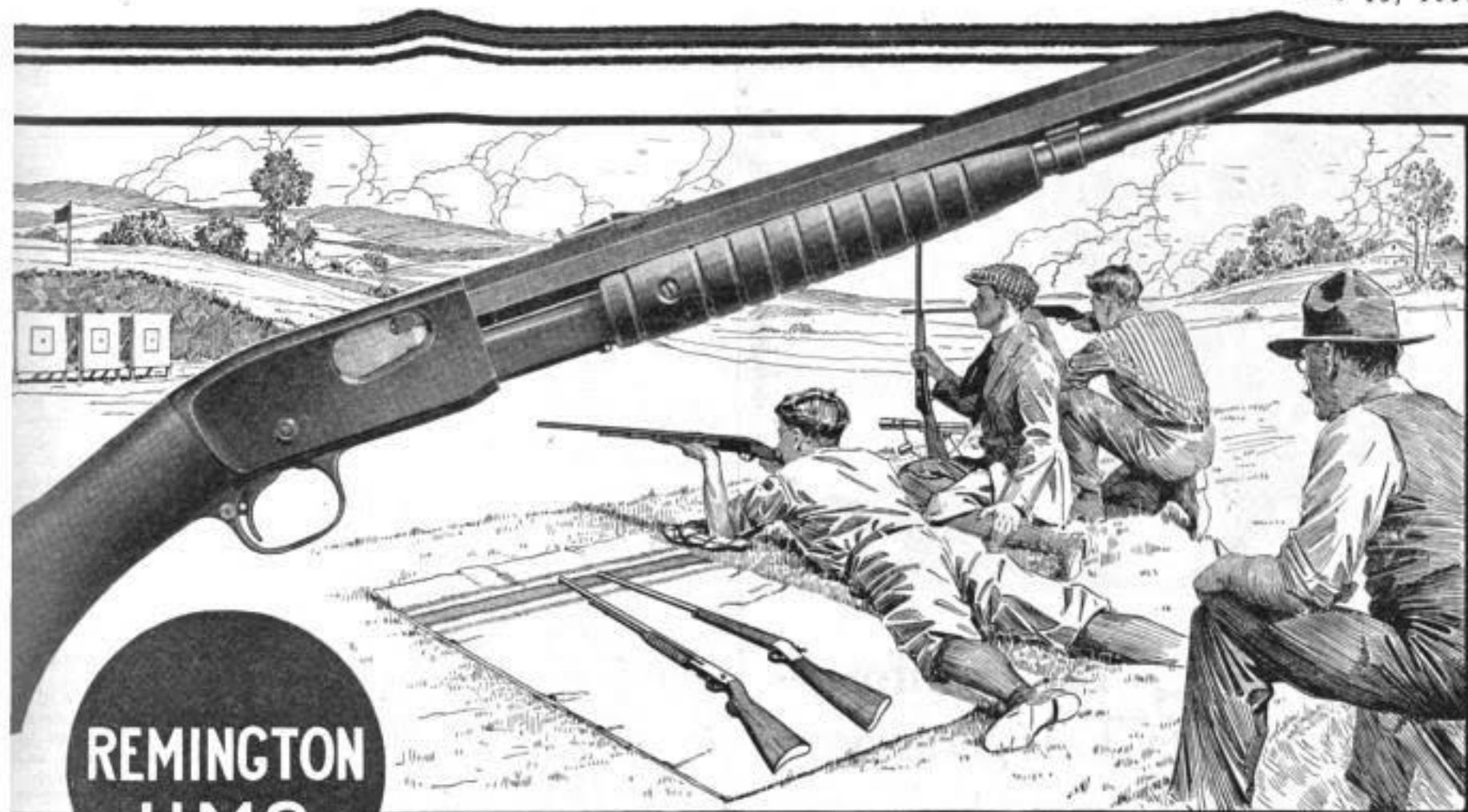
real time?" Joe, he laughs, but his eyes didn't. Did you ever meet up with a guy that you wanted to bust in the nose right away for luck? This bird was that!

"No!" I says.

He tried his luck again.

"Listen!" he says. "I come from Iowa, and I'm busted here for the time bein'. I expect a cable from my wealthy father which is a rich millionaire





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UMC**

## Official Government Honors Now Offered .22-Rifle Shooters

**THE** National Rifle Association has just officially announced the new *Small-Bore Course for outdoor shooting with the .22 caliber rifle.*

The new Small-Bore Course is open to every civilian American of 16 years of age and older, and those who qualify as marksmen, Sharpshooters or Experts will be awarded the same high official decorations as the crack shots of the United States Military Rifle.

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ming or doing stunts in the barn. It is more to the point—a more valuable training of eye, nerve and hand.

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for Shooting Right**

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First, a group of ten or more should get together and appoint one of their number to write to the *National Rifle Association, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.*, for directions how to form a rifle club that can affiliate with the N. R. A.

Or, let him write to us, and we will send him a copy of our book, "How to Start Your Rifle Club" (new edition, revised and enlarged, including full instructions on the new Small-Bore Course). Then organize your Club, lay out your range and start shooting.

The range is a very simple matter—

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The Autoloading .22—The finest practical application of the autoloading principle to the .22 caliber.

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United States Rubber Company  
New York

"Monsieur has then the pain?" he says. "Otherwise why should he make the shouting of Oh, oh, oh?"

Calhoun is game. "Look yere!" he whispers to Jeanne. "How do you-all ordah soup, chops, and salad in French? Ah don't like for your sistah to think I'm a boob!"

Jeanne turns that million-dollar smile on him. "Oui, oui!" she says, noddin' her head. "You must then say: *Potage, une côtelette avec de la salade.*"

"What's that again?" says Calhoun, pushin' back his chair.

Jeanne repeats the thing.

"Oh, boy!" says Calhoun. "Ah nevah could say that in a million yeahs—let's let it go at ham and eggs!"

"One minute!" I says. "The way I understand it, we come here to eat. Let Jeanne order the meal, and I'll pay for it. Anything she orders is good enough for me!"

Joe, you oughta see the smile she gimme. I didn't care whether I ever eat or not!

Well, we had some feed, Joe. Everything from soup to finger bowls and anything that made a hit we played twice. I wanna tell you right now that the food over here is the finest in the world, except the bread. Joe, that don't go! It's all made by bakers which learned their trade in a blacksmith shop, and it's the same as eatin' pieces of brown sponges, except maybe the sponges is tastier. However, they got a war on here, and you gotta expect some hardships—hey, Joe? Wait till we been in this scuffle a little while longer, Joe, and, believe me, we'll have to give up a lot of things to help win it the same as everybody else! These birds over in the U. S. which is kickin' about payin' an extry income tax, buyin' Liberty Bonds, helpin' the Red Cross, and so forth, don't know what's comin'! Joe, believe me, the dear old *Etat Unis* don't really know it's in the war yet. Compared to everybody else, we're gettin' outa this soft—we ain't had to do nothin'! And, Joe, where does them guys which is watchin' the thing from the wrong side of the ocean get off to kick about coughin' up? Look what us doughboys is proud and willin' to give, eh?

WELL, we had some feed, Joe. Everything from soup to finger bowls and the Rue de la Paix when they is a terrible explosion. People stops dead and looks at each other, but they is no excitement. Then a lot of whistles begin to blow, and it remind me of New Year's Eve on Broadway. A lot of French cops comes ridin' around on bicycles, tellin' everybody to duck inside the doors. Jeanne and Marie gets a little pale, and I thought this here trick guide of ours was gonna pass right away then and there. He was the only one in all that mob of people that looked really scared—and he wasn't French!

"What's the idea?" I hollers, shakin' him. "What's comin' off?"

"Ah, monsieur!" he chatters. "Flee, I of the beseech you! It is the air raid—the *boches*—we will of the certainty be kill! We—"

"Shut up, you little tramp!" I yells. "D'ye want them Germans to get the idea they're scarin' somebody? They ain't no boches livin' can kill me—they's a lot of them tried it! They—"

Joe, just then they is another explosion, a little louder than the first, if that's possible. I heard that noise before a lot of times out at the front, and I knowed what it was. It was a shell, Joe, and from the sound it must of been a lulu!

Well, I can't figure the thing out, Joe. I know they ain't no Germans close enough to Paris to bombard it, and at the same time we don't see no areyoplanes, but whilst I'm tryin' to dope it—Zamm!!! off goes another one!

With that the guide beats it, and from the way he was travelin' he must of made that Algeria place the first hour!

Well, Joe, the shellin' kept up for quite a while, and about every fifteen minutes one of them babies bust, in or around Paris. We heard afterward it was a sure enough German cannon that was doin' the shootin', although they is plenty of guys, includin' myself, that would like to see that gun first before bettin' on it! Them big yellah stiffs killed some women and kids again, which is their specialty, but they didn't scare nobody in Paris as far as I could see except that there guide. Anyhow, Joe, you can see the Kaiser never expects to reach Paris with no army, or he wouldn't have rigged up a gun which could throw a shell as far as that—hey, Joe? Them guys better get

to work on a cannon that'll shoot about three million miles, because when we get through with them they'll be that far away from France!

Joe, we took Jeanne and Marie home and seen they was fixed up so's they'd be fairly safe from them rotten hounds who's motto is "Women and children first!" only meanin' it the wrong way! I couldn't get Jeanne to come back with me, because she wouldn't leave her sister alone whilst this here bombardment was goin' on. I raved and hollered murder, but they was nothin' stirrin'.

"Be not of the afraid," she tells me when I'm leavin' her. "You will be in more of the peril than Jeanne, *mon chéri*. I am French, and I can be verree brave too! If something should happen to me, well—I will try to die as bravely as I know you would out in the trench, of the certainty—but, poof! This *boche*, he cannot frighten Jeanne!"

Joe, them's the kinda people these Germans is tryin' to beat! A fat chance—hey, Joe?

Yours truly,

Serg't Ed HARMON.

(Joe, if them guys hurts Jeanne, just killin' 'em will never satisfy me!)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I forgot to tell you about me bein' up in the areyoplane in my last letter and will do the same in this. It was one of the most excitin' experiences I have had so far and come near bein' the last. I suppose no doubt you have read about it in the papers by this time, but I will now hand you the real inside dope on it, provided the censors is willin'. Them censor guys gets my goat, Joe, because a guy can write a letter home and for all he knows they won't be nothin' but his signature on it by the time it reaches the other side, if it ever does. You can't mention no towns, dates, outfits or the like; in fact, you can't hardly say anything. Joe, them censors would of been tough in the olden days, hey? Take the operas, for instance—why, them guys wouldn't of let William Tell. That there's a joke, Joe, I have just found out after I wrote it. I discovered it all by myself. You prob'ly won't get it, not that you're no thicker than the average, Joe, but you better repeat it aloud to somebody and have them show you where the laugh is. Then you let me know and I'll tell you if you got it right.

Well, after I have said good-by to Jeanne that day and also Calhoun, whose leave was up before mine and has got to get right back, who do I meet on the Boulevard de la Madeleine but no less than Slim White! You no doubt remember Slim; he used to be with the Cubs and claimed he was a ball player. Well, Joe, if he was a ball player, then I used to formly be King of Africa, but that's neither here or there. Slim enlisted and got in the aviation with them guys of the Lafayette Escalator, and I think I told you some time ago I had met up with him over here. He got to be quite a aviator and brung down two German flyers or two hundred, whichever you wanna believe, me or Slim. Well, Joe, I bump into him, and he asks me where I'm goin'. I says eventually Berlin, but right now back to this here French burg where we are holdin' the line.

"C'mon back with me," says Slim. "I gotta get away from here in a hour, and I'll take you back in my plane."

"Ha, ha!" I says. "Don't make me laugh! I wouldn't get in one of them areyoplanes for a cut of the Liberty Loan!"

"You big boob!" he says. "I'm offerin' you the chance of a lifetime. They is guys would give millions for the experience!"

"All right!" I says. "Go get 'em! I don't want you to lose no money on my account!"

"Well, you big stiff," he says, "here I am offerin' you a chance to do somethin' you never done yet, and you throw me down!"

"I ain't never crossed the Rocky Mountains on roller skates yet either," I says, "but that don't say I wanna do it!"

"I see you're still yellah!" he says. "So long."

"If I was yellah, I wouldn't be here!" I hollers, losin' all control. "Bring on your areyoplane; I'll go anywheres you will!"

Well, Joe, them words come near bein' my downfall, and a thing like that in an areyoplane ain't no joke! We go out to the field where Slim's got the machine stored, and they was a lot of guys flyin' around in the air,



doin' fancy stunts and the like. Joe, they was sailin' along so nice and easy it looked like anybody could do it and why not, but looks in this case is certainly deceivin', I'll tell the world fair! A lot of mechanics brung out Slim's machine, which contains two seats among other things, and they is a machine gun mounted on one of 'em. They started up the motor and—oh, lady! Joe, I been in ample battles over here, but I, you, or nobody else ain't ever heard no noise like this baby made. I once had a second-hand auto, and when you started it in first speed it used to send everybody runnin' to cover from the noise, thinkin', well, here's another earthquake; but this areyoplane motor would of made that quit like a dog, Joe!

"Get in the seat where the gun is!" yells Slim after I have been give four coats, a football headpiece, and goggles to put on.

Joe, I give a look up at the sky and listened to that there motor for a minute. "I'll tell you, Slim," I says, "I think I better go up next Friday, hey?"

"Get in, yellah!" he bawls.

I got in, Joe.

WELL, we start to roll along over the ground with a lot of guys holdin' on the back, and pretty soon they let go and we started up in the air. We kept on doin' that, and, Joe, I felt I was closer to heaven than I ever had been before in my life, in more ways than one. I took a look down over the side and—oh, boy! Joe, people looked like gnats and buildin's was cubes of sugar! They was a gauge on this thing which claimed we was goin' ninety miles an hour, and, believe me, Joe, I was wishin' we wouldn't do no skiddin' or have no blow-outs! Pretty soon the needle on the gauge moves up to 100, and I begin to look around for motorcycle cops, till I remembered that's one curse areyoplanin' is free from.

We shoot along like that until we finally get right over our lines, and I happened to look up and see another areyoplane comin' toward us.

"Look, Slim!" I hollers in his ear. "We got company!"

He twists around and looks, Joe, and then he gets as pale as a ghost. We swung around in a circle and started to climb up until I figured Slim was gonna drop in on St. Peter for a friendly call. This other areyoplane starts up after us, and believe me it's travelin' some! It got closer and closer every minute. "Can you handle that machine gun?" hollers Slim.

"Yeh!" I hollers back. "But I thought this was a pleasure trip and—"

"Shut up!" bawls Slim. "Provided you wanna live out the day! I'm gonna climb up over this guy and when I tell you to shoot, you start workin' that gun! It's the only chance we got. That bird is a German, and he brung down two of our machines only yesterday. If we get this guy, it may mean a commission; if we don't—well, you and me is all through with livin'!"

Oh, boy!

Joe, can you imagine my feelin's? A mile up in the air and in a tight hole like this! I must of eat somethin' for breakfast that didn't set right, Joe, because I sure got sick to my stomach, now believe me! I ain't no hero, Joe. I'm human! I give this machine gun a quick once over and she was workin' great, and then I looked down over the side through the glass and I seen that

everybody on both sides of the lines was watchin' the thing.

Joe, this German guy was some flyer! He twirled and twisted around like a nutty bat or somethin', and once I thought he was gonna drive his machine right into us. If he had, we would of got the worst of it, because his areyoplane was twice as big as ours and had three guys in it. In about one second more they open up with their gun and, Joe, it begins to hail bullets! One of them chipped a slice off our propeller and another cut a stay outa one of the wings. Them things kept singin' all around us and I had a fearful time with myself to keep from turnin' loose with my gun, but I waited for Slim's orders, bein' a soldier.

"Go to it, Slim!" I hollers. "They ain't hit neither of us yet!"

"I don't care if they hit either of us or not!" he hollers back. "I'm hopin' they don't hit the gas tank or the motor—that's all!"

Well, Joe, that's just what happened the next minute! They cut loose again and one of them bullets put a hole in the gas tank, and the motor begin to miss. "Good night!" I says to myself, and then Slim turns around and yells:

"Go on, Ed, turn that baby loose and give them squareheads Hell!"

Joe, I did that thing! They was one guy shootin' at us with a automatic and I got that bird first. Then I devoted all the rest of my time to their motor. Joe, we was in bad shape ourselves, but you ought to of seen Slim drive that areyoplane. I think he must of been holdin' us up with will power instead of horsepower! Them stiffs got Slim in the arm with a lucky shot, and in another second I stopped one with my bum shoulder, but I keep that gun clickin' like a busy typewriter. Both of us is droppin' lower all the time, and it's only a question of who will quit first. Well, Joe, the Germans got enough and decided to call it a day. They start back to their own lines, cuttin' all kinds of crazy circles in the air. I must of got them in the motor, because they started to coast down with us right on their tail. Then, Joe, they swung around all of a sudden and tried to climb up. I had a thing as big as the side of a barn to shoot at for a second, and I give them all I had in stock. Joe, that German areyoplane crumbled up like paper and dropped to the ground, with flames shootin' out of it like a skyrocket!

I don't know how we ever made a landin', but we got down all right behind our lines, and about a million guys come runnin' over to us, cheerin' and throwin' up their hats. Even the officers was excited, which is unusual. Slim had to be lifted out, because he had gone to work and fainted, but I was all O. K. except for a trifle skin scraped off my shoulder. Our captain comes runnin' up and shakes my hand.

"Harmon," he says, "you are positively a wonder! I never know what you'll do next. I'm going to recommend you for a commission this very day!"

"Thanks!" I says. "Say, captain, I think New York has got it on Paris eighty ways. I met a guy there that never heard tell of the Polo Grounds—ain't that rich?"

Yours truly, ED HARMON.  
(They ain't no use for me to sign "Sergeant," Joe, because for all I know I'm a admiral by now, hey?)

(To be continued in an early issue)

## Why Are We at Peace with Bulgaria?

Continued from page 7

covert threat to this effect was constantly held over Russia.

It sounds very crude and inefficacious when thus epitomized; but as practiced by Ferdinand it proved anything but futile, and earned for him a deservedly high place in the annals of the old diplomacy.

When the Balkan nations actually united against the Turks, in 1911, it was a great blow both to Russia and to the Central Powers. Their faith in the venality of human nature, upon which they staked their all, received a rude shock. Yet they adhered to their old methods, and when the Turks were beaten, the Triple Alliance invented the kingdom of Albania to checkmate Serbia and to block her from the sea. Then, by backing Ferdinand and promising him military support, they induced him to attack Serbia and Greece.

Both Austria and Bulgaria expected that the Bulgarian armies would go through those of Serbia and Greece "like a knife through cheese," and it

came as a bitter surprise to both when the cheese proved tougher than the knife. By playing the traitor to her allies, Bulgaria not only broke up the Balkan confederation—which is and must be the safeguard of the peninsula—but lost territory both to her ex-allies and to the Turks.

It is an open secret that, after the Second Balkan War, Bulgaria, in her intense desire to be revenged on Serbia and Greece, made a treaty of alliance with Turkey, Germany's vassal.

This brief historical sketch is given to show the position Bulgaria occupies in the Balkans, and why it was inevitable that she should side with the Central Powers at the outset of the war. Serbia, whose lands she coveted, was with the Entente. And Greece, whose lands she also coveted, was at that time completely in accord with her prime minister, Mr. Venizelos, who always was the most ardent of Ententists.

France at once reasoned that this must be the case. Unfortunately in



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57

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England, as in America, there exists a curious state of mind in regard to Bulgaria, owing to the assiduous propaganda which she has carried on for so many years. Because of this state of mind England temporized with Bulgaria, and at the outset of the war we lost the one great chance of striking a vital blow at Germany in the Balkans, and shortening the war by many months. To-day we are again—this time in America—the victims of Bulgarian cunning.

Kaiser Wilhelm told King Constantine that the reason he had arranged to send exchange professors to America was because he wished to give his best psychologists a chance to study the American people. And the conclusions they reported to him were that we were "dominated by limitless sentimentality and boundless vanity."

We have other traits which perhaps they did not notice. Of the two they did discover let us modestly admit a fair proportion; and it is on these two that the Bulgarians have consistently played for the last thirty years, both in England and in America. The result is that we have an idea of the Bulgarian as a sort of woolly lamb, unfortunately garbed as a wolf, who only needs proper guidance—our guidance—to make him shed his wolf's clothing and appear in all his fleecy whiteness.

There are those in America to-day who believe that, if we only refrain from declaring war on Bulgaria, she will be induced to make a separate peace, and even to come out on our side.

What possible reason is there for such a hope? There is not a small ally of the Entente within the fighting zone which is not suffering grievously. Why should Bulgaria elect to become another victim?

As the ally of Germany she is successful. She has accomplished all her immediate territorial desires. She is mistress of Serbia, of three of the richest provinces of Greece, and of part of Rumania. And she believes that she can keep on playing America, as she so successfully played England, so long as America is useful to her.

Even to-day there is an earnest Bulgarianophile party in England, headed by the pacifist Noel Buxton, who furnishes us with the ludicrous spectacle of an Englishman rising in the House of Commons and pleading that Bulgaria "must not come out of this war with a grievance." That is to say, Serbia, England's ally, who has given her life's blood and all in this war, is to cede vast tracts of her territory to the nation that is killing Englishmen (and American Red Cross men) in Macedonia, lest the latter should have a "grievance" against England! Why not as well maintain that Germany must come out of the war with all her desires satisfied, lest she should feel unkindly toward the nations that are fighting her?

#### Roberts College

WE Americans have an American college in Constantinople of which we are immensely proud. Roberts College is patronized by Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians, with a scattering of other nationalities.

The Greeks look upon it as an institution of learning where they can obtain a knowledge of English at a less cost than by going to England.

The Bulgarians regard it in quite another light. To them it is their chief and cheapest means of propaganda in the United States. They not only encourage well-to-do parents to send their sons there, but they pay the expenses of a number of poor young Bulgarians of ability. When these are graduated they are put into government positions all over Bulgaria, and one of their functions is to watch out for American and English travelers, entertain them, and impress them with Bulgaria's unity of spirit with the Anglo-Saxons, and with her rights in the Balkans.

Anyone who has traveled in far-distant lands knows how gratifying it is to be addressed in one's own language where least one expects it, and Bulgaria's Roberts College graduates have been successful in impressing English-speaking travelers.

The professors of Roberts College are the next targets of Bulgarian propaganda. At different times they are practically all invited to Bulgaria, where they are flattered, feasted, and treated as the spiritual guides of Bulgaria. The climax comes when Czar Ferdinand invites them to the palace

and has an informal talk of an hour or two with them, in which he dilates on the aspirations of Bulgaria, and of how she looks to America for guidance and help.

Unfortunately we democratic people seem to be particularly vulnerable to royal favors. Before the United States entered the war it was said that there was hardly an American who had ever dined with the Kaiser who did not become pro-German in his sympathies. And if any Roberts College professor is not won over to Bulgaria's side after feeling the warm handclasp of Ferdinand, it is because he is entirely lacking in the two characteristics which the Kaiser's psychologists pronounced our dominant traits.

#### Let Us Not Be Fooled

THE crowning play was to have been the visit of the Queen of Bulgaria herself to this country to "study our institutions"—and incidentally to raise enormous sums of money to establish in Bulgaria the same institutions that she would have admired in America. So far as I know, America has never yet been flattered by the visit of a real queen. Unfortunately for the Bulgarian propaganda, the war put a stop to the visit of the royal drummer.

Perhaps the most artful of all Bulgaria's scheming has been done through our missionaries. We maintain a large body of missionaries in the Near East. These missionaries have made no converts among the Serbs and the Greeks because with those two their religion is a part of their nationality. To exchange it for another form seems to them to be betraying the best there is in them, which is the love for their country. Such scruples have less weight with the Bulgarians. They have played the religious game between Austria and Russia for years, and are quite prepared to go the limit with America. In fact, they are intimating that if America will "stand by them"—i. e., if she will let them keep the Serbian and Greek territory they hold—they are prepared as a nation to turn Protestant. And in furtherance of this pretty game, Minister Panaretoff may be seen every Sunday morning in the front pew of a Protestant church in Washington.

Let us hope Bulgaria will not be able to play on an enlightened and disinterested western democracy the tricks she played on autocratic and self-interested Russia and Austria. The case has only to be stated to the American public to defeat itself. Sentimental we may be, and rather childishly vain—as the Kaiser has said; also ignorant of the intricacies of European politics. But we are no fools, and above all else we are not in this war for any scheme of self-aggrandizement.

This vital fact Bulgaria cannot be expected to understand. Steeped in the methods of the old diplomacy, Bulgaria, like Germany, is incapable of believing that we are fighting in any disinterested spirit. If it is not land we want, then it must be business advantage—or spiritual domination.

Even the casual newspaper reader can satisfy himself of the truth concerning the Bulgarian propaganda, by noticing who in this country flies to the defense of Minister Panaretoff and of Bulgaria. So ardent, indeed, are these defenders that they cannot perceive that if Panaretoff is the honorable and loyal man they proclaim him to be, he must of necessity serve the interests of his country—the ally of Germany—and not the interests of the United States, which is at war with the allies of his country.

#### War Gains

I SAID that the case against Bulgaria I had only to be stated to convince the people of America that we should no longer lend ourselves to the machinations of Bulgaria and Germany. But we have been a year in the world war, and still the pro-Bulgarians are strong enough to prevent our declaring war against her.

We are told that if we do so we may lose the missionary property in Bulgaria, years of work, and possibly the lives of many missionaries. This is a terrible price, but sometimes a man or a nation must make a terrible sacrifice for a greater good.

On the other hand, what should we gain by declaring war on Bulgaria?

To begin with, we should hearten Serbia, which sees us, her ally, on friendly terms with the ravishers of her women, the murderers of her children, and the despoilers of her land. Is it a





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wonder the Serbs stand amazed and disheartened at the sight?

Secondly, we should gain the whole-hearted cooperation of the Greek people, who cannot understand how we can honestly call ourselves their friend and ally, and at the same time the friend of the foe we expect them to fight.

Thirdly, by enlisting the whole-hearted cooperation of the Greek army of half a million men, the Allied army at Saloniki could reconquer Serbia, cut off Bulgaria and Turkey from Germany, and encourage the Yugoslavs of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Croatia to rise in rebellion and bring about the disintegration of Austria.

We could thus shorten the war by months, or even years, and thereby save the lives of hundreds of thousands of Americans and their allies.

### Delaying the Blow

GERMANY, through Bulgaria, is desperately playing for time; and every minute we delay our declaration of war against Bulgaria is a valuable minute gained for Germany.

So long as we remain friendly with Bulgaria so long do we abet and foster the German propaganda in Greece—so long do we sap the vitality of the only front which can deal a vital blow at Mitteleuropa's invulnerability.

Germany is afraid of the Macedonian front as she is of none other. On the west both sides can hold out till utter exhaustion sets in—and who can say how long that may be? To carry men and supplies to her Balkan army, however, Germany has only two long single-track railways, and the country is so wild and rough that there is no chance of increasing these means of transportation. The Allies, on the other hand, have the whole sea, and numerous short railways.

Time is the great necessity for the plans of Germany; and Bulgaria meanwhile, in the captured Greek and Serbian provinces, depots and kills Greeks and Serbians—importing Bulgarians in their place—with the expectation that at the final peace conference she can complacently invite America to leave the nationality of the disputed lands to the will of the inhabitants. If this is carried out with Teuton thoroughness, there will no longer be any vexing question of "national aspirations"; for there will only remain Bulgarians to aspire. This must be carried out before the Allies pull themselves together for a decisive blow at Saloniki, and America's friendship for Bulgaria is the most valuable means of delaying the blow.

A few days ago I received a letter from Mr. Politis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Greece. He writes:

"The Bulgarians are deceiving those kind Anglo-Saxons by telling them that all they ask is to establish their claims where the Bulgarian population predominates. For this reason they have deported from eastern Macedonia all the Greek population, of which half has already ceased to live, and replaced it by Bulgarians; and, considering now that they can prove their claims, they will ask the President of the United States to send a commission to inquire into the will of the people."

"In Kavala, in 1916, the Greek population was between 45,000 and 50,000 inhabitants. To-day there are only 17,000 Greeks. What has become of them? Perhaps the Bulgars, like Cain, will answer: 'And are we the keepers of the Greeks?'"

### Shorten the War

GERMANY has won her successes by defeating our allies separately, one by one. We can follow these same tactics in the Balkans. We can defeat Bulgaria. Force Turkey to a separate peace. Cut off Germany from the rich wheat fields and oil wells of Rumania. Encourage the Yugoslavs of Austria to revolt.

This is no impossible dream. These things can all be done with one-tenth of the effort it would cost us to drive the Germans back to the Rhine, on the western front.

President Wilson has done one great thing by coming out for the integrity of Greece. Can he not do the second great thing, which will give added weight to his Grecian declaration?

By declaring war against Bulgaria, America will become the cement of the Great Alliance. Without sending a cannon or a soldier to Macedonia herself, she can shorten the war—shorten the lines of graves of our youths—simply by proving our good faith to our Balkan Allies.



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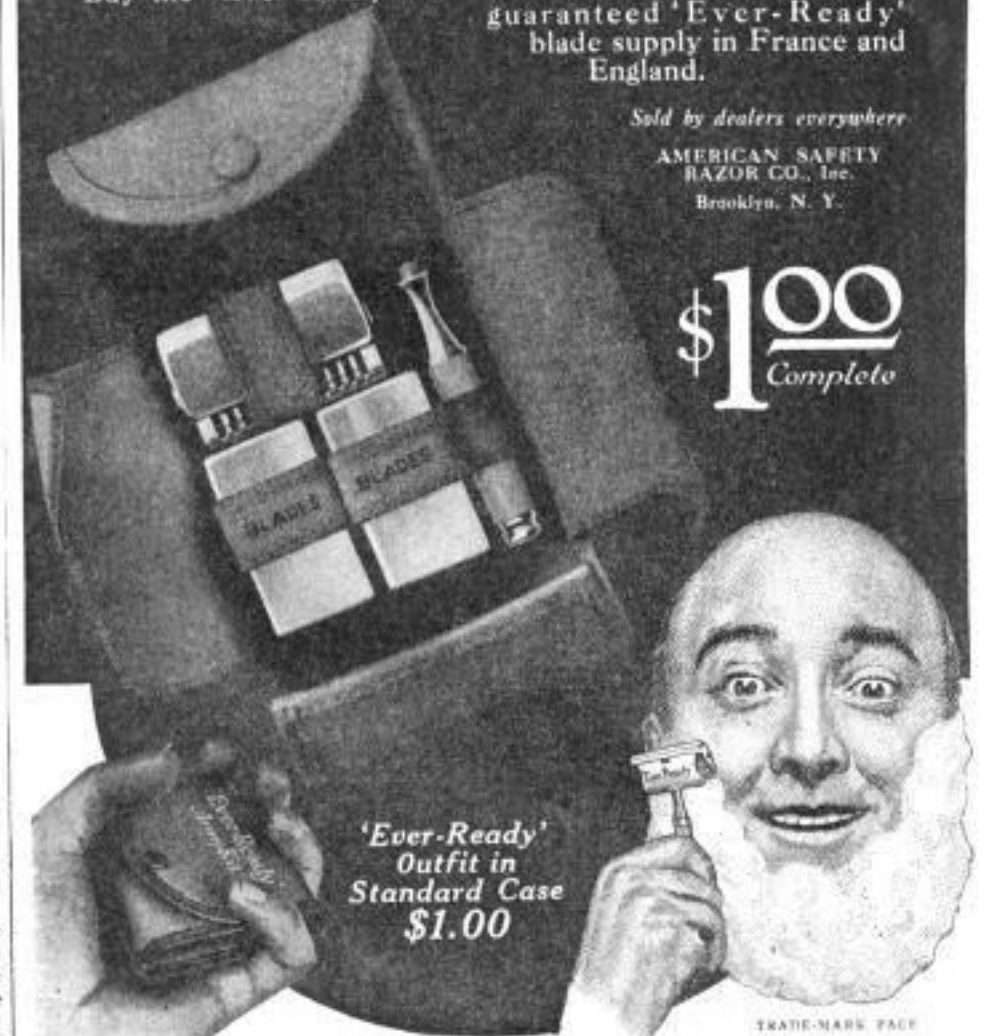
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BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CHICKEN SOUP, a juicy sirloin steak, asparagus, lettuce-and-tomato salad, a glass of sweet milk, and a dessert of lemon pie calculated to bring with it memories of mother's culinary ability—there you have a fair example of the meal which a normal young soldier would order in a city restaurant while on leave.

That meal, in a cantonment city of the South, will cost \$1.68. In a Southern city where there is no cantonment the same meal, served in the same way and in the same type of restaurant, will cost \$1.15. In other words, the proprietors of the popular-priced restaurants in military cities demand—and, what is more, receive—an excess profit of 53 cents on this meal; an increase of 46 per cent on the normal price charged by a restaurant owner in a nonmilitary city.

### The Soldier Pays

THE restaurant business of the South has grown like Jack's beanstalk since the building of cantonments through the cotton belt. Where, previous to April 6, 1917, one restaurant eked out a fair measure of profit there are now four or five doing a land-office business. For facts are facts—and the facts in the restaurant case happen to be that when your average soldier is given leave from camp he travels as fast as electric car or jitney can carry him to a restaurant. On nights when general leave is granted—Saturday night, for instance—it is a well-nigh hopeless task to worm one's way into a popular type of restaurant in a military city of the South. And it isn't that the food at the cantonment is not ample or of the best quality; it is more a craving on the part of the men to get away from the incessant camp mess, to sit before a table on which there is supposedly clean napery and to order what they will from a more or less comprehensive menu.

As a matter of fact, restaurant food is different. As a man of the Ohio Division, in camp at Montgomery, Ala., told me: "We have fine food—but, Lord, how it is maltreated by the kitchen police! When it gets to us it's food—and nothing else; cooked any old way."

But whatever the reason for this soldierly passion for a restaurant meal when leave is granted, the fact remains that the passion does exist. General leave nights find the restaurants in cantonment towns preparing for a great drive: extra waiters are marshaled, cooks are on their toes—the trolleys and jitneys begin to arrive, and there is a rush for the marble-topped counters and the rows of slim tables.

I am writing now of the enlisted men. The officers, as a rule, seek the hotels and the higher types of restaurants where the prices are theoretically within reach of their pocketbooks. But the enlisted men—the privates, corporals, sergeants—they eddy into the cheaper lunchrooms—restaurants of the Child's type—and pack them, jam them.

It is no uncommon sight on Saturday nights in military cities through the South to see lines formed outside the little restaurants, the soldiers patiently awaiting their turn and passively submitting to treatment such as one usually sees among a gang of laborers before the pay car. I have seen this in Montgomery, in Spartanburg, in Greenville, in Anniston, in Columbia, in Macon, in Little Rock, in Atlanta—all cities on the outskirts of which the Government has constructed cantonments.

The restaurant men in these cities do not face the legitimate gamble of business. Theirs is a sure patronage limited only by their capacity; the volume of business does not fluctuate save in the rare instances where, because of an epidemic, a cantonment quarantines the city; or the city the cantonment.

Therefore, by all the laws of business, prices in these cantonment-city restaurants should be materially lower than the prices existing in restaurants of the same class in cities where there are no cantonments. In the latter class of cities the proprietors face an uncertainty of patronage and a certainty that

there will be a greater percentage of food wastage.

But something is patently wrong. On averages struck from actual menu cards secured from almost every city of any size in the South, the prices charged in the restaurants of the military cities run about 40 per cent higher than the prices in the nonmilitary cities.

I do not make this statement on hearsay or even on the memory of personal observation. I have in my possession actual menu cards, two to four from each city and always from representative restaurants of the popular type, gathered from the following military cities of the South: Montgomery, Ala. (Camp Sheridan); Anniston, Ala. (Camp McClellan); Atlanta, Ga. (Camp Gordon); Macon, Ga. (Camp Wheeler); Spartanburg, S. C. (Camp Wadsworth); Greenville, S. C. (Camp Sevier); Columbia, S. C. (Camp Jackson); Charleston, S. C. (Navy Yard and Naval Training Station); Little Rock, Ark. (Camp Pike), and Jacksonville, Fla. (Camp Joseph E. Johnston). I have actual menu cards from the following nonmilitary cities: Birmingham, Bessemer, and Mobile, Ala.; and Savannah, Ga. (there are few cities in the South where there are no cantonments).

A comparison in prices charged is rather startling when one pauses to consider that the restaurant men in the nonmilitary cities assure me that their profits are exceedingly good and their business flourishing. Figure, then, that the restaurant owner in the military cities makes not only the profit of normal times, but in addition to that the excess profit in an increase of something more than 38 per cent.

The thing sums up into a form of extortion directed against the very men for whom we are asked to make sacrifices of every sort: it is a tax on the soldier himself. For if we accept as a premise the incontrovertible fact that your soldier does go to a restaurant when he is on leave, then there is but one conclusion—and that is that the restaurant owners have cannily taken advantage of this fact to boost their prices to a point where their profits are beyond all reason.

### Striking an Average

LET us take for comparison the dishes which a hungry soldier would naturally call for, remembering that the prices in the following table are culled from all the menus in my possession from the cities mentioned above. Average price:

	Noncantonment City	Cantonment City
Lamb chops.....	\$ .35	\$ .50
Two poached eggs....	.21	.27
One dozen fried oysters	.38	.49
Wheat cakes and sirup	.14	.19
Sirloin steak.....	.40	.62
Ham and eggs.....	.28	.40
Tomatoes and lettuce.	.22	.31
Asparagus.....	.25	.36
Lemon pie.....	.07	.11
Spanish mackerel.....	.38	.47
Glass sweet milk.....	.05	.07
Spanish omelet.....	.35	.50
Strawberry shortcake.	.14	.21
Chicken soup.....	.16	.21
Double loin steak.....	.90	1.35
Cold sliced chicken...	.45	.54

The list might be carried on indefinitely, but I have endeavored to be just in selecting only those dishes which I happen to know are the most popular with soldiers in town for the day or evening. To strike an absolutely fair basis of comparison, let us consider the average prices charged for certain things in two small Alabama cities: Anniston, where Camp McClellan is located, and Bessemer, where there is no cantonment. The two cities are almost exactly the same size, and both are in the industrial belt of northern Alabama, less than a hundred miles from each other.

Lamb chops, which cost 35 cents in Bessemer, cost 45 in Anniston; plain, ordinary, everyday wheat cakes and sirup which are 15 cents in Bessemer are 20 in Anniston; a small sirloin steak which may be had for 35 cents in Bessemer will cost 65 in Anniston; a slice of lemon pie costs 5 cents in Bessemer and 100 per cent more in Anniston.



Or perhaps a comparison between the prices prevailing in noncantonnement Birmingham, Ala., and military Atlanta, Ga. The cities are about the same size—each a bit more than 200,000 in population; they are 156 miles apart. Birmingham, however, is not in an agricultural region, and Atlanta is. Furthermore, Atlanta has greater railroad facilities. But a bit of sliced chicken in a Birmingham restaurant will cost 40 cents as against 55 cents for the same thing in Atlanta; lamb chops, which are 35 cents in Birmingham, average 45 cents in Atlanta; one dozen fried oysters are menued at 40 cents in Birmingham and at an average price of 67 cents in Atlanta; lettuce and tomato salad, which will cost 23 cents in a Birmingham restaurant, will appear on your Atlanta check at 31 cents; and a glass of sweet milk, which you may buy at any cheap restaurant in Birmingham for a single jitney, will cost twice that amount in any one of the five representative Atlanta restaurants the menus of which I have in my possession.

And the irony of it: in Charleston, S. C., where the Navy Yard is located—a city from the streets of which one may gaze at the Atlantic Ocean—one is taxed an average price of 50 cents for so common a fish as Spanish mackerel, whereas in Birmingham, 200 miles from the sea, the restaurant price is 40 cents, and even in Atlanta is only 45.

I do not pretend that these prices are averaged from menu cards of every little restaurant in every one of the cities mentioned. But the averaging has been done fairly. I venture to say that the menu cards from Birmingham which I have represent a higher type of restaurant than those of any other city in the list. There can be no question as to, at least, an equality. I have not selected unusual dishes which happen to be higher in the military towns. The list which I have given could not be more commonplace or fair: all are dishes which a hungry soldier would naturally call for.

#### Nickel-Snatchers

I HAVE talked with the restaurant men in cantonnement cities. They are wild-eyed with enthusiasm. Those who will talk at all have hit upon a common phrase: "I'm making so much money I don't know what to do with it!" And about 40 per cent of that money does not legitimately belong to them: it represents an excess profit over and above a good, legitimate, normal profit. It is money collected from soldiers made hungry by hours and hours, days and days of strenuous drilling that they might make themselves fit to fight the battles of these men who own the restaurants—these men and their opulent families. It is a preying upon the natural human appetite for food. It is a frenzied tumbling over one another to snatch the extra nickel from the \$30 per month of the private soldier. To my mind there is no excuse for it, and I have seen personally and have personally writhed because there is apparently no way of putting an end to it—no way, unless public sentiment can be so crystallized that it will become forceful and effective.

This frantic moneygrubbing has become petty in many of the cantonnement cities. In the others it is becoming so. There are undoubtedly many proprietors of cheap restaurants in the cantonnement towns who are not parties to this penny grabbing—but I have not found them in my wanderings about the training camps of the South.

Let us consider this from an Atlanta restaurant which is perhaps the most popular one for soldiers in that city. On the menu card appears: "Extra charge of five cents for bread and butter on all à la carte orders." All, mind you, whether it be an omelet or a double porterhouse served with mushrooms. On the same menu appears this: "Owing to the extreme high prices of china, glassware, linen, laundry, food-stuffs, and in fact everything, we are compelled to raise our regular 35 and 50 cent meals 10 cents each." And farther down on the menu: "Five cents for a second order of butter or sirup," and "Ten cents service charged for each child not getting regular order."

Why? Why? Has the price of "china, glassware, linen, laundry, food-stuffs, and in fact everything" gone up in Atlanta more than it has in Birmingham or Savannah or Nashville? Why the apologies for an increase over a rate already too high? Can it be possible that the restaurateur has a conscience?

Another Atlanta hashery, extremely

popular with the Camp Gordon soldiers, charges "Fifteen cents for each child not getting regular order." Another Atlanta restaurant, which caters almost exclusively to soldiers, has marked out most of its old prices with a pen and inserted new, and higher, prices next to them. Worse: on one menu I find veal cutlets with the printed price of 40 cents crossed out in pencil and 45 cents replacing it, and attached to the same menu a typewritten sheet announcing, among other things, that veal cutlets are 50 cents! And atop the menu an exhortation "Buy Liberty Bonds!" The proprietor should be able to buy Liberty Bonds: soldiers of the United States are paying for them!

Argument after argument can be advanced to refute the point I make—which is that this food extortion is directed against the soldiers and is unjustifiable—but I have talked with restaurant men all over the South, and in the end they admit that no argument holds water. The consensus of opinion is that as the cantonnement city restaurants do a greater volume of business and have a steadier flow of business, they should reduce wastage and prices. But the prices are going up steadily. A comparison of the prices charged in these restaurants now and six months ago is appalling—those commodities which have gone up in price have leaped skyward on the menus: those which have gone down—eggs, for example—have remained for the most part where they were during the height of the egg shortage.

#### The Solution

THE evil is indefinite, but it is tangible. The solution for it? Certainly the soldiers themselves cannot right the wrong: it is a soldier's nature to seek a restaurant when he reaches the city. Is it not a question for civic associations of the cities affected? For their chambers of commerce? Is it not possible for those cities which are being benefited inestimably in a commercial way by the nearness of the cantonnements to finance, and operate at cost, restaurants for the enlisted men?

Only a harmony of public opinion can right this injustice. Only concerted action of influential civic bodies can put a stop to the extortion. But once get a municipal restaurant under way at cost prices and it will have the double effect of giving the soldiers the food they crave at reasonable rates, and of forcing the restaurant keepers to lower prices to meet competition.

And the first city to adopt the suggestion should be Spartanburg, S. C., which, from the figures at hand, now has the largest cantonnement of any city in the United States.

Spartanburg, before the war, was a typical, sleepy little South Carolina mill city. Then Camp Wadsworth was built and the New York troops quartered there. There is a second division of troops there now—I believe they are called the Pioneers. I understand from first-hand information that a few weeks ago there were nearly 70,000 men in camp near Spartanburg: Spartanburg, a city which a year ago boasted a population of certainly not more than 22,000.

Spartanburg has become bloated with the money spent within its limits by the soldiers stationed at Camp Wadsworth. Restaurants, large and small, some pretentious and others mere holes in the wall, have sprung up overnight. And perhaps nowhere in the South is the restaurant extortion worse than in Spartanburg.

It is a marvel that the men put up with the treatment they are accorded on a rush night: "Stand in line there!" "Room for two in here—na-na! I didn't say three, did I? Here you, fellers, don't push." Finally the lucky pair is seated at the greasy counter: the men inspect the thumbled menu card; a waiter approaches—"Well, whatcha want? I ain't got all night here. If y'r gonna order, order!"

But the citizens of Spartanburg should make it their business to see that conditions are changed for the better. They have benefited incalculably by the presence of the troops, and the debt they owe the soldiers is tangible and should be collectible.

Yes—of all the cantonnement cities I have seen, Spartanburg is the most aggressive in its restaurant penny grabbing. I recall one filthy little hole-in-the-wall lunchroom on the menu card of which appears the warning: "Tomato catchup 5 cents extra."

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# SAVING DAYS AGAINST THE U-BOATS

BY WILLIAM HEYLIGER

THE submarine war has developed into a race. It is American and British shipyard labor against the havoc of the U-boats. New ships must be built, and unseaworthy vessels must be made seaworthy, in such proportion that U-boat destruction will be unable to wreck the shipping plans of the Allies. In such a race every hour of labor counts.

Six small hospitals, established in shipyards and dry docks in New York Harbor, have so shortened time lost through injuries that 30,000 individual working days per year have been added to the shipyard calendar. In other words, there has been created, from what was formerly waste time, a force equal to the skilled labor of 1,000 men for one month.

These hospitals were established by an insurance company underwriting the liability of employers. Early in the war it was demonstrated that the sooner a wounded man received medical care the better his chances of recovery. The insurance company was not thinking of that; it was proceeding principally on the theory that it would be cheaper to operate its own hospitals than to send injured workmen to outside physicians. Yet the experiences of the nurses in these shipyard hospitals have matched exactly the experiences of the army doctors. Dry-dock workers come into intimate contact with rust and corrosion. Blood poisoning was rather common, and each case meant a skilled man's labor lost for a week or two, if not forever. The hospitals, by compelling injured workmen to report at once for treatment, have wiped blood poisoning from the books.

### Saving 30,000 Days

ACCIDENTS in shipyards and dry docks are far more numerous than the average man supposes. Hammers will slip, planks will fall, sharp-edged tools will go awry, and acetylene torches will play the mischief momentarily. The result is a constant succession of mashed fingers and knuckles, banged-up toes, more or less ragged cuts, and painful burns. In one dry dock, not the largest on New York Harbor by any means, from 80 to 120 wounds are dressed each day. About 95 per cent of these injuries are what a doctor would term "minor."

Under the old system at this particular plant the man who received an injury left the yard to visit a doctor. He might find the doctor out, or he might find the reception room full of patients and have to take his turn. Very often the injured man stopped either coming or going for a drink and a chat. The dock records show that it took an average of two hours for a man to return to work. He might go to the doctor's office again or he might not.

Some men did not bother to go to the doctor at all. If they deemed the wound of small moment, they would treat it with mucilage, or wrap it with a dirty rag, or poultice it with a chew of tobacco. It was these cases that developed the blood poisoning—these, and a sprinkling of cases among the men who failed to obey the doctor and

go back for a second dressing. Through injuries this company reasoned that it lost the equivalent of 1,400 individual working hours each week.

A hospital was established at this yard by the insurance company, and three nurses were put in charge. The hospital boasted an X-ray machine, an apparatus for baking the kinks out of stiffened joints and muscles, pulmotors, and a room all ready for a major operation in an emergency. At once blood poisoning became a thing of the past. No longer was a man away from his work two hours if he mashed his thumb or had to have a wound redressed. The hospital cut the time lost to fifteen minutes for each accident or redressing.

This dry dock, under war pressure, is working a ten-hour day seven days a week. With an average of a hundred hurts dressed each day, the dock officials figure that the little hospital at the yard gate is saving one hour and forty-five minutes on each dressing, or 102 individual working days each week. Fifteen minutes after a man has received a minor hurt his wound has received expert medical care—and he is back on the job.

The work of the nurses does not stop with that initial dressing. They are there to guard against the after effects, and against a one- or a two-week lay off. They have that man's name, and just where he can be found. Next morning, if he does not report for a second dressing, a messenger is sent out to bring him in. One result of all this care, the dock officials say, is strikingly apparent. Men on risky work perform their labors with far more confidence.

What has happened at this dock has happened, in proportion to their size, at every one of the docks and shipyards where similar hospitals have been established. The combined efficiency of these hospitals has created this tremendous asset of 30,000 individual working days saved.

### "A Mighty Good Job"

THESE hospitals do more than save time—they save lives. At a Brooklyn shipyard a motor ambulance had been added to the hospital equipment. At this yard five men were under a ship driving red-hot rivets into her hold. They were working in what was practically a confined space with acetylene torches, and other men outside were heating rivets and passing them in.

Suddenly the riveting stopped. A hurry call was sent to the hospital, and nurses and pulmotors were rushed down in the ambulance.

The five men were found unconscious from the effects of acetylene fumes. They were hauled out from under the ship, and the nurses applied the pulmotors. One by one, the men were brought back to consciousness.

"That's what I call a mighty good job," said the foreman of the riveters. "We can't spare any acetylene workers these days—not with the U-boats raising Cain."

The accident happened Thursday afternoon. On Monday morning the five men were back at work.

## Let 'er Buck!

Continued from page 16

his ranch to be free to enlist, and who handled over sixty thousand horses for the Allies before we even thought enough about the possibility of getting in to inquire the temperature of the war.

They were watching the riders in the review and their mounts, recognizing and commenting on this and that individual, and recalling incidents in the training of many of the horses that passed. They were jubilant over the fact that no animal misbehaved. The captain called my attention to an extra-fine rope hanging from the sergeant's saddle.

"Be worth something if I had the Kaiser at the end of it," the sergeant growled. "If I had him there, I'd show him the length of this parade ground."

At the remount there is a school for horseshoers and also a school for packers. The head professor and all-round high-micky-doodle of the pack-

er's school is Jim Keneely. Jim is neither an enlisted man nor an officer. He has no rank. All he has is more practical knowledge of packs and packing than any other man living. He taught packing to the army in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in China. In China his packing was a revelation to the officers of the other armies, and he was much sought after as a teacher in foreign parts; but Jim stuck with his own, and it's no mean advantage to us that he's with us now.

The cowboys' social hall at the remount boasts an original by Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist of Montana. It is Russell's gift to his pals of the range in khaki. The walls are covered with color-print reproductions of other paintings by Russell, stirring scenes of camp and trail. According to the men of the range, Edwin Abbey was an architect's draftsman in comparison with Russell, and, measured by the same standard, John Sargent is seen

# Tobacco and the Long Hunt

The telephone and the automobile have so speeded up the pace that people are more nervous than in previous generations.

But probably you have observed how much less inclined to be impatient and irritable a pipe-smoker is than most other men.

Smoking, when not indulged in to excess, soothes the nerves.

That was discovered way back in Queen Elizabeth's time, when tobacco was first brought to England.

Tobacco was originally smoked in pipes and to this day—in spite of the persuasions of Fashion to other forms—pipe-smoking has persisted.

Pipe-smokers of the past were pictured as the best-natured of people. You remember the squire in the old prints, and his long-stemmed pipe, and that happy, amiable look upon his round face?

Well, as a class, pipe-smokers of today continue to be the kindest and most even-tempered of human beings.

That is, they are when they finally succeed in connecting with the brand of tobacco best suited to their particular tastes.

It is a long hunt but—

Other tobaccos are as if they were not when a man at last lights up a pipeful of the tobacco he has so long sought.

His face beams. He sinks back, taking his supremest ease. He lets that prized smoke escape from his delighted lips lazily, almost grudgingly.

Edgeworth has added zest to the smoking of so many that its makers would greatly enjoy learning what you think of it.

Send them a postcard containing your name and address, also that of the retail dealer supplying you, and they will willingly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice as well as Ready-Rubbed.

They don't ask you to state in which of these two forms you are buying your tobacco now. They will send both.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice, made ready between the hands, makes an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is what its title indicates. Straight from can to pipe it can be poured. Or it can be rolled into a cigarette with a most inviting flavor.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c. Other sizes, 30c and 65c. The 16-oz. tin humidor is \$1.25; 16-oz. glass jar \$1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c and \$1.20.

When the samples reach you, fill your pipe with a good, generous load, light up, and settle back in your chair to decide a matter of some importance. Edgeworth is a tobacco that many smokers fix upon after having tried all other brands. If it is your brand, you will be saved a long hunt.

The boys in khaki, both here and over there, certainly bless those thoughtful enough to send them tobacco good both for pipe smoking and cigarettes. The man in the company who has a little tobacco to spare now and then ranks high among his fellows.

Send an unbreakable pound package of Edgeworth to the boy you're so proud of. It will arrive whole, whether he is at one of our cantonments or over there, and he never has too much tobacco. You may be sure of that. He'll go back to quarters carrying it as high above his head as the first helmet he captures.

For the free samples for you to light up and savor, address Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.





to be a fair man for drawing cloak and suit ads.

Most of the cowboys came into Camp Lewis in the draft and were transferred to the remount depot after having done some training service in the infantry. They couldn't all be transferred immediately, of course, and those who were obliged to drill afoot for a time were in a hard way. Saturday afternoons, instead of going to town, they'd come up to the remount, perch on the tops of the corral fences, and watch the horses with the expression of a mad tenor making love. You see, a cowboy is not built for purposes of pedestrianism. Years of riding get his legs properly squeezed to fit the curves of a horse's back; but the slant is wrong for walking. During the unfortunate moments of his life when it is necessary for him to walk, he teeters precariously around in boots with heels high enough to satisfy a Broadway flapper on parade. The result is that in his maturity, while he has more legs and feet than a whale, they're not of much more use to him if you peel him away from a horse and call upon him to circulate around on his own.

So a cowboy in the infantry has this in common with a fish in the Sahara Desert: he's manifestly out of place.

They drilled around in flat-heeled shoes for a few days, and the first free hour they got they stampeded for the remount and begged Captain Jackson for transfer to the remount depot.

"Cap'n, I'd rather be shot at sunrise than walk on these feet o' mine another day," one temporarily dismounted unfortunate declared tearfully. "If I knowed they'd shoot me sittin', I'd do something to deserve it; but I'm afraid they'd make me stand up; an' it's too

much for my brain to think of, standin' on my feet an' gettin' shot at the same time. They gimme shoes 'thout no heels to 'em, that set a man back on his spine so's that every time you step your backbone rattles like a boxful o' loose dice, an' then they make me walk. That's all. Just walk. Not goin' no place; just walkin'! Cap'n, there ain't any place as fur away as I've walked in the last week. No, sir. I walked my legs off clean down to the knees, an' I'm workin' on the thigh bones now. I'm willin' to die for my country, captain, but I just naturally can't walk for it. Please you get me transferred up here where I can pour myself into a saddle an' live human again!"

### Fit and Happy

HOWEVER, most of the blown-in-the-glass cowboys are soon assigned to the special service for which they are fit, and for which they are very urgently needed. And when they get where they belong they're a happy lot. They are with their own, and to a large extent on their own. I visited the remount at Camp Funston in search of pictures. Within a few minutes there was a little private Wild West show in progress. Bands of horsemen were dashing here and there, performing all manner of tricks, a dozen ropes were circling in the air, one man was keeping two loops going at once, and the fence top was lined with a cheering, jeering crowd.

The cowboy is working hard for the army, but he's busy at the work he understands and happy in it. And when a fieldpiece goes bumbling by in the clattering wake of a sturdy, well-trained line of obedient horses, you know that the work of the American cowboy has counted.

## The Right Sort of Man

Continued from page 11

of habit from his left forearm. She could see only the back of his neck and half his face, but he drew her attention from the fascinations of the avenue. At Thirty-third Street she wondered what it was that distinguished him from all the other young men she had known. At Thirty-first Street he was joined by a friend, an enormous man with an enormous voice, who boomed:

"Holloa, Rodney!"

Rodney cordially invited the newcomer to sit down.

"Still with McCord, Read & Bright?"

"Surely," said Rodney.

Ann could hear every word they said, and though the name McCord, Read & Bright meant nothing to her it remained in her mind like a refrain; it sounded like the name of a famous old firm. A moment later Ann was listening eagerly to what the young man was saying.

"Joe has done the most amusing portrait of Jane. All in blacks—a symphony in blacks."

"Sounds somber," the big man muttered; "there's nothing somber about Jane."

"But that's just it," Rodney interposed. "He has used the black gown and the midnight background to render that wonderful blond verve of hers. Why, that picture has got almost as much—the clangor of a Bellevue ambulance drowned the next word—"as Jane herself."

"Isn't Jane a corker?" said the big man.

"Jane," said Rodney earnestly, "is the only really worth-while woman in New York."

ANN was all ears now. But the big man had risen.

"I've got to get down here," he said. "See you at Jane's Sunday?"

"I'm getting off here too," said Rodney.

Ann watched them crossing the street as the bus moved on. Ann felt as Cortez (or whoever it was) felt when he stood on a peak in Darien and verified the existence of the Pacific Ocean. She had not been in New York two hours, and already she had sat on the edge of that magic circle of people who do things. Two hours and already she had heard a young man talking about a portrait, a portrait by a man he knew intimately, a portrait of a woman named Jane who was the "only worth-while woman in New York." Ann felt almost as if she had met them. Oh, there were people worth knowing in New York!

Ann's pleasure of anticipation lasted

all the way to Brooklyn, to the very door of her aunt Josephine's house. There, while she waited an answer to her ring, she had a momentary reaction. She had spoken at home, in Bingham, almost as if she expected to spend the winter with her aunt Josephine. And now she was oppressed with the fear that she might have to spend the winter with her aunt Josephine, in Brooklyn. . . .

HAPPILY, Aunt Josephine proved herself the perfect relative—the relative who is always easily reached and never around. Aunt Josephine assured Ann that she was delighted to see her, that she would always be delighted to see her; but of course she appreciated that Ann would want to live in New York, to be near the school of art or music or whatever it was Ann had come to study.

"What is it exactly?" Aunt Josephine inquired.

"Piano," said Ann brazenly.

"Of course," said Aunt Josephine. "Your mother told me you began when you were seven."

Ann left feeling happily free to establish herself as near the center of Manhattan as she liked.

She found two rooms and a bath in the Crossett Arms, which is one of those great buildings in middle Broadway that promise all the privacies of a home and all the conveniences of a hotel at something less than the cost of both. Then she was ready for a survey of the specialty shops and an intensive study of those sections of the Sunday papers that are devoted to theatre, art, and music.

Ann intended to bring her wardrobe and her mind to the metropolitan standard simultaneously.

After a forenoon in the specialty shops off the avenue, Ann had a vision of herself dressed as she had always wanted to be dressed—with that simplicity which takes so much thought and so much money. But after reading a great many columns of the Sunday paper she feared the condition of her mind would not be so easily remedied. There were so many plays and it was so hard to tell from what the critics said which ones she ought to see. And the men who wrote about art were almost unintelligible.

Where did one go to acquire the language of art? To books, of course; but to what books? Her memory shot back to the nice young man on the bus. What had he meant by an amusing portrait? Obviously amusing didn't mean funny when applied to a portrait that was also a symphony in blacks. Evidently

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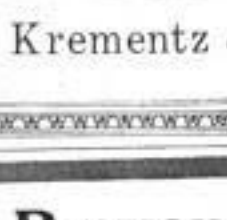
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she had a whole vocabulary to learn—a vocabulary as elaborate as that of golf or motor cars.

An afternoon at a book store left her puzzled. The salesman was attentive, resourceful, and informed. But Ann was inarticulate and uncertain; and he was neither a professor of contemporary literature nor a leader in one of those groups where art is nightly beaten to death. Ann came away with Benedetto Croce's "Esthetics," a book called "How to Look at Pictures," a history of painting, and the current magazines.

She absorbed the magazines with much pleasure at dinner, but the books appalled her. She turned to clothes. She suspected that clothes were quite as important. Certainly they were easier to acquire than art talk.

She had a very exciting ten days—ten days of stalking the perfect thing and buying it, without the necessity of securing anybody's approval; ten days broken only by a Sunday at her aunt Josephine's; ten days when she shopped so hard that even a fashion paper would put her to sleep within two hours after dinner.

At the end of that period Ann found herself outfitted for the morning, for the afternoon, for the theatre, for an informal dance and a formal dinner; even for a walk in the country. She spent an immensely gratifying evening in front of a tall glass, trying on one costume after another. She had the clothes she needed—the clothes she had always wanted. She was ready to appear anywhere. Where should she go?

She knew no one in New York except her aunt Josephine. Red Tarleton was in town; and so was Harvey Peters, who had taken her to her last junior prom. She could find either of them through his fraternity club. But she would not. She was done with college boys; with Middle-Western men. If she never met a soul, she would not look up Red or Harvey. Besides, would either Red or Harvey be likely to know a young man like Rodney of the bus?

Ann lunched once at Delmonico's and once at Sherry's; she had tea at Mailard's. She took her aunt Josephine to see Mrs. Fiske, and her cousin George, who was seventeen and a junior in high school, to see Fred Stone. She asked herself what next?

THERE just wasn't any next. She had reached the end of her resources. To know people one had to know some one person to start with. That was self-evident. Neither her aunt Josephine nor her cousin George counted. Neither was a start toward the sort she wanted to know. Perhaps, after all, the sensible thing to do was to look up Red and Harvey. They were not the sort she wanted to know. But acquaintanceship was a sort of endless chain that led eventually where one wished.

Ann's pride was up. She would not, would not, would not, use these men as stepping-stones. And yet how could she go to first nights alone?

She couldn't—really. She could only read at night—read Benedetto Croce and Ruskin and "How to Look at Pictures."

Ann was ashamed, outraged, angry. Had she come all the way to New York to read stupid books? Ann wished she had studied in college.

Into her mind in that moment of bitterness there popped without relevance or reason the name "McCord, Read & Bright." Ann repeated it twice before its significance occurred to her. It was the name of the firm which employed Rodney.

She had come to New York determined to find—well, to find the right sort of people. So far she had failed to turn up so much as a clue. Except for Rodney.

Ann opened the telephone book to "Mc." There it was:

\* McCord, Read & Bright, Architects, 101 Park Avenue. Murray Hill, 5820.

She had an impulse to call him up and ask him some silly question about Jane's portrait. He would be so puzzled and so curious. And he was the only man in New York she wished to see again. But she didn't know his last name. She couldn't very well ask the operator at McCord, Read & Bright's for "Rodney."

Ann wished she had picked him up that day on the bus. Why not? Women did such things. Perfectly nice women. In a perfectly nice way, of course. If

he did not take it in the right way or she didn't like him, she could drop him in the first five minutes, and New York was so large that they weren't likely to meet each other again. But she knew he was nice. She knew she would like him. And he would know that she was not that kind of girl.

Well, she hadn't picked him up. And suppose she had: Would she have been able to hold up her end? What chance had a Bingham, Wis., background with people who had graduated out of rompers into the lingo of art?

Ann sat down with Benedetto Croce's analysis of the esthetic emotion. It is a book about which a great deal has been written.

Ann's criticism of it, on this, her second attempt to read it, was immediate, violent, and final. Ann threw it across the room. It struck the radiator and dropped on the floor with one cover askew.

Ann rose, stretched, and contemplated herself in the long mirror. The figure she saw there stood straight and slender in a robe of soft green silk. She raised one arm high above her head. It was a round and shapely arm. Ann smiled. When she smiled she liked herself—she liked herself immensely.

SHE addressed the charming figure, forgotten in her frustration, but now revealed to her anew in the glass.

"I will not read stupid books. I don't care if I never know anything about art."

An expression alluring, mysterious, and provocative responded.

"I will be just myself. I will find that man. I will make him like me."

And with a last glance at the satisfying image of herself, Ann began rapidly to dress for the street. She was going for a ride on the bus. It was on the bus that she had seen Rodney. It was on the bus that she was most likely to see him again.

She rode clear down to Washington Square and back without seeing him. But she retained her good humor.

Ann rode on the bus every afternoon for eleven days. And on the eleventh day, as the bus halted at Tenth Street, Ann saw him on the sidewalk not fifty feet away, walking south. He disappeared in the basement of the Brevoort Hotel.

Ann followed. She found herself in a small room, furnished with a dozen white-topped tables. In either direction was a succession of similar rooms. Rodney was nowhere in sight.

Ann caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She was wearing her most becoming hat—very small, very simple, very chic. Ann felt suddenly calm, as calm as if she had just entered the Palace of Sweets in Madison, Wis. She walked into the next room, surveyed it in leisurely fashion, made sure that Rodney was not there, and advanced upon the next room, the last of the series.

Nearly all the tables here were occupied. It was the hour of the cocktail. There was Rodney, alone, reading a paper, with a tall, narrow goblet of black coffee in front of him.

Ann sat down quickly at a table for two against the wall. After a moment she glanced about her. Rodney was still buried in the paper.

"Coffee," said Ann to the waiter.

"Coffee in a glass."

"Mazagran?"

"Yes," said Ann.

Was that what they called it?

THE waiter disappeared. Ann felt suddenly forlorn, helpless. She wished she had a book, anything with which to occupy herself. Two men were staring at her.

She stole a glance at Rodney. He had dropped his paper so that she could see his face. He was better-looking than she had remembered. He had a lean, pleasant face, with very black eyebrows. Was he thirty or thirty-five?

At that moment he glanced up, caught her stare squarely.

Ann smiled as one smiles at an old friend. He smiled back, turned to his paper, looked up again, rose to his feet. Ann glanced downward, laid her long lashes on her cheek. He was near. He was standing beside the table. She looked up.

He stared at her, abashed.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were some one—some one I knew."

"You were quite mistaken," said Ann in a low voice, that voice a note deeper than one expected, that voice that had



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charmed so many college boys out of their wits. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'd like to," Rodney said. "May I bring my coffee?"

Ann took a long breath as he turned his back. It was now or never. When he returned with his coffee she was again calm, composed.

"Your name is Rodney," she said, smiling, "isn't it?"

"Yes, Rodney Sands. But how do you—"

"How do I know?"

"How do you know?"

"I listened," said Ann.

The waiter brought her mazagran. Ann sipped it reflectively. He was really a very nice man.

"I listened one day on the bus," she continued.

"I had no chance to listen," he interposed.

"No," said Ann, "you had no chance to listen. My name is Ann—Ann Winkler."

"Well, Ann Winkler, what else did you hear when you listened?"

Ann sipped her coffee. She tingled to her finger tips. For once in her life she was going to say exactly what was in her head. She felt this man would understand. And, besides, he was not wholly insusceptible. Her beauty was her weapon; her frankness her defense. Who can resist beauty when it is frank, when it pays one the supreme compliment?

"I heard something about a portrait, a portrait of a wonderful blond person named Jane."

RODNEY knitted his brows. "I know a portrait of a person named Jane well enough. But I don't remember discussing it on a bus."

"You wouldn't. It was of no consequence to you. But it was of immense consequence to me. You see, I never had heard anyone mention a portrait or a painter or people who have their portraits painted—well, as if they knew about—" Ann finished the sentence with a wave of her hand.

"You make me wish I were a portrait painter."

"Why?" said Ann. "Aren't you an architect?"

Rodney shot her a startled look.

"I looked it up in the telephone book—McCord, Read & Bright," said Ann with a slight pensive lift of an eyebrow.

Rodney laughed. "What else did you hear on the bus?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Ann. "You and your large companion—a tremendous man he was—got off at Twenty-ninth Street."

"Ah!" said Rodney. "I remember—that was Wakefield Green."

"The dramatic critic?" Ann cried.

"Yes," said Rodney.

"Tell me, do you know a great many of that sort—of people who do things?"

"Not a great many—a few."

"What do they talk about?"

"Themselves mostly."

Ann smiled. "What else?"

"Each other."

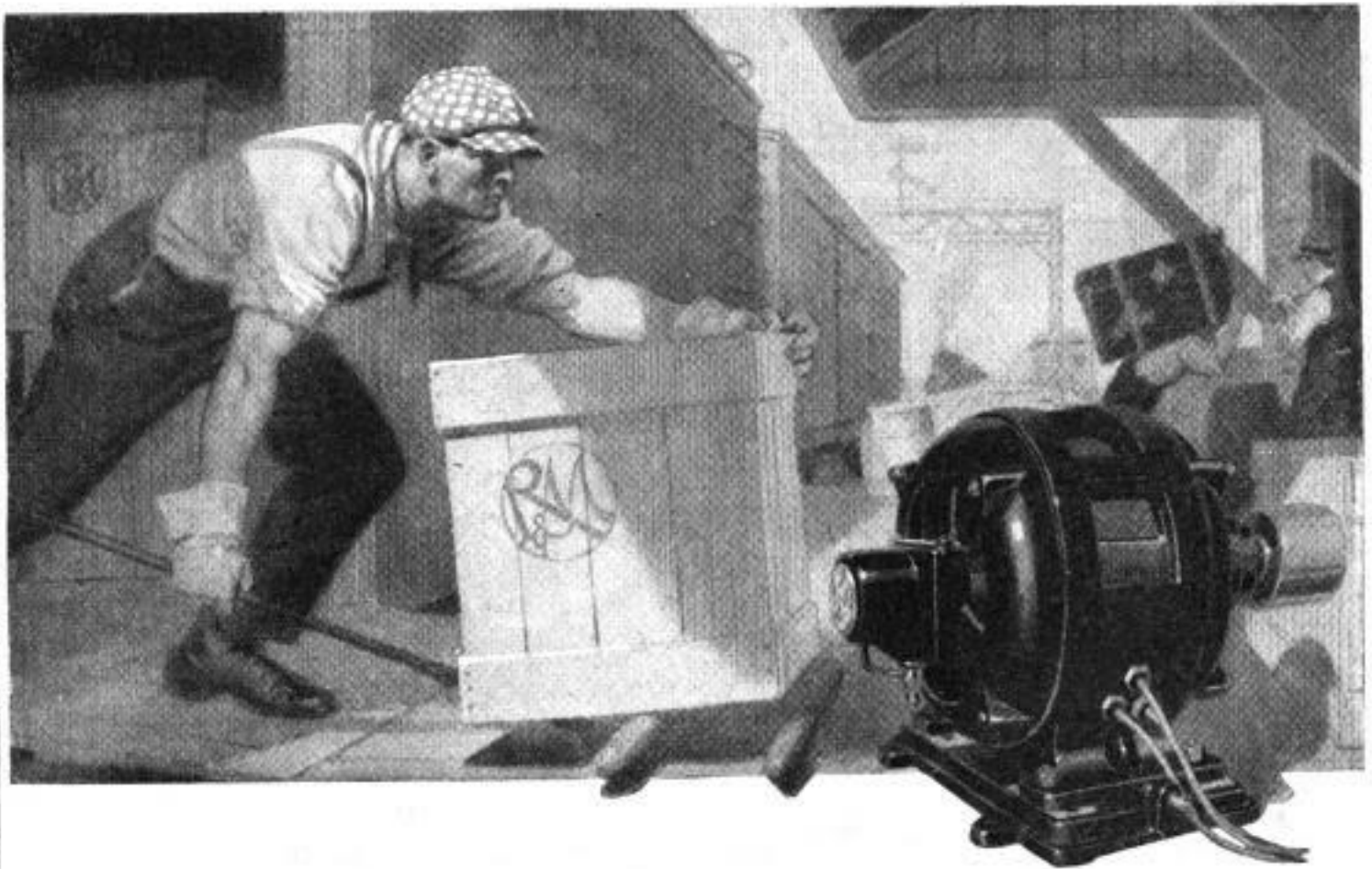
"I know," said Ann. "Everybody does that—"

"They make a specialty of it. But they do talk about other things sometimes—how to make America respect art, for instance."

"I thought so," said Ann. "I—"

"But I don't get you quite," said Rodney. "I don't understand what you're driving at. Won't you tell me?"

"I wonder if I could make you understand?" Ann surveyed him appraisingly.



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Volume 61 Number 14

JUNE 15, 1918

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ly. He had been extraordinarily patient, uncommonly nice. He had been as nice as she had hoped he would be. He was the nicest man she had ever met.

"It depends on whether you are willing to tell me the truth or not," said Rodney quietly. "But perhaps I'll understand even if you don't."

"I think maybe you would understand even if I didn't," said Ann. "But I'm going to tell you the truth—if you don't mind."

"You know I don't mind."

"Well," said Ann, "I'm from the Middle West—from a town so small you never heard of it."

"Yes," said Rodney. "I want that to sink in—it's a thing no New Yorker can really understand without an effort of the imagination."

"New Yorkers—" he began.

"I have no talent," Ann interrupted.

"I didn't come down here because I thought I had a grand-opera voice or anything of that sort. I came because I was curious. I came because I wanted just once to meet some people who—"

Ann paused, looking down at her glass. This wasn't the truth—the real truth. How could she tell him that? She looked up at him again. He had a nice face, an intelligent face. And just now it wore the expression of profound interest. He was as interested in what she was going to say next as any college boy.

"The truth," said Ann, "is that I couldn't see myself marrying a small-town man out in the Middle West."

"I understand," said Rodney. "I—"

"You understand in a way," said Ann. "But no New Yorker can really understand the sort of thing I ran away from. You have to experience it. And all the time I'm talking I'm acutely conscious that I've no right to demand anything—well, anything better. I'm small-town myself. I don't know anything about art. I play ragtime and like it. But just once, before I go back West, I'd like to meet—the sort of people you know."

"Look here," said Rodney Sands. For just a moment it seemed to Ann that his eyes had that look of eagerness that she had so often surprised in college youths. "To-morrow night is Jane Ordway's annual party. The party when she asks everybody she knows. Will you go with me?"

"Would it be all right—really all right?"

"Yes," said Rodney Sands. There was a grin, an ironic grin—though at whose expense Ann was not sure—trembling in the corners of his mouth. "It would be more than all right. It would be highly desirable."

"What—what about Jane?"

"Jane Ordway has only one object in life, and that's to bring people together. She'll send you an invitation to-night. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Ann. "I will."

ANN entered the tall brownstone house in Gramercy Park, driven, like a soldier, by the fear of running away.

Jane Ordway was as simple and as friendly as could be. But it was not Jane that Ann feared.

The girl to whom Jane introduced her was friendly also.

"You'll like Jane's party, I know," this young person assured Ann. "There's dancing on the first floor and conversation on the second, and tête-à-têtes on the third. And at twelve there will be supper on the fourth. And nobody expects anybody else to be introduced."

But it was not Jane's party that Ann feared. It was Rodney Sands that she feared. For the first time she didn't know what a man thought of her. And it was the first time it had really mattered.

No one could have been more thoughtful. The invitation from Jane Ordway had come in the first mail. At eleven

he had called up to make sure that she had it. At seven there were flowers. And now, as she stood before the dressing-room mirror, she knew he was waiting for her to come down and dance.

But didn't he regard her as a millionaire might regard a shopgirl? She had read a story once about a man who for his own amusement had offered a girl at the notion counter in a department store the chance to live for twelve hours as a princess, to do anything she could think of that cost money. Was that something like what Rodney Sands was doing? Introducing her to this salon of Jane Ordway's, to this center of sophistication to which anybody who was anybody was likely to come, in order to savor every gesture of her simplicity and ignorance? Oh, why had she been so recklessly frank? Why had she told this man everything, retaining no shred of mystery, just because he seemed to understand?

That was just the trouble—that he understood. He was the kind of man who understood everything, anyway. For a moment she wanted to run away, to escape forever the eyes that would see through her every pretense. But as she considered the possibility she heard the first bars of "Poor Butterfly." She had not danced for months. She would dance now if she never danced again. With a firm step she walked out of the dressing room and down the stairs.

HER determination kept her up for the next ten minutes, and gradually the excitement of meeting people took hold of her. It was very like her first junior prom, except that she was more sure of herself. Within an hour half the men present had discovered that she danced and the other half that she laughed. Ann had never been

more popular in her life.

It was only when she stepped into the taxicab to go back to the Crossett Arms that her panic returned.

"You aren't sorry you brought me?" she said to Rodney Sands, and knew as she said it that it was a childish remark.

"It was the error of a lifetime," said Rodney Sands solemnly. "I never knew anyone to make such a hit. To-morrow at eleven o'clock your telephone will begin to ring. And before lunch you will have accepted invitations to tea, to dinner, to the theatre, to breakfast, to luncheon, to the opera, to dances, to week-ends in the country. And I shall be lucky to see you more than once in the next month."

"Are you making fun of me?"

"My dear lady," said Rodney Sands. "You are young; you are beautiful; and—you listen. It is an irresistible combination."

"Seriously," said Ann, "you will never know how grateful I am to you for introducing me to Bohemia."

"Bohemia!" Rodney exclaimed. "Listen to the child of the Middle West. Bohemia with a butler and seven servants!"

"But aren't they all people who do things?"

"Perhaps one in ten. People who do things don't occupy houses in Gramercy Park—it is only people who have done things who can do that."

"I don't believe I understand New York a bit," said Ann.

"Jane Ordway's isn't New York. Jane Ordway is an institution—a unique institution. I really believe you may see more varieties of people in her house than in any other house in the world. But, after all, nine-tenths of them are people with money, who go there because they are bored with themselves."

Rodney chuckled.

"What are you laughing at now?"

"It amuses me," he said, "to think of my having introduced you to all these people, of being the means of making you a social butterfly."

The remark seemed cruel to Ann. She did not speak again until they



Ann wished she had picked him up that day on the bus

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reached the Crossett Arms. "Thank you," she said. "And I will see you again, won't I?"

"You will if I have anything to do with it," said Rodney Sands, "but I work for a living, you know, and just now I'm working nights redrafting the plans of Jane Ordway's country house—McCord, Read & Bright are doing it."

ANN went to sleep thinking what a thoroughly nice man he was—except for his ironical turn of speech and smile. Why had he chortled openly over having introduced her to his friends? Did it amuse him so much to think that he had manipulated them for the benefit of a strange girl who had introduced herself to him in the basement of the Brevoort the night before? Perhaps he was satiated with these people. Perhaps she had done him a favor in giving a new turn to a stale pleasure.

He was the only man who had ever really intrigued her. And she could not make the slightest impression on him. He was intelligently appreciative—and that was all. He understood everything and felt nothing. Probably he was in love with somebody else. At the thought Ann was suddenly wide-awake. That explained it. He was the only man she had ever wanted, and he was already taken. Ann wished she had never seen him.

His prophecy as to the invitations proved hardly exaggerated. Engagements occupied her increasingly, until nearly every day was full. But she waited in vain for a message from Rodney Sands. And it was two weeks before she saw him again, at a dinner at Jane Ordway's. They exchanged only a sentence privately. She wondered why he avoided her. He had seemed pleased to see her. And once or twice during dinner she had caught him watching her. Was she nothing but a phenomenon to him?

She knew she couldn't be in love with a man who had only a sociological interest in her. But it hurt just the same.

Gradually the social round began to repeat itself. She was definitely in a circle now, so that she rarely met people she had not met before. And then her interest evaporated. She lay awake thinking it out. Going to dinners and the opera in New York was really no more interesting than going to Sunday-night suppers at the Bingham Country Club and dancing to the pianola afterward. There was no essential difference. These people were older, more mannered than the people at home. They spent more money and spent it in more sophisticated ways. But the differences were superficial. Already New York was almost as stale as Bingham had been a year before.

She knew what had spoiled everything—it was he who had made everything. She had fallen in love with Rodney Sands. She wasn't thinking about anything but Rodney Sands. And it was no use. She might better go home—where she wouldn't be driven by the hope of meeting him.

He was the only man to whom she had ever wanted to talk. That was why she had talked so frankly that day in the Brevoort. She had regretted it afterward, but she did not regret it now. He had understood her. She knew now that was why she had run away from Bingham and the Middle West. It was to find the right sort of man. Well, she had found him and he didn't want her. . . .

ANN went over and over it and always she came out at the same place. It was only when she made her final decision that she was able to go to sleep at all. She decided to go back to Bingham.

ham. The next day was Saturday. She would go on Monday. In the meantime she would have one last talk with Rodney. She called him on the telephone.

"Look here," she said, "I want to talk to you. Will you come to tea?"

"Can't," said Rodney. "I'd like to awfully, but I've got to work."

"Work on Saturday afternoon!"

"That's me."

"But I'm going home on Monday, and I did want to see you before I leave."

"Going home?"

"Yes," said Ann, "back to Bingham, Wis."

"Bingham, Wis.?"

"That's where I came from," said Ann.

"I'll meet you in fifteen minutes."

They lunched at Henri's. She thought Rodney had something on his mind. But he refused to be serious. He laughed incredulously when she said she was going back to Bingham for good.

"It's only the failures who do that," he said soberly, when he saw that she was hurt. "You're a success."

"But what good is it?"

"I thought you didn't want to marry a Middle-Western small-town man."

"I did say that," said Ann.

Rodney Sands had never seemed so completely desirable. Or so completely aloof. "You know what I'd like to do?" he said suddenly.

"No," said Ann. How could she possibly guess what was in his head?

"Don't you know it's spring—the first real spring day we've had?"

Ann hadn't realized it; she had been unconscious of the weather; but now he mentioned it she knew it was warm and sunny.

"Let's get a hansom and ride up the avenue and through the park."

"Let's!" cried Ann. It was the first deep touch of sentiment she had found in Rodney Sands. It suited her mood precisely.

THE horse ambled steadily up the avenue. The big wheels rolled softly over the pavement. The quaint vehicle swayed gently, like a hammock. Through a world of iron and stone and asphalt stole the breath of spring.

They said never a word until they reached the park. Then Rodney Sands leaned back in his corner and looked at Ann. "I'm going to tell you something—two things."

He paused a full minute.

"I've thrown up my job at McCord, Read & Bright's. Next week is my last."

"What are you going to do?"

"I've won a competition—a public library. And I'm going to build it. But that isn't what I was going to tell you."

He grinned at her amiably.

"You know," he continued, "I can't keep my eyes off you."

Ann could have slapped him. Didn't this man realize that she cared for him? Or was that why he grinned?

"You are the most beautiful thing that ever was made. And you're honest too. It was the most delightful thing that ever happened to me—that



She liked herself—she liked herself immensely

## "Good Things

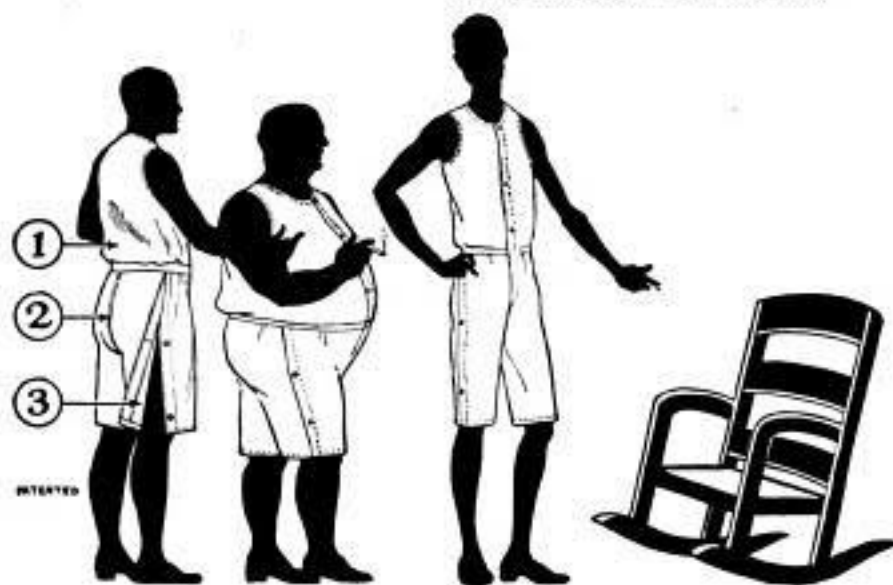
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her production to her consumption, but she has the added positive advantages in the other two factors. In broad prewar figures, while England produced one-fourth of her consumption, and France produced one-half of her consumption, Germany produced three-fourths of her consumption.

### Machinery for Marketing

WHEN the war came it shut Germany in upon herself. It contracted all her marketing machinery and simplified her methods of procedure. The fact of war itself enabled Germany to make her last pound of meat, her last gram of cereals, effective. For the Allies the sudden breaking out of the war brought a sudden expansion in markets. Provisions for which presumably secure channels had been provided now suddenly had to be secured from the other side of the world. Uncertainty was introduced into the whole business of food. And all the extant quantities of food in the world's markets were of little account compared with the fact that transportation was becoming daily more difficult and time was becoming daily more precious.

Germany is the youngest of the great powers. She is the only nation in western Europe which is young enough to look back to a recent agricultural history. With her the food problem has always been an adjunct to war preparations. It would be hard to say which idea came first, whether war was the chicken which laid the food egg, or whether the demand for food hatched the call for war.

We are told that in building the German Empire Bismarck was faced with two courses. He could encourage agriculture and develop an agrarian empire, or he could take the dangerous step of throwing Germany into competition with the rest of Europe as an industrial empire. He took the middle of the road. He decided that Germany should be both an agricultural and an industrial empire. Only an industrial empire could send its nerve strands across the world. Only an industrial state could supply the men who would be needed for the wars of the future. But only an agricultural people could feed these armies in case of a war with its neighbors.

Agriculture was stimulated by every possible means. A tariff wall was built to encourage the growth of grain and meats. The population of Germany rose from less than 45,000,000 in 1880 to about 70,000,000 in 1914. The growth of industry was unparalleled. In thirty years the production of crops on approximately the same acreage increased 50 per cent.

Her staple crop was transferred from wheat to potatoes, in which in late years her total yield per acre has been far beyond the yields of any other nation. Germany was preparing for war in every direction. She was creating the munitions, the man power, the food within her own borders.

When the war began grain embargoes were clamped down simultaneously by both neutrals and combatants. Germany was still in better stead than the Allies. She had her potato crop of 2,000,000,000 bushels as compared with a French crop of a little more than 300,000,000 bushels; she still had an excess of one-third sugar beets over consumption. And her consumption of grains for some years before the war had been 32,000,000 tons as against a production of 26,000,000 tons. A part of the shortage she could make up by enforced economy and a part by substitution. At any rate, she could go on until the next harvest.

In this last consideration we find a strong feature of Germany's situation, a feature she has been wise enough to use to its full value. It has to do with that "social psychology of combat" that is the greatest hope and the greatest anxiety of war makers. Morale is a capricious thing. Like the war machine itself, it is dependent upon other factors than material resources. Too much material resources is sometimes bad for morale. Morale is keyed to hope, but it is tempered by necessity.

### The Tightened Belt

I DO not know that Germany has been a good psychologist in dealing with other peoples. But she has been a good psychologist in dealing with her own peoples. Of course she has had her troubles. Germany has had her food controllers, her food cards, her shortages, her requisitions, her bread lines, her bread riots. Her efforts at regional administration of food problems failed; the wheat crops of 1915 and 1916 failed.

She had difficulties in securing returns from farmers; there were strained relations between Prussia and Bavaria, between Germany and the Dual Empire, and between Austria and Hungary. We read of efforts to secure conservation by mechanical means, stories of sawdust foods, of synthetic substitutes, of the fining of merchants for joking about sandwiches, of the drilling of school children in mastication, of campaigns for the saving of cherry stones. These are diverting bits of gossip and no more. All her failures she used to her advantage; the greater the pressure the more she drew upon her people's resistance.

We have made too much of the promised break of the German morale through hunger. It has been the fear of hunger that has screwed the German's courage to the sticking point. Every German citizen has been reared to the idea that his subsistence is in danger. He has been taught that the half acre that he calls his fatherland is not large enough to support its population. He knows that in case the iron ring is drawn about him he can live only by the utmost economy.

At the outbreak of the war a committee of German scientists frankly stated that Germany faced a deficit of one-third of her normal calorie consumption and one-fourth of her consumption of albumen. Every German citizen was taught the logic of the tightened belt.

### Where Germany Stands

GERMANY has always been able to make the psychological appeal, to promise for the future at the same time that she is showing that present conditions are the result of the iniquities of her enemies, to impress upon her people the plea that however ill they may fare they are better off than they would be in case of surrender. The call to hold out until the next harvest is very useful in handling the German food problem.

Americans who tell themselves that Germany will collapse for want of food are letting their hopes speak for their reason. It is much to be feared that their hopes will delude them. If Germany ever comes to a change of heart—and no one doubts that she eventually will—it will not come through an appeal to her stomach.

Germany has committed great crimes. But if any of us thinks of her as a slinking conscience-haunted villain of the Bulwer-Lytton school of crime, we fail to understand her spirit. Whatever she has done she has created a philosophy to explain and justify. She is standing by her guns to-day with a vigor and a courage which are no less because they are utterly misguided and vicious.

We find it necessary continually to check up our thinking on this war. We keep on thinking of the war in terms of the older and primitive combat. And we keep on finding that these old foot rules, these old measures, these old philosophies of hate and morale, do not work at all.

We will understand this war only when we accept it as a different kind of war, a twentieth-century war, in which men are bringing to bear in new combats everything they have learned, and all the new subtleties they have ingrained into their flesh.

In all human probability Germany's food prospects for holding out through a long war are better now than they have been since 1914. In four years she has added thousands of square miles of valuable territory from Belgium, France, the Balkan States, and Russia.

Even if the German supply of food is inadequate, it is a far cry from a food shortage which the people believe has been brought about through their enemy, to a surrender to that enemy with the threatened danger of reduced resources after the war.

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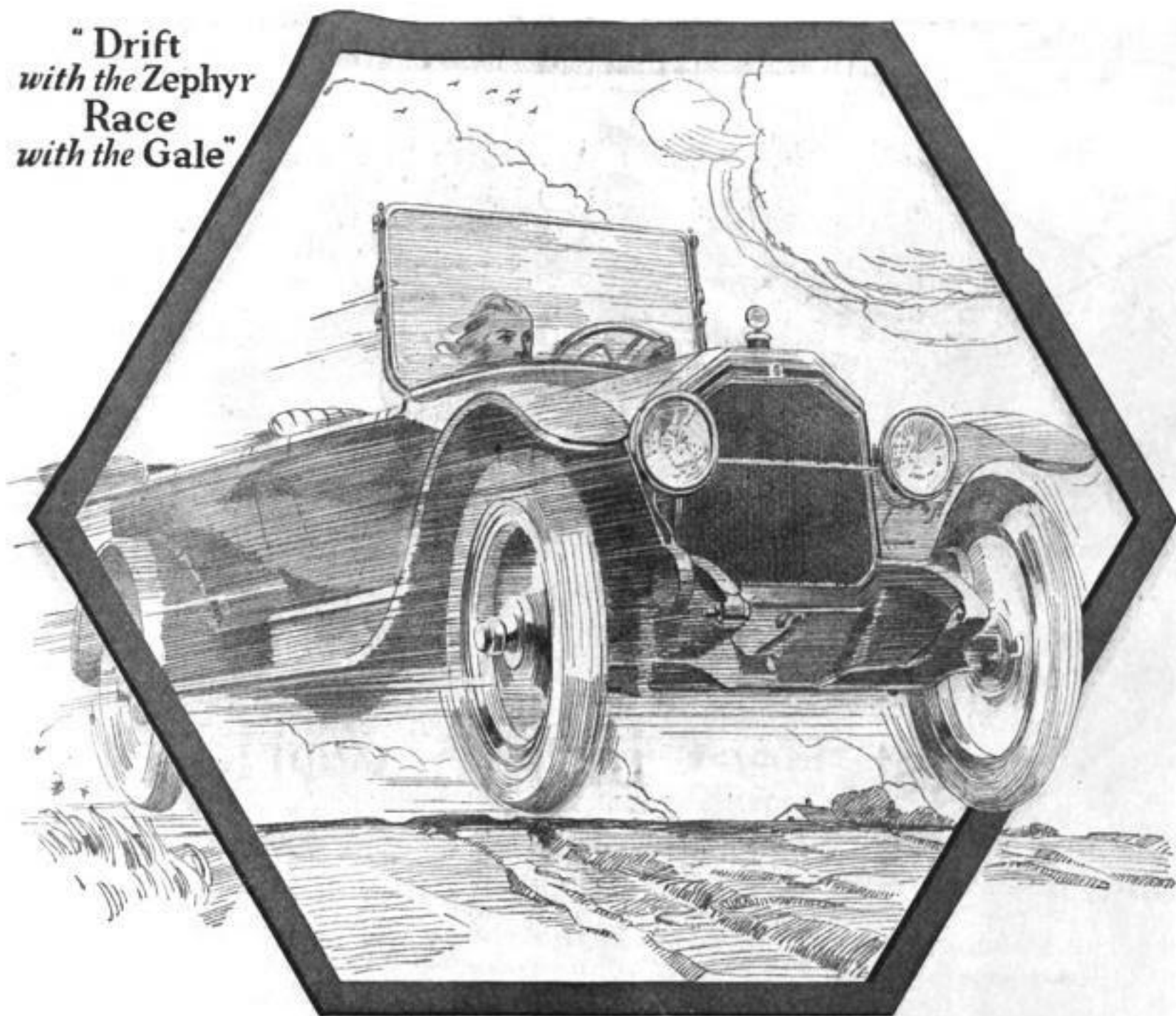
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUNE 22, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 15



British Official © Underwood & Underwood

## BEHIND THE BARRICADE

*Here is a sight that has not been seen since the earliest days of the war - soldiers fighting in a barricaded street. The photograph was taken in Bailleul a few hours before the British, fighting desperately against overwhelming odds, were compelled to evacuate the town*



# MAN-POWER

BY MARK SULLIVAN

THE purpose of this article is to attempt to bring simplicity and understanding to the industrial situation in the United States at the present time, especially that phase of it which is widely discussed under the phrases "essentials and nonessentials" and "business as usual." It is an attempt to set down what has happened, is happening, and is going to happen to the fundamentals of the business and industrial structure of the country. Let us begin with man power. Indeed, we must begin and end with man power, for that is what it all comes back to. If the discussion be kept in terms of man power, it will be within the comprehension of any understanding, for the whole problem becomes merely one of addition and subtraction—under our present conditions, chiefly subtraction.

"Man power" is frequently used in military discussion as meaning the total number of soldiers a nation can bring together. More broadly, and more properly, it is the entire strength of a nation, military and industrial. In this more correct sense the man power of the United States is 35,000,000—the 35,000,000 men, women, and children who do the country's work, who serve it in the army, who dig its coal, who raise its crops, who run its trains, who build its roads, who make its powder, who turn out its munitions.

(The latest census gave the total number of persons "engaged in gainful occupations" as 38,167,336. But the census includes everybody "ten years of age and upward." Since the census was taken we have quite generally ceased to regard children under fifteen as a factor in industry. For this and other reasons the figure generally used by economists, 35,000,000, may be taken as a sufficiently correct estimate of American man power as it exists to-day. It is confessedly merely a rough approximation, but it has been adopted by the Department of Labor, and generally by statesmen and economists who deal with this subject.)

This 35,000,000 man power is our all. It is the whole measure, and the true measure, of our wealth. In public discussions our national wealth is frequently given, in terms of dollars, as about \$200,000,000,000. But if the whole \$200,000,000,000 were wiped out to-morrow, our man power could reproduce it. The wiping out of our man power, on the other hand, would be the end of everything. Our man power is our all. It is the measure of our effectiveness in war and peace. It is the total—to put it in terms of our national card game—of our pile of chips in the fight with Germany. We cannot increase it. To a certain extent we can mobilize it more effectively and manage it more economically. But we shall always come back to this 35,000,000, and no more, as the measure of this nation's capacity to work, to fight, to accomplish, to do.

## Immigration Has Ceased

NOW, let us see just what has happened to this 35,000,000 since the war began. The first thing to bear in mind is that with the beginning of the European War the greatest source of increase for our man power was cut off. We used to get an increase of a million man power a year through immigration. We now get substantially nothing. Few people recognize the significance, in a business and economic sense, of this cutting off of immigration. The immigrant was almost the only source of what we call "day labor," the men who do the building and repairing of railroads, the mending of streets and roads, mining, and the rough work of steel mills and other factories. We have gone on as if this source of our labor were a perpetual fountain. We have not stopped to consider the business and economic and social changes which must come about when the fountain runs dry, and we are compelled to adapt ourselves to a condition very strange to us. Moreover, an immigrant raised to maturity, with all the expense of his nurture and training paid by his own country, delivered at our gates free of charge as a working unit of man power, was a valuable asset. Valued even in the way that slaves were valued before the Civil War, and taking into account



the change of standards, he was worth at least \$2,000. A million immigrants a year were worth \$2,000,000,000. That is, roughly, equal to the value of our wheat crop and our corn crop added together. If our entire wheat crop and our entire corn crop were complete failures in any one year, we should hear a great deal about it. As a matter of fact, the cutting off of our immigration of a million man power a year was a more serious matter than the loss of our wheat and corn crops. For the cessation of immigration was not for one year merely, but for as long as the war lasts—and it may very well be for always.

## Dislocations and Diversions

WHETHER this immigration, this rich fountain of man power, will ever again flow into the United States is one of the mysteries of whatever future shall be organized out of the political and social debris when peace is signed and reconstruction begins. One cannot give the answer; one can only set the problem up in the shape of questions. Will the German, the Italian, the Austrian, the Hungarian, and the other Europeans be emigrants after the war? One would expect them to want to emigrate. If the debts now being piled up by European countries are not repudiated, or by any device scaled down, then the citizens of those countries will most assuredly be tempted to run away from the intolerable burden of taxation.

Taxes in most of those countries will be in excess of anything known in history. If they have wanted to emigrate in the past because of burdensome taxation and other hampering economic conditions, they will assuredly have all the more reason after the war. A laborer in Germany, or in Austria, or even in some of the countries of our allies, will find himself in a position something like this: he will go to work at seven o'clock in the morning and he will work until noon; by that time he will have paid his taxes; whatever he earns during the rest of the day he may be able to keep for himself. Under such circumstances one would expect this laborer to do some very hard thinking during the noon hour. One would expect him to conclude to take his hat and his tools and set out for some country where he would be permitted to keep more of the product of his work for himself. But Germany and Austria and the other European countries may forbid emigration.

Germany understands the importance of man power as the true source of a nation's wealth and power—none better. She has conserved it and stimulated it in the past more generally and more intelligently than any other nation. She will have all the more reason to conserve it after this war is over. Most assuredly she will try to find means of keeping her man power at home, even to the point of forbidding it to go away. It is all in the future, and one man's guess is as good as another's.

Of all the guesses I have heard, the one that seems to me most probable is that if there is any emigrating among European people after the war they will be most likely to gravitate toward Russia. Russia, assuming that it achieves a reasonable government, will be to the rest of the world what America and our Great West long were to us, the field of opportunity for the adventurous emigrant, the goal of the pioneer. Russia is an undeveloped country, and it is near at hand. All in all, whether America will ever again receive a million immigrants a year, or any considerable number of immigrants, is a question. However, that is all a matter of future surmise. We are dealing with the present, with what has actually happened, or is happening, to the man power of the United States, to the 35,000,000 who now compose our all. And in that area of consideration the

net fact is this: that adult immigration has practically ceased, that this great source of an increase of a million man power a year must be wiped off our books.

After the cessation of the accustomed increase, the most obvious thing that has happened to our man power is that 2,000,000 of it, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, have gone into the army, and are no longer at their accustomed posts in factories, mines, offices, and farms. This 2,000,000 is the best of our man power. It was at the age of greatest vitality. The loss of it to our industries is greater than the mere figures indicate. Two million man power (a year from now it will be 3,000,000, two years from now it will be 5,000,000) out of our total 35,000,000 have ceased completely to be normal producers of goods. (Incidentally, these millions have not only ceased to be normal producers; in addition, as soldiers, they have become larger consumers than they were before of food, clothes, and other materials.)

Here, then, is the first subtraction: 2,000,000 from 35,000,000 leaves 33,000,000. But this is only the first, and not the largest, of many subtractions.

Subtract another half million for the navy.

Subtract another half million for shipbuilding.

At this point it might be appropriate to ask some of the "business as usual" advocates just how business can be as usual, just how 32,000,000 man power can do the amount of work and business usually done by 35,000,000. As a matter of fact, we do not have even 32,000,000 man power left available for business as usual. For the deductions just pointed out are not by any means all the deductions that have occurred. They are not even the largest deductions. I have set them down first merely because they are the most obvious. They are the best ones for illustrating the thing that is happening. They involve actual dislocations of man power, men who go away, not only from their accustomed pursuits, but also from their accustomed homes. But it must be remembered that man power can be diverted without being dislocated. A man may continue to live in the same house, and use the same pick, and work in the same mine, and get his wages from the same boss; but if the ton of ore he digs finds its ultimate destination in rifles instead of piano wires, he is a unit of man power subtracted from its normal uses. And these diversions are enormous.

## Fifty Per Cent for War Industries

AS to the precise number who have gone and are now going from their normal pursuits into powder making and bullet making and rifle making, and gun-making and the like, it is not possible to give figures as exact as in the case of the army and navy. But it is possible to arrive at some convincing estimates. Consider, for example, one of the minor war industries, airplane making: Ultimately, if we do what we ought to do, we shall have at least 50,000 aviators in France. Mr. Howard Coffin and others estimate that one aviator on the fighting front will require forty men back of the line for repairs and in the factories as mechanics and gathering spruce and in other ways producing the materials. Based on that estimate, we shall, during the present and coming year, take another 2,000,000 out of our man power for building our air fleet, and keeping an adequate supply of these unusually in-



tricate and unusually breakable machines flowing toward the front in France. (This estimate of the quantity of man power required for building and maintaining our air fleet seems to me large, but I accept Mr. Coffin's figures.)

But airplane making is merely one of the minor of the several war industries which are taking millions away from the usual pursuits of our normal 35,000,000 of man power. Mr. Charles M. Schwab says of his one concern, Bethlehem, that out of nearly 100,000 employees about 90 per cent are engaged on Government orders. This is fairly typical of the steel business as a whole. Mr. Leonard Replogle, who is in charge of steel for the War Industries Board, says that during May and for three months preceding, 85 per cent of the entire steel trade of the United States was engaged in war work. And until the war ends this proportion is sure to increase rather than diminish. But it is not necessary to go through all the tedious computations of the number of our man power which has been taken for powder making, for shell making, for rifle making, and the like. The figures change from day to day, and the change is always in the direction of increase. The sum of it is pretty accurately known to those whose business it is to form expert judgments on such subjects. For example, Mr. Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, has found an ingenious and convincing way of arriving at the number of our man power which has been diverted from normal pursuits into war work. He first points out that the total amount of production that all our man power can do in a year is about \$30,000,000,000. Then he sets down alongside this fact the other fact that the appropriations made by the United States Government for the present year are \$19,000,000,000. That is to say, the Government is going to buy, for war purposes (allowing for some millions for duplications) about one-half of the entire productive capacity of the country. In other words, the Government is going to hire for war work, and take away from normal pursuits, about one-half the entire man power of the country. That would be between 17,000,000 and 18,000,000 of our man power. Others estimate the number, for the present, as somewhat lower. They say that although it is true that the country, in an industrial way, is now more than 50 per cent at war, various considerations reduce the total of man power diverted. A little later on, they say, the diversion will amount to 50 per cent.

### The Famine

OUT of all the mass of figures, exact and estimated, the one net fact, the "red-ink" fact, as the accountants express it, is this: as compared with normal peace-time production, there is a labor shortage in the United States of at least 15,000,000 man power. What this means is that if we attempt to carry on the war, and at the same time continue "business as usual," we shall lack 15,000,000 man power. We cannot do both. With such an alternative, there is but one answer. Business, of course, will not and cannot be "as usual." In fact, already business is not as usual. To take one conspicuous example, the building trades of the country, which normally engage about a million man power, have practically ceased, except in so far as they have gone into building warehouses for war uses. And the automobile trade, by agreement with the Government, has voluntarily reduced its 1918 output 30 per cent below its 1917 output. Such a shortage from normal as 15,000,000 is not a shortage at all, but a famine, and it is this famine in man

railroads are crying for labor. The manufactories are crying for labor. There is shortage of labor everywhere."

With a shortage of 15,000,000 man power, or nearly one-half of our whole, it is so obvious that we cannot have "business as usual" that even the most hopeful of the boosters must admit it. But these learned economists of the retail millinery and bric-à-brac trades are invincible optimists. At this point doubtless they will say: "Well, with a 50 per cent shortage in our man power we can at least have business 50 per cent as usual." But they can't. Right here comes the distinction between "essentials and nonessentials." (The authorities at Washington, wishing to soften the blow, have taken to speaking of "essentials and less essentials.") We aren't going to be able to get this one-half of our man power to fight the war as soldiers and workmen by taking an even half from the production of each of our normal peace-time lines of goods. For there are some things we can't get along without. There are some of our normal peace-time products which we must have. Indeed, in war they are more necessary to have than in peace. These particular businesses must go on as usual, or above usual. These are the essential industries. Of these the biggest and most obvious is farming.

### Farming the First Essential

THE farms of the United States, this year and so long as the war lasts, must supply food not only for the population which normally depends on our farm products, but, in addition, for large portions of the population of France, England, Italy, Belgium, and some neutral countries. They must do this or some of our allies must starve. Now, farming is at all times our biggest consumer of man power. In peace times the number of man power engaged in it is about 12,000,000—about 6,000,000 farm owners and 6,000,000 farm laborers. Whether this number of man power engaged in farming has been increased during the war, I do not know. It is a fact that the quantity of farm products has been enlarged. The farmers of the United States planted and harvested last year the largest acreage on record. Secretary Houston believes that in the present year even that record will be increased. It is worth while to pause for a moment and consider what the American farmer accomplished last year; he increased the number of horses in the country (in spite of the shipments abroad for war purposes); he raised more cows; he raised more beef cattle; he raised more pigs.

From this it may fairly be argued that the portion of our man power engaged in farming must have increased. But assume that it remains at the normal 12,000,000. Then we have this condition: About 18,000,000 of our man power either has been or soon will be diverted for war; out of the remaining 18,000,000, 12,000,000 are engaged in farming. Seen in this cold statistical light, the prospects of "business as usual" do not look very up-and-coming.

Of the 18,000,000 man

itself would be easy to tell if there were room. But we are only concerned with its relation to man power. The man power normally engaged in railroad work is about 2,500,000. The late James J. Hill, before he died, and before the war began, said the railroads ought to have a billion dollars a year spent on them for five years to bring them up to good condition. That is the same as saying that even in peace times the railroads needed a million more man power. And it is not only the railroads. It is the same in every branch of the transportation industry.

### Over 15,000,000 Short

FEW people have observed a most striking evolution that is just beginning in America. The Philadelphia "Public Ledger" carries two columns of advertisements of daily motor-truck express service between Philadelphia and New York, with tri-weekly services to smaller cities. Regularly, every day, 640 motor trucks carry freight on schedule on the public roads between New York and Philadelphia. The Post Office Department has just inaugurated daily motor-truck package services in the country districts for thirty to fifty miles outside Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. All this is merely a hint of what is coming. And not only will more man power be needed to build these trucks and drive them and load them. That is only a fraction of the need. The entire public-road system of the United States must be rebuilt. I asked the Government official who has charge of the matter how many miles there are of good public roads in the United States. His literal answer was "not one single mile."

That answer, of course, was meant to convey a certain emphasis of exaggeration. But it is a fact that even what we have been accustomed to call good roads are not equal to the new need. Even our concrete roads break down under the conditions of heavy motor-truck service. They have been built too narrow. The heavy trucks, when they pass each other, go out on the dirt shoulder and press it down. The dirt slides out from beneath the concrete, and the concrete cracks. Moreover, it is absurd that heavy express trucks, on their trips between New York and Washington, should have to pass through the narrow, crowded main streets of Philadelphia and Baltimore. There should be cut-offs around these cities. All the public



roads in the United States should be surveyed as a complete system, and should be reconstructed with a view to what is coming. Of the 18,000,000 man power needed for the war, none can be taken from the transportation industries. They must come from somewhere else. With only 35,000,000 man power to start on, with 18,000,000 of that diverted to war work; with 12,000,000 engaged in farming; with 2,250,000 engaged in transportation, and more needed—under these conditions the idea of business as usual is out of the question. Beat the devil around the bush as we may, we shall always arrive at the same point; namely, a fixed total of 35,000,000 man power, and under present conditions a shortage of from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000. That is the main, central fact. That is the essential truth. But there are some things we can do. They will be far from curing the famine, but they will alleviate it. And there are some other things proposed which it may or may not be expedient to do.

### Five Ways Out

ALL the proposals for alleviating the famine in man power came down to these five:

1. Conscrip labor. Draft all males from eighteen up to fifty or sixty and put each of them at work in industries designated by the Government. (Some of the proposed bills put the limits at twenty to forty-five; others at sixteen to sixty-five.)
2. Take up the slack in the man power we have. By supervision, avoid the wastage of time and man power. Make more economical use and more continuous use of the labor we have. (Continued on page 35.)





# THE ADVERSARY

BY JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL

IN the good old days of Thursday Island there passed as waif currency a certain local jest. When some pride of the pearling fleet was moved to approve himself, his company, and the pervading wickedness in general he was wont to state—more or less titubant on his pins the while—that the only honest men in that merry little hell had come by land. It was a useful and a harmless jest, salted with the essential fact whereby legends are preserved and made historic. But from a date it lost its savor.

At the Portuguese's one night—Saturday, to be sure, for it was always Saturday on Thursday with the pearlers—a gentleman from Woolloomooloo who had just adorned the traditional witticism with profane fancy found himself confronted by a quiet stranger who laid down his coat and a new law.

"I don't mind so much what you call yourselves to yourselves," he observed, while the circle shouted and spread about. "Nor your nice new magistrate, nor your missionaries, nor your artillery guard on the hill. Maybe you've overlooked the modern spread of respectability and corrugated roofings. Or maybe you know 'em better than I do. But I've come to tarry with you for a time, my friends. And, as long as I'm in your midst, any chap that says I'm not honest—and can't prove it—I'll knock seven bells out of him."

Which he did, *seriatim*.

NOW, there never was another place habitually so incurious as Thursday Island in its social dealings. It is the last raw outpost toward the last unknown continent of Papua, and those who resort to its blistering grid among the reefs are folks that have largely reduced their human complex to the simple thirst. Where every prospect displeases and man is only an exile the merest regard for etiquette will warn against prying very far into your neighbor's little eccentricities unless you are prepared to push the inquiry with a knife.

Also, there never was another place like Thursday for variations on a color theme. That season the islanders counted twenty-two races among the two thousand of them, including half-castes; and most of their common gossip was carried on in a lingo of rather less than two hundred words. You cannot do much abstract speculating in *bêche de mer*.

Perhaps these points would somewhat explain the stranger's success. Nobody questioned his account of hailing from the Low Archipelago, or the curiously yachtlike snap to his craft, or his own odd employment on a pearling license. Nobody wondered when he paid off and scattered his Kanaka crew—possible links with his past—and shipped a new lot from the motley mob on the jetty.

And a motley lot he picked! His cook was Chinese; his head diver a Manila man; the delicate lemon of Macao mingled with the saddle tints of the Coromandel Coast about his decks, and for mate he found a stranded West African negro who bore, in pathetic loyalty to some ironic crimp, the name of Buttermilk. Still, such a mixture was ordinary enough at Thursday. Ordinary too was the fact—which again nobody noticed—that they were all opium users, who do not talk, rather than drunkards, who do.

This honest man had brought his honesty to the proper shop for face value. His story began with

that startling gesture at the Portuguese's. It continued in the epic strain of a halfpenny serial. The hero himself might have filled a whole illustration; thewied like a colossus, crop black hair in a point over the brow of a student, a smooth, long jaw always strangely pallid, and gray eyes, inscrutable and ageless as pebbles. With his jungle step, with his thin ducks molded to the coiling muscles underneath by the press of the southerly buster, when he came swinging along the front the crowd parted left and right before him. Most crowds must have done so; probably many had. But at Thursday he was almost an institution.

"'Im? Cap'n of the *Fancy Free*, that flash little lugger out beyond. 'Ardest driver and str'itest Johnny in the fleet." Thus the inevitable informing larrikin, eager to cadge a drink from the tourist on shore leave. "'E'd chyse you acrost the Pacific to p'y you tuppence 'e might ha' owed you—that's 'is sort. And—my word!—'e's got a jab to the boko you don't want to get p'id at no price! Wetherbee, they call 'im. 'Honest Wetherbee'—that's 'im."

For he lived to the title. If it is honest to abide by every hampering regulation that makes you solid with the authorities; to split prices over a bit of inferior shell; to lose two weeks with your outfit in quarantine, voluntarily—that happened when the *Opalton* brought a hot cholera scare and her passenger list camped on Friday Island—to share your stores with starving lighthouse keepers; to drink a set of hard cases blind and stiff and then, departing clear-headed, settle the whole damage yourself; to pay all bills square: in short, if it be the part of honesty to give the cash and take the credit every time, Cap'n Wetherbee played it. Amazingly—as a man might play an arduous game!

Within six months Port Kennedy and all thereabout would have sworn by him; he had dined with the subcollector and the harbor master and was calling various pilots, navigators, and odd fish of Torres Strait by their handier names—especially the pilots. These were the rewards of reputation, and they defined Thursday's acceptance of him up to that night in the wet season when his visit ended.

A SATURDAY again. The northwest monsoon had broken with torrential downpour, and now the island reeked in a steam bath, as if the young moon had focused a sick, intolerable ray upon it. A high wind stormed the sands and brought no relief. The

quiver of the surf beat on the senses like heat waves. A few thrashing papaws and palm tufts threw shadows like tormented sleepers along the beach. But up in the town Thursday took its usual "tangle," shouted and sang and drowned its fever without assuagement in the periodic crisis of the fortune hunt. A Brisbane steamer lay ready to depart with the morning tide. Meanwhile her shore goers, "seeing a bit o' life," did their possible to keep up the prevailing temperature. Only the long jetty was quiet. Here a man might stand back and away from it all and hear the single note of its turmoil and peer into the mist of its lights like a contemplative Lucifer at the verge of some lesser inferno.

AND in truth there stood such a man in much that manner. He had come down soft-footed from the streets and, lingering to assure himself he had not been followed, stepped out upon the jetty where he stayed motionless and attentive. His glance roved from point to point, noting, verifying. First the outward spread twinkle of the deserted lugger fleet at anchor; then the bulk of the Brisbane steamer at the T head, with her yellow cargo flares that showed loading still in progress; and the town, all unconscious of him. Something sinister seemed to detach this big, dim figure from the restlessness of the night; brooding apart there so coolly alert and contained. He regarded Thursday for a while, and at last, alone and with himself for confidant, he made a gesture as if to seal its folly and its whole destiny with final contempt and triumph.

He was turning away with a swing of broad shoulders when another figure slipped from the shadow and moved suddenly to confront him.

"Ah—Captain Wetherbee?"

Everywhere and always up and down the earth, and more particularly in rather unhealthful corners of it, are men who have to go braced for that questioning slur, that significant little drag before the name. It is a challenge out of time and space, and at sound of it the big fellow drew up tense like a battler in a ring.

"Halvers," stated the newcomer without preamble or apology. "I'll take halvers, if you please, Captain Wetherbee."

He revealed himself as a long, weedy frame in limp linen. Both hands were jammed into his side pockets with a singular effect—against a hypothetical chill, one would have thought. Without his stoop he might have been as tall as Wetherbee, but he had shrunken like the sleeves rucked above his bony wrists. He had an air at once fearful and implacable—the doubly dangerous menace of a timid man ready to strike.

Wetherbee was aware of it, though incredulous.

"You spoke?" he inquired, from a lengthened jaw.

"I said—halvers," affirmed this extraordinary apparition. There was no mistaking the peculiar flavor in his husky voice—no mistaking, either, that at present its owner was deadly cold sober. "Don't move, captain. I've got you covered from here. And this time I'm not afraid to shoot!"





Wetherbee continued aware of it. "Just my little device for holding your attention," explained the newcomer, between a cough and a snuffle, the remnant of polite affectation. "I thought it out very carefully."

"Ho! You did?" queried Wetherbee. "You used to be such a damnably abrupt sort of person yourself."

"Ho! Did I?" "Even then. Even then, when we sat under the same pulpit—such time as you found it socially expedient to attend—it was matter of grave doubt to me whether you took any real benefit. You were always a poor listener, Mr.—ah—Wetherbee. Whereas I—I was chosen deacon that winter, you may remember."

Wetherbee stared into the shaven, haunted face thus preposterously thrust at him across the years. Aside from the unimaginable oddity of the attack, there was cunning and unsettling purpose in it, but he yielded no nerve reaction, no start or outcry; not even a denial. And by this—had he been so wise—the other might have taken warning.

"By Jove!" was all his comment.

"We've come a considerable distance," suggested the new arrival.

They looked in curious silence, each measuring that span from the edge of things. Thursday howled on one side of them and on the other wind and the sea, until the humor of it won Wetherbee to a grim chuckle.

"Well, what do they call you nowadays—deacon?"

"I'm usually known as Selden, thanks."

"Seldom?"

"I shouldn't insist: any more than you yourself, captain."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I dropped in from Samarai, meaning to catch the Brisbane steamer yonder. I've been diving up there all season. I'm a very fair diver, really; only my luck is generally so poor."

TO any passer-by he must have seemed the usual loafer, with a string of woes on tap. But Wetherbee, one eye to the bulging pockets, appeared in no way bored.

"Strolling along the front, I chanced to recognize you. That was luck, if you like. I've thought so. Especially since making inquiries. I've made rather exhaustive inquiries. In fact, I believe I have your rating fairly up to date." He coughed again. "Captain Wetherbee, do you remember when we last met?"

"No," said Wetherbee shortly.

Thereupon Mr. Selden recalled that meeting, and others; and his voice trailed like a snake in the dust, looping cryptic patterns. It was one of those counts of grievance and disaster such as almost any broken fugitive among far places has to tell. Thursday can offer them by the yard, and dear at the price of a drink. He spoke of shares and deals and swindling betrayal, of hope and fortune lost and the false lead that puts a man on the chute and sets him off for a blackleg and a wanderer. All in the clipped jargon of the markets, a common tale, but with this difference in the telling—it came away briefly, with the slow-biting venom that such a fugitive would be apt to reserve for only one out of all possible living listeners in the world. From over the hidden weapon he drove home his point; while Wetherbee stood there rooted on the jetty, like the wedding guest.

"... So you knifed the lot of us in the dark—everyone that trusted you—and bolted. That was your way. You sent me ashore from that last yachting party all primed to go my last penny on a dead bird. I was flattered. I used to credit your honesty more or less myself—then."

"And now?" suggested Wetherbee.

Mr. Selden, late deacon, drew a husky breath. "Why, now—I've caught up with you. I'm the flaw in the title, at 50 per cent. I'm the judgment out of the past! Verily, no man shall escape it: do you mark? No man comes so far or hides his track so cleverly, even at Thursday Island. I've got your record—as you've got mine, of course; but yours is rather worse, with a warrant pending—of which, by the way, I know the very date. And, besides, I've nothing at all to lose. I'm only a broken diver. No-

body ever called me 'Honest' Selden or 'Honest' anything else!"

His wrists stiffened as Wetherbee took a step.

"You mean to blow, you wasp?"

"You won't make me. Blow! That's no good to me: I mean to get level. Halvers, I said—captain. I'm in!"

"On what?"

"On your new speculation, of course." He came very close to capering. "Your latest devilry. Don't I know your little methods? D'you think I couldn't smell it out? Public character, no suspicion, traces all removed—alibi all complete—and a clear road to the back door."

"You sneaked your crew out of town to-night. Your lugger's ready to slip cable. You've been hobnobbing all evening with the pilot you camped along with on Friday Island for two weeks—that had the Opalton—by George, I believe it was you made him a sot on the sly! I wouldn't put it past you. You used to gammon us the same way on your cursed week-end speers. Don't I know? Haven't I reason-



Selden was going to fight.... He swung up his armed fist

to know? But you needn't have pumped him so close. I could have told you days ago what she takes aboard of her this trip."

"The hell you could!"

"Pearls: the season's sweep. Twenty thousand pounds' worth of pearls!" recited Selden. "Eh? Twenty thousand—and I've got you by the short hairs!" His eyes shone in the moonlight with a fanatic gleam. "Thus saith the Lord God; An adversary there shall be, and he shall bring down thy strength from thee!"

THEN Captain Wetherbee relaxed and laughed in his chest to match the note of the reef. "Black-mail and piracy! My colonial oath, deacon, I never saw your beat. So you've dropped to me! I go bail you asked a blessing on the enterprise!"

Selden did not deny it.

"Let's hear the rest," urged Wetherbee, while his chuckle echoed the lap of waves among dark pilings. "What's your notion? Did you picture me sticking up the consignors as they walk aboard the plank and passing you your share in a little hand bag?"

The deacon shuffled nervously.

"It can't matter how you do it."

"Can't it? Now, don't you go disappointing me."

He stole a step nearer. "Those pearls have been locked in the strong room of the Brisbane steamer since early afternoon. Now then. How the devil am I—are we—to nab 'em? Come! You're the little personal Providence in this affair, at 50 per cent. Don't tell me with all your knowing you didn't know that!"

"It's your deliver," said Selden, "anyhow."

"Well, let's take counsel together—I'm agreeable to have an adversary. Goodness knows I haven't had much amusement so far—the thing's been so rotten easy. By way of a text—Brother Seldom—and a point of departure: did you ever hear of the *Volga*? Ever hear of the *Quetta* or the *Mecca*; dozens of other ships lost one time or another between here and Cape Flattery?"

"Pity about them too—they fell a trifle off the track. Just a few fathom off the track among these millions of reefs that will rip the heart out of anything afloat. Suppose for the sake of argument our Brisbane steamer which we're both so interested in—out there at the dock head—suppose she should hap-

pen to go wandering this trip—say, somewhere around Tribulation Passage, two hours out. Suppose she should—as a slant of luck." His voice lowered with obscurely evil suggestion. "Would it occur to you we might have any chance of salvage on those pearls?"

"I—I don't understand," stammered Selden. "The passage is lighted. There's a light on Tribulation Shoal."

"So there is. What a helpful chap you are to work with! You keep it to port as you turn the Blackbird Reef. It's a fourth order fixed dioptric—unattended. The keeper lives on Horn Island. But suppose, now—suppose that light were moved, either way?"

"Move the light!"

"In effect, merely; in effect. A man might very readily land there from the lee and blanket that light to the westward. And if that same man, with something like a discarded lightship lantern aboard his lugger, should then anchor half a mile away, and show his light at the masthead—hey? A fifty-foot elevation is visible at nearly fourteen miles twenty-five feet up. But a twenty-five-foot elevation gives a total of only eleven point four. You begin to see the possibilities for error—particularly if the pilot of the oncoming steamer should happen to be, as you wisely suggest, a bit of a sot with a hazy eye—"

"My God! You're going to wreck her!"

"Hush!" said Wetherbee very loudly.

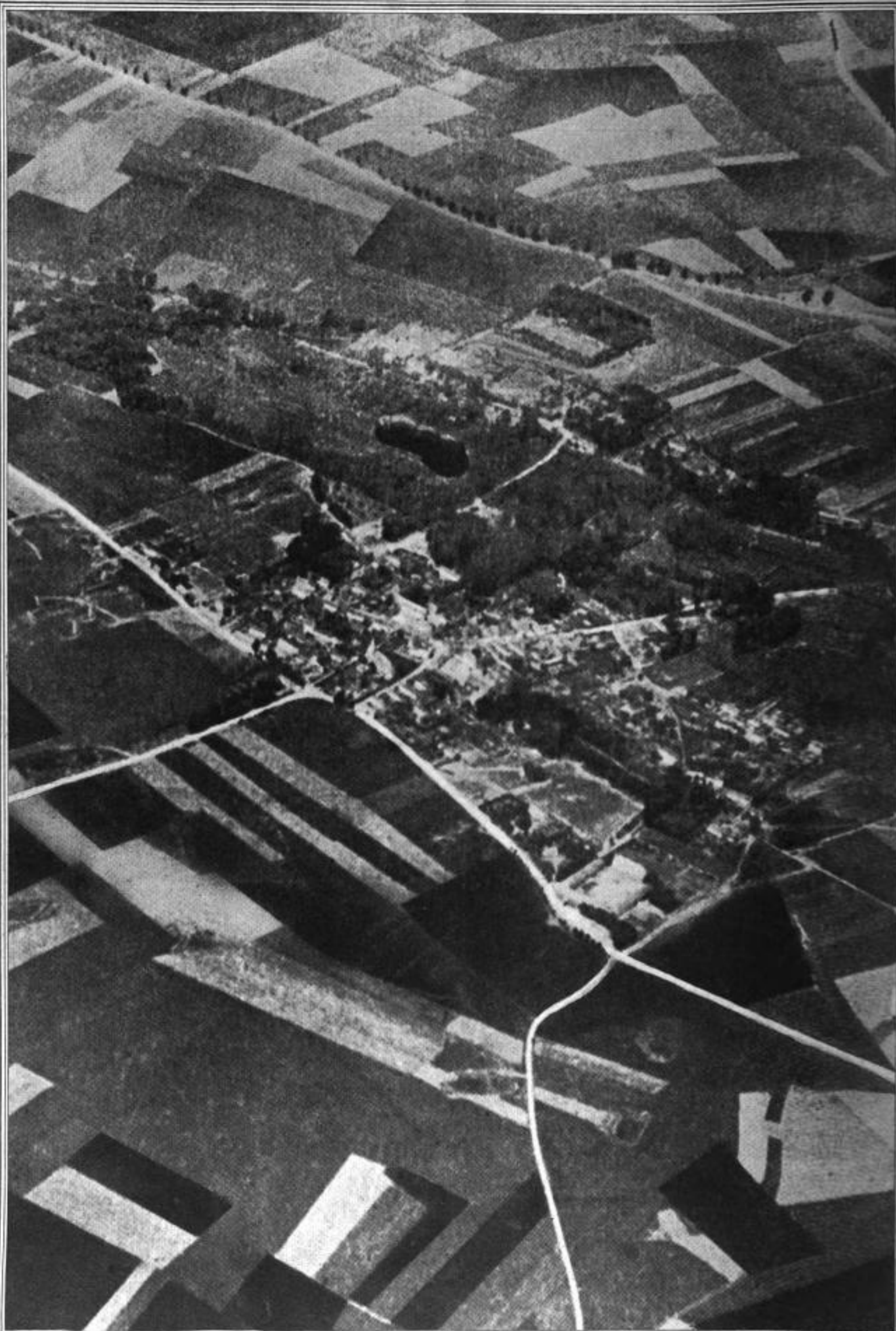
Selden whirled around to find a black-skinned native standing impassive behind him. At the same instant a steel grip locked his wrists. "Not that!" he gasped, struggling. "My God, man, you wouldn't! You daren't!"

"No? And yet you said you knew my little methods." "Honest" Wetherbee shifted a thumb to his throat and smiled into his face. "I've a mind to show you, deacon—shall I—how far I have come and how cleverly I have covered my tracks? Hya, you fella boy—that fella boat all ready? Then bear a hand here one time. We've got a passenger."

NOW, it is a fact that no one knows or is ever likely to know the actual explanation for the wreck of the Brisbane steamer, which left Thursday Island that night and came to grief some two hours later on Tribulation Shoals. Other craft have gone the same way from natural causes, and Thursday has kept no suspect tradition of them. The only man who might have denied the yarn as afterward colored in local legend—and incidentally a libel on his own memory—was the pilot who had her in charge. And he never came back, drunk or sober. But the records declare that about four o'clock of a fair enough morning, wind and sea then running high, the 2,000-ton *Fernshawe* went clear off her course among the graveyards where a coral ledge stripped her plates as neatly as a butcher's knife lays open a carcass. She sank inside of five minutes, and her survivors were hurried.

Neither has anyone ever told the true adventures of the *Fancy Free*, the flash little lugger that happened somehow to be missing from week-end rendezvous at the same hour. Her





**NO WONDER CUBISM STARTED IN FRANCE!**

*No one need wonder any longer where the cubists got their inspiration. They must have gone up in an airplane and had a good look at France! This airplane view of an observation balloon floating over a French village is as good a bit of cubist art as anything that Marcel Duchamps ever turned out*

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# SERBIA ON THE RACK

BY E. M. CHADWICK



Confirming the statements in this article, the Serbian Minister to the United States, Mr. L. Michailovitch, wrote the author on May 22, 1918:

"Nearly all that we actually know of what is taking place in Serbia is from the involuntary and accidental admissions of our enemies themselves made in their press and in their parliaments and by the evidence of the few neutral travelers who have succeeded, in spite of all the precautions taken by Austrians and Bulgarians, in making their way into the occupied regions. It is especially on such documents, the authenticity of which is above question, that you have based your article. The conclusions which you have drawn from them are not only not exaggerated, but they even fall short of the truth."

Additional verification comes from Professor M. I. Pupin of Columbia University, the eminent Yugoslav scientist, who writes to the editor of Collier's:

"I beg to inform you that the article entitled 'Serbia on the Rack,' by E. M. Chadwick, contains data which, so far as my knowledge goes, are perfectly correct."

This article furnishes valuable confirmation and expansion of two other articles recently published in Collier's—"Yugoslavia: A New Nation," in the May 25 issue, and "Why Are We at Peace with Bulgaria?" in the issue of last week.

villages have been simply wiped out. Here at my hand is an endless list of names:

"In Doglovatz were massacred: Trajko Mircevic, priest, and six members of his family; Mircet Ristic and four members of his family; Milenko Jankovic and six members of his family. . . ."

And so on for twenty-eight more. These are cases of entire families destroyed. My list goes on:

"The Bulgars have massacred the following individuals: Four children of Stoyko Mirectic, the wife of Kuzman Stevanovic, seven members of the family of Ivan Ristic, fifteen members of the family of Stevan Kostic. . . ."

And so on with sickening monotony for another eighty-three. This is a record of one village only. The massacre of little children has been as extensive as the killing of adults, and as hideous, a fact which alone is sufficient to dispose of any possible excuse of military necessity. There seems to be no manifestation of insane frenzy of which these soldiers of a "civilized" nation have not been capable. In the course of an inquiry instituted by the Serbian Government into the atrocities committed by the Austro-Hungarian troops in the two earlier invasions of Serbia (1914 and early 1915), Professor Sima Losanitch (Minister of Education and former Serbian minister to Great Britain),

public press, but there is abundant evidence in his report that the Austro-Hungarian troops were ordered to destroy "every living thing" in Serbia, and it is for this reason that I refer here to these earlier events. The worst massacres seem to have occurred before the enemy acquired the complete control of the country that they now possess, when there was a strong and active Serbian army fighting them and liable at any time to kick them out again, as eventually, to its everlasting glory, it did. Now that, since the joint invasion by Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria at the end of 1915, they are in more or less undisturbed possession, other methods of extermination have largely superseded the cruder one of massacre, though Bulgaria still reverts to it very readily.

## "Hanged by the Tongue"

AS effective as the massacres, from which they differ chiefly in name and (under Austrian jurisdiction) to the extent of some slight form of judicial procedure, are the wholesale executions by means of which many thousands of Serbs have been removed. The country is overrun by spies and secret agents, recruited from the dregs of the Austro-Hungarian and Bulgarian populations; and the most trivial denunciation by these men may be followed by death for the victim. In the village of Ramatya (district of Gruzna) 35 peasants were shot or hanged last year and 250 men and women were imprisoned, simply because some old and disused fowling pieces had been found in the village. In many towns the men are hanged with ceremony in the open market place (it has even been



Effect of the systematic starvation of Serbian prisoners of war



Serbia's land lies idle while Bulgaria steals her plows. These are assembled for shipment to Bulgaria

IT is officially estimated that out of the population of 4,500,000 with which Serbia entered the war, over 1,000,000 (i. e., over 22½ per cent) have died already—a higher proportion than in any other country engaged. If present conditions continue very much longer, the remainder of the Serb population will be dead too, or otherwise lost to the country, by the time the war is over.

I say if present conditions continue. I mean by that if nothing is done to check the reign of terror by which Austria and Bulgaria, working hand in hand, are rooting out from the Balkan Peninsula all trace of Serbian life. The Austro-Bulgarian campaign in the Balkans is nothing less than an organized attempt to destroy the whole Serbian nation. This is no hysterical exaggeration, but a considered statement which can be proved up to the hilt a hundred times over.

That which is being done to Serbia is not at all the kind of infamy that Germany has practiced in the places on which she has laid her defiling hand. Even in their wildest dreams the German war lords do not seem to have contemplated the actual elimination of the Belgian or the French people. But Bulgaria does literally look forward to a time when that portion of the Serbian nation which she now controls will have disappeared into the limbo that holds the Hittites, the Hivites, and their kin. If Austria does not go so far as that, it is chiefly because she realizes better than Bulgaria that the Serbian people cannot be destroyed while their seven million kindred in the Dual Monarchy are alive and clamoring for freedom; but the evidence of Austria's intention to bind to her chariot wheel as much of Serbia as she can get, and to destroy so far as possible all trace of national feeling in its inhabitants, is too extensive and too well authenticated to be disputed.

Civilized people, until they begin to investigate, hardly realize how many ways there are by which a people may be removed from the ranks of national entities. The evidence which lies piled up before me points to seven leading methods, all of which—for the sake of speed, presumably—the occupying powers are employing in Serbia.

The most obvious method is murder. Multiply by itself all you know of Germany's iniquities in Belgium and you may form some idea of the massacres in Serbia. In one district after another whole

who was a member of the Serbian War Mission which recently visited this country, came upon a woman who told him that her little child had been snatched from her arms by a soldier, slashed in halves, and thrown to the pigs before her eyes. This incident is confirmed by the neutral testimony of Professor R. A. Reiss of Switzerland, who undertook an independent investigation of these atrocities. The details he gives are in most cases too horrible to be written about at all in the

country to a friend in Switzerland. In the course of that heartbreaking epistle he says:

"The Bulgarians have set up gibbets on the bridge at Lescovatz, at Belotintze, at Vlasotintze, Lebane, Nish, Kniajevatz, and in other places, and have begun to hang men, women, and children, forcing the others to look on at their terrible tortures. A certain Jordan, clerk of a municipality, was hanged by the tongue and endured thus an atrocious death."

In the suppression of (Continued on page 33)





# TRAINING OF

*Dogs are being employed in increasing numbers to act as messengers between the trenches and headquarters stations*

# The DOGS WAR

*The British army maintains a regular training camp for dogs where they are drilled in their duties like any other soldiers*



*The dogs are first taught to ignore rifle fire, as shown in the picture above. A squad of riflemen, supplied with blank cartridges, take their position across a road, and the dogs are trained to run past them while they are volleying*



*At the right the dogs are shown on a practice run, leaping a water-filled ditch*



*In the picture on the left the dogs are seen running through a thick cloud of fumes made by exploding smoke bombs near them*



*They all made the hurdle safely, except Tumble Tom on the right*



*The corner*

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# THE WAR AND THE "Y"

BY HARRIS DICKSON

FOR bellowing days and nights the guns had clamored and thundered and roared at their unwearied cannonading. Deep in muddy trenches a mass of soldiers huddled, not daring to lift their heads and peer across No Man's Land. Dazed and deafened, they waited for the command to go over the top, to advance with the bayonet, to cast off this deadly tension.

"It'll be to-morrow morning, eh?"

Tommy's comrade could not hear, could only see Tommy's lips move; but he nodded assent to what was in all their minds. "To-morrow morning. To-morrow morning."

Twice that night officers of the infantry and of the artillery synchronized their watches until they ticked together accurately to the second. The Big Push must be mathematically shoved forward, with no allowance for variation in timepieces. There's no whoop and hurrah about an advance which moves with methodical exactitude. The artillery officer must know precisely where the infantry will be at any given moment. The infantry officer must know that on the dot at 7.17 a. m. their curtain of fire will be thrown along that first ridge in his front. And on the dot at 7.42 it will lift to the second ridge. That's why they synchronize their watches. To prevent miscarriage it is essential for the men to be under perfect control. Should enthusiasm sweep them beyond the line prescribed, they may rush into their own barrage and be slaughtered.

## He's No Hero

AT dawn everything is prepared, every trigger set, and somewhere, far behind the front, the master hand touches a button which lets loose the inferno. Along the line guns flame up—singly; in salvos. The sky blazes and shrieks and whistles with hurtling steel. A forest melts into stumps; wire entanglements are mowed down. With gleaming steel the men crouch in their trenches and listen for the words: "Come on, boys, and give 'em hell!"

The first wave billows over the crest, dropping its dead as it goes. The second wave meets an answering storm from the boche, a pelting of shells

When the smoke of the Big Push had cleared away, two secretaries were found among the slain, and ten among the wounded. And chaplains too were lying dead upon the field.

As Tommy puts it: "If you like that sort of sport, it's fine to go over the top with a bayonet; but it takes some nerve to go over with a pot of coffee, or a hymn book in your hand."

Through the chances of havoc these secretaries, like stolid Tommy, have become fatalists: "Wot's the use," says Tommy, "of dodgin' shells wot ain't meant for you? And w're's the sense o' tryin' to dodge the one wot's got yer name on it?"

## Like Their British Brothers

NEAR an advanced position the Y. M. C. A. canteen is a mere dugout, protected by sacks of dirt or trunks of trees. Shells destroy them and kill the secretary. But another secretary steps into his shoes, just as another soldier comes to fill a gap in the ranks. Sometimes, during a lull at the front, a weary lad may be sitting in his dugout, with nothing to do but gaze through a square opening at the shell-lit sky. The Y. man darkens his doorway, lights a candle, and places it on a box. "Here's a pencil and paper," he says; "write to your mother. I'll come back presently and get the letter."

American secretaries are not yet going over the top. When that time comes they will measure up to the standard of their British brothers. But it is marvelous to see the success with which they help a lad from the awkward

tenderfeet and sissies. When the Y. besieged the border, Bill side-stepped their pious proposition for fear he might be corralled and get preached to by the hour. Yet he saw other fellows going in, heard them laughing and singing songs; so Bill reconnoitered at the door before sneaking in and taking a back seat. Then he caught the habit.

With all of his swagger, when Bill marched off the transport and went ashore in France, he would have given a dollar and six bits to be roping steers in Texas. Bill felt mighty lonesome until he glimpsed the Red Triangle on a Y. tent. Then he marched in as if the whole outfit were branded with his mark. He stopped and grinned at a board running across one end of the oblong tent, like a lemonade counter stacked with chewing gum, peanut brittle, cigarettes, chocolate, and a nickel-plated gooseneck poking up through the oilcloth. This was no marble-villa frivolity of a soda fountain. But it produced the fizz, and Bill tackled it.

"Hey, fellows, nominate yer pizen."

The thirsty rodeo took sassypariller in their'n.

Toward the middle of the tent stood a piano on a rough stage, and Bill knew a corporal who could claw the ivories to the queen's taste. In a far corner he saw a dozen men scribbling away on small



A little Mecca of the East, a Y.M.C.A. shelter which served the British Egyptian Expeditionary Force



Army rations are abundantly sufficient, but the men crave knickknacks, and the principal sales are of coffee, tea, chocolate, or bouillon. Next come tobacco, eating chocolate, cakes, crackers

which converts the slope into a field of death, plowed by gigantic maniacs. Officers order their men to lie down in the captured trenches, in the shell craters, to lie down anywhere, everywhere, until the opposing batteries can be smothered.

One man disobeys; one solitary figure keeps his feet. He carries no bayonet, flashes no sword, flourishes no banner. From crater to crater he moves calmly about his work.

"Who is that hero? Is he some great general encouraging his soldiers by such splendid gallantry?"

Not a bit. He's no hero; that's nothing but a Y. secretary serving hot coffee to the men.

moment of his debut in an O. D. uniform. Beginning at cantonments in the States, they follow—more often go ahead—to the French port of debarkation. Thence, all along the route, they plant their huts of rest and cheer to the cratered edge of No Man's Land.

## "Nominate Yer Pizen"

AT first Bill Maddox, like every other seasoned and cynical regular, had jeered at the Y., for Bill was a leather-faced cowpuncher, with no sanctimonious proclivities concealed about his person. During all previous experience in riding herd he had never infested the Y. premises. Such dissipations were for

tables; so Bill secured free writing paper and buckled down to literary toil.

On their long, long hike from El Paso at every station Bill had swanked about the platform accumulating girls' addresses. Which gave Bill a versatile correspondence and gave Bill's captain a cussin' job to censor it. Ten thousand men, dispatching fond remembrances to petticoats from Maine to Mexico, left their officers little time for military affairs. So the authorities muzzled the billets-doux, restricting privates to one letter and three postal cards a week.

Thousands of mothers in the States will tell you that practically all messages from their sons come on Y. paper. And millions of soldiers' letters would never be written except for these or kindred facilities.

## "Is This Genuine Money?"

BILL always patronizes the Y. canteen, because he can demand what he wants and get it. At a French shop he asks for what he thinks he wants, and the woman dispenses what she considers good for Bill. Which reminds Bill of going to a doctor.

The function of the Y. canteen is to provide for the men, without profit, certain extras not mentioned on the regulation menu or sold by the quartermaster. The principal sales are of hot drinks: coffee, tea, chocolate, or bouillon. Running a close second, come tobacco, eating chocolate, cakes, and crackers. Army rations are abundantly sufficient, but the men crave knickknacks, just as a child itches to scamper downtown and spend its nickel. And hereafter the Y. will sell canned goods, toilet articles, and other trifles at cost. Complaints have been made that higher prices were charged. For instance, in one case the Y. was selling a certain brand of cigarettes at 15 cents, the retail price in this country, which the United States Quartermaster's Department sold for 8 cents. But this was an error, corrected by General

(Continued on page 24)





# Collier's

## The Liberty Motor

IN this month of June, when one day's news from France seems as bad as it can be, till the next day's news comes, there is some small consolation in having a favorable report on the Liberty motor, a contrivance that threatened to be one of the saddest of our failures as an ingenious war-making people. A representative of COLLIER'S has visited one of the principal aviation camps where he has had the advantage of daily association with the man who is perhaps best qualified to give an expert opinion. It is the sincere opinion of this authority that the Liberty motor is a SUCCESS.

Before this article is published the plant mentioned will deliver twenty fighting planes a day. These planes will have a speed of 120 to 135 miles an hour. They will be equipped with two machine guns, a camera, a wireless sending and receiving outfit, and a bomb-dropping outfit. They are capable of flight to a height of 15,000 feet at least.

COLLIER'S investigator had an opportunity of sitting in the observer's seat while one of these machines did all the "stunts" of the advanced flyer's repertory—the Immelmann turn, the loop, the tail spin, the nose dive, and the side slip. He is an aviator of considerable experience, and he tells us that the sensation throughout was one of stanchness, stability, and power.

As we understand it, the Liberty is not now intended as a "pursuit plane." The pursuit plane is lighter and smaller, carries only one passenger, and is capable of somewhat higher flights than the Liberty. The latter is classed as a "combat plane," and as such it promises to fulfill the expectations of the Aircraft Board. The efficiency of the engines depends to some extent on the skill of individual manufacturers. Some of the motors are better than others, but the average is high.

COLLIER'S is glad to repeat this information for the encouragement of the general public as well as for the solace of those whose adventurous sons have entered this perilous but essential service.

It may well be that before the year is over HOWARD COFFIN'S prediction will be fulfilled and clouds of Liberty motors will darken even the place in the sun that Germany now occupies.

## Teaching the Germans—and Learning

THE German offensive from the Aisne confirmed what the German offensive in Picardy revealed—the discovery of a new tactical method that sent to the scrap heap the accepted notions of three years of trench warfare. For the three days' preliminary bombardment followed by an infantry attack against utterly demolished enemy lines, there has been substituted the three hours' preliminary bombardment followed by infantry attack against a surprised enemy. In what the military writers describe as "the Von Hutier method"—the secret mobilization of shock divisions far behind the battle line for elaborate rehearsal, their secret transport by night to the points of impact, the sudden rush of overwhelming masses in utter disregard of the butcher's bill—one seemingly detects the characteristic German traits, the combination of enormous preparation and tremendous force, of the infinitely detailed and the "kolossal."

But who was it discovered the Von Hutier method, so characteristically German? A Frenchman named NIVELLE. As commander in chief of the armies of France in April, 1917, NIVELLE ventured to break with the tradition of two years of trench warfare, refused to believe that an elaborate artillery preparation must precede—and give warning of—an infantry assault, and on the Aisne sent his troops forward to the assault after a brief bombardment. The Nivelle method was the method of surprise. Six months later VON HUTIER applied the method with marked success at Riga. He has applied it with still greater effect in Picardy and on the Aisne.

Before April, 1917, for two years back to March, 1915, the older method of break through by the impact of cannon held sway. Who discovered this method? An Englishman named JOHN FRENCH at Neuve Chapelle. But Neuve Chapelle was a failure, whereas, in less than two months, MACKENSEN applied the Neuve Chapelle method in Galicia with tremendous results, as later FALKENHAYN applied it in Rumania. Thus the two great tactical discoveries of the war have been made by Englishmen and Frenchmen and applied successfully by the Germans.

And the reason? Precisely the same reason that accounted for German success before the war in scientific and industrial

achievement. Others discovered, but the Germans elaborated. Others had the vision; the Germans supplied the army of patient, minutely trained, minutely organized gleaners and elaborators: in numbers "kolossal," in preparation tireless. FRENCH hit upon the idea of blasting a hole through the barbed wire and trenches with artillery, but he didn't use artillery enough and on a sufficiently wide front. The Germans in Galicia did things on the colossal scale. NIVELLE in April, 1917, hit upon the valuable idea of surprise, but he trusted too much to the idea. The Germans supplemented the idea with men and guns on a colossal scale.

The enemy has borrowed from the Allies their ideas. Without overreaching themselves, our allies must learn from the enemy something of the method of "kolossal," of doing things big. Our efforts must be big in conception, big in the price we make up our minds to pay, and big in forethought and preparation. The Allies have the leadership; with America's aid they will have the price to pay.

## The Letters You Write

WHEN you write to Some One in France, write him the kind of letter you think he'd like to get; the kind you'd like to get if you were in a trench or dugout or hospital or village billet, out there.

If you were in France, there are several kinds of letters you wouldn't want to get. You wouldn't want to learn how hard a time your people are having—or think they are having: either because they are so unhappy at your absence or because the grocer's bills are so big. And you wouldn't be particularly edified at learning that some people are so patriotic that they lynched an unarmed, apparently harmless "enemy alien" out Illinois way, and the law couldn't punish the murderers, even when their ringleader confessed. The army is the place for men who want to kill enemy aliens, and the army has no need of this cowardly kind of home competition.

We fancy the kind of letters our young men in France like to get includes a lot of home news, the family and round-the-corner news. That's a whole lot better than news about the flag wavings and parades of people who aren't soldiers. Above all, don't write that the submarine has been beaten or that you expect the war is going to be over this summer. They know better than that, over there.

Sitting down to think about what our men would like to have from home is one good way of looking ourselves over and making our minds up as to whether or not we stay-at-homes are making good in our part of the war. We fancy our men would be glad to hear about progress in shipbuilding, and how the Liberty motor business is going better than it was; but we don't believe there's anything very inspiring about this affair of our not sending General LEONARD WOOD to France: our soldiers might imagine it meant that the Administration is a Democratic and not a national administration: a war administration. And that would be a demoralizing idea.

Write him a letter that comes as near to being the kind of letter he'd like to get as you can write.

## The Tax on Dead Soldiers

NOW that Congress is going to sweat out a new tax law, we would like to call the Hon. CLAUDE KITCHIN'S special attention to Section 201 of Title II of the Revenue Act of September 8, 1916, as amended by Section 300 of Title III of the Special Preparedness Revenue Act of March 3, 1917—providing for a national estate or inheritance tax on property. If a man goes to his death under orders while serving in the army or navy of the United States, his grateful (and thrifty) country collects that tax just the same. No doubt this is chiefly due to careless work in drawing up these revenue laws, for "any decedent dying while serving in the military or naval forces of the United States" is specifically exempt from the additional estate taxes provided for in Section 900 of Title IX of the War Revenue Act of October 3, 1917. As it stands now, if a soldier or sailor of whatever rank or class, having property worth, for example, \$120,000, is killed fighting our battles, the Treasury will at once collect about \$1,350 from his widow or other heirs. To draft a man for service, order him to risk his life for his country, and then tax his folks if that risk goes against him, is rather too mean a course for our United States to take. It can be made right merely by enacting that Section 901 of the last revenue act apply also to the two other acts mentioned. Surely the Hon. CLAUDE KITCHIN need not hold any hearings as to that!



# Editorials



## Our First Captured Village

"WEST of Montdidier," ran the German communiqué, "the enemy, during a local attack, penetrated into Cantigny."

"West of Montdidier," ran the French communiqué of the same day, "the Americans, supported by our tanks, brilliantly occupied a salient along a front of a mile and a half and the strongly fortified village of Cantigny, capturing 170 prisoners and war material. They repulsed counterattacks."

But official historians don't tell all. It is the New York "Tribune's" correspondent who cables that COLLIER'S representative at the front, JAMES HOPPER, "was able to act as stretcher bearer for a mile from the field dressing station." The "Tribune" man interviewed JIMMY at some length on what he saw at Cantigny:

The American barrage was beautiful [said Hopper]. Our American shock troops were magnificent. Those that I followed deployed from behind the wood, following the lumbering tanks. Three waves preceded me. I followed a batch of fellows who had machine guns on their shoulders.

The barrage seemed literally to plow up the ground. Those whom I followed swept to the left of the village. I found myself looking at a tank which was firing at the corner of a street. I was absolutely alone. Suddenly I wasn't alone. Trotting toward me came twenty poor, wizened Germans, unarmed, frightened beyond the power of speech, and holding dirty hands limply above their heads. They wanted some one to herd them in.

I was excited, I guess. I threw up my own hands as a sign to them to hoist theirs higher. They did.

By this time we had a wounded man on our stretcher and started back. He was heavy. The Red Crosser and myself during that mile had to stop many times to rest, though the German machine guns were sending bullets altogether too close to be healthy. There wasn't much artillery fire.

Cantigny was still burning as we lugged that stretcher back to our first lines.

The New York "Evening Sun" correspondent tells us only this much about Mr. HOPPER at Cantigny:

"Jimmy" Hopper, magazine writer, went over the top with the Americans. As he was entering Cantigny a crowd of Germans rushed at him, begging earnestly to be taken prisoners. Hopper was nonplused, but called to an officer: "Come and get 'em!"

We hope that JAMES HOPPER has been taking good care of himself since he and his friends took Cantigny. (We give some of the credit to the troops, for, after all, JIMMY went over the top unarmed but for his trench hat and his colossal nerve.) Our correspondent must not risk his life again unnecessarily till he has got down on paper the true account of the capture of Cantigny and the war material and the 170 prisoners. Also, there is one glaring inaccuracy in the "Evening Sun's" account of COLLIER'S man in Picardy. It is the statement that JIMMY was "nonplused" when twenty Teutons offered themselves as his prisoners. JIMMY nonplused by the capture of a mere handful of the enemy? No one who knows him can believe that. Of course, if the Crown Prince or HINDENBURG was one of them—but that's only a matter of conjecture. To get all the facts we shall have to wait for JIMMY HOPPER'S manuscript to pass the censor.

## News of Our Own

LONG, long ago, while Great Britain was busy training men, but the land fighting was still pretty much entirely France's job, some of the writers for English newspapers gave the impression that it was Marshal FRENCH who won the Battle of the Marne (with a little help, no doubt, from JOFFRE and FOCH), and that the troops in France, after the Marne, were chiefly British and Colonial. It seemed important to British journalists that Great Britain should be proud of her men in France—and, of course, the British or Canadian reader was more interested in news of his own people than in news of the French troops who were bearing the real brunt of things. To-day the situation is repeated—only we Americans are in the position of the British in 1914, and the British and French together stand in the place which was France's in those early war years. A new army like Britain's then, or our own now, is, during its early experiences, being tested out: has it courage and endurance and organization? It is finding the answer to these questions, not for history alone, but for its own satisfaction. When it passes through some operation of relatively slight importance, that operation looms large to the field historians, for it helps to determine the value of the new man machine. That is why the correspondents do well to tell us in detail of the American capture of Cantigny—even though that local happening coincided with the great German drive which in a few days brought the enemy back to the Marne.

## Note on Current History

VARIOUS newspaper letter writers are urging that the United States send "an American Lafayette" to Russia and thus save the Russian nation. Those familiar with the story of our own country will unqualifiedly approve the suggestion. All that needs to be done first is for Russia to find her own Washington. Do LENINE and TROTZKY meet that need?

## War Pigeons

IN New York our windows looked out upon a street where every human was caught into the crowd between dark buildings and under the elevated road. That was when we looked down. When we looked up we saw a roof opposite, whereon a young man came and opened the little door of a wire cage and released pigeons. They would sail straight up, circling into the clean sky, and then fly off toward the harbor or one of the rivers, returning after many minutes, never missing that one roof out of the million roofs. They alone seemed free in a cityful.

After that we spent many days with the pigeon fanciers, learning the speed of these swiftest of all creatures, their strange instinct that calls them back from another country (five hundred miles, even a thousand miles), their endurance to death. We read the beautiful chapter on pigeons in DARWIN'S "Origin of Species." And then we forgot it all for fifteen years, till war brought back the story. When the war came, the pigeons of Britain were conscripted by His Majesty's Naval and Military Pigeon Services. They were sent out to the front, where they live in motor busses between flights. They have comfortable quarters. Indeed, their life is much like that of human aviators, who return from long, cold sky trips to cozy, permanent quarters. Anyone shooting a carrier pigeon is sentenced to fine or imprisonment. Its life belongs to the state. It is the King's messenger. A chaplain at the front tells of sixty pigeons in a Piccadilly bus. A board is poised at the cage opening. When a bird steps on it an electric bell rings. A man comes and takes the message from an aluminum tube on the leg of the bird, which has come from the trenches, sailing, through fog and poison gas and battle smoke. The chaplain says:

The men get devoted to them, and make them love their clean and comfortable homes, where they are well fed and cared for in every way. Ah! how many of us would love to fly back to our warm, comfortable homes and be at rest with those who care for us.

The crew of the loft include a chauffeur to drive the motor omnibus, a pigeon trainer who is cook, and an orderly to carry the messages of the birds to brigade and divisional headquarters. One of the tributes to the work of these messengers states:

There is a wardroom where the memory of a gallant little bird will always be held in love and admiration. Liberated in a fierce wind and in stormy weather, and bearing an urgent message—S. O. S.—from a seaplane which had got into difficulties on the high seas, the little pigeon flew for all it was worth—to the last feather—and fell exhausted as it reached its native shores. It died almost at once, but the signal so faithfully carried was the means of saving many valuable lives.

## What It Is All About

PERHAPS the reasoned explanations of this war are too high for many of us. These great generalizations as to freedom, liberty, and democracy are true; they hark back to Magna Charta and have the ring of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN in every syllable, but sometimes they are a bit over our head. There is a directer appeal than that. A British poet—we don't even know his name—tells about a crippled cockney soldier who was creeping out of Fleet Street on his crutches one day when over on the Law Courts side three laughing Frenchmen passed in uniform:

For the houses all grew misty with a faint horizon blue,  
While I thought o' cornflowers peepin' from a blackened harvest land,  
With many a weary Frenchy fightin' where those cornflowers grew;  
An' I've got a kind o' homesickness I cannot understand  
Since I saw those little Blueys goin' laughin' down the Strand.

Oh, cottages with gapin' roofs astarin' at the sky,  
Oh, ruined gardens on the Somme an' trampled banks of Aisne,  
There's little left the Frenchies but to beat the boche or die.  
I'd go back to all we hated so, the noise an' filth an' pain,  
Jest to help those cheery Blueys win their little homes again!

For many of those who have been there that is exactly what this war is about. That is one reason why we will fight it and win it.





# YOU CAN'T JUST WAIT

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT'S happened, of course, in every village and town in the United States. Whenever a young man has voyaged forth to make his fortune in the big city there's always been a girl, some particular girl, he's left behind him. And there are only three things that can happen to the girl who's left behind. Sometimes the young man does find his Golden Fleece and comes back for her. But much more often he forgets to come back, and either the girl doesn't care and marries the cashier in the village bank or she does care and waits—and waits—while youth vanishes and love wearies and reluctantly she loses her faith in men and men's promises. Invariably these are the three strings on the instrument to which the tale is sung—and yet this is a story of something quite different.

NELL FANSHAW was the girl John Stanley left behind him in Old Lennon. It was called Old Lennon to distinguish it from that young upstart, Lennon Junction, to which the railroad came. And it was at Lennon Junction one pink-and-gold June evening that Johnnie from the rear platform of the New York express waved good-by to Nell. Against her parents' wishes she had driven over from Old Lennon with him in Bill Heman's stage in order to postpone the parting to the last possible minute.

"I'll write you often, Nell, and I'll come back for you as soon as I'm making enough for two to live on," he called from the platform, with as much fervor as if those same words had never been said before. Indeed, Johnnie himself had said them before; in the last few weeks he had said them a hundred times. But even as the train pulled out he kept repeating them. Long after the thunder of the wheels had drowned his words Nell could see his lips moving, and she knew what he was saying.

The memory of those words, however, comforted her as she drove home. She had approved of Johnnie's going, she knew there was no chance for him in Old Lennon (there was no chance for anyone in Old Lennon), and yet when he went it left her with a singularly forlorn feeling. Besides, now that he was actually gone, there was no need to keep up the pretense of looking cheerful and happy and eager any longer. She sat crouched up in a corner of the deserted stage where Bill Heman could not see her and with her red lips drooping, with her clear green eyes misted a little with tears, thought of Johnnie all the way back to Old Lennon. After all, she knew that she could have kept Johnnie beside her if she wished. And she was proud that she had not so wished or, rather, she was proud that she wanted him to succeed more than she wanted to keep him captive to her desires.

She could not remember the time that she had not known Johnnie. They had been sweethearts ever

since as children they had played together in the Fanshawe orchard. Johnnie had been funny that way. He was the best pitcher the junior Old Lennon team had ever boasted; he could dive straighter and swim faster than any of the other boys who went down to the swimming hole in Elm Creek, but better than anything else Johnnie liked to sneak away from the boys and play with Nell Fanshawe. Nell remembered it with particular gratitude because she had been a scrubby little thing then; it was not until years later that her carrot red hair had become a wondrous thing of soft and lovely tones, and her pinched and freckled face had bloomed into pink and rounded radiance. One is grateful, you know, for favors when no possible reason can be discovered as to why they should be offered.

Old Lennon seemed older and more deserted than ever after Johnnie had gone. When Nell in her white dress walked down Maple Street on summer afternoons she could hardly realize that she wouldn't see Johnnie in Ryder's drug store, where since his graduation from high school he had clerked. Every afternoon in the sleepy lull that fell upon the village between two and four she had gone down there and chatted with him. Every afternoon they had had a little party of their own beside the soda fountain. Nell would have some ice cream or a glass of vichy—she could not tolerate very sweet things—but Johnnie, while she lovingly derided him, would concoct for himself a sticky mess known locally as a walnut chocolate sundae.

So the summer afternoons now without Johnnie were peculiarly lonely for Nell. And the evenings without him sitting on the porch step below her were hideous. It was in the evenings that they had planned the conquest of New York.

In August Nell decided she would have to do something. If she sat around idle any longer, she felt that suddenly she might start screaming or act in some other totally extraordinary way. Fortunately Johnnie's place in Ryder's drug store had never been filled to Jim Ryder's satisfaction, and Nell induced him to give her a trial. Her parents opposed it—they were the kind of good, old-fashioned parents who opposed practically everything on general principles—but Nell said nothing, and appeared down at Ryder's ready for work one morning. Which was rather typical of Nell.

It seemed a little easier for Nell after that. It wasn't that she could forget Johnnie, but sometimes she could manage to forget to forget him. And all this time his letters came regularly enough. All through that first summer and into the winter they came. He was doing awfully well in the big furniture shop where he had found employment. They had taken him out of the retail shop and put him in the wholesale department. They were going to send him on trips to Boston, to Philadelphia. He

was to be a salesman on the outside. "It's a much bigger job than clerking it," he wrote proudly. And his salary had been raised to thirty dollars a week. "But it costs an awful lot to live in New York," he added, as if at an afterthought. "Don't worry, dear. I'll soon be making enough for two."

And at first his letters were full of the wonder of New York—the wonder and the loneliness. But after a while they were only full of the wonder.

THEN, quite suddenly, Johnnie's letters ceased. They ceased altogether. Nell, of course, continued to write; she tried to continue to write as she had always written—letters full of love and trust and the utmost confidence in Johnnie. But one day she thought to put her full name and address in the corner of the envelope, and the letter came back to her stamped: "Address Unknown."

Nell had not told anyone that Johnnie had stopped writing to her, although in Old Lennon it was not necessary to tell people a thing like that—they found it out for themselves. But when the letter came back she put her pride in her pocket, or wherever it is you put your pride when it's frightfully hurt and bruised, and she climbed the hill to the little tumble-down house where Johnnie had lived with his aunt—where his aunt still lived.

"Have you heard from Johnnie lately?" she asked.

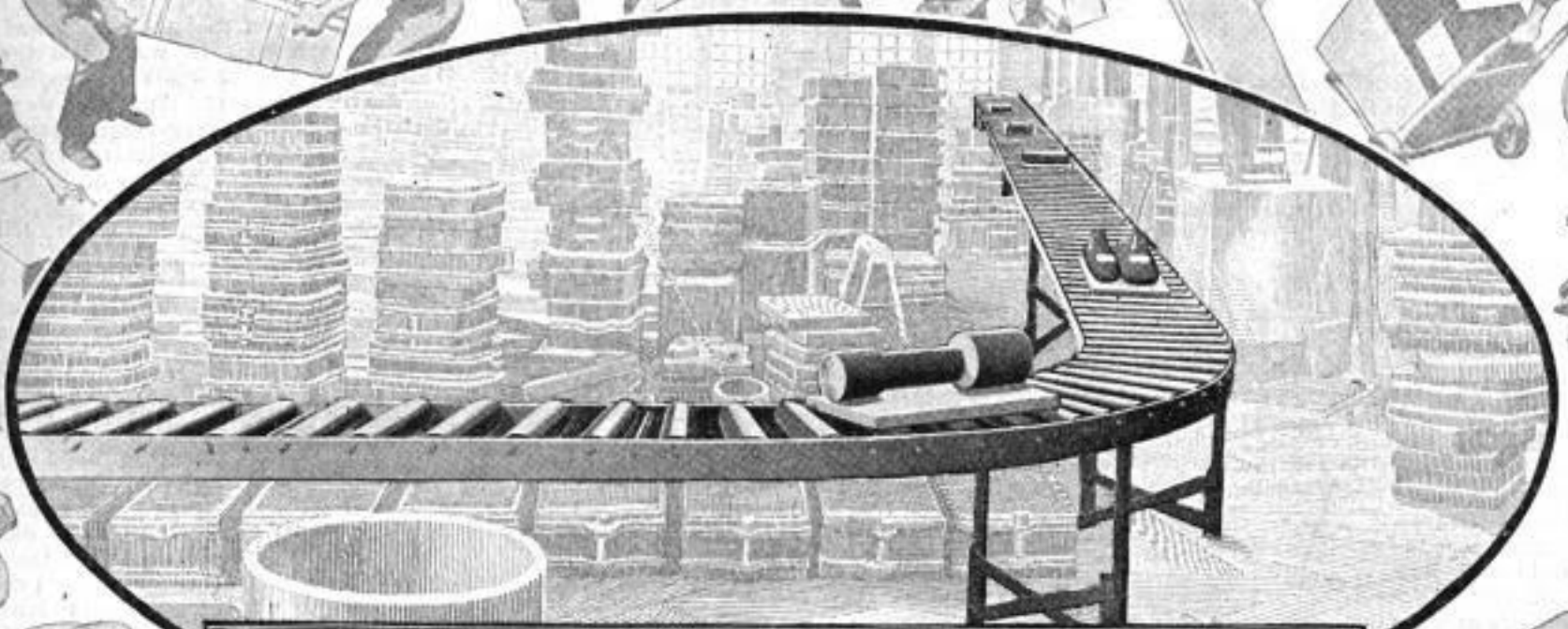
The aunt was curt in her answer: "No, I ain't. Not in a couple o' months. I knew the city wouldn't do any good to a young feller like Johnnie, who was always sort of wild. But he wouldn't listen to me after some of his high-toned friends told him he oughter go. All I know is he ain't with that Michigan Furniture Company any more."

Old Lennon was a very difficult place for Nell to live in that spring. Everyone knew that Nell was the girl Johnnie had left behind him, and now everyone knew that she was the girl to whom he had ceased to write—she was the girl he had forgotten. But Nell said nothing to the advice and the sympathy and the pity that were offered her. She merely pressed her lips tightly together, and there was a peculiar quality in the clear depths of her green eyes. She could easily have seized the opportunity of becoming the favorite martyr of the village; she could have swum, if she wished, in a sea of well-meant condolences. But the rôle of martyr did not appeal to Nell. Not in the least. Whatever she was going to be, she was thoroughly determined it was not a martyr.

She received six dollars a week for her work down in the drug store. From this time on she began to save every cent of it. She began, too, to practice most assiduously on a ramshackle typewriter which stood in the rear of Jim Ryder's store.

And now you'll begin to see how this story differs from all other stories in which girls are left wait-





## Ten Thousand Footsteps You Could Have Saved

**W**E hear a great deal about overhead charges—but there isn't much said about *underfoot* expense. How much of it is there in your plant? How much does foot-work eat into your profits? How much man-power do you employ in toting, carrying and fetching, that *could* be doing a man's real work in production? Yesterday, one man alone took ten thousand footsteps that could have been saved by Lamsonizing your factory.

Lamson Conveyors are the mechanical toters and carriers. They put a stop to footwork and *underfoot* expense. They reduce overhead charges. They collect and deliver parts from one machine room to another. They tote merchandise. They assemble orders and take the goods to the shipping room—and from there to truck or freight-car.

Lamson Conveyors take heavy castings or fragile china to the place that you want them to go. They can't tire. They never lag. They can't make mistakes. Lamson Conveyors operate with orderly, organized regularity. Their route is direct. Nothing can divert them from their work. Their daily capacity is constant—and walls or floors can't stop them.

They go through, while a man goes 'round. They make production flow smoothly and *get the goods out of the works*. The illustration pictures a Lamson Gravity Conveyor. It puts the right thing into the right hands at the right time. Its uses are almost countless.

There's a Lamson Conveying method for every peculiar business, and made to fit *requirements*. Perhaps you need only one Lamson method. It may be that you need a combination. If you are using man-power for toting, for carrying, for pushing a hand-truck, a Lamson man can quickly show you how the Lamson Idea will make a daily saving that will mean much to you—in hard cash. He'll come at your call. If you prefer, send first for our concise Conveyor Book. We'll start it toward you quick-step.

THE LAMSON COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.  
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE



# Lamson Conveyors



ing in little country villages—left waiting for men who fail to come back. For Nell kept her own counsel, but she had decided that if Johnnie wasn't coming back for her she was going to the city to find Johnnie. Strange to say, she hadn't lost her faith in him. She felt that something—something awful!—had happened to him and before she judged him in any way she was going to find out what it was that had happened.

Nell somehow felt responsible for Johnnie. It was she who had urged him to go. "You can't just wait for things to happen," she had told him many a time. "You've got to get out and make them happen the way you want them to." And if that philosophy was good enough for Johnnie it was good enough for her. She didn't know whether she wanted to marry Johnnie now or not, but first of all she was going to find him and then she felt that she would know.

In November she was ready to go. In a small black hand bag she had a roll of bills which counted up—and they had been counted up many times—to one hundred and twelve dollars.

And so she drove over to Lennon Junction in Bill Heman's stage in the dusk of a November afternoon. Nearly all of Old Lennon, shaking its gray head, saw her go. Nell sat very upright, gazing neither to the right nor the left, much, I imagine, as Marie Antoinette sat in the tumbril while it was driven through the jeering crowds.

"I WANT to find out about John Stanley," said Nell to the man at the wide mahogany desk in one of the inner offices of the Michigan Furniture Company. It was only with difficulty that she had managed to get to him. A regiment of clerks had barred her path. But none of them would tell her anything about Johnnie. They had simply looked at her curiously with an expression in their eyes that she did not understand; did not want to understand. "He left here several months ago," they told her. Nothing more. And she was not satisfied, could not be satisfied with that. At last her persistent questioning, her refusal to be dismissed, had brought her to this man who, they said, had been Johnnie's chief.

Nell could not see why they had made such a pother about letting her into this inner office. They had consulted, discussed, shaken their heads, sent feverish messages to and fro, before escorting her in to this Mr. Jellaby. And now that she was there she did not find him in the least formidable. He was round and rather jolly; his head was bald except for a circlet of hair such as we see in the pictures of merry old monks. You know, the kind of pictures that they're always putting on steins and plaques of various sorts. And his eyes were a twinkling blue. The hurt which Nell had hugged to herself ever since Johnnie ceased writing melted suddenly beneath the pleasant warmth of his glance. And she found herself telling him many things.

"And so you were to marry young Stanley!" he said presently, and the sympathy in his eyes quickened a little.

"Yes, and I won't believe, I can't believe, he's forgotten me!" she exclaimed. "I know something horrible has happened to him, and I want to find out what it is."

Mr. Jellaby seemed to wish to avoid answering her directly. In fact, for a minute or two he did not answer her at all. He gazed out the window with an expression that somehow made Nell think he was remembering the time when perhaps he himself, like Johnnie, had come to New York in quest of his fortune. And when he spoke it was as if he were recalling experiences from that long ago. A certain indignation flushed him.

"The city is a rotten place for a high-spirited young fellow," he said. "I mean when the young fellow comes here from his home town fresh and unspoiled and ignorant of a whole lot of things. First it makes him so lonely that he becomes pretty desperate, and then, when the city gets him in that state, suddenly it opens all sorts of doors that had better been left closed. But, Jimminy, it's got him so that he'd pop into any door by that time that offered a little warmth and music and companionship. Of course some come through the test all

right after a little battering"—he threw back his shoulders with a hint of pomposity, and then added more soberly—"but some don't come through."

"You mean Johnnie—didn't come through?" asked Nell, with a little catch in her voice.

"Do you really want me to tell you?"

Nell had a sudden desire to cry "No!" to get out of the office of this man who gazed at her so kindly, to get away from this cruel and monstrous city, to go home, back to Old Lennon. But at that last thought she revolted. No, she could never go back to Old Lennon without knowing the truth about Johnnie. She clenched her hands so that the nails bit into her palms.

"Yes, please tell me everything," she said quietly.



*For a minute neither moved nor spoke*

"Stanley was one of the best young men we ever had here. Snap! Go! Energy! And, above everything, he had a smile. Maybe that sounds sort of foolish to you, miss, but let me tell you that smile of Stanley's was worth a couple of thousand a year, to him and to us. Jimminy, when he was in the shop downstairs he could smile the ladies into buying anything. I know. I've seen him do it. Well, he was too good for the shop, he was wasted there. We wanted to put him out on the road selling wholesale where his smile, instead of selling one chair, would sell a hundred. We sent him on trips, and it was on one of those trips that he—didn't come through." He eyed Nell keenly. "Do you want me to go on?"

Nell pressed her lips together and nodded.

"WE sent him on a trip to Boston. He went up on the night boat. He had three hundred dollars of the firm's money, and—he never came back to us from that trip."

Nell gave a little cry.

"Oh, nothing like that happened to him," said Mr. Jellaby quickly. "He didn't fall overboard or anything like that. He wrote us, and said he'd lost the money, and that he couldn't come back and look me in the eye, or some rot of that kind."

"But how do you know what's happened to him?" asked Nell.

"We don't know altogether. We put a detective agency on his track, and we found that he'd fallen in with a crowd of gamblers on the boat and lost the three hundred that way. You see, he'd lied to us. He wrote us that the money had been stolen while he was asleep in his stateroom. But we didn't find Stanley. In fact, we called the agency off. We'd found out about as much as we wanted to."

Nell shook her head. "Johnnie doesn't lie, and he doesn't steal."

Mr. Jellaby lay back in his chair and scrutinized her intently. "Why do you say that so confidently?"

"Why shouldn't I say it?" she flared. "Why, I've known Johnnie forever. You can't be with a person every day, for years and years, without knowing him all the way through. The city might make Johnnie do lots of things that are foolish and wild, but it couldn't make him lie or steal. I know that just as well as I know this is my right hand. When Johnnie wrote you that the money had been stolen from his stateroom, he wrote you the truth, Mr. Jellaby. I know. Johnnie was so honest even in the smallest things." And she went on to tell him how in Ryder's drug store Johnnie had always paid for the ridiculous mixtures of ice cream and nuts and chocolates of which he had so generously and so joyously partaken.

Suddenly Mr. Jellaby sat upright, indignant, quivering. And Nell saw now why the clerks outside stood in awe of him; she was, in truth, a bit frightened herself. There was the effect of the crack of a whip in the abrupt sentences he hurled at her. With a resounding thump of his fist on the wide mahogany desk, he exclaimed: "If this young man of yours is so honest, why didn't he come back and face the music? Answer me that! I don't care how he lost that miserable three hundred dollars. He could have chucked it in the sea for all I care! But why didn't he come back here and tell me about it? Why didn't he have the backbone to do that? Do you suppose I'd have let him disappear in this idiotic way if he'd come back like a regular fellow and faced the music? Jimminy, that smile of his was worth money to us. Any young man is apt to slip a cog now and again. I've done it myself. We don't expect a fellow to be perfect."

HE slumped down as suddenly as he had sat upright and continued mumbling. Nell heard him say several times: "Face the music." He seemed obsessed with the phrase. But at last he turned to her almost apologetically. "I'm sorry, miss, that I let myself go that way—no sense in frightening you about it. The trouble is I liked young Stanley."

"You have no idea where he is, then?" asked Nell presently.

"Well, he's paying us back the three hundred a little at a time."

Nell flushed, her eyes sparkled; quickly she leaned forward. "You do know where he is, then?"

Mr. Jellaby shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I don't. He sends the money—it's usually a five-dollar bill—in a plain envelope with a plain sheet of paper saying that it's to be credited to him; that he'll send more shortly. There's no address. But the letters, I've noticed, are mailed in New York."

"That means he's still in the city and working. He must be all right!" exclaimed Nell, and to her own indignation she found that she was crying. She had imagined, oh, she had imagined so many hideous things happening to Johnnie.

Mr. Jellaby shifted his gaze to the window again and let Nell have her cry out.

"What are your plans, Miss Fanshawe?" he asked after Nell had dried her eyes and was looking at him apologetically.

"I'm going to find him."

"You're not going back home?"

Nell shook her head vehemently. "I'm going to stay here and look for Johnnie—everywhere!"

"Have you enough money to live on?" he asked hesitatingly.

"For a little while. I'll have to find a job somewhere."

"Perhaps you can find one right here. We've always got room for a fellow—or a girl—who knows what he wants and is determined to get it."

And so it was arranged that Nell was to do type-writing and clerical work for the Michigan Furniture Company at a salary of ten dollars a week, with the promise of more as soon as she had mastered the gentle art of stenography. Presently Nell walked proudly forth from that inner office into which she had fought her way with such difficulty.

And her attitude toward things generally had changed. At first New York had frightened and overwhelmed her. It was so much vaster than she thought it could possibly be. But she was no longer frightened. She sallied up Fortieth Street and down through the pomp and glitter of Fifth Avenue with her head high and her cheeks



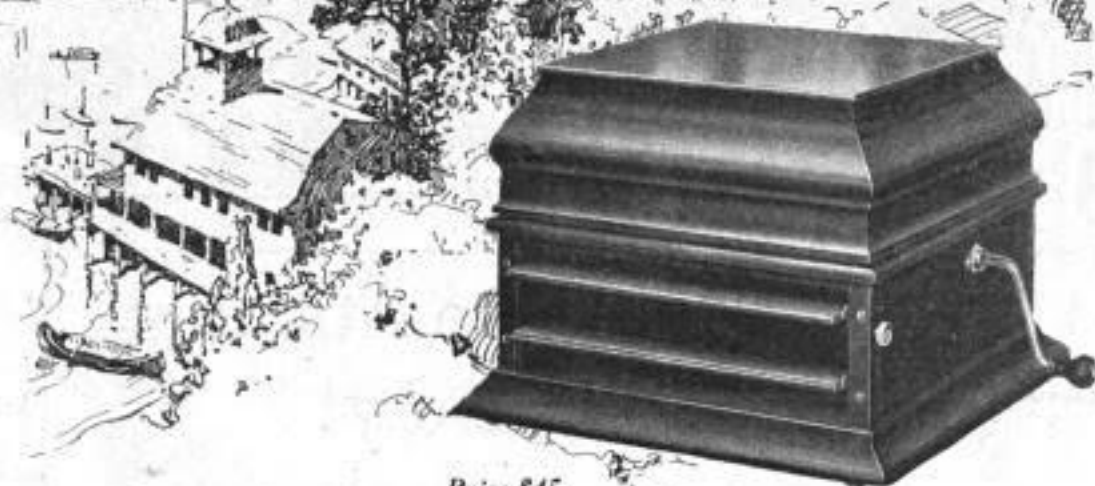
# Columbia

## Vacation Model Grafonolas



### Made for Out-of-door Music

For those jolly, informal parties by seashore, lake, or river the most popular entertainer is always the Columbia Vacation Grafonola. This friendly, companionable Grafonola is a good sort and a good sport. Take him along with you on your holiday trip this year.



Price \$45



Price \$18

Traveling light, strong, and compact, with a voice that is sturdy, sweet, and clear, the Vacation Grafonola will sit up all night to give you music for dancing—and then be ready and cheerful for a bathing or sailing party bright and early in the morning.

Wherever you go in the joyous vacation lands by seashore, lake, or river the Grafonola will give you your favorite music.

Make this a musical vacation. You have no idea how much added pleasure it will mean for you and your friends.

Any Columbia dealer will be glad to show you these Vacation Grafonolas and to play you any record on any model. All are instruments of genuine musical worth with tone qualities suitable for the very best records. They range in price from \$18 to \$55. And for \$7.50 you can buy twenty selections on standard Columbia Records that will give a good variety of vacation music—popular hits, war songs, dance music—anything you like from the great Columbia musical library.

*To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY NEW YORK



Price \$30



## Bridging the Atlantic for Victory!

**T**HAT stately procession of great ships, steadily sliding off the ways and bearing our armies to victory, is the American Nation again rising to an emergency.

And because their burden is so priceless and their mission so great, there can be on those ships no part which may fail in the hour of need.

That is why on the ponderous links of great anchor chains—on thousands of vital steel forgings that hold lives in their keeping—is stamped the Triangle B of Billings and Spencer.

That mark says "Rely on Me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail!"

All through the long years since C. E. Billings in 1861 forged the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry and helped save the Union, Triangle B has meant "Rely on Me!"

It stands on a thousand great drop hammers beating like titanic pulses of industry all over the nation, pounding out forgings by millions for the Victory Fleet.

For over half a century Billings and Spencer has been building towards the work it is now so proudly doing—for victory.

© 1918 Billings & Spencer

**The Billings & Spencer Co.**  
Hartford, Conn.

Hand Tools · Forgings · Drop Hammers



# UTILIZING RETURN TRIPS

BY JOSEPH BRINKER

**RETURN-LOAD BUREAUS** is a term heard frequently these days, especially in the East and in the central West. "But," you ask, "what are return-load bureaus? Where are they located? What do they mean to me—to the average American citizen?" The return-load-bureau idea is a new one in the United States, although old in Great Britain. Return-load bureaus are a means whereby the shipper of goods may get into quick communication with motor-truck owners capable of hauling goods, so (1) that the railroads may be assisted in handling short-haul freight and (2) that all motor trucks handling such freight shall run with full loads in both directions.

The return-load bureaus list (1) manufacturers and shippers in any particular locality who have goods to be moved by motor trucks, and (2) owners of trucks which run empty over certain routes part of the time, and help bring these classes together.

Up to the present time this has been accomplished by chambers of commerce, councils of State defense, war bureaus, and other public or business men's associations. Chambers of commerce have led the way, since they generally have among their membership a large proportion of the more important manufacturers and shippers. The work has simply consisted in listing, with the names of these manufacturers and shippers and the general classes of goods they have to transport, the routes over which they wish goods shipped. A list of the truck

telephone book and instructing the operators to give the bureau line automatically when "Return Load" is called.

The return-load bureaus usually assume no responsibility to the manufacturer or shipper in case goods carried by the truckmen are lost or damaged in transit, acting merely as a means of getting shipper and truckman together. But the Return Load

As the idea develops in these Atlantic seaboard centers where the congestion is the most acute, and later in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, etc., the appointment of a Government Director of Return Load Bureaus will be necessary to coordinate the work.

The new Director of Return Load Bureaus will in all probability act in conjunction with the High-



A full load each way—  
250 miles in 24 hours



Rubber goods being  
rushed east from Akron, Ohio

registrants in any locality is secured from the secretary of state. Then questionnaires are mailed to owners of trucks. These questionnaires ask the type and size of trucks operated, the kind of goods and the number of tons the owner can carry in a day or a week, and routes on which he can operate if necessary. These lists are then entered on small index file cards, and comprise the working equipment of the return-load bureau.

## Spreading Into New States

**I**N the working out of the idea the shipper or manufacturer writes or telephones the return-load bureau stating what amount of goods he has to be moved, where it must be delivered and when, and the bureau advises him what truckmen are operating trucks over that particular route. The shipper is thus able to get in touch with the truck owner.

Conversely, the truckman seeking to deliver goods calls up the bureau and gets in touch with shippers who can fill his truck with goods for the part of the trip where it would otherwise run empty. In some cases, as, for instance, in Connecticut, where the files of one return-load bureau are duplicated and supplied to all the other bureaus throughout the State, the motor truckman carrying a load of goods from one city to another may call up the bureau in the city to which he is carrying the load and arrange for a return load back to his own city before he begins his outbound trip. This telephoning is made easier by listing the number of the bureau a second time under the head "Return Load" in the

goods they have previously carried.

Return-load bureaus are established at this writing in New York City, Philadelphia, Newark, and Trenton, N. J.; Washington, D. C.; Detroit, Mich.; Cleveland, Ohio, and sixteen industrial centers in Connecticut; they are, or soon will be, in Elizabeth, New Brunswick, and Asbury Park, N. J. An organization for the establishment of a State-wide system of return-load bureaus has been formed in Ohio, and more recently a similar organization for Rhode Island and Massachusetts, to link up with the excellent system in force in Connecticut. The New York State Council of Defense at Albany is organizing to introduce similar bureaus in the upper part of the State. It has already established bureaus in Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo.

In addition to the points at which bureaus are already established in New England, the new organization in that territory will open bureaus in the large manufacturing centers of Boston, Lynn, Lowell, Fitchburg, Worcester, Holyoke, Springfield, New Bedford, and Fall River, Mass.; Providence, Pawtucket, Bristol, and Woonsocket, R. I.; and Keene, N. H. The following cities have chambers of commerce or business associations capable of running such bureaus: Utica, N. Y.; Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, Pa.; Conneaut, Akron, Youngstown, Canton, Columbus, Mansfield, Lima, Elyria, Lorain, Sandusky, and Toledo, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. Eventually return-load bureaus will be established in all the States where there are enough short-haul traffic and sufficient motor trucks to handle it.

Return-load bureaus are located at Bridgeport, Bristol, Danbury, Greenwich, Hartford, South Manchester, Meriden, Middletown, New Britain, New Haven, New London, South Norwalk, Norwich, Stamford, Waterbury, and Willimantic

Bureau established in New York City by the Merchants' Association is attempting to safeguard its members by demanding of truckmen a bank reference, insurance, or bond securities for the goods and three references from shippers whose

goods by motor trucks. The Connecticut bureaus solved this difficulty of the manufacturers admirably, since the bureaus are located in sixteen industrial centers and list trucking concerns which operate over forty-eight distinct routes. In all about 1,000 motor trucks are listed at the sixteen bureaus, each of which has a duplicate file of both truckmen and shippers.

One of the vital and most important factors in the success of the return-load-bureau system in Connecticut was the cooperation between it and the Connecticut Highway Commissioner in keeping the main routes passably clear of snow during the mid-winter months. While Connecticut's original law in regard to snow removal placed the burden of keeping the roads open upon the local townships and counties, it was soon found that these agencies did not have sufficient money, equipment, or initiative to perform the work properly. As a result, certain parts of the route were cleared and other links in the main highways left impassable. Connecticut therefore passed a new law placing the entire responsibility on the Highway Commissioner of the State and voted him a sufficient amount of money for the successful prosecution of the work. Since the first snow, and up until the middle of March, he had spent approximately \$40,000 for the removal of snow from about 1,000 miles of roads. Some of the Connecticut roads were so well cleared of snow that farmers who had previously used sleighs complained because there was not sufficient snow for them.

New York State has already passed a bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the maintenance and removal of snow from the main highway between Buffalo and New York. As I write Massachusetts has before its Legislature a bill appropriating a large sum for keeping all of its main roads between its industrial centers clear of snow during the winter of 1918-19.

While the Eastern seaboard was congested with freight to a critical point (Continued on page 40)

way Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense in Washington, since it was that committee which originally fostered the idea and which has brought it up to its present state of development.

## Open Roads

**C**ONNECTICUT was the pioneer. Return-load bureaus were established there in the fall of 1917. Being the heart of America's ammunition workshop, Connecticut felt the acute railroad congestion of last winter perhaps more than any other section of the country. Until the formation of the bureaus, many Connecticut manufacturers were unable to get railroad shipment and were at a loss to know what concerns they could call upon to handle such

goods by motor trucks. The Connecticut bureaus solved this difficulty of the manufacturers admirably, since the bureaus are located in sixteen industrial centers and list trucking concerns which operate over forty-eight distinct routes. In all about 1,000 motor trucks are listed at the sixteen bureaus, each of which has a duplicate file of both truckmen and shippers.

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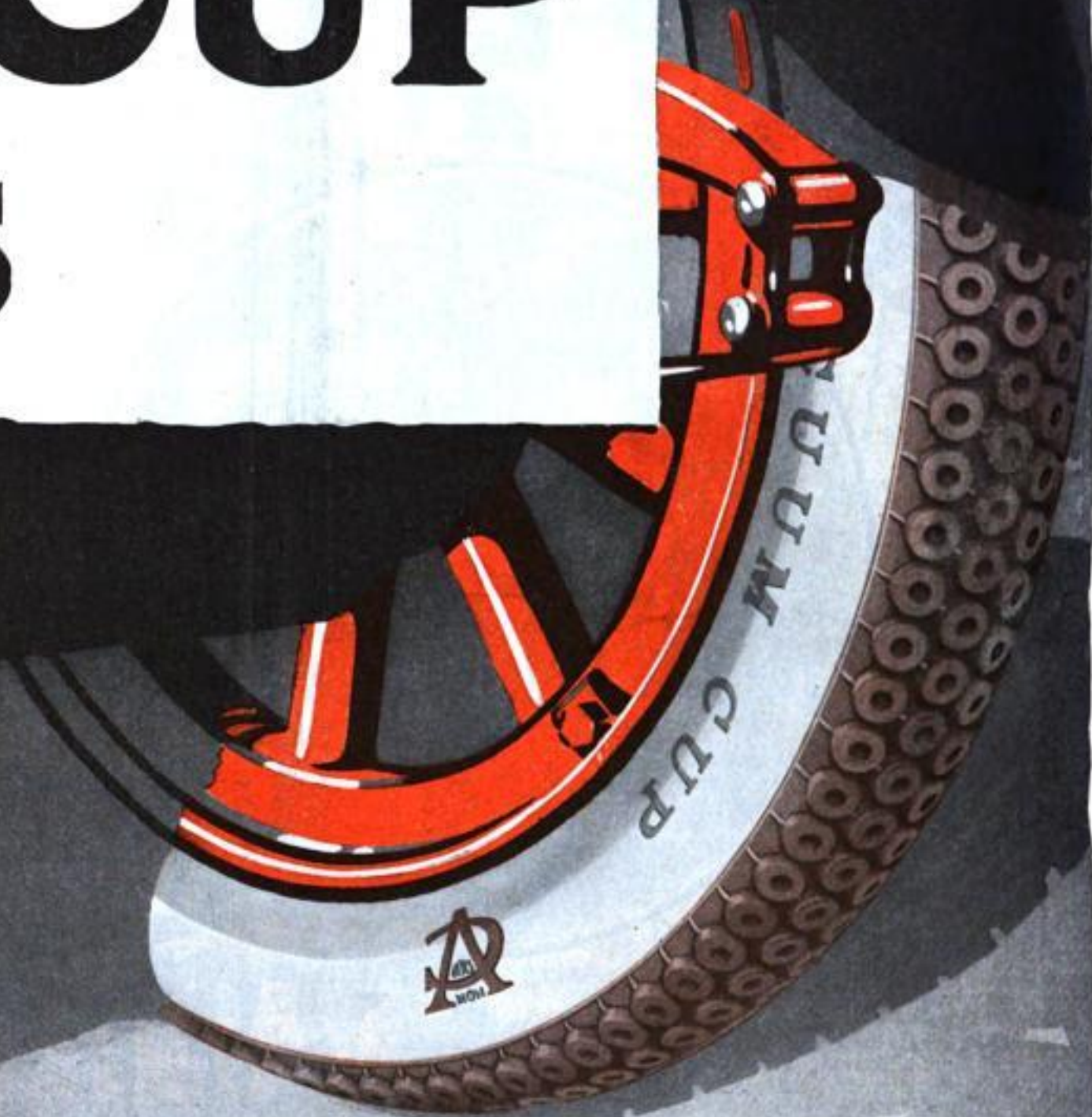
While the Eastern seaboard was congested with freight to a critical point (Continued on page 40)







# sylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES



**WHEN** you know Vacuum Cup Tires, you know the fullest measure of tire *safety, service* and *economy*.

You know what it means to ride over wet, slippery pavements without thought of the ever-present menace of skidding.

You know the grip, hold, let-go suction principle of the Cups and why they are the only rubber projections *guaranteed* non-skid.

You know you pay for them practically the same price you would pay for ordinary 3,500 mile tires, and much less than for any other make carrying anywhere near the same mileage assurance.

You know the meaning of longest service at lowest-per-mile cost for, as a general rule, Vacuum Cup Tires generously exceed the aggregate for which they are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—

**6,000 Miles**

*Makers of Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"*

**PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.**

*Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada*





(Continued from page 13) Pershing's Order No. 33. Prices might have been irregular at times, but one must remember the chaotic condition when our brown bees first began to swarm in France. The Y. was compelled to carry its goods in automobiles from the seaport, oftentimes for great distances, with gasoline costing upward of a dollar per gallon. Many of the canteens were makeshift flimsies. A puff of wind would blow them down, causing considerable loss. But the purpose is to sell goods to soldiers at cost, with transportation added, and nothing to cover clerk hire or overhead expense.

The Y. promptly sends every cent it can lay its hands on for the comfort and amusement of the soldiers. The soldiers pay something for what they

Y. fixtures like these mean deserted cafes



get, but the deficit is mounting up into the millions.

When Bill Maddox straggled out from the canteen he discovered a diamond, not a twenty-carat stone, but a gem of great price set in a home plate with three bases.

"Say, Bill"—the secretary was a real person—"say, Bill, you boys are pretty stiff from your voyage; hadn't you better limber up?" The secretary produced a ball, bat, mitt, and catcher's mask; all that the boys needed to produce was themselves. They produced. Immediately and hilariously the Bush League was transplanted to France, where ambitious unknowns got their tryout. That night the secretary changed Bill's honest American dollars into francs. Bill crumpled the funny stuff. "Pard, is this genuine money? Looks more like tobacco coupons." Soldiers never can regard the shinplaster currency as legal tender.

We spent a week at our first seaport camp, then late one afternoon our regiment entrained for a jolly journey across France in box cars. At several points along the road we saw the Red Triangle, with secretaries busier than real-estate speculators slapping up shacks in a Western boom town—remarkable structures of warped planks, scraps of packing cases, and remnants of tarpaulin. These were not classically artistic to gaze at, but stood ready for the fellows to dry their feet on. Which explains a standard French conundrum: "Where does the Y. get wood?" Generals may be shivering at headquarters while privates in the Y. hut toast their leggings before a cherry-colored stove.

Shifting our quarters from the seaport to the instruction camp was like stepping out of one home into another. The Y. had skirmished in advance and built a hut—which held a thousand men, sometimes more—when fellows cuddled in each other's laps to applaud performances on an all-wool stage with scenery.

#### Billeted

IMPORTANT as amusement and athletic work may be in the cities, or at the training camps, it becomes absolutely indispensable when high-spirited American lads are billeted among the villagers. As our forces move nearer and nearer to the front it is considered unwise to build great barracks which would reveal their numbers and their position to German airmen. So the Americans are distributed in villages, some of which are, as we say, no bigger than a split match.

French officers have already canvassed every

town and village and stenciled on each house a sign like this:

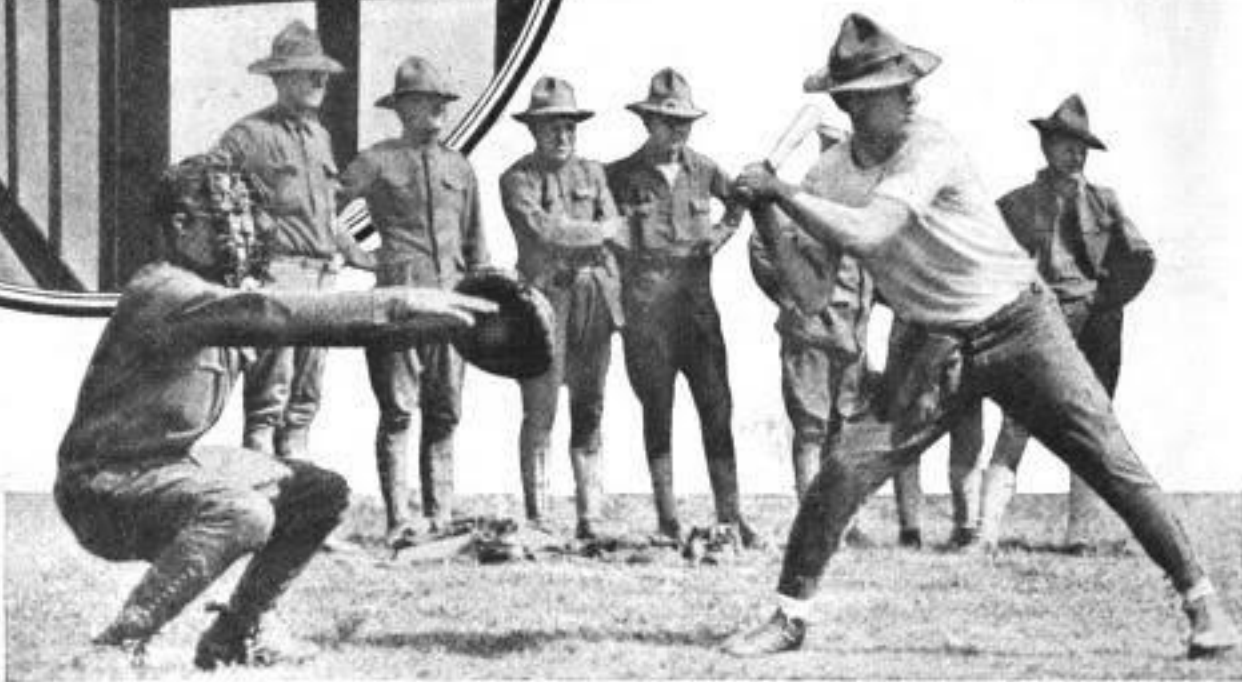
Which means that Billet No. 97 will accommodate two officers, eight men, and four horses. Accommodation for man does not signify feather beds, roaring fires, with tea and toast and fresh-laid eggs for breakfast. Breakfast will not be served by an innocent village maiden with comic-opera short red skirts and ravishing ankles. Accommodation means how much floor space there is for men to lie down, and how much standing room for horses. The billet may be a stable. French stables rarely shrink modestly to the rear. They confront the main street, side by side with parlor windows. The same roof shelters man and beast and fowl.

	97	
O.	2	
H.	8	
C.	4	

#### They're Just Boys

IT is raining. It is always raining. But the Americans are coming. Presently the head of their column wheels into the narrow, curving street.

And here is a real American soda fountain



"Say, Bill, you boys are pretty stiff from your voyage; hadn't you better limber up?"

Splash! Splash! Splash! they tramp on through the mud, carrying blankets, kits, and helmets. The men are mud-caked, weary from the trenches, and looking forward to all the comforts of home. Clank! Clank! Clank! the men come marching. Big-eyed children peep out from doorways. Dragged chickens fly squawking across the road. The captain is looking at the numbers on the houses. "Column, halt! Sergeant, count off eighteen men and put them in here."

"In here" is a stable. The sergeant counts off eighteen men—four fours and two—then leads them inside. The men drop their loads. Helmets and canteens clatter on the cobblestone floor.

"Sergeant," a smooth-faced boy inquires—"sergeant, where do we sleep?"

"Sleep up there"—pointing.

"Up there" is a loft above the cow stalls, reached by a rickety ladder. A man can neither stand up nor sit up. He must crawl in and spread his

blankets on the hay. The hay is clean. It is dry. Up they go, one by one, with their bedding rolls, climbing the ladder. The sergeant turns away, trying not to laugh, yet full of pride in their grit. Do the men grumble and complain? Oh, dear, no. The smooth-faced boy pokes out his head from a pile of hay and calls: "I say, sergeant, I've got the bridal chamber."

Their irrepressible humor will carry our boys over many a rough place before this war is done.

The humor of it is all very well until the novelty wears off, and the deadly drabness eats into their souls. When an artilleryman has curried his horse, cleaned his harness, oiled his gun, or returned from a hundred-mile rush through the sleet on a motorcycle, he has plenty of time to sit in the stable billet without a fire—sit there and contemplate the thick brown rivulets which trickle away from the manure piles. Which is not sufficient for an unmitigated winter's amusement.

There is light and warmth in the cafes. There's an open door to the wine shop—and to worse. That boy is bound to go somewhere.

It is virtuously simple for stay-at-homes to sit in their furnace-heated houses, with clubs, theatres, and movies for relaxation—virtuously simple for them to say that noble fighting men of this republic should not hang around such places. But stay-at-homes must not be content with sitting and saying. They must provide something better for our boys. If nothing better is provided, a few of them will naturally hang around, just as the stay-at-home, in sheer desperation, would hang around similar resorts.

I know these lads. I know them well. And a finer, cleaner lot never breathed. Yet they are boys, just boys, and even men grow morbid with nothing to do but sit around and watch it rain. Battles, defeat, terrific losses, could hardly have more disastrous effect upon the morale of our troops.

#### Y. Recipes

ALL of a sudden, one drizzly morning, a Y. man strikes that village, with a red-hot stove under one arm and a ragtime piano under the other. He is strictly business, that Y. man, and starts things to going in a hurry. Rolling up both sleeves to prove that there was no deception, he produces a house from somewhere or other. At first glance his house seems more like a war map, or railway folder—a jointed contraption with hooks and eyes and bolts to fasten it together. Soldiers flock around him, curiously as children watch when mamma takes her scissors and begins to "cut-here-fold-over-and-paste."

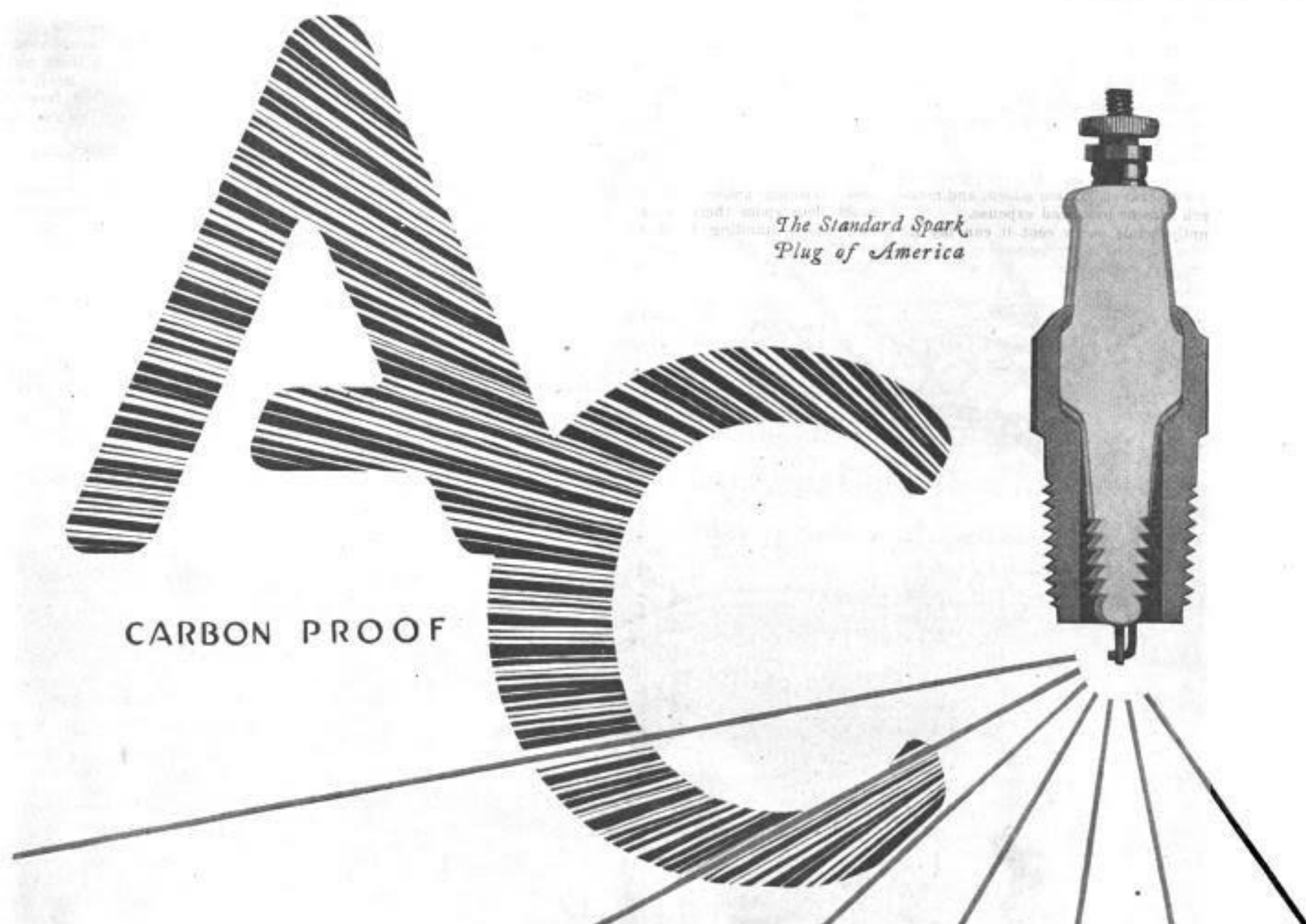
The Y. man clutters the ground with triangular sections, then suddenly remembers. "There now! knew I'd forgot something. A house is no good with-

out a lot for it to stand on." So he fumbles in his pocket and consults a Y. recipe for canned lots—"Add three cups of dirt, stir briskly, and serve." Now then, here's our lot.

Dozens of willing youngsters help him piece the puzzle together. Wherever they find a bolt hole, there will be a bolt to go in it. Just tighten the taps. The sides go up like a back drop in a theatre; the roof fits like a cover on a dish. There's no more trick in hanging a door than there is in hanging up your hat. As to the windows—well, you merely stick them in. Now then! Here's our house—yellow and unpainted, but with picturesque and decorative effects in knot groupings. From my awkward description the reader may not see just how it was done. Neither did the boys, but here was the fixed fact of a clubroom, with writing tables, stove, and magazines, and a piano. That night proprietors of many a deserted café listened to the uproar of their singing.

(Continued on page 28)





## It Solves the Carbon Problem For Ford, Overland and Studebaker Owners

For years most motor car builders have plant-equipped their cars with AC Spark Plugs. Each of the 93 leading manufacturers listed below chose AC's after scientific, competitive tests in which every other spark plug on the market had the opportunity to qualify.

The latest triumph of our research laboratories is the AC Carbon Proof Spark Plug specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars. This plug is no experiment. It has been thoroughly tested and proved in shop and service.

The principle of the AC Carbon Proof is a simple one. The knife edges of the porcelain attain such terrific heat that all carbon deposits are immediately burned off. They also cool rapidly, thus preventing pre-ignition.

If you own one of these cars and have experienced trouble through spark plug failure, install a set of AC Carbon Proofs and put an end to your inconvenience. You will note

immediate improvement in the performance of your motor. You will marvel at your freedom from spark plug annoyances.

\* \* \*

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs for every make and style of motor.

No matter what car you drive you can't go wrong in buying AC Spark Plugs. Their installation eliminates costly experimentation and carries the assurance of continued satisfaction. Your purchase is supported by the overwhelming preference of the country's leading manufacturers.

The letters AC are the initials of the originator. They are glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

*Write for further information on AC Carbon Proof Plugs specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars; also for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion.*

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, Michigan

The 93 well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	Cadillac	Dodge Brothers	Federal Trucks	Hudson	Lexington	Manitowish	Old Reliable	Premier	Scripps-Booth	Stutz
Advance-Rumely	J. I. Case	Deere Tractors	Ford & Son Tractors	Hupmobile	Howard	Trucks	Trucks	Reo	Signal Trucks	Titan Trucks
Tractors	Chalmers	Deico-Light	F-W-D Trucks	Jackson	Liberty	Moline-Knight	Oldsmobile	Republic Trucks	Singer	Walla Tractors
American	Chandler	Diamond T	Gabriel Trucks	Jordan	Locomobile	Monroe	Onoda Trucks	Rock Falls	Smith Motor	Waukesha
La France	Chevrolet	Trucks	Genco Light	Jumbo	Marmont	Moreland Trucks	Peckard	Rock Falls	Wheel	Motors
Anderson	Cole	Dodge Brothers	G. M. C. Trucks	Trucks	Maytag	Murray	Paige	Rutenber Motors	Stearns-Knight	Westcott
Apperson	Continental	Dorris	Gramm-Bern-	Kissel Kar	McFarlan	Nash	Peterson	Samson Tractors	Stephens	White
Rockway Trucks	Motors	Dort	stein Trucks	La Crosse	McLaughlin	National	Pearless	Sandow Trucks	Sterling Trucks	Wilson Trux
Buffalo Motors	Crane-Simplex	Duesenberg	Hathfield	Tractors	(Canada)	Netco Trucks	Pierce-Arrow	Sanford	Stewart Trucks	Wisconsin
Buick	Danels	Motors	Haynes			Oakland	Pilot	Saxon		Motors

Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?





Photograph of Goodyear's seven-truck fleet operating between Akron, Ohio, and Boston, Massachusetts, on a round-trip schedule of less than 8 days, in summer and winter service. Equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires, these trucks attain speeds in excess of 30 miles an hour and even during 20-below-zero January weather they kept going when rail freight was stalled.

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GOODYEAR  
AKRON



# *Pioneering Long Distance Motor Transport*

---

NO other thing so dramatically demonstrates the importance of the pneumatic tire to the future of the motor truck as Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Highway Rapid Transit Line.

This pioneer experiment in long distance motor transport, forerunner of a new and broader phase of truck employment, could not possibly have attained its present effectiveness with any other type of equipment.

Only the pneumatic tire affords the speed essential to its swift schedule, the cushioning power required to prevent ruinous depreciation, the tractive efficiency necessary to insure progress over the difficult roads.

Only the pneumatic tire assures full protection for the load in such service, the high gasoline and lubrication mileages desirable, the safety imperative to practical highway travel at the speed these trucks maintain.

The stage of doubt or uncertainty concerning the usefulness and value of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks today is past and gone.

For nearly a year Goodyear's seven-truck fleet regularly has shuttled back and forth over its 1500-mile circuit on these tires, to the emphasis and verification of their every virtue.

Not alone in this service, but in the most varied and exacting usage in more than 250 American cities, has the speed, efficiency and economy of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks been convincingly proved.

The truck manufacturer or operator who does not now seriously consider them in relation to his own business is disregarding perhaps the foremost factor in the motor truck's future development.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

---

# CORD TIRES





REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE  
THE GENUINE CLOTH  
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

This label means the Genuine. It's  
your Safeguard against Imitation.

## Waste Not!

Humidity, like an iron chain,  
drags at Efficiency, and shortens  
the hours of energetic action.

Palm Beach—by its congenial coolness—gives the body a chance to live and breathe. It wards off the sticky heat of a leaden day, and through its open pores, admits clean, fresh air. It gives body and brain a chance to do their duty, and helps make the golden hours yield their full harvest of achievement.

Time's on the country's list of essentials. Conserve it carefully in a

## PALM BEACH SUIT

Your clothier will show you suits of the Genuine—bearing the trade-marked label.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS  
GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

## The War and the "Y"

Continued from page 24

British Tommy may go home on leave; the American lad may not. Therefore the Y. has provided a beautifully appointed clubhouse in Paris where enlisted men gather at night in preference to strolling about the boulevards. And the Y. has taken over certain hotels for their accommodation at reasonable rates. Secretaries meet trains and steer our boys away from swarms of undesirable characters who flock about the railway stations.

By day educated guides are showing to parties of eager-minded lads all that is artistic, beautiful, and historic at the French capital, instead of leaving them to roam around and find what is vicious and depraved. By night competent teachers at the club instruct them in the language. Nothing could possibly be more beneficial and broadening to American youths.

Rival leagues have introduced the national game and rooster slang to throngs who promenade the Bois de Boulogne. Inquisitive Frenchmen are acquiring first-hand information as to the eccentricities of foul tips—and getting their heads broken. Our French allies are now learning not to intervene between batter and pitcher. The Y. is an educational institution.

France is conservative and not overly keen for innovations, yet the Government is negotiating for the Y. to place its facilities at the service of the poilu. This follows a recent suggestion of General Pershing, who said: "The greatest service that America can immediately render is to extend association work to the entire French army."

Of course le soldat français is cordially welcomed at every American hut, but entertainment for him should be conducted in his own beloved tongue. For this purpose 1,500 French-speaking secretaries are urgently needed.

### The Good Is Winning

THE Eagle Hut in London provides beds for 500 men, and can serve dinner to 1,000, with American and British ladies for waitresses, and a cabaret on the side. Here the enlisted men and sailors find every comfort of a modern hotel and amusement resort. When they arrive in London an agent of the Y. is waiting at the station to offer warmest hospitality. Theatres donate free tickets for distribution, and huge busses make regular trips to the Tower, the British Museum, and other landmarks.

Through the murk and mist of a London night the Y. maintains sharp-eyed patrols on the street, looking for unwary lads who may blunder into trouble. Organized forces of good are fighting the hordes of evil, battling for the health and the morals of our men. And the good is winning.

Few of us in the States comprehend the magnitude of this work, which begins with a lad before he enters the

army, follows him through the training school, welcomes him to the first home that he knows in France, affords amusement at big instruction camps, and marches with him to the front.

For the soldier who is incapacitated by wounds and discharged, the British Y. maintains a home and trains him in some employment which he can profitably pursue. Added to all of this is the heartbreaking task of attempting to soften the sorrows of countless prisoners of war, to supply them with occupation and save their sanity. Thousands of these unfortunates go mad.

### Against All Allurements

SEVERAL months ago upward of 5,000 secretaries were at work, fifteen hundred in France alone. Many have been added since. More and more are demanded, and there is difficulty in finding them because no man subject to draft will be accepted. Thousands of able-bodied citizens, above military age and anxious to serve their country, are now turning toward the Y., men who five years ago would have jested at the idea. Five years ago virile men looked upon this as a namby-pamby, sissified job. Now they realize that it takes sturdy grit, capacity, high intelligence, and endurance.

War activities will necessitate a far wider scope in the selection of secretaries. The war is crude; and handling men engaged in it requires experience and tact. If I were selecting secretaries, I should pick a few from every stratum of society, men who know the Bowery and the great plains, retired baseball players and professional athletes. Many such men, of excellent hearts, who comprehend the under side of human existence, men who have sinned and suffered and been sorry, might prove of sympathetic value to others who fall by the wayside.

One night at dinner a secretary touched my arm. "We've got a thousand fellows in our tent," he whispered; "and our film didn't come. Won't you go down and talk to the boys?"

"Sure."

"Good! Tell 'em funny stories, and keep 'em in the tent until eight-forty-five. Then they won't straggle away to the village."

That's their deep-laid conspiracy—to hold our men against all allurements of wine shops and women.

### Nobility of Service

WHEN this war is done, its most glorious victory must be recorded in the human love and helpfulness which tower superbly among its penalties and rewards. Out of the hate and the horror and the destruction, thousands of unknown workers are engraving upon every soldier's mind a higher and holier conception of the nobility of service.

## The Adversary

Continued from page 9

crew were mostly inarticulate, and those who might have talked of strange comings and goings were "black fella boy know nothing." Her passenger spent the night praying in the bilge; and as for her commander, he left no report. But it is equally certain that when the next dawn spread the iridescence of a pigeon's breast over those empty waters it struck out the hull and spars of Captain Wetherbee's vessel, anchored fair between the tips of two sunken masts.

Captain Wetherbee himself straddled the deck in diving rig, and while a native helper held ready his great gleaming copper helm he mocked a limp, bedraggled, white-faced creature that clung by the rail.

"You'll note for yourself, Brother Seldom," he was saying. "Not a trace of evidence. We've not been spied. The lantern is sunk. These poor cattle haven't a glimmer. Here are we, and there are the pearls, twenty thousand pounds' worth—just overside. Within three hours I'll be off on the pearling banks about my business, and I never heard of any lost steamer. Next week, or any time I choose, I'll be walking the streets of Thursday to hear the news. And who so surprised as Captain Wetherbee, that hard-working man? 'Honest' Wetherbee, with a fortune in his belt to dispose at leisure!"

His pallid face took a diabolic glow in the first sun.

"Except yourself, of course," he

added. "You're evidence. King's evidence. I'm not forgetting you. I'll even give you your chance. Are you coming, old 50 per cent? Yes—down there! With me! Hell—what kind of an adversary do you call yourself? Come on and share. Now's your time to get level and change your luck once for all. Fight it out with me—what? No? Damn it, deacon, I thought you were going to be amusing. I'll knock your silly head in when I come back."

He climbed to the ladder, but a final odd fancy occurred to him, a parting twist to the other's torment; and he summoned the big negro mate.

"You see that fella white man? Mebbe he wants to go below—good; you give him that other suit. Mebbe he raises hell or touches the pump; you knock seven bells out of him. Otherwise no order. You savee?"

Buttermilk saved with a vacant grin. There hung for a moment after the helmet had been locked a single-eyed and monstrous red ghoul of the sea that presently lowered itself and sank.

Wetherbee landed easily on the boat deck of the *Fernshawe* well away aft. It was hardly bright enough as yet above him, and he had to feel his path a foot at a time in somber green twilight. Quick fishes steered to and fro about him, silent and curious witnesses of this invasion. He gave no heed; he had no care of sharks or diamond fish

(Continued on page 30)



Imported from  
Porto Rico



Imported from  
Porto Rico

## Who Discovered RICORO?

"Who discovered Ricoro? My friend Smith," said the architect. "At his home, the other evening, he opened a box of fine, Corona size cigars.

"After we lighted up, I noticed Smith dropping two dimes in his youngster's bank.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"I used to smoke 25c cigars. Now I buy Ricoro at 8c and put the difference in the boy's bank."

"Well, if there's a *difference* in the quality of the cigars, it certainly favors Ricoro," I agreed."

*Sooner or later you'll discover—*

# Ricoro

*the "Self-Made" Cigar*

Ricoro will increase your smoking enjoyment and decrease your cigar expenditures because Ricoro is *imported duty free* from Porto Rico. Ricoro gives you a rich fragrance and a mellow *mildness*, exclusive to tropic-grown cigars.

Ricoro is made in a dozen sizes and shapes,—from 6c to 2-for-25c— simply the question of size. The quality is the same in all.

Sold Only in United Cigar Stores—"Thank You"

## UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

Over 1200 Stores Operated in over 500 Cities. General Offices, New York



Panetela Size—7c  
Box of 50—\$3.50



Invincible Size  
3 for 25c  
Box of 50—\$4.00





# Like Airy Nut Meats

## Whole Grains Puffed to Bubbles

Don't serve Puffed Grains just at mealtime. They are all-day joys in summer.

Boys like them crisped and lightly buttered, to eat like peanuts when at play.

Home-made fudge is light and nut-like with Puffed Rice mixed in. Ice cream is five-fold better with Corn Puffs scattered on it.

And Puffed Grains add to berry dishes what crust adds to a shortcake.

## No July Day Without Them

Let every summer day bring children some Puffed Grain delight. To children they are food confections. To parents they are ideal scientific foods.

They are simply grain foods steam exploded—puffed to eight times former size. Every food cell is blasted, so they easily digest. A fearful heat creates in them a fascinating flavor.

Days should start and end with some Puffed Grain in milk. Between times they will take the place of sweetmeats.

Why serve a less-liked cereal food when everyone prefers these toasted bubble grains?



**With Berries**

Serve with cream and sugar, or mix with your morning fruit.



**Grain Bubbles**

Float in every bowl of milk. No other grain food has such flavor, or so easily digests.

**Puffed  
Rice  
Puffed  
Wheat  
Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c**

**Except in Far West**

or any possible danger, too intent on his errand, too elate and confident.

Balancing on his hands like an acrobat, he crawled over the edge, down to the main deck, and began to explore forward.

In one hand he held a short and heavy steel crowbar, with a fine ground tip. In the other he drew the coils of his life line and air tube. They lengthened after him as he entered by the main companion, passed the door to the saloon, and up a long, dark passage to a thwartship corridor. There, as he had known from a vague and general familiarity with its plan, was the door to the steamer's strong room. The lock proved a trifle in the nip of his powerful jimmy. . . .

WHEN he groped out into the passage, twenty minutes later, he carried, slung to his belt, a sagging canvas bag.

It seemed to him that the ship must have moved in the interval of his search. Some shifting of cargo or fracture of the coral supports had tilted her sharply by the stern. He walked down a noticeable slope, and halfway he met a dead man, sliding on an upward current.

The stranger bobbed into him and went asprawl like a clumsy and apologetic passer-by. His sightless eyes peered into Wetherbee's with mild reproach. Wetherbee thrust him off, and he went bowing and spinning gravely on his course.

Wetherbee cared for no such matters. His nerve remained unshaken, his pulses calm, as befitted a man who had played out the end of a difficult game to rewarded success. But as he resumed his retreat down the passage he caught a glimpse of something surely quite as human and lively as himself.

The light was somewhat stronger now and flooding in through the side panel made a kind of proscenium of the landing by the main companionway. And in that space he descried a dim form facing him there, looking toward him: a man as tall as himself, clad like himself in diving rig—like himself in polished copper helmet. He knew only two helmets of that particular shape and color. One he wore. The other he had left on the deck of the *Fancy Free*,

his spare diving gear. No man of his crew ever could have worn it, for none of them used an apparatus. Therefore he knew that Deacon Selden had come down after all to dispute the prize with him and to claim vengeance on the spot.

He exulted; he could have wished it so and no otherwise. He had meant to kill Selden anyhow. But this was the time and the place and the manner to kill him; a manner to match and to complete his crime as an artistic achievement. One blow on the helmet would crush the fellow's eardrums. And leave no trace—no trace at all! He could bear the body quite openly to Port Kennedy, and even inter it with honors for an unfortunate hand who had died in the line of duty. No trace. Everybody outgeneraled, duped, and defeated and himself free as air.

And the cream of it was: Selden was going to fight! He saw that when he took a stride and the other moved up with him. He stretched out a hand to steady for a rush. So did the other. He swung up his armed fist. The other did the like.

Laughing loud inside his casque, he flung the bar above his head, and went to meet the adversary in crashing impact.

MEANWHILE, above in the sunshine, on the deck of the *Fancy Free*, a limp and wild-eyed gentleman, who had once been deacon in his far past, continued to call abroad with prayerful fervor, if any help might come:

"The wicked man lieth in wait secretly as a lion. . . . Lo, he hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his wrong in his heart. . . . Let him be snared in his own pit: in the net which he hid in his own foot taken. . . . Lord, break Thou the arm of the wicked and the evil man. . . .!"

And when the first luggers came flying from Port Kennedy to the scene of the wreck and the first investigators went below, they found the lifeless body of Captain Wetherbee, the only honest man who had ever come to Thursday Island by sea, who had been drowned there: impaled among the shards and splinters of a broken mirror that had served to mask a saloon door aboard the murdered Brisbane steamer.

## JOHN RUSSELL

ONE morning two years ago, there arrived in this office a story entitled "The Price of the Head." The author's name was John Russell, which meant nothing to us when we began the first sentence and a great deal when we finished the last one. It was the kind of story any magazine is glad to get—a story of the South Seas by a man who had been there and caught the color and romance of it as Kipling a generation ago caught the color and romance of India.

Of course we asked for more stories. Whereupon we got another surprise. The second story was better than the first. And the fourth story, which happened to be called "The Fourth Man," was a perfect corker. We don't doubt that a great many readers of COLLIER'S made a point of saving it.

"THE FOURTH MAN" has a surprise ending. You know the late O. Henry did so many endings with a reverse twist and did them so well that half the short-story writers in the country began to write stories with a reverse twist in the last paragraph. It was as popular as the reverse-twist service in tennis—and in nine cases out of ten it had about as much to do with the story.

But the reverse twist in "The Fourth Man" was an essential part of the idea: it really belonged.

Which is characteristic of John Russell.

When he was fresh from college and doing Sunday stuff for the New York



"Herald," he wrote as many as three stories in a week, and published them under pseudonyms. Now that he has learned his trade it takes him at least three months to write three stories. That causes great pain to his literary agent, but none to the rest of us.

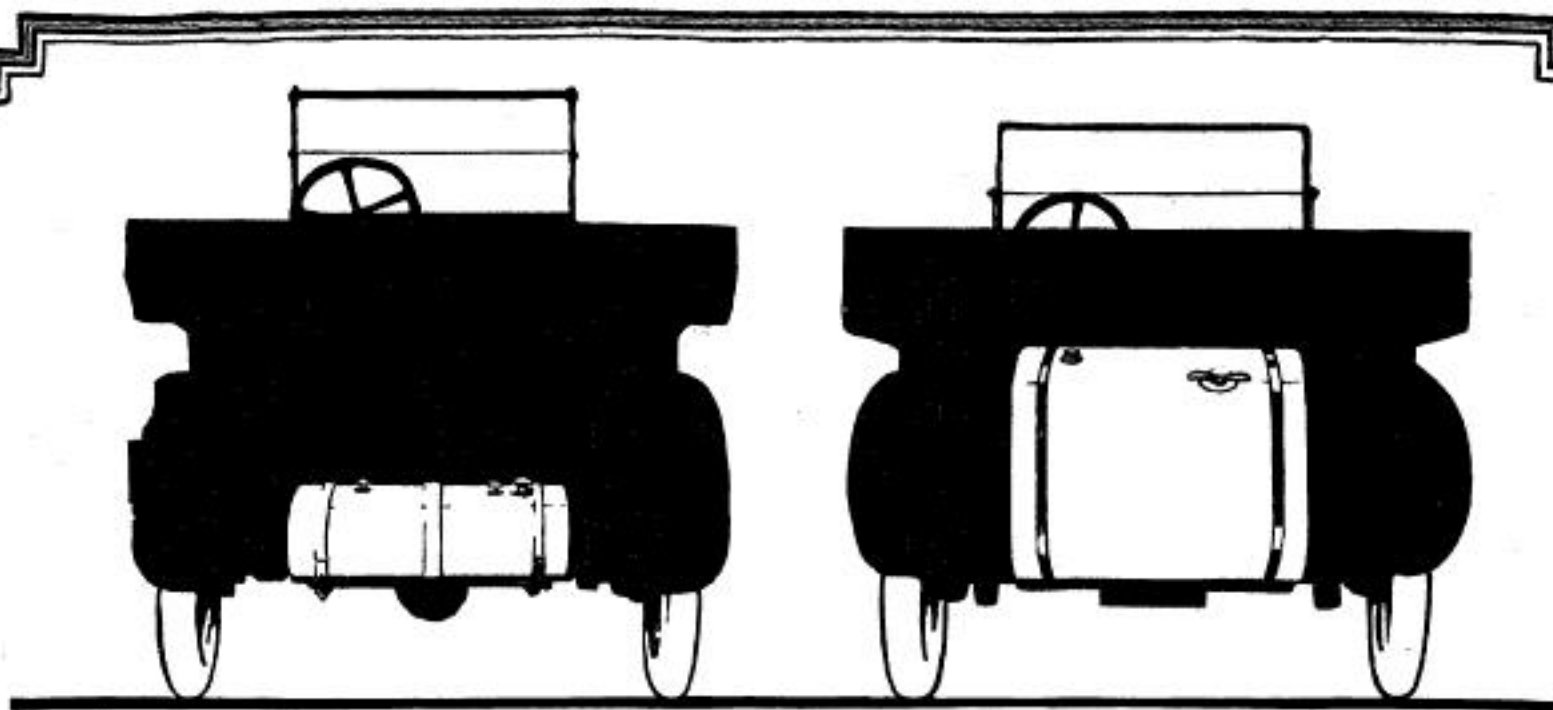
John Russell is still very young—just thirty-three. He was born in Davenport, Iowa, and was graduated from Northwestern University at Evanston. He would probably claim to have got most of his education, however, from association with his father, Charles Edward Russell.

JOHN RUSSELL went from college straight to the staff of the New York "Herald." He worked for six months as a reporter on the daily staff and then for six years on the Sunday staff.

He got his South Seas background on a trip round the world with his father.

There may be a gap in the procession of John Russell stories during the next few months. We print one in this issue of COLLIER'S; we have one more in the office safe; and it is full time a new one came into the office. But John Russell sailed the other day for England on a special mission for the United States Government. And Government missions in war time do not ordinarily leave much time for the ceaseless rewriting which eventually produces the happy perfection of a John Russell story.





## How Big Should the Gasoline Tank Be?

A Motoring Question that Demonstrates Franklin Economy

Suppose you could fill the gasoline tank only once—with 270 miles to go; how big should the tank be?

"It depends on how much gasoline the car burns up"—would naturally be your answer to this question.

Exactly; and your answer leads directly to the reason why the Franklin is the most economical fine car in America.

### The Story Told by the Gasoline Tanks

The Franklin Car (the one on the left in the above picture) because it is scientifically free from unnecessary weight, runs 270 miles on its gasoline tank capacity of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  gallons. This is at the rate of 20 miles to the gallon.

The average heavy car (on the right) to run the same distance, would require a cumbersome gasoline tank holding 27 gallons—at the rate of only 10 miles to the gallon.

Why?

Simply because of the mechanical law—as old as the ages—that weight requires power in proportion to move it. And the more power needed, the more gasoline consumed. Wherever

there is excessive weight, there is friction, wear and drag—and it always shows up in the gasoline tank.

### Weight Means Waste

This question of motor car weight has made people think. The vital national need of the times is economy—in motoring as in everything—and the average heavy and rigid car is handicapped in its attempt to comply with the demand. It is bound to use extra fuel in moving its own excessive weight, while the easy rolling, Scientific Light Weight Franklin, with its flexible construction, delivers the maximum force of its fuel into actual mileage.

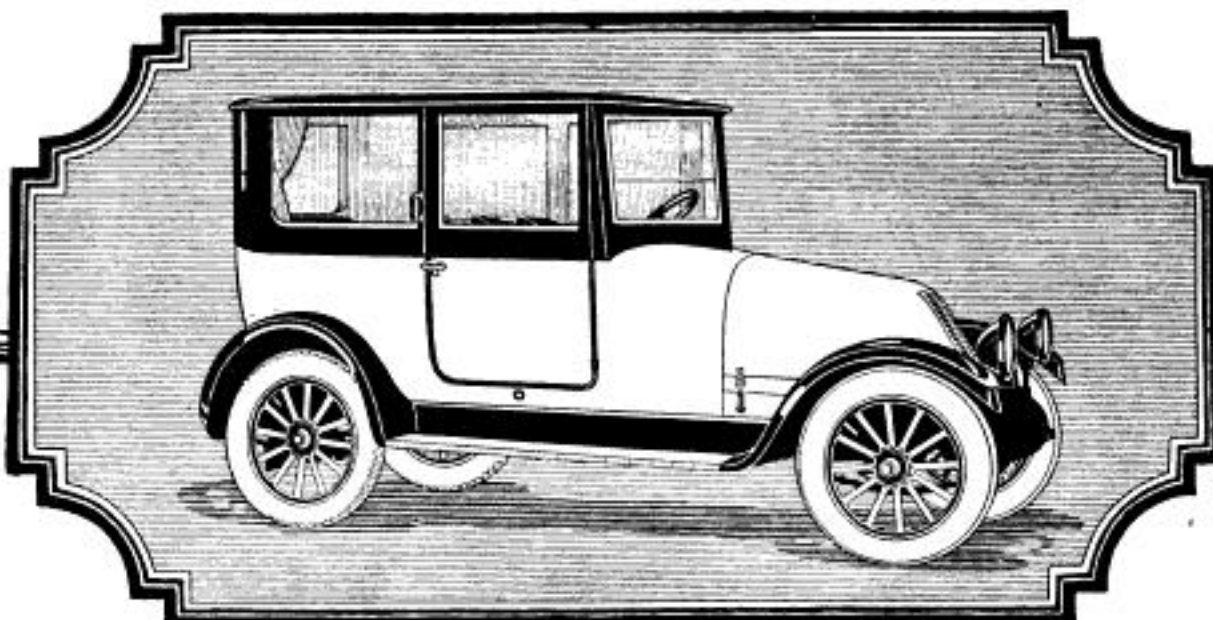
### Light Weight Means Tire Economy

The same fundamentals decide tire-results. Heavy weight and rigidity pound out tires before their time. Franklin Light Weight and Flexibility allow them to deliver the full mileage that is in them.

Motorists are no longer blind to the handicaps of weight. They are aware that they may be expressed in terms of dollars and cents, and people today are not throwing money away, in the upkeep costs of a wasteful motor car. They are demanding motor car efficiency that at least is comparable to the Franklin facts of daily performance—

*20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10  
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000*

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Constipation is no respecter of ages. Your health, whatever your period and condition of life, depends largely on the regularity with which your system gets rid of the poisonous ashes of your body fuel.

NUJOL makes you regular as clockwork—without pain. It is gentle and sure, relieves without loss of appetite, and without weakening the delicate mechanism of the body.

You have only one body—you owe it the best treatment. In other words—NUJOL—the *rational* treatment for constipation.

**It is absolutely harmless. Try it.**

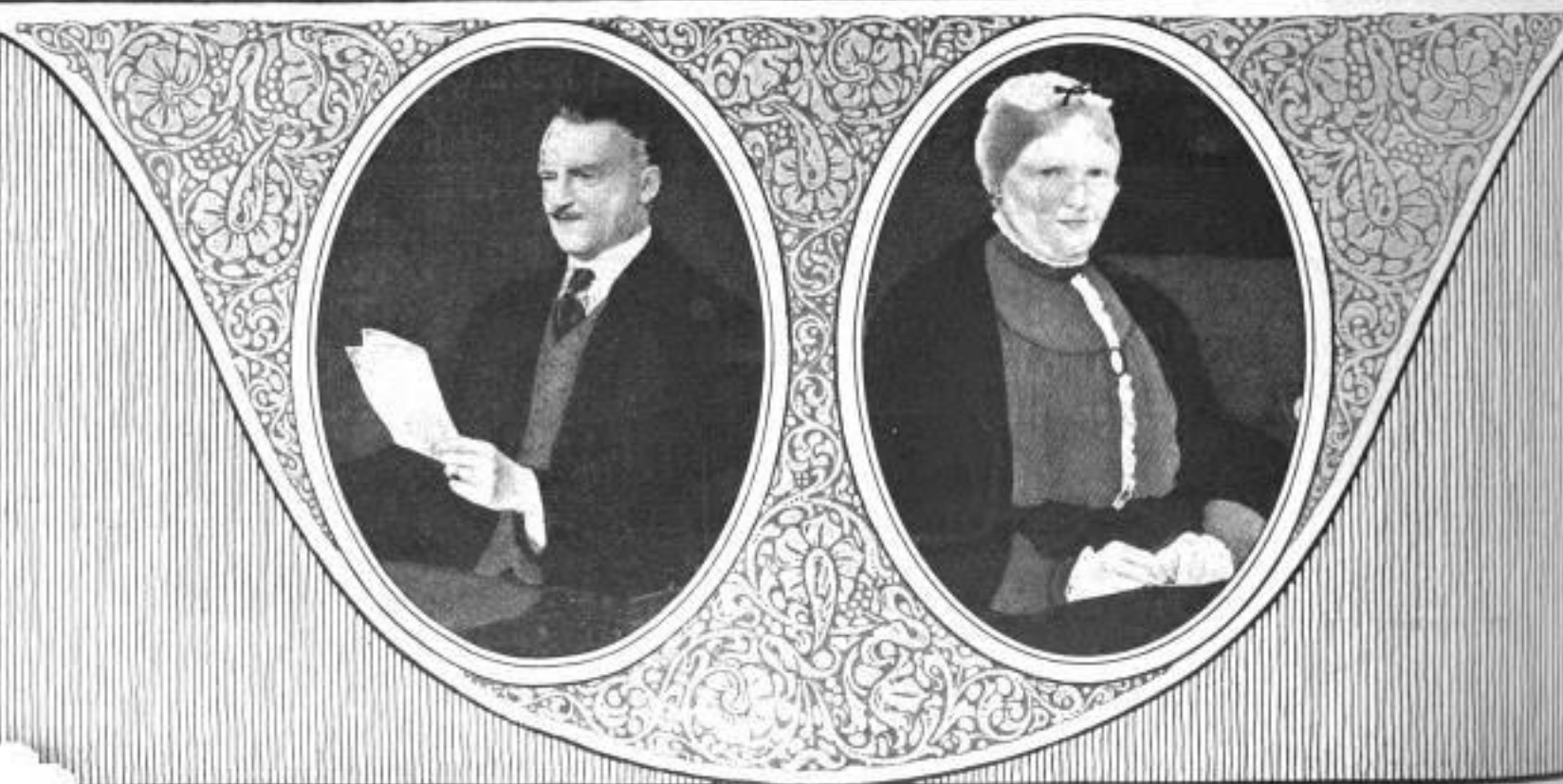
All drug stores in U. S. and Canada. In bottles only bearing NUIOL trademark. Never in bulk.

Send 50c and we will ship new kit size to U. S. soldiers and sailors anywhere. Write for free booklet.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)  
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

# Nujol

## *for constipation*





## Serbia on the Rack

Continued from page 11

that revolt over 20,000 persons were killed, although there were at most 3,000 concerned in it and the rest were unarmed.

### Deportations

OVER the head of every Serb in the country there hangs perpetually a sword of Damocles—worse than death, worse than all the misery their oppressors can inflict on them in their homes: the fear of deportation and internment.

It is difficult to write of the Serbian deportations. They are a sentence of slow death, with every kind of degradation and torture crowded into the space that intervenes between arrest and the final merciful release. The Jews of old left no such records of bondage in Babylon as the Serbs have to show of their captivity in Austria, in Hungary, in Bulgaria, and in Asia Minor. It is impossible to tell precisely how many Serbian civilians—men, women, and children, of all ages and all ranks—have been deported. Both Austria and Bulgaria discreetly refrain from issuing exact lists of their captives, in order (as a Serbian official report has it) to prevent the world ever finding out what a small number of them will return alive to their country. The number, however, is probably at least 150,000 by now in Austria alone. In the camp at Braunau there were over 35,000; how many survive I cannot say. The number there was heavily reduced by an epidemic of dysentery, which carried off nearly all the children in the camp. According to the statement made last October in the Vienna Reichsrat by the Dalmatian deputy, Dr. Tresic-Pavicic, who had himself been confined as a "hostage" in some of the camps, over 8,000 people perished of disease, starvation, and maltreatment in the camp at Doboij alone.

### Germany Acquiesces

BULGARIA carries out the deportations on an even more wholesale scale than Austria. She takes not merely individuals, but families; not merely families, but whole villages. In the Reichsrat not long ago, Dr. Ribar, a Slovene deputy, stated that from the vicinity of Nish alone over 30,000 persons had been carried away by the Bulgars to the deserts of Asia Minor, and many other reports confirm his words. The Serbian Government authorities reckon, from the facts in their possession, that up to the end of 1916 the Bulgars had already deported at least 10,000 families. There are burned and ruined villages in Serbia where there are no inhabitants left whatever, save a few Turks to whom the confiscated property of the deported or massacred Serbs has been leased by the Bulgarian Government. It should be clearly understood that this desolation has nothing in common with the conditions in northern France. The tide of war itself has not touched this part of Serbia, and the destruction has been carried out solely against the civilians, chiefly women, children, and a few old men at that.

The blackest of all the crimes connected with deportation has been committed by Bulgaria. She has handed over to the Turks thousands of young Serbian girls, chiefly between the ages of ten and fourteen years. There can be only one purpose in this. The children are too young to be of any good for laboring uses. M. Pachitch, the Prime Minister of Serbia, in making a statement about this crime, did not disguise his knowledge of the object for which the children had been carried off. The thing is being worked out quite systematically, the girls generally being kidnapped and taken away in secret. Many of these children have thrown themselves from the moving trains in which they were being taken to Constantinople, rather than face the fate that awaited them there. There is every indication of German acquiescence, if not of direct German complicity, in this iniquity; but as Maurice de Waleffe, writing in the Paris "Journal," said bitterly:

"William is playing a safe game. He knows that if we enter Germany we shall not take eight thousand little German girls from ten to fourteen years old and distribute them among our 'Senegalese!'"

So much for the Serbian dead, and the worse than dead. What of those left behind?

The others are removed by sheer force from the ranks of their nation; but in those who survive the occupying powers

are seeking to destroy the very sense of nationality. In other words, while there may be human beings left alive in Serbia at the end of the war (though God knows there will not be many), they will not be recognizable as Serbs if Austria and Bulgaria can prevent it.

Next to comprehensive massacre there is no more sure way of destroying a nationality than by killing its language. On this point Vienna and Sofia are at one.

Austria has ordered the confiscation of all specifically Serbian books, including the magnificent collections of traditional ballads, the greatest pride of Serbian culture. The Cyrillic alphabet in use in Serbia has been forbidden and the Latin substituted. All Serbian teachers in the schools have been replaced by either Austrians or Magyars, who are educating the children as subjects of the Austrian Emperor, destroying their consciousness of Serb nationality and tampering with their religion.

Bulgaria has, as usual, gone even further in this respect than her ally. She has inaugurated a systematic destruction of all Serbian literature. Not only every printed book, but ancient manuscripts in the monasteries, the only records preserved since Serbia's medieval days of greatness, have been confiscated and turned over to Bulgarian paper factories to be used for pulp. In the Bulgar paper, "Utro," of April 26, 1916, there appeared the following paragraph:

"The Ministry of Commerce has just published a decree that all books found in the new provinces [i. e., the occupied territories of the Kingdom of Serbia] will, instead of being simply destroyed, be handed over to the National Printing Office. They will then be used as raw material for the manufacture of paper and paid for at the rate of 15 stotinki [3 cents] the kilogram [2 pounds]."

One and a half cents a pound for the ancient and splendid literature of Serbia!

The Serbian Bible has met with the same fate. However, lest in this way the morals of Serbia be endangered, the pious Bulgar has exported such quantities of Bulgarian Bibles into Serbia that some time ago there was not one to be had in the Sofia bookshops. The magazine "Zornitza" of February 8, 1917, explains that "new copies have been ordered from Constantinople and from Berlin, but the railway authorities are unable, through pressure of work, to transport them!" The Bulgars are even forcing the Serbs to change their surnames—that is, to alter the characteristic Serbian termination "ic" into the Bulgar "off." Names of business firms, of shop signs, and of streets in the Serbian cities are all being treated in this way, in addition to the names of private individuals.

In the Serbian territory under Bulgar control the Bulgarian language is compulsory in the schools. All Serbian teachers have been killed or deported; the children are being educated entirely as Bulgars, and the war explained to them from the standpoint of the nation that has murdered their fathers and outraged their mothers. It is easy to see that a few more years of this may well result in a young generation growing up which will indeed believe itself to be Bulgar and not Serb, the more readily in that for so many of these children there is no influence left to preserve in their hearts their Serbian heritage. Their parents are gone—to death or captivity; and even the priests have all been taken away or murdered, and Bulgar priests sent to Serbia in their stead.

### Economic Destruction

IT goes without saying that both the occupying powers are doing their utmost to insure the full economic exploitation of Serbia to their own advantage. Austria has issued an order reducing Serbian currency to half the value of Austrian. This works out at more than a 50 per cent depreciation, since, owing to the superior quality of the metal, the Serbian dinar normally stands higher than the Austrian crown. Forced exchange of Serbian for Austrian currency and widespread buying up of Serbian money by Austrians are proving a valuable speculation for the enemy. Bulgaria has forbidden altogether the circulation of Serbian money, and even punishes anyone found in pos-



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# GEM

## DAMASKEENE

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## Khaki Service Outfit

The GEM is the popular razor in the Army and Navy—the new **Military Khaki Outfit** is specially designed to meet the requirements of the fighting man—more compact, more complete, more efficient than ever. Folds into the smallest possible space—no weight, no bother—always ready to give the quickest, smoothest, easiest shave, wherever you are—in camp, on the boat, in the trenches—anywhere.

**Note**—The indispensable **Stropping Handle** is a part of the outfit—it's a money saver—keeps blades smooth, sharp, keen-cutting all the time. No need to throw away a Gem Blade. Blades in sealed, waxed paper wrapped package—dust, rust and dull proof, in every climate and under every condition.

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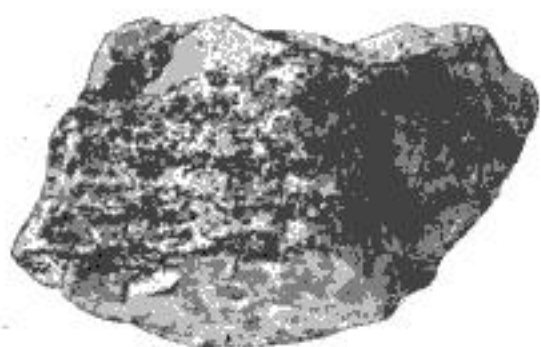
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Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York  
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Complete  
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# ZINC ORE

Here and there throughout the country Nature hid away a metal so essential to mankind that a great American industry has grown up around it. *This metal is Zinc.*

Zinc protects the millions of miles of telegraph and telephone wires from rust. It gives greater weather resistance to paint. It puts the durability into automobile tires. Without Zinc there would be no such metal as brass. Zinc is used in dyes, dentistry, medicine, batteries and glass—its uses are almost endless.

The New Jersey Zinc Company is the pioneer in the development of Zinc. Its mines and smelters are located wherever the best Zinc Ore is obtainable. Its processes are the result of 70 years of experience and research.

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session of such currency. The result, in both sections of the country, has been to reduce well-to-do and poor alike to the same dead level of destitution. By a decree of the Austrian military authorities the moratorium established by the Serbian Government at the outbreak of war has been abolished. Under this decree, German and Austrian creditors (only) can legally claim immediate payment of their debts, plus 6 per cent interest in rapid installments, payments to be made in either Austrian or Serbian money, the latter being rated at half its nominal value. In case of a Serbian debtor being unable to pay his debts, or being absent from Serbia, the authorities liquidate his business and sell his effects. Such sales have been going on since the beginning of 1917. The whole scheme is a legalized plundering of Serbian commerce, with a view to its extinction and replacement by Austrian and German trade. The land is being exploited in every conceivable way, not only as regards its present wealth but in respect to its future resources. Thus the magnificent forests are being ruthlessly destroyed. Of the great state forest of Rogot not a tree remains. The forests of Tara and Rudnik are in like case: mere barren wastes of dead stumps. Here again there can hardly be any question of military necessity, for Austria possesses enormous forest wealth of her own; and in any case the use of forests for practical purposes does not involve the cutting down of every tree, young and old.

Plundering, looting, robbery of every sort, official and unofficial, are rife. Food supplies are commandeered by the enemy authorities, and the small proportion that is sold back to the population that produced it is offered at exorbitant prices, which again are doubled for those whose sole resources are in Serbian money. The land is largely lying idle, partly for want of man power to till it, but more often for want of the plows which Bulgaria has stolen from the women left alone on the farms. Private property (particularly that of absentees) is confiscated, or looted without even the semblance of judicial sanction implied in confiscation. Under Bulgarian rule, all property of absentees (whether these absentees be dead, exiled, serving in the Serbian army, or deported by the Bulgars themselves) has been declared "ownerless" (a term, needless to say, not recognized in international law), and sold for the benefit of the Bulgarian treasury. Advertisements of such sales are constantly to be found in the Bulgarian newspapers. There is no discrimination as to kind or quality: I have read advertisements of the sale of everything—from perfumes to Serbian tombstones. Even the dead are robbed of their identity. The people are reduced to the last level of starvation and misery. How any of them manage to live at all is a matter for wonder to those who know the conditions. No food is being sent in to them from the outside. Since the American Red Cross Mission, and finally the Swiss Committee, were obliged to cease their importation of food, the remaining Serbs are dependent on the rations left them after the enemy authorities have satisfied themselves; and the latter are taking every measure to insure that as many as possible shall die of slow starvation. Since the people are not allowed to sell to each other at all, but only to the military authorities, there is practically no exchange of produce between the different sections of the country. People in the cattle-raising districts can get no grain, and those in the grain lands no meat, etc. What can be the future of children reared under such conditions? In most cases death; in the rest, disease or impaired faculties, or both.

## No Justice or Mercy

THE spiritual oppression is worse than the material. Everything that can be devised to destroy the soul of the Serbian people is being done. Nothing is omitted which could lower their vitality, kill their self-respect, sap their courage, and reduce them to the level of blind and helpless slavery. In the territory under Bulgaria the Serbian language is not even permitted in private correspondence. There is neither law nor justice for the Serbs, neither mercy nor charity. In the part of the country under Austria there are law courts of sorts, but there is no instance recorded of an Austrian being punished for an offense against a Serb. In the two-thirds of Serbia administered by Bulgaria there was until recently not one single judicial court in

operation. Now a court has been established at Nish, which is ironically supposed to serve the whole country. In the villages the police are vested with all powers of life and death; and any disreputable little gendarme, raked up from the mud, may sentence and execute any Serb, man, woman, or child, upon whom his displeasure falls, for the most trifling misdemeanor. In the cities such privileges belong to the army officers and noncommissioned officers.

"In the Prefecture of Police at Belgrade" (I quote from the terrible memorandum presented by the Serbian Social Democrats to the International Socialist Committee at Stockholm) "a certain Lieutenant Wiedmann enjoys unlimited power over the lives and liberties of all the inhabitants. It depends only on his tyranny whether any given inhabitant of Belgrade is arrested, cuffed, beaten with a stick, and, above all, interned. . . . All Belgrade has—and that often in the literal sense of the word—passed through the hands of this gendarme, from ex-ministers to the humblest day laborer. . . . Serbia knows no personage more hateful than this tyrant—which circumstance has not prevented him from retaining his post ever since the beginning of the occupation. It is, therefore, not a case of an exception or an accidental mistake, but, on the contrary, this horrible individual personifies an entire system."

## None to Return?

THE Serbian official figures for last August gave 100,000 (65,000 fighting men) as the number of men left in the Serbian army, which entered the war with 465,000. These men represent practically the whole able-bodied manhood of Serbia that remains free. Among the 30,000 refugees scattered over Europe there are older men, invalids and young boys, but almost no others. Of the deportees carried off by the enemy, we cannot in reason anticipate the return of more than a tiny percentage—the conditions under which they are being held are too bad. For the resumption of the life of Serbia after the war there remains then, in addition to that heroic remnant of an army in Macedonia, practically nothing of the grown manhood of the nation but the prisoners of war held by Austria and Bulgaria. What of their chance of return?

Last year the Paris paper "Le Temps" organized an inquiry into the condition of these Serbian prisoners. Its representative in Switzerland carried out an exhaustive interrogation of exchanged and escaped prisoners, neutral and other reliable witnesses. Here is his description, compiled from sworn depositions, of a camp in Germany where some of the Serbian prisoners were held:

"There were about 4,000 Serbs at the prisoners' camp at Königsbrück (Saxony). They were mere skin and bone, and they were clothed in rags. They were housed in a field by themselves, divided from those of the prisoners of other Allied nations by a high barbed-wire fence. No one was allowed to communicate with them. The food they were given was disgraceful: 'coffee,' clear soup without any taste, and a piece of bread. That was all. At first the French and British prisoners contrived to convey bread and jam, tobacco and underclothing to them. But the commandant of the camp forbade them to give anything to their unhappy comrades. None the less, the Allied soldiers, touched by the extreme misery of the Serbs, continued to pass a little food to them by night and by stealth. The military authorities sentenced every 'guilty' British or French soldier to a fortnight in the cells. The Serbs were treated even worse than the Russians. . . . There was one punishment specially reserved for them: they were loaded with sacks filled with pebbles and forced to run round the barracks, or they were compelled to sit down and rise again alternately till they broke down under the load. Several hundred prisoners died of hunger and exhaustion in that camp."

If possible, the Austrian camps are still worse. At Mauthausen, which is a veritable hell on earth, over 7,000 had died by May, 1917. One man who escaped from there relates that prisoners could constantly be seen digging up bones which had been thrown on the refuse heaps, and pulling up grass for food. Tuberculosis, which is rife everywhere among the prisoners of the Central Powers, has played havoc with the Serbs, and has killed more of them than any other disease, though at one camp 9,000 died of typhus in one week in 1916.



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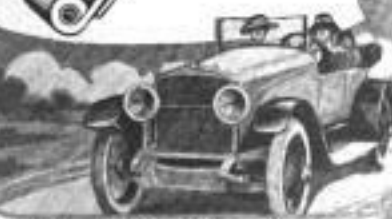
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Here are a few lines from a Russian report, made by M. Novoseloff, of the "Vecerne Vremya," who visited the concentration camps:

"Dysentery, typhus, and spotted typhus are raging among the Serbs . . . apart from numerous cases of nephritis and tuberculosis due to exposure. Rarely is there a day on which there are fewer than fifty to sixty deaths. In the huts the people are crowded together without regard to age or sex. The filth is indescribable, and the warders beat and drive them to work, both children and sick." (This, as the text shows, was a mixed camp, for both soldiers and civilians.)

Of the 154,630 Serbian prisoners taken by Austria and Bulgaria up to February 1, 1917, between 50,000 and 60,000 had died by last fall; and the number must be considerably higher now.

If the war lasts much longer, there will indeed be none of them left to come home; and at best those who do return will be too hopelessly wrecked to be of further service to their country.

#### Serbia's Soul

SUCH are the sacrifices which Serbia has made, and is daily making, in the common cause. These present conditions are infinitely worse, infinitely more destructive of racial identity than anything Serbia had to suffer at the hands of the Turks in days gone by; and the ancient influences—the church and the great traditional poetry—which sustained the national spirit through the centuries of Turkish oppression, are being killed. In the old days there were at the worst always the priests and the *guslari* (the wandering minstrels who chanted the old heroic ballads) to remind the people of their great past and to preserve their faith in a free future. Now there is nothing left to help them but their own individual courage. Yet from their lips we hear no hint of surrender, no whisper of peace. If Serbia survives, it will be by virtue of nothing in the world but her own unconquerable soul.

#### Man-Power

Continued from page 7

3. Use more women in industry.
4. Bring in the Chinese.
5. Self-denial. Do without. Economize man power by refraining from the use of luxuries which consume man power. Go on a war basis and consume only necessities.

The idea of drafting all men from the age of sixteen or eighteen up to fifty or sixty, and putting into war work all those not already engaged in some essential industry, is considered more seriously at Washington than the country generally realizes. Various bills providing for some variation of this plan have been introduced. Senator Cummins has advocated it. Senator McCumber made a quite impassioned speech in favor of it. At the time of writing, two State legislatures have passed such a law, and a third is considering it. In Congress the idea is put forth more and more frequently and with increasing vehemence. It has now reached such a point that it is going to be debated seriously. Unless other remedies appear, it may be put in force. Senator Cummins has called on the members of the Cabinet and General Crowder to "confer and report to the Senate" as complete information as they have concerning the country's man power. Among other things, he calls for:

"How many men are there, fit for military service or for labor, not within draft age, who are now employed in hurtful, unnecessary, or nonuseful occupations, and what are these occupations?"

"How many men are there, fit for military service or for labor, not within draft age, who do not work regularly in any occupation?"

#### The Last Resort, Conscription

NOW, this method of remedying the shortage is statistically convincing, but in other respects undesirable. Senator McCumber read into the record an impressive tabulation of the quantity of man power engaged in trades which are not essential to winning the war, or not engaged in any trade. But this arbitrary way of treating the case by Government fiat ought to be a last resort.

There is a way of attaining the same end by voluntary action on the part of the consuming public. Government compulsion does not make for good spirit.



*How well acquainted are you with yourself?*

A busy man has little chance, these days, to get acquainted with himself.

I know whereof I speak. I welcome, now and then, a "lonely" evening. Just the two of us together—for a candid "inventory"—Robert Burns and I.

I've come to fix a high appraisal on these quiet hours when Robert Burns and I take stock of what I am, in order, thus, to find out what I *may* be, if I will!

Smoke Robert Burns a month—you'll be convinced that he's peculiarly equipped to be a kind of Mentor to the thoughtful man who smokes.

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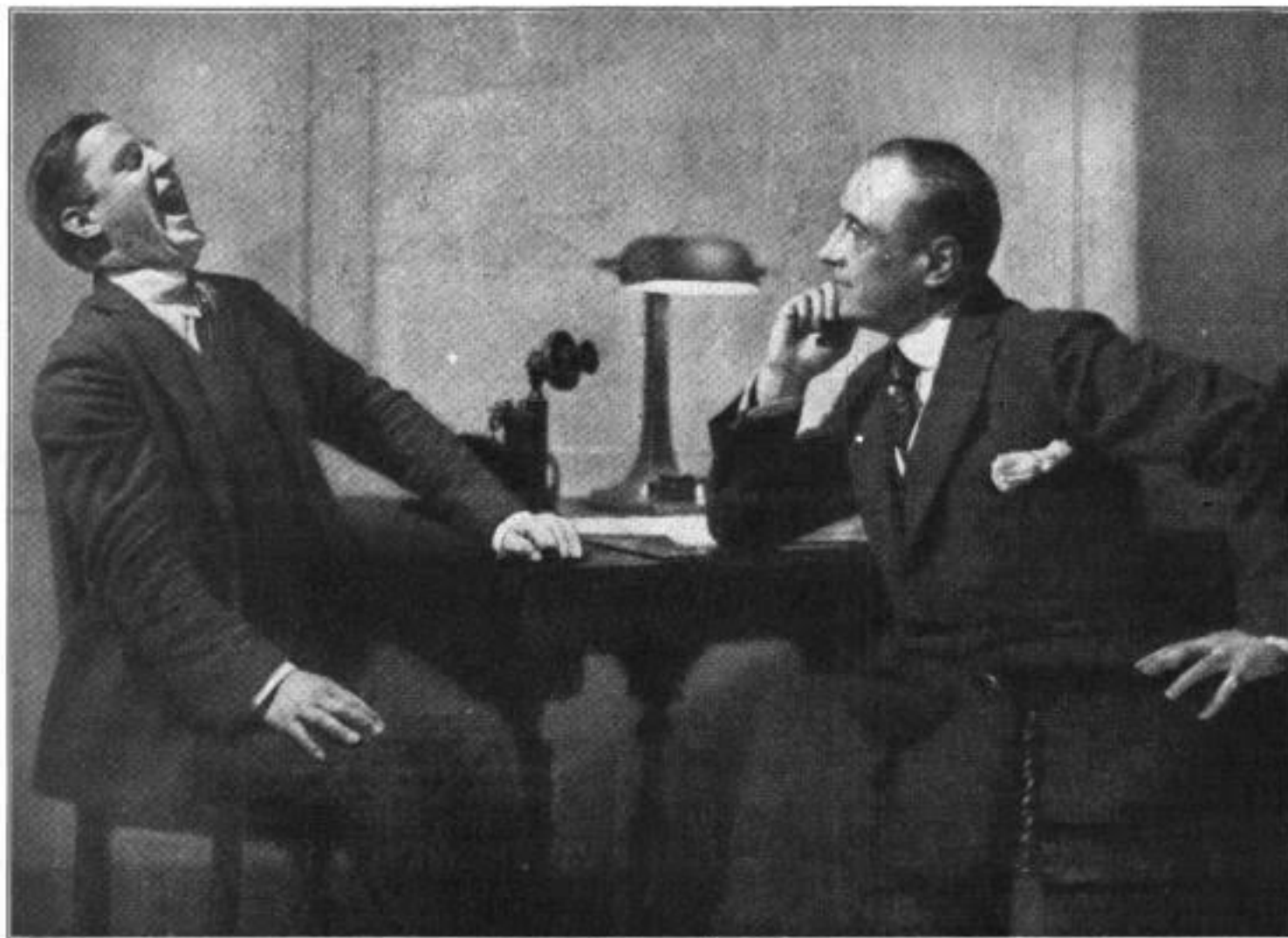
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## What made Johnson laugh—

QUINN hitched uneasily in his chair. "I wish, Johnson," he said, "that you insurance men wouldn't use the word 'risk' to describe my property. It's an unpleasant word and I don't like the sound of it."

"Everything we insure is a 'risk,'" said Johnson.

"Yes, I know; but it isn't a fair name for a place like mine. Just consider this property a moment: Here I've got concrete walls and floors, wire-glass windows, isolated stairways and elevator-shafts. What does the risk of fire amount to here?"

"You're paying a rate of \$1.00 per hundred aren't you?" asked Johnson.

"Yes."

"Well, there are half a dozen firms in town that are paying only 25 cents. Some of them only 10 cents."

"Yes, that's what makes me so sore," snapped Quinn. "There is Henry Simpson, on the other side of the river: He's got a brick-and-wood plant that is forty years old and he's getting a rate of 30 cents. I can't see the reasonableness of it."

"That means that your plant is about three times as liable to burn up as his," said Johnson.

"But *why?*" persisted Quinn. "Look at those dry old wooden floors of his and that mass of kindling in his shipping-room. Why, I could go over there and strike a match and the place would be a heap of smoking ashes in twenty minutes."

Johnson threw back his head and roared.

"That's pretty good! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Why, man, if you started a fire in his place you'd stand a good chance of getting half drowned in about two minutes!"

"Go try it some time and see! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Take a piece of oily waste and light it with your precious match and

throw it into that room full of kindling and see what happens!"

"In about half a minute you will have a cheerful blaze about the size of a barrel, but there will be a little click up near the ceiling and your nice little fire will be deluged with a drenching down-pour of rain, the alarm-bells will be ringing all over the plant automatically, and the Fire Department will be coming on the run!"

"Is that what happened over there when that crazy little Austrian—"

"Yes," chuckled Johnson. "When Simpson started in on Government orders, that little Austrian conceived it to be his loyal Austrian duty to burn the place up. He started two lively fires—and automatic sprinklers nabbed both of them on the spot."

"Yes, I can see that Simpson would have to have sprinklers in his plant because it is full of fire-hazards. But here in this plant of mine there isn't a fire-hazard to be found anywhere!"

Again Johnson laughed. "I'm afraid you couldn't get a job as an inspector of fire-risks. You don't know a fire-hazard when you see one."

"But tell me—just tell me: how can this reinforced-concrete building burn down?"

"It can't; but what of it? Neither can a stove burn down. But you can have a lovely hot fire in a stove and you can have a lovely hot fire in this concrete grate of yours."

### Why it is called a "Risk"

"To begin with, consider your neighbors: This man to the west of you keeps his oil-tank close to the boundary-line; on the north there's a fellow with an old wooden mill; on the east is the railroad with its sparks and embers and all kinds of cargoes; across the street is a row of tenements with all kinds of tenants, and rubbish in every cellar. Such

exposure-hazards account for 28 per cent. of all the fires.

"Then comes friction—hot bearings, overheated belts in the presence of oil. And you've got lubricating oil and oily waste, a favorite cause of spontaneous combustion.

### Risk, Risker, Riskiest

"You've got hot steam-pipes and radiators, and you can't be sure that garments or inflammable goods will not be placed next to them. Then there's lightning and sparks which are responsible for 7 per cent. of the fire-loss in America. Matches and tobacco, of course. Gasoline and paint. Defective or worn-out electric-wiring.

"And finally the unknown causes which are more than 25 per cent. of them all.

"There's nothing in this world that will prevent fires from occurring, even in the best-regulated property."

"You make it seem rather hopeless," said Quinn.

"No, not at all. While there's no infallible protection against fires *starting*, there is absolute protection against fires *spreading*.

"You must adopt the remedy. With this fine building your rate will be about 12 cents, if you put in sprinklers. The average fire-loss under sprinklers is negligible."

"They cost too much," ventured Quinn.

Johnson looked at him shrewdly. "Don't theorize—*get the figures*," he said. "Why, man, sprinklers will earn money for you! You can't afford to be without them, and you can't afford to get any but the best. Send for a copy of the Grinnell Exemption Blanks and let them tell you how much sprinklers will *save you in cash* each year."

Now, Mr. Reader, to get the figures, just write to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 288 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Moreover, Government compulsion, "conscription of labor," so called, would not be as effective in the final net result as appears in the figures. An unwilling worker is not a good worker. I should like to hear from Maryland just how many men have been added to that State's labor supply by the law putting slackers and idlers to work. (New York State put a similar law into effect the first of the present month.) Not many farmers or other employers would care much for workers who came to work merely because the Government had ordered them there under threat of punishment. There is a better way than Government compulsion. It will be described later. That method ought to be adopted voluntarily. If it is not, Government compulsion is likely to be.

### U. S.—Employment Agent

THE second of the proposed remedies, the measures for preventing wastage in labor, for making more economic and continuous use of it, are not proposals; they are accomplished facts. There are two institutions just beginning to function in Washington which are epochal innovations. One is the National War Labor Board, of which ex-President Taft is a member. This board may not bring the millennium; on the other hand, it most decidedly is not merely one more of the many "boards" and "committees" whose efforts to do away with strikes have been more or less futile. An index of the power inherent in it is to be seen in the fact that it involves an assent on the part of great corporations which have fought organized labor for years to cease that policy and refrain from opposing the organization of labor in their shops. The War Labor Board will do away with the greatest cause of wastage in labor—strikes.

Neither the War Labor Board nor the other great innovation, the United States Employment Service, can be adequately described in this article. Of the scope of the latter, a suggestion can be given in the fact that within a few weeks there will probably not be a private employment agent (of the sort that supplies factories) left in the United States. Formally or informally, every private employment agent is going to be outlawed. The United States will be the single agent. It will act through the bureau of the Department of Labor which is known as the United States Employment Service. A partial picture of the nature of it may be had from these words written by one of the men in charge of it, Mr. Roger W. Babson:

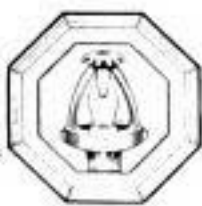
"The United States Employment Service is one of the great industrial machines which the war has placed in full operation. It should and will eliminate the independent employment bureaus just as the great modern water systems have eliminated the old private wells and cisterns. . . .

"Just as a central authority must mobilize and distribute our military forces, a central authority must mobilize and distribute our industrial army, and the sooner the individual manufacturer accepts this fact the sooner he will find the proper kind of labor. The old private employment bureau has no place in our war-industrial scheme. Its existence means uneconomic competition for labor, unnecessary costs to both employers and workers, and reduction of efficiency. A Pittsburgh employer not long ago obtained a number of machinists in Detroit through a private agency in the latter city. The train bearing these men to Pittsburgh passed another bound from Pittsburgh to Detroit with an equal number of machinists on board. In Norfolk employment agents bid against each other for men already employed in essential industries and swept the near-by farms bare of labor. . . . The situation was rapidly becoming intolerable when the United States Employment Service stepped in."

This is not the expression of a Utopian scheme. It is an existing and rapidly growing institution. All the shipyards in the United States get their labor through it. The Western railroads have adopted its plan. These and other employers have adopted it because it is an obvious refuge, and probably the only refuge under present conditions, against mutual suicide, the plan of tempting labor away from each other by bidding constantly higher and higher wages.

### What Woman Labor Adds

THE third remedy, the use of women in labor, is to a degree in operation already. It has only begun; but as one of the authorities on this subject, Mr.



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Josephine Goldmark, says, "we are undoubtedly on the threshold of great innovations." It would be most interesting to try to forecast the social changes that are likely to come to the American people through these innovations. Our ways of looking at things, our mental habits, are going to be changed. The one central, imperative restraint which must be observed throughout this process of taking more women into industry is this: the opportunity and capacity of these women to have families should not be curtailed. No panicky sense of emergency should blind us to that consideration. France is in a much worse situation than we. Her need of man power is much more urgent. France has put under arms 9,000,000 men, out of a total population of less than 40,000,000. (For us to do as much in proportion to population would give us an army of 20,000,000.) France's need of man power is ghastly. But she has seen her lesson. She is careful to safeguard her employment of women so as not to make it difficult to raise children. France is careful to make it easy for women to be war workers and mothers too. Indeed, she adds a premium to the pay of mothers. Among the official instructions issued by the French Minister of Munitions concerning the employment of women in war industries are these:

"Every establishment engaged in the manufacture of materials for national defense is required to provide a nursing room supplied with cradles, reserved exclusively for breast-fed babies."

"Every mother, whether paid by the day or otherwise, nursing her infant at the breast shall receive a bonus of ten francs per month and also a premium of 25 per cent of her basic wage."

As to the quantity that we may add to our man power by the employment of women in war work, the probability is that it will not be as large as may be apparent. Of course we already see many women in unfamiliar occupations. But do these represent any actual increase in our net man power? For the most part they represent merely a diversion of women from one occupation to another. The women whom one sees as conductors on the street railways in New York, or as elevator tenders, or in the machine shops of Bethlehem, are practically all women who have formerly been employed in textile mills or elsewhere. The only employment of women that will add anything to our man power is the employment of women who have not formerly been engaged in any occupation.

#### After Ships—the Chinese Question

THE Chinese suggestion generally expresses itself in the large and off-hand phrase of its advocates: "Bring in a million Chinese." That suggestion will be very widely urged a year or so from now. It is going to be one of the principal topics of public discussion. It may very well become an acute political issue. It has already appeared in various measures introduced into Congress. A good many chambers of commerce have passed resolutions favoring it. A good many articles could be, and later on will be, written about this one phase of our man-power question. For the present year, and probably also for the following year, the Chinese suggestion, as a practical matter, is easily disposed of. The answer is ships. Or rather the answer is no ships. If we had the ships to bring in a million Chinese across the Pacific Ocean, we would not bring them in. We would use the ships to carry three million soldiers across the Atlantic Ocean. Right at our doors, in our own territory, in Porto Rico, there is a surplus of 75,000 laborers who would like to come. But there are no ships to bring them. For our own Virgin Islands there is a surplus of 10,000 man power. Lack of ships disposes of the Chinese proposal for the present. A year or two from now, if the war is still on, and when—or if—our shipping situation is easier, the advocacy of the Chinese suggestion will be on us. Powerful instincts of selfishness will press it on us. It is the easiest way. It is the way of self-indulgence. It is the way that promises to let us have our accustomed luxuries. It is the way that makes self-denial less imperative. It seems to open a way to fight the war, and at the same time have our luxuries. It seems to open a way for the individual to do his part in the war by hiring a Chinaman, instead of by individual self-sacrifice.

The final and best way of meeting the famine in man power is by avoid-



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The "YANKEE" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver makes an excellent push drill, too. Attachments obtainable: Chuck and 8 Drill Points; Screw-holder Bit; Screw-eye Holder; Countersink.

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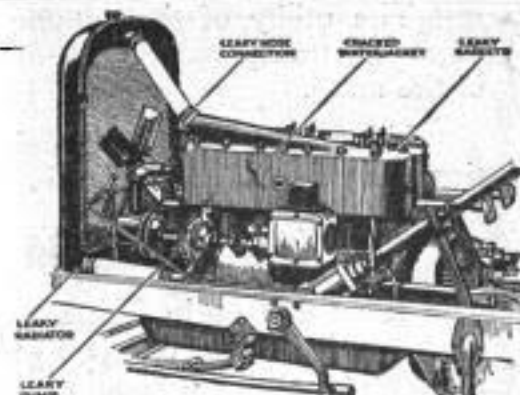
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ing the consumption of man power. We must first of all understand the problem. We must then build on that understanding a great national, spontaneous, voluntary movement in the direction of not using a pound or a yard of any commodity that is not absolutely necessary to well-being. We must first understand that every commodity we use is based on man power. We must understand that every minute an electric light is turned up is just that much consumption of man power in the power station, on the railroad that brought the coal to the station, and in the mine where the coal was dug. We must realize that

that man power is sorely needed to fight the war, and that just in so far as we refrain from using it we are giving it to the nation for war. We must understand that the same is true of everything we eat or wear. We must carry this thought with us every waking minute. It must be a purpose ever present and continuous. The achievement of it must be a point of pride. We must create a nation-wide rivalry in doing without.

We must understand that the best patriot and the one who is most efficiently serving the nation is the one who achieves most in the direction of doing without.

## You Can't Just Wait

Continued from page 18

rosier than Old Lennon had seen them in many months. She was no longer that abject creature, a girl who has been left behind and forgotten. She knew why Johnnie had not written her. He had not, because he was ashamed to write. Ashamed or not, her trust was more absolute than ever. Within her burned warm the belief that some time and somewhere in this huge, tumultuous city she would find her Johnnie.

**I**N the months that followed, however, Nell very often had to do her utmost to keep that belief alive. She had found a small, clean room with a Scandinavian family who lived over a shop in Sixth Avenue, and often, as she lay there in bed, awake, thinking of Johnnie while the elevated trains thundered by, she vowed to herself that no matter what he had done, no matter what the folly into which he had fallen, she would forgive him—if he let her!—for now she realized that New York, with its five million people crowded fast, stepping upon each other's heels, jostling, shoving, is to some of them the loneliest place in the world.

She had made every effort to find Johnnie. She had gone to the lodging house where he had formerly lived and to which she used to send her letters. But there she was told that Johnnie had left without a word as to where he was going. Mr. Jellaby too, who knew some one of authority in the Police Department, made inquiries, but without result. And, of course, the city directory and the telephone book yielded nothing.

Sometimes Nell felt that the only thing which kept her faith going was the letters which came to the Michigan Furniture Company almost every other week, never giving any indication of where they were mailed from, but always containing the five-dollar bill. Even the postmarks varied. The envelopes were always stamped "New York," but the station each time was a different one.

"Tell me," Nell once asked Mr. Jellaby, "if I do find Johnnie"—quickly she corrected herself—"when I do find him, will you give him another chance here? Why, he has to start here again! Nothing else will do. He can never forget his failure here unless you give him the opportunity to erase that failure."

Mr. Jellaby, for a moment, seemed to be threatened with another attack of the phrase "facing the music." But instead he controlled himself and asked: "Do you still want to marry him?"

"Yes—if he still wants to marry me."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Jellaby musingly. "If he's still got his smile, why we can use him. For if he still has his smile, that means he's got some courage left—darn him, anyway! He had no right to run away and hide the way he did. Like a small boy without any backbone. He should have come back and"—but he managed to pull himself up in time and added rather tamely—"well, if you have faith enough left in him to marry him, that ought to give him at least some faith in himself. Yes, marry him, and bring him back here smiling—no snivels, no whines of repentance, mind you!—and I'll give him another chance."

Whenever one of Johnnie's letters came Mr. Jellaby would let Nell see it. It was as if he realized that her hopes at last clung only to those letters. And Nell noticed presently that two of the letters in succession were postmarked "Madison Square Station." That buoyed her up to a ridiculous extent. But she said nothing to Mr. Jellaby. It seemed such flimsy ground upon which to build such solid hopes. After that discovery she began to haunt the Madison Square neighborhood. She went to the branch post office and

learned the boundaries of the station, and thereafter her evenings which were not spent in the school of stenography were devoted to walking and walking around the dim streets that focus in the little park. And even after her studies some nights she could be seen floating through that district, gazing into men's faces, standing and peering at the closed fronts of houses, as if with the very intensity of her gaze she would pierce the solid walls. And there was something in her consecrated expression that protected her from furtive leers and whispered innuendoes.

A third and a fourth letter came postmarked "Madison Square"—and then finally Nell found Johnnie.

**I**T was late April. All of a sudden one warm day every fugitive bit of green in the city seemed to blossom forth, mocking, in its bravery, the gray city streets and the drab walls of its canons. In Madison Square the trees were spangled with a delicate tracery of young leaves, the grass was swept as if by a breath from brown to emerald, and before the windows of the hotels along Fifth Avenue and Broadway appeared window boxes filled with tulips and hyacinths and pink geraniums, lifting their painted bloom above streaming vines of glossy ivy. And the air was soft and caressing, even at nightfall. At half past eight Nell was drifting along Twenty-third Street when through the open door of a drug shop she saw the cool marble of a soda fountain tempting her within. She entered and ordered a glass of vichy. And then an inspiration came to her.

"Does a young man ever come in here," she asked breathlessly, "who eats nothing but ice cream with chocolate sirup and nuts?"

The young man who dispensed the soda smiled at her in comradely spirit. "That guy over there eats it whenever he's got five minutes he don't know what else to do with," he said, and pointed derisively. And behind a counter on which stood cakes of soap in delicately tinted wrappers and bottles of green and yellow perfume Nell discovered Johnnie. As if her gaze drew him, he presently turned and saw her.

For a minute neither moved nor spoke. Then swiftly Johnnie burst forward. "Nell, where did you come from?" he cried. "How in the world—"

and choked and could say no more.

"I came to the city last November to look for you," said Nell, "and I've been looking for you ever since."

"I'll be off duty at nine," he said, his eyes wistful. "Can you wait? No, I'll come now. I must talk with you, Nell."

He turned and, hurrying away, spoke to an elderly man and then disappeared in the rear of the store. In a minute, still hurrying, drawing on his coat, he came toward her. Silently they passed out of the shop together, walking a little apart. As if by mutual understanding they turned into the semidarkness of Madison Square. Presently they found a secluded bench, and then they talked as only youth, long silent, long starved, can talk.

**T**HE arc lights hung around them like luminous white balloons; the Metropolitan tower lifted its majesty far above them, and the huge lighted dial of its clock grinned down upon them; every minute, it seemed, it struck, mockingly and sardonically, the quarter hour; some belated sweatshop workers, jabbering strangely, swept by them; a tramp, muttering, shuffled past them. But none of these things for one minute took their attention from each other.

"I know all about everything at the Michigan Furniture Company," said Nell confidently. "I know—and I understand! Mr. Jellaby has been—oh, he's been wonderful! I have a position



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there. Think of it! I'm making fifteen dollars a week now."

As for Johnnie, all he could seem to say, over and over, was: "Nell, how can you forgive me? You will forgive me, won't you, dear? You said you would. You know now why I didn't write. I was ashamed to. But I haven't been able to get you out of my thoughts. Not for a day. And especially not of late. It's almost as if I knew you were looking for me."

NELL kept her best news to the last. "Johnnie, you can go back to the Michigan Furniture Company. Mr. Jellaby said he'd let you start all over again."

"What did he say about me?" asked Johnnie eagerly.

"He said you were one of the most promising and able young men they ever had there."

"He did!" cried Johnnie, and for the first time he really smiled. And Nell, remembering what Mr. Jellaby had said about Johnnie's smile, went on to tell him more of Jellaby's remarks, filling in the details, inventing, exaggerating outrageously. With her words a new confidence seemed to pour into Johnnie; he threw back his shoulders, his eyes shone, he laughed aloud there in the dark silence of the little park.

"And I would have made good!" cried Johnnie. "I loved my work there!" He smiled ashamedly this time. "Why, I loved him, Nell! He was all the time so jolly in a slap-you-on-the-back sort of way. And I think I loved him most when he'd get angry and sputter and swear. But after—after I lost the three hundred dollars, I couldn't go back and face him. I wonder if you know why, or if I can explain why? It's because he'd been so awfully decent to me—always. If he had been less decent, I wouldn't have minded. It sounds strange, but that's the truth of it. I had a hard pull afterward. You see, I had no reference, and no one would consider me for a decent job. Finally I managed to get that clerkship in the drug store. Do you wonder I didn't write you! Back to the same old kind of a job I had in Old Lennon. I get eighteen dollars a week. And I wanted to pay that money back to the Michigan Furniture Company. It was a hard pull. But I felt I could never look at Jellaby again, could never look at you again, until I'd paid it. Then I had such glorious plans of finally making good in a big way and strutting back upon you, saying: 'Well, I've done it after all despite the most awful handicaps.' What an idiot I was!"

"But you can go back now, Johnnie. Jellaby is willing. He's going to start you again just where you left off. Think of it! You'll have that splendid opportunity again. I knew all the time that it was rot that you'd lost the money in a poker game. I knew you wrote them the truth when you wrote the money had been stolen from your stateroom. And I think I've convinced Jellaby that I'm right."

JOHNNIE gave her a quick, startled glance. Suddenly he seemed to crumple up beside her. When he spoke, it was to say: "Why, Nell, somehow I thought you knew."

"Knew what, Johnnie?"

"Knew that I lied to Jellaby. I did lose that money, but I lost it playing poker. Why—why did you think I'd hidden away from you all if I hadn't been the thief?"

At that a silence, a silence of utter misery, fell upon them. The tall buildings around the park seemed to close in upon them, dwarfing them, crushing them. The tramp shuffled by again, and they saw him this time, stared at him. He seemed a creature of portent, a creature of doom and dismay. The huge clock above them sardonically struck ten.

Nell arose. "It's late," she said, and shivered a little. "I must go."

Johnnie sprang to his feet. "I'll walk home with you."

She shook her head. "No, Johnnie, I want to go alone. I want to think."

"You won't marry me now?"

She looked at him sadly, mysteriously. "I don't know, Johnnie."

Abruptly, there beneath the glare of the luminous white arc lamps, he gripped her, the fingers of his hands sinking into her arms. "You can't turn me down now, Nell. You've got to marry me. You've got to. Ever since that time I've gone straight. Always—always!—thinking of you, thinking that some day I could go back to you. I need you. And now that I've seen you again I need you more than ever."



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day year. While, of course, it is impracticable to suppose that this ideal condition could ever be reached because of the conditions under which some trucks operate, as, for instance, those of department stores and retail merchants of all kinds whose vehicles start out with full or nearly full loads and do not deliver their entire loads until they get almost back to their starting points, still the return-load bureaus will prove a great boon to the nation if they increase the truck tonnage by only half of its additional capacity, or 180,000,000 tons of freight a year. 2,418,676,023 tons of revenue freight were hauled by railroads in the United States for the year ending December 31, 1916, the last year of which records are complete. Thus, if return-load bureaus took care of only 180,000,000 tons, it would mean relieving the railroads of approximately 8 per cent of their load. The significance of this 8 per cent seems very small until it is realized that it is just such short-haul freight as motor trucks can handle that has always proved unprofitable for the railroads and which they will now gladly give over to the motor truck if the motor-trucking business can be organized to handle it.

In these approximations it must be borne in mind that the return-load bureaus are not only of advantage to those concerns which sell motor-truck transportation as a business, but to all manufacturers and shippers who own their trucks and who previously delivered goods to their customers by trucks which returned empty.

### Lessening Costs

THE successful State-wide operation of return-load bureaus will help to reduce the costs of food, clothing, and all the necessities of life purchased by the average citizen. Few persons realize that more than 50 per cent of the cost of some foods which we eat and some clothes that we wear results from the cost of transporting these articles from their points of origin to the final consumer. In order to show the bearing of the cost of transportation in the delivery of goods to the consumer, the Census Bureau recently made an investigation of 120 retail merchants in Washington, D. C. The results showed that from 4.44 per cent to as high as 45.6 per cent of the gross sales were spent for retail transportation. The percentages of delivery costs for various articles were as follows: Groceries, 4.4; milk, 12.1; ice cream, 14.9; coal and wood, 15.2; bakery products, 19.8; laundry, 20.3, and ice, 45.6. These figures include only the cost of the final delivery from the retailer to the consumer and not the cost of bringing the products first from the point of origin to the manufacturing plant in cases of factory goods, or to the wholesalers in the case of food, or from these two agencies to the retailers. When these other transportation costs are considered, it may readily be seen that 50 per cent of the cost of some products is the direct result of transportation charges. If the return-load bureaus can reduce the transportation charges, which they can if they eliminate the cost of running motor trucks empty, they will help to reduce the cost of all goods so handled to the final consumer.

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Volume 61 Number 15  
JUNE 22, 1918



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Toronto  
Halifax, N. S.  
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The rug the salesman is displaying is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 324. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for \$8.50. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.



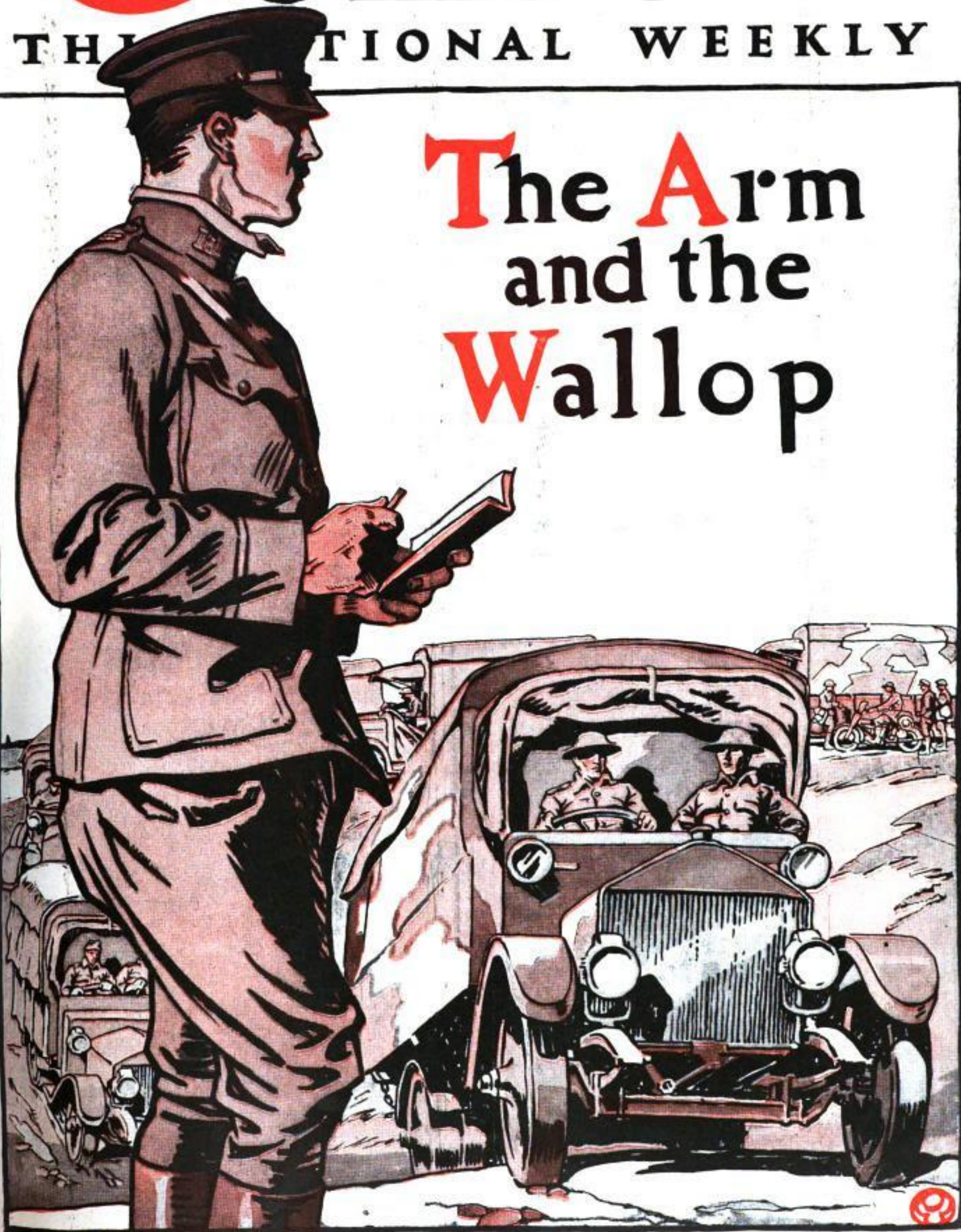


5 cents a copy  
June 29, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## The Arm and the Wallop



More than a Million Every Week





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R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.

## P. A. puts such smiles in smokes!

Night-and-day *happygoods*, you'll call Prince Albert! For, it rips down the barrier between you and a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarettes and shoots in a wireless to your smokeapparatus that the coast's clear to bang away like a regular!

You get what you're keen for—*make-good-on-the-spot-quality*—when you tuck the tidy red tin in your jeans for active service! For, Prince Albert's old family name is Quality—and that's what P. A. slips you every time you've a hankering like you must have some of that little old smoking, *for yours!*

Your anticipation of a pipe jammed joy'usly brimful of P. A. or a nifty makin's cigarette will speed such pep into your smokespot you'll have *some* time getting the business end of a match fussed quick enough to meet demands!

And, to get-set with such smoke yearnings *and to know* that Prince Albert is as free from bite as a kid kitten is about enough to make a man yearn for a month's vacation every third week! For, P. A. is made by a patented process that cuts out bite and parch. It won't ruffle the touchiest tongue you ever heard tell of up and down the firing line!

*You buy Prince Albert in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and in that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.*

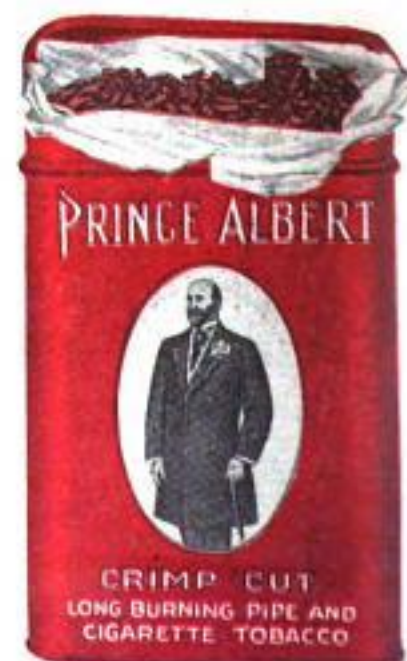
# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

is *your* smoke at both ends and the middle. It's so enticing in flavor and fragrance and such a pal every hour of the twenty-four that it'll win your favor quicker than you can bat an eye!

For, P. A.'s made to do a big joyjob with every smoker who's fond of a jimmy pipe or a home made cigarette! And, you can bet-a-house *on that.*

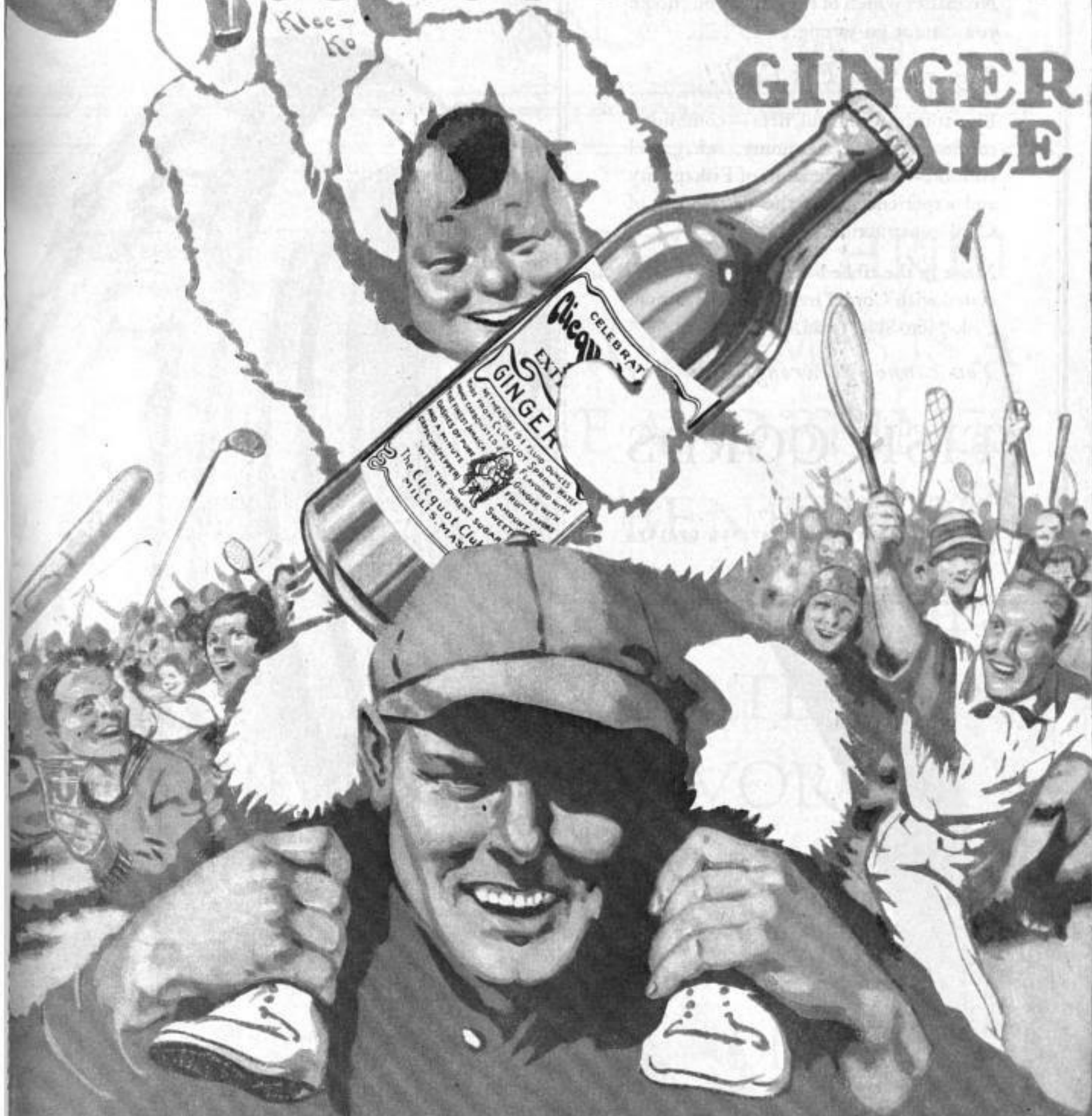
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.





# Clicquot Club

## GINGER ALE



Any kind of work, or play, brings the pleasure of Thirst Quenching. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the greatest of all Thirst Extinguishers. One cool, bubbling glass proves it to you. To water that comes cool and sweet out of a deep spring is added purest of cane sugar, purest of juices of lemons and limes, and purest of Jamaica ginger. That's Clicquot Club—a thoroughly healthful and satisfying drink.

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THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

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by the Case





No matter which of these tires you choose  
you cannot go wrong.

*They are both Fisk Cords!*

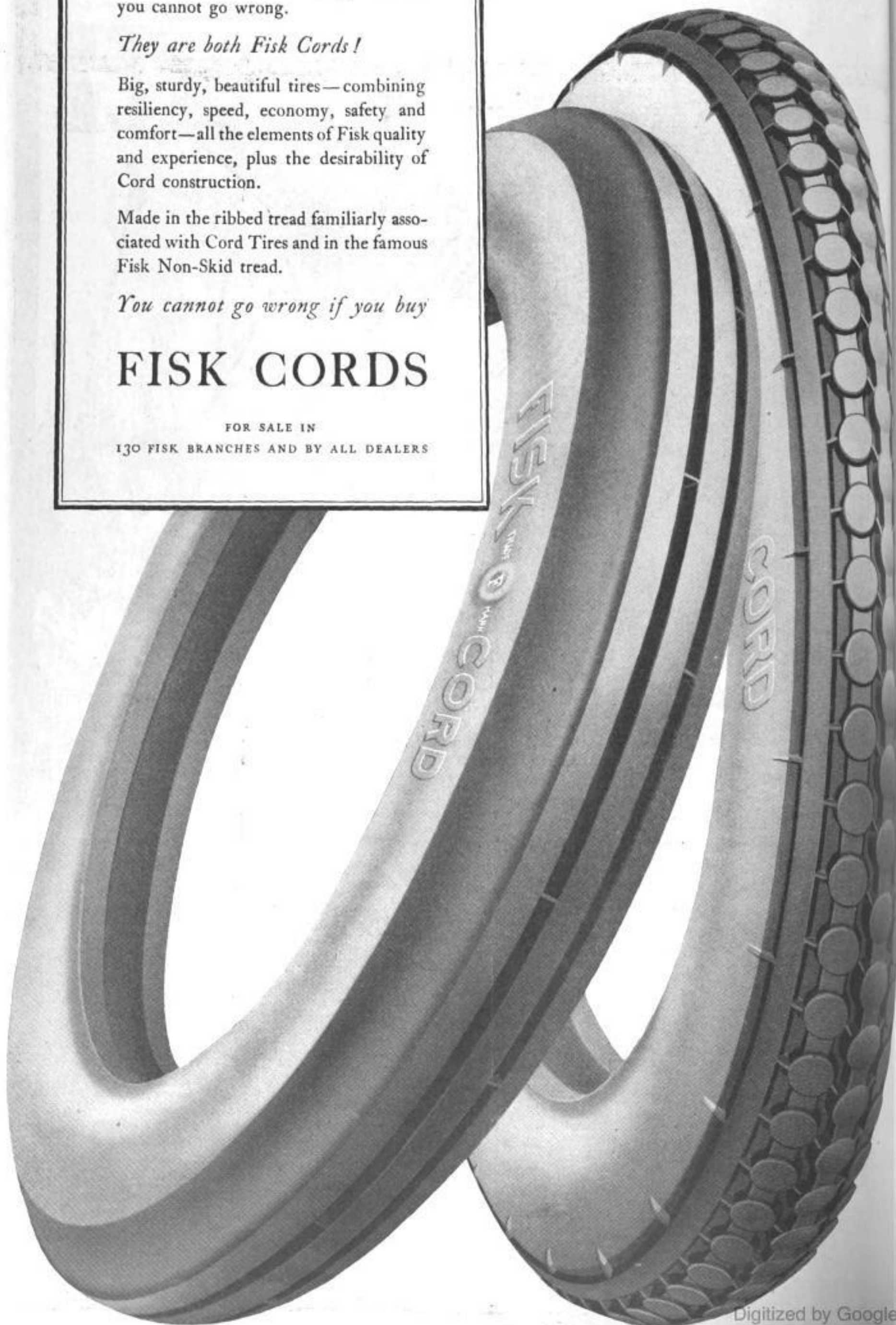
Big, sturdy, beautiful tires—combining  
resiliency, speed, economy, safety and  
comfort—all the elements of Fisk quality  
and experience, plus the desirability of  
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Made in the ribbed tread familiarly asso-  
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*You cannot go wrong if you buy*

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# Collier's

F. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JUNE 29, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 16

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TO PRACTICE THRIFT  
IN PEACE TIMES IS A  
VIRTUE AND BRINGS  
GREAT BENEFIT TO  
THE INDIVIDUAL AT ALL TIMES;  
WITH THE DESPERATE NEED  
OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD TO-  
DAY FOR MATERIALS AND LABOR  
WITH WHICH TO END THE WAR,  
THE PRACTICE OF INDIVIDUAL  
THRIFT IS A PATRIOTIC DUTY  
AND A NECESSITY.

WOODROW WILSON

*Excerpt from the PRESIDENT's letter urging all Americans to buy War Savings Stamps during this week's drive.*

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# THE ARM AND THE WALLOP

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Paris boulevards were jammed with a matter-of-fact, sauntering crowd. There came a muffled, jarring noise like a blast in the New York subway. I turned to my companion, a Red Cross officer who had been in France for some months.

"What was that?" I asked casually.

"Shell from the Big Gun," he explained disinterestedly, seemingly surprised that I should ask. "Gee! Look at the medals on that French aviator over there. Wonder who he is?"

The people about me were walking leisurely along, laughing and talking. A shell from the Big Gun had just exploded in the city? Absurd! We stopped at a table in front of a café, and when the waiter had gone with our order I bought one of the meager Continental editions of a paper published in English. The Allied line was bending from the titanic blows of the boche fist. The decisive hour of civilization was perhaps at hand. Up on the line hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of men were battling hour upon hour in an inferno of mud and blood and poisoned air, that the world might henceforth be endurable for them and theirs. At its nearest point that line was not more than forty miles distant. My eye found a small paragraph announcing the number of victims claimed for the Big Gun on the preceding day.

"There's Eddie across the street," my Red Cross friend said, rising hurriedly. "I want to catch him. You're going up to the Press Bureau, aren't you? All right. See you at dinner to-night."

I sat for a few minutes watching the people pass. The crowd on the board walk at Atlantic City is not commonly more matter-of-fact. The people one sees in Times Square on a spring morning are much more worried and nervous in appearance.

I looked again at my paper. The Germans were gaining. The wall of men and steel that marked the shore line of civilization was being forced back. That current hour might be the decisive point of time! I rose and strolled leisurely up the Avenue de l'Opéra toward the Press Bureau, enjoying the warm sunshine and the picturesque appearance of the crowd, so colorful with varied uniforms. And up on the battle field the boche was gaining!

## Along the S. O. S.

THE lieutenant with whom I spoke at the Press Bureau suggested that I take a trip along the lines of communication, or what is now known as the S. O. S.—Service of Supplies—beginning at a base port and working back. That didn't suit me. I wanted to get to the front. Every American in France wants to get to the front. A few nights ago I got on a train at a little French town and found aboard three sergeants from a base port going up to the front to arrest and bring back three deserters—certainly the strangest deserters on record. They were after three men who had deserted from a base port and stowed away, so to speak, with a unit that was on its way to the front. They had

deserted in order to get under fire. Another testimony of the utter futility of the boche attempt to scare the world by frightfulness.

"I think it would be wise for you to take this trip," the lieutenant insisted. "There's big work being done along the lines of the S. O. S., and you'll have a more intelligent idea of the general situation when you go up to the front."

I took the lieutenant's tip. Now I'm back, and I'm going to buy that lieutenant something for Christmas. I have traveled about 600 miles along one of the lines that go to make up the avenues of transportation of the S. O. S.—and I feel better. I know a little more of what we're up against in placing and maintaining a real army in France. I know a little more about what's being done to overcome the difficulties that have stood in our way. I have seen a multitude cheerfully doing hard, monotonous work in order that others who follow may pass quickly to the fields of combat and glory and have something to eat and wear and fight with when they get there. I have seen the men of our army accomplishing the delicate and difficult task of fitting our effort into the intricate French system of activities, and, on the whole, doing it tactfully with an encouraging minimum of friction. And I feel better.

## "Whew Y'all Come From?"

IN this war it is the nation which fights. The army on the line is the armored fist with which the nation strikes. The power of the blow that can be struck with that fist is according to the strength and courage and intelligence of the nation which is the fighter. Think of the United States as the body of the American fighter—which is the American nation. Our heart is the heart of our people; our brain is the brain of our people. Our back and shoulder muscles, upon which a large percentage of our hitting power is dependent, are made up of the sinews of railroads and the thews of factories. Our blood is our wealth. Our upper arm is built of ships, and our fist is the army in the line. What, then, of the striking forearm of this fighter? That forearm, spanning the distance from the base ports of France to the fist on the western front, is, in military anatomy, the S. O. S.

A base port in France: It is one of several and not the largest. The town of narrow, cobbled streets and ancient stone houses is overspread with a fog of dust and loud with the honk and roar of hurrying motor trucks. Two mounted cavalry officers ride clattering past. I turn to watch them, not knowing why. Suddenly I realize. Men on horseback in this modern war of motor vehicles and airplanes! The motorization of our army really began at the border, following the Columbus raid, and to-day the soldier on horseback is an unusual thing—a point worthy of note in reckoning the magnitude of our task.

Motor trucks and soldiers move everywhere. Occasionally a staff car darts by, winding around the heavier service vehicles, stridently demanding the

right of way due to rank. There are more colored soldiers in evidence than white. They are, for the most part, members of labor battalions doing stoddore and construction work. I make no attempt to analyze the sentiment, but something about the sight of these colored boys from home meandering through the crooked streets of this old French seaport town—suggesting dazed animals caught up and whirled along on the grim, relentless tide of military effort—brings a lump to my throat.

They can't even get by with their own kind over here. When they first landed they tried to make good with the Algerian negro troops, and haven't yet satisfactorily figured out why these black men in France can't talk their language. They have evolved many theories. One big American negro stopped an Algerian soldier in the street.

"Boy, whew y'all come from?" he asked pleasantly.

"Blajdhay andhausj whajdugsy," the Algerian answered—or words to that effect.

The American negro frowned. "Niggah, you listen to me: Just 'cause y'all got heah fust an' done learn this heah monkey talk, don't you go pertendin' to me that you done fergot how to talk y'own language. Y'all keep in actin' uppity wid me an' Ah'm goin' to bust you right on the jaw. Whew y'all come from?"

"Kahdb ahwujs gsfayaf," the Algerian replied—so far as anyone knows.

The American negro sighed in the manner of one confronted by a disagreeable duty, and sadly shook his head. "Boy, Ah done warned you," he said mournfully, and put all he had into a right-hand swing to the jaw. The Algerian dropped and lay quiet.

"Ah done warned him," the American negro justified himself as he walked on, nursing his knuckles. "Actin' uppity wid his home folks!"

## "On Your Way, Bo"

A ROOM in a cold, gloomy old hotel where they have learned to talk a little like Londoners and charge a great deal like New Yorkers; a few hours' chilly oblivion that passes for a night's rest; then we visit post headquarters and go away in a staff car to look over the port and the surrounding camps. At some other ports considerable systems of modern American docks are completed, but here they are still using the old French quays. A number of American ships are discharging cargo. Everywhere about the warehouses and docks groups of negro soldiers are laughing and singing at their work. Here and there we find them adding trackage to switching yards. We pass a yard where Americans and Frenchmen are collaborating on the job of getting a train of cars properly distributed. An American soldier swings down from a freight car with the ease born of long experience as a brakeman and spurs the French engineer.

"Get out o' town, Frenchy," he sings out. "On your way, bo."

He turns and sees me laughing. "My words are



wasted, but I can't help sayin' 'em," he says, grinning. "All these Frenchies get is my motions, but I can't get used to high-ballin' a man on his way without hollerin' somethin' at him. My tongue ain't no use to me around these people except just to wag around in my mouth for my own amusement."

Passing through a maze of motor trucks, switch engines, and freight cars to one end of a clangorous French ammunition shop, we find Americans busy assembling American engines. And here a point about transportation. It will ultimately take in the neighborhood of 50,000 railroad men to operate our lines in France and cooperate with the French in the use of their lines. Our roads at home are driven to capacity and using all their available men. The French roads are operated effectively and to capacity—God knows how—by women and military non-effectives. French trains look like bits of comic-opera scenery to an American railroad man, but somehow they operate! Somehow they keep the army at the front properly supplied and distributed, and when one reckons the French railroads in terms of accomplishment rather than appearance there is no cause for laughter. Experienced railroad men who know the situation here say that we have something to teach the French about railroad operation and a great deal to learn from them as well.

### "If They Can Do It, I Can!"

THROW in a lot of American trains and train crews? Easily said! But an American train crew thrown in on a French road would be about as effective at first as a Siamese orator lecturing in his native tongue to an American audience on the value of George Washington's example to the black tribes in darkest Africa. Until the American learns French methods and the French railroad vocabulary he is about the equivalent of a tin whistle in Sousa's band in the transportation scheme of things. And he must be fitted into the French scheme of things without interrupting traffic on the roads that are the veins through which the life blood of the army flows up to the front. And the work is being done, the work of learning, educating, assisting, installing, and finally operating certain of the lines of transportation. The work is being supervised by the best of our railroad brains. This thing encourages me: The big railroad men in charge of our operation here are manifesting an excellent degree of adaptability, patience, and willingness to cooperate rather than dominate. A majority of tactless and nonadaptable men might have done infinite harm. An example: Two yardmasters.

One asked to take over the job at a certain French port. "Cinch," he said confidently. "All I'll need to do is to rebuild those yards right away, cut out those joke turntables, establish modern American switching methods, get some up-to-date equipment, etc., etc., and I'll be able to handle it easily."

"You've got a wonderful mind," the colonel in charge admitted, and arranged for the man's transfer elsewhere.

Another man, an Irishman, confronted with the same proposition: "Colonel, I don't see how them

there Frenchies do anything at all at all with them joke cars an' funny yards o' theirs. I don't see how they get by switchin' their cars around by mule an' man power; but they do get by, an', by Golly, if they can do it, I can!"

The last-mentioned man is in charge of the yard and "getting by."

I may not go into detailed testimony of the extent and success of our railroad transportation effort along the S. O. S. in France. I can give this impression: It is developing gradually and reasonably well in the face of a multiplicity of difficulties that stun the lay mind. In its ultimate plan it is capable of supplying a real American army on the line satisfactorily. It is being developed by big, patient, tactful American railroad men who are willing to learn as well as teach. Their work is beginning to show. It would show more but for the fact that while they are attending to to-day's supply for to-day's army they must be learning and teaching and building always with an eye to to-morrow's enlarged supply for to-morrow's enlarged army, and doing it without vital interruption of French activity. And always, of course, there is the fact that cargo space in ships is needed for things other than railroad equipment.

I imagine it would be easy to pick flaws in our transportation effort in France to date and make a joke of the matter if one were to take the transportation effort and consider it wholly apart from the complex entirety of our military expansion. That would be utterly unjust. There has been such a multitude of things to accomplish in order to establish an army of any real decisive power in France. The establishment of an army that is not decisive in its strength is a futile waste of life.

### Our Military Chain

BACK through the town we go in a swirl of dust, and out through the country to a motor reception park. Here are long lines of trucks and ambulances, motorcycles, and staff cars. This reception park, which is comparatively a small one, is one of many in France. It covers about six acres of ground. Here the machines from America are assembled, tested, and sent on their way to service. The park is turning out from sixty to seventy-five cars per day.

Consider for a moment our military motor requirements. An army to-day in the field calls for many thousands of trucks, ambulances, light delivery

vehicles, motorcycles, bicycles, and trailers—easily supplied, manned, and maintained by America were cargo space called for only by motor vehicles and were drivers and mechanics needed only by the motor transportation department. But a motor service perfected speedily at the expense of the manifold other new branches of the service that we have had to develop



"I lose-a my baggage," I shouted loudly. "You savvy? Baggage heap gone! Coach camoose. Gone. Get me?"

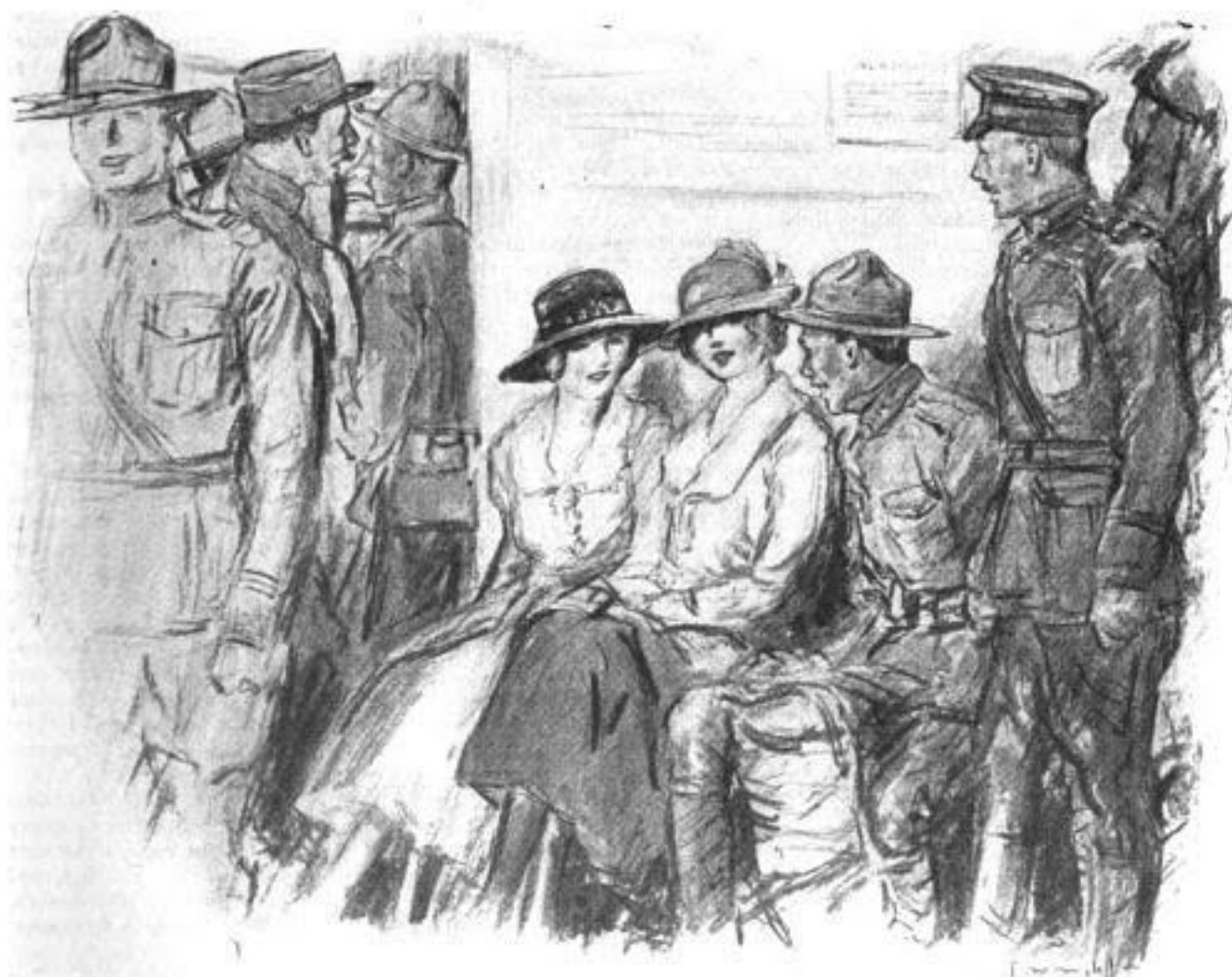
from nothing would not be a worthy accomplishment. All the links of our military chain must be strengthened at the same time and in proportion. We have had to train chauffeurs and motor officers in all branches of service at the front; to establish organization parks, reserve parks, service stations, and overhaul parks. Motor vehicles are wound up at the front as men are, and, for their care and restoration to service, motor hospitals have had to be provided—first-aid stations, overhaul parks for the more seriously wounded farther back, and still farther to the rear base hospitals where the most serious wrecks are operated upon. We shall see a bit later a little of what is being done in the way of motor restoration at another point along the line.

### Two Months Ago and Now

THEN a trip through the reception park where hundreds of cars are being assembled; a ride through a large rest camp of wooden barracks where troops lay off to get their land legs after the voyage across; a glance at an American base hospital with an emergency capacity of 1,400 beds, and then out in the country to a classification and storage yard in process of construction. Here is something to take the eye. A low-lying field five miles long by seven wide. Shortly it will be entirely covered by ordnance and quartermaster warehouses. Many of the buildings are up, and the foundations for scores of them dot the green field like rows of whitewashed stumps.

The buildings are constructed of steel fabricated in America and are sheathed with sheet iron. They are huge affairs of two sizes: 570 feet by 240 feet and 400 feet by 150 feet. The captain who takes us around tells me that they can put up a building a day. Forty-five miles of track is already laid. On the broad, flat field we see many Algerians, American infantry, and artillery troops and engineers at work. The infantrymen and artillerymen are there for a few days only, speeding up the work as best they can until they are called up. Labor is scarce, and a job gets hands where hands may be had. The actual construction work on this yard, which is one of many, began a little more than two months ago. Everywhere I went along the S. O. S. it seemed to me that the work which manifests itself to the eye, the actual construction of big things, got under way between two and four months ago. A rough estimate has it that this one yard will hold an eighteen-day quartermaster supply for two million men—a fair-sized knot of muscle in the American forearm.

Back to town and the (Continued on page 26)



Within ten minutes the prettier of the two girls was sitting beside him





# THE CARGO CAPTAINS

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN peace times a fellow would naturally expect to meet cargo boats—tramp steamers, as we call them—while crossing the Atlantic, or almost anywhere else on the wide ocean; but to see them in these war days is to set a man wondering about them. Wondering, because more than 90 per cent of U-boat sinkings are of ships of less than twelve knots' speed; which means that these rusty old junk heaps, wheezing along at maybe nine or ten, but more likely at seven or eight knots, furnish most of the sinkings. They surely must be having great old times getting by the U-boats, and their captains and crews must surely have a viewpoint of their own!

At this naval base over here you could look almost any day and see five, ten, or twenty of these cargo boats to moorings. And ashore was a pub—there were other pubs, plenty of them—but to this one particular pub came bunches of these cargo captains to forget things. (Stories about being called to the bar may not be as popular in these times as they were in the days of Commodore Truncheon. Knocking around the world, though, a man cannot help noticing that men who face peril regularly do sometimes take a drink to ease off the strain.)

A barmaid, answering to the name of Phyllis, presided over this pub—a blond, square-built, capable person, who had always about three or four of these captains standing on their heads. She was not without sentiment, but never letting sentiment interfere with business.

"Phyllis, my dear," a skipper would begin, and get about that far when she—her right hand reaching for the bottle of Scotch and her left for the soda—would be saying: "The same, captain?"—thereby choking off a great rush of words, and forwarding the business for which she drew one pound ten a week.

Before a creature of that kind these cargo captains were bound to preen themselves. They bought at frequent intervals: their ways were not at all like the ways of another group—not cargo captains—of whom one of our American warrant officers said:

"You buy and buy and buy, and they drink and drink and drink. It comes time for them to buy, and when it does they submerge, and don't come up for air."

## "To Egypt and Back"

THESE cargo skippers were always coming up for air. They would hunt down a man three stories up, wake him out of a deep sleep, and haul him downstairs to have just one more. Between drinks, after they got to know a man pretty well, they would talk of their sea experiences; and, after the fashion of all true adventurers, their talk was almost always of the humorous side of things.

There was a skipper in the pub one morning who bid all hands, especially Phyllis, good-by. He was off to Alexandria. He would not be back for three months—more likely five or six months.

Phyllis pinned a flower in his coat, and off he went. From the pub window they saw him board his ship, and an hour later saw her steam out of the harbor and to sea.

That was at ten in the morning. At five in the afternoon—the lights were just being turned on—those in the pub who happened to be looking out of the window thought they saw this captain's ghost coming up the waterside with his crew trailing behind him. The crew looked as if they had dressed in a hurry and were scampering along to keep warm. But our skipper was wearing all he wore when he left the pub.

He drew nearer. It was no ghost. It was himself, even to the rose in his coat. He hailed Phyllis. She was talking to another skipper. The other skipper turned to see who was butting in, and, seeing who it was, said: "To Egypt and back in seven hours—the quickest voyage ever I 'eard of!" Which comment so depressed the voyager that he refused to say anything about what had happened, except that five miles outside of the harbor he had been torpedoed, and they had to take to the boats in a hurry.

## A Fourteen-Bob 'At

THE foregoing is by way of introducing the captain who commented on the quick voyage. A few mornings later I was up at the Admiralty House when he came into the waiting room, let himself carefully down into a mahogany chair, dropped his new soft gray hat into his lap, and looked around.

"A solemn place, ain't it? Would they 'ang a chap, d'y' think, if 'e was to 'ave a bit of a smoke for 'imself while waitin'?"

I said that I thought the fashion nowadays was rather to take a man out and stand him up against a wall and shoot him.

He was tall, heavily built, fresh-colored, with a way of seeming to reflect deeply before he replied to anything. By and by he said: "Oh, aye!" and lit his cigarette, but had not taken the second puff when the doorkeeper's feet sounded outside, at which sound he pinched the cigarette hurriedly by the neck, and looked around for somewhere to dump it. There was no ash tray, and the table being bare mahogany, the floor all polished wood, the fireplace with no fire in it, so brassy and shiny that to put anything there would be treason—he dropped the cigarette into his hat.

The doorkeeper smelled something, but he wasn't one who looked on lowly things when he walked, and so did not see the little spiral of smoke curling up from the hat.

My seafarer was in a great stew. To sit there and watch him was to warm up to him. There he was, a man who regularly faced death by more ways than one at sea, but now in deep fear that this shore-going flunky would catch him smoking a surreptitious cigarette. He stared determinedly at every place except at his hat until the doorkeeper had passed on. When he looked at his hat the cigarette had burned a hole in it. He viewed the hat

sadly. "No gainsayin' it, war is 'ell, ain't it? I paid fourteen bob for that 'at three days back in Cardiff."

I went out to help him buy a new hat. Hat stores were scarce, but life does not end with hat stores; there were fleets of little places where a man could sit down and talk about more important things than hats.

## "Give Me My Little Cargo Boats"

IN the hotel smoke room after lunch there was no sugar for our coffee. His sea training began to show at once. "The thing you 'ave to learn to do at sea is to go on your own. Nobody doing much for a chap that 'e don't do for 'imself, is there?" From his coat pocket he drew an envelope which once held a letter from home. In place of the letter now was sugar. "Preparedness, 'ere it is." And he sweetened our coffee from the envelope.

He spoke of his life at sea. "I can't say that I like it—I can't say I don't like it—but it was my life before the war and it 'as to be since. You've seen my ship, 'aven't you, lying to moorings? Nothing great to look at, is she? But the managing director of our company—'e 'as the 'andling of maybe a 'undred more like her—'Let 'em 'ave their grand passenger ships,' 'e says, 'but give me my cargo boats that pays for themselves every two voyages."

"The right idea 'e 'ad, I'll say for 'im. And for my part of it there is no everlasting polishing o' brass and painting o' white work and no buying o' gold-laced uniforms at your own cost. And there's the bonus for me. Oh, aye! A bit of bonus ain't a bit of 'arm, you know, especially when you've a wife that's no eyesore to look at, and little kiddies growin' up."

"Torpedoed? Oh, aye. It's not to be expected of a man to escape that these days. My chum Bob, remember 'im—that was seven hours to Alexandria and back—with a rose in 'is coat? 'Is fourth time torpedoed, that was. I've been blown up only three times myself. Nothing much of anything special, the last time and the time before that: a matter of getting into boats and by and by being picked up—no more than that—no. But the first time—maybe it was a novelty, like, then. 'Owever, I'd carried a load of coal to Naples and getting twenty-two pounds a ton for coal that cost two pound ten in Cardiff maybe makes it a bit clearer what the managing director 'ad in mind when 'e said: 'Let 'em 'ave their grand passenger ships, but give me my little cargo boats."

"From Naples I go on to Piræus in Greece, and we take a load on there—admiralty stuff, and not to be spoken of—and we put out for 'ome. She was a good old single screw, this one o' mine. Twenty-five year old—not the worst, though I'd seen better. Well warmed up, she could squeeze out eight knots, or maybe eight and a 'alf. I 'ung close to the land along that Greek shore, for there's no sense 'aving too long a row to the beach in boats if anything 'appens, is there?"



ry good. We're rollin' along one morning the radio man came in with a message which 'Put into nearest port. U-boats.' And without ado we puts into a little place down 'eel of Italy, and that night I 'ad a 'ot barth lovely long sleep in me brahss bed which the 'ad given me for Christmas the last time. And a great pleasure it was, I say. Next morning we put to sea again, and next day comes another radio, and it says: 'Put into port. U-boats.' And we put into Malta, that night again I 'ad another 'ot barth and sleep in me brahss bed. I resume our voyage from Malta, and a few later I gets another radio—more U-boats—puts into Algiers. Three times in one week made with me 'aving me 'ot barth and a fine in me brahss bed—grand good luck, I say now, did it then to the mate, adding to it: 'There's al station west of Gibraltar—wouldn't it be tful passing that signal station to get the to put back to Gib and stop there for an-night and I 'ave another 'ot barth and a sleep in me four-poster bed? But the mate, y says 'e didn't 'ave no brahss bed aboard o sleep in, and 'e saved 'is 'ot barths, 'e did, got 'ome to enjoy 'em proper.

### "We're Torpedoed, Sir"

WHERETIME it was, and I likes to take my te siesta after lunch—just like the Dons their-y' know—and I'm 'aving me siesta next day lunch when something woke me up. There's f of books on the wall o' me room—chart and the like—and when all at once I see piling down on top o' me I says to meself: 'hing's 'appened.' And so it 'ad. The mate, ks 'is 'ead in the door and says: 'We're tor-t, sir.'

ere goes me bonus,' I says, and goes on carried a 3-inch gun in a little 'ouse aft, ere was the mate firing at the U-boat, which ut o' water and maybe two miles away. It ne o' those out-o'-date guns the navy would o more to do with, and so they passes it on thinking new good guns would probably be l on us. Maybe that's true. None of us l ever fired a shot from the gory weapon till ay. The mate fired two shots at the U-boat, don't 'it anything. The U-boat fires two shots and she 'its something. One of 'em parsses h the chart house, and the other tears a nice ole in 'er forehead. hat'll do for that gun practice,' I says. ren't you going to 'ave a go at 'em?' ou can 'ave all the go at 'em you please,' I after we leave the ship. Besides you there's en men and four Eurasians in this crew, and

some of 'em will maybe like to see 'ome again—I know I do!"

"We get into the boats, myself taking along what was left of a second case of Scotch, and good old prewar Scotch it was, not the gory infant's food they serve these days that a man 'as to take a tumblerful of to know 'e's 'aving a drink at all. I also took along three sof' cushions, hand-worked by the missus, with pink doves and cupids and the like—rare-looking they was. 'A man might's well be comfortable,' I says.

"I 'ad a cook. 'If comfort's the word,' says the cook, 'I might's well take along the wife's canary,' and 'e takes it along in a cage in one 'and, and a bag o' clothes in the other. 'E's in the boat when 'e thinks to go back for a package o' seed 'e'd left for the canary on the shelf in the galley. 'Urry up with your bird seed,' I says, and as I do a shell comes along and explodes inside of 'er old frame somewheres, and the cook says maybe 'e'll be getting along without the seed—the canary not being what you'd call a 'eavy eater, anyway.

"The mate 'ad a cameraw, and when we're clear o' the ship 'e would stand up and set the cameraw on the shoulders of a Eurasian fireman and take shots o' the ship between shells.

"In good time one last shell 'its 'er, and down she goes. The U-boat moves off, and we see no more of 'er.

"It's a fine day and a lovely pink sunset, and there's a beautiful mild sirocco blowing off the African shore to make the 'ot night pleasant as we approach it in the boats. A man could 'ardly ask to be torpedoed under more pleasant conditions, I say, and we continue to row toward the shore in 'igh 'opes. It's maybe two in the morning when we see the sidelights of a ship. She's bound east—a steamer—and we know she's a Britisher, because we're the only chaps carried lights in war zones at that time. Carryin' lights at night, o' course, made us grand marks for the U-boats, but there was no 'elp for it. A Board o' Trade regulation, that was, and no getting away from what the Board o' Trade says. We 'ad our choice o' carrying lights and losing our ships or not carrying lights and losing our jobs. So we lost our ships. After a year and a 'alf of war some bright chap in the board said that maybe it would be a good idea to change the regulation about carrying lights, and they did. And about time, we said.

### Extraordinary Luck

"SOME o' the crew were for 'ailing the ship in the night. 'Ail 'ell!' I says. 'D'y' think I want to be took into that rotten 'ole of a Port Said, or maybe Alexandria, and that end o' the Mediteranean fair lousy with U-boats? Besides, we'll get 'ome quicker this way,' I says, and allows 'er to pass on. In the morning we run on to the beach,

and 'ardly there when a crowd of Ayrabs come galloping down on 'orseback to us. 'We'll be killed now,' says the mate, and talks under 'is breath o' stubborn captains who wouldn't 'ail a friendly ship's light in the dark; but the only killing the Ayrabs do is two young goats for breakfast. And they make coffee that was coffee, and we 'ad a lovely meal on the sand. And by and by they steered us along the shore to where was a French destroyer, which takes us over to Gibraltar, and from Gib we passed on through Spain and France to Havre. Three weeks that took, and I never 'ad such a three weeks in all me life. 'Eroes, raging 'eroes—that's wot we were!

"At Havre the French authorities took the mate's pictures out o' the cameraw, and they never did give 'em back. Except for that, it was a fine pleasure, that land cruise 'ome.

"Lucky? Oh, aye, you may well say it. Three times in one week I 'ad me 'ot barth and me lovely sleep in me brahss bed—it's not to be looked for with ordinary luck, you know."

### "'Ero! 'Im a 'Ero?"

ONE day the destroyer to which I was assigned put to sea. There were other destroyers, and we were to take a fleet of merchantmen from the naval base to such and such a latitude and longitude, and there turn them loose. My cargo friend's ship was of the convoy.

We made such and such a latitude and longitude, and there we turned them loose, signaling the position to them and waiting for acknowledgment. They acknowledged the signal. We then hoisted the three pennants which everywhere at sea means: Pleasant voyage! They answered with the three pennants which everywhere spells: Thank you. And no sooner done than away they bolted, each for himself, and let the U-boats get the hindmost.

The hindmost here was the rusty old cargo boat of my friend. I could see her for miles after the others were hull down; and long after I could see her I could picture him—walking his lonely bridge and his ship plugging away at her seven or maybe seven and a half knots across the lonely ocean.

Three times torpedoed and taking it all as part of his work! Some day they may get him and he won't come back; and when they do the world will hear little about him. Hero? He a hero? Why, a shore-going flunky had him bluffed for smoking a surreptitious cigarette in high quarters!

"'Ero! 'Im a 'ero? Why, 'e don't even wear a uniform."

So there they are, the wheezing old cargo boats and their officers and crews, regularly running the U-boat blockade: British, French, Italian, American, but mostly British. No heroes, but the Lord help their people if they hadn't stayed on the job.



"In good time one last shell 'its 'er, and down she goes"



**HIT BY A BURSTING SHELL**

Here is a remarkable and probably unique photograph. It shows a German high-explosive shell bursting in a field behind the British lines, and a British soldier falling, wounded by one of the flying fragments. The picture is absolutely unretouched, its blurred appearance being due to the fact that the force of the concussion must have been such as to jar the camera violently. Evidently the photographer heard the shell coming and aimed at about the spot he expected it to land, only to have it fall rather nearer than he had expected—entirely too near!

British Official © Underwood & Underwood



Canadian Official

**FEEDING THE ELEPHANT**—Canadians giving a huge howitzer its "iron ration"



**THE MEN WE'RE FIGHTING**

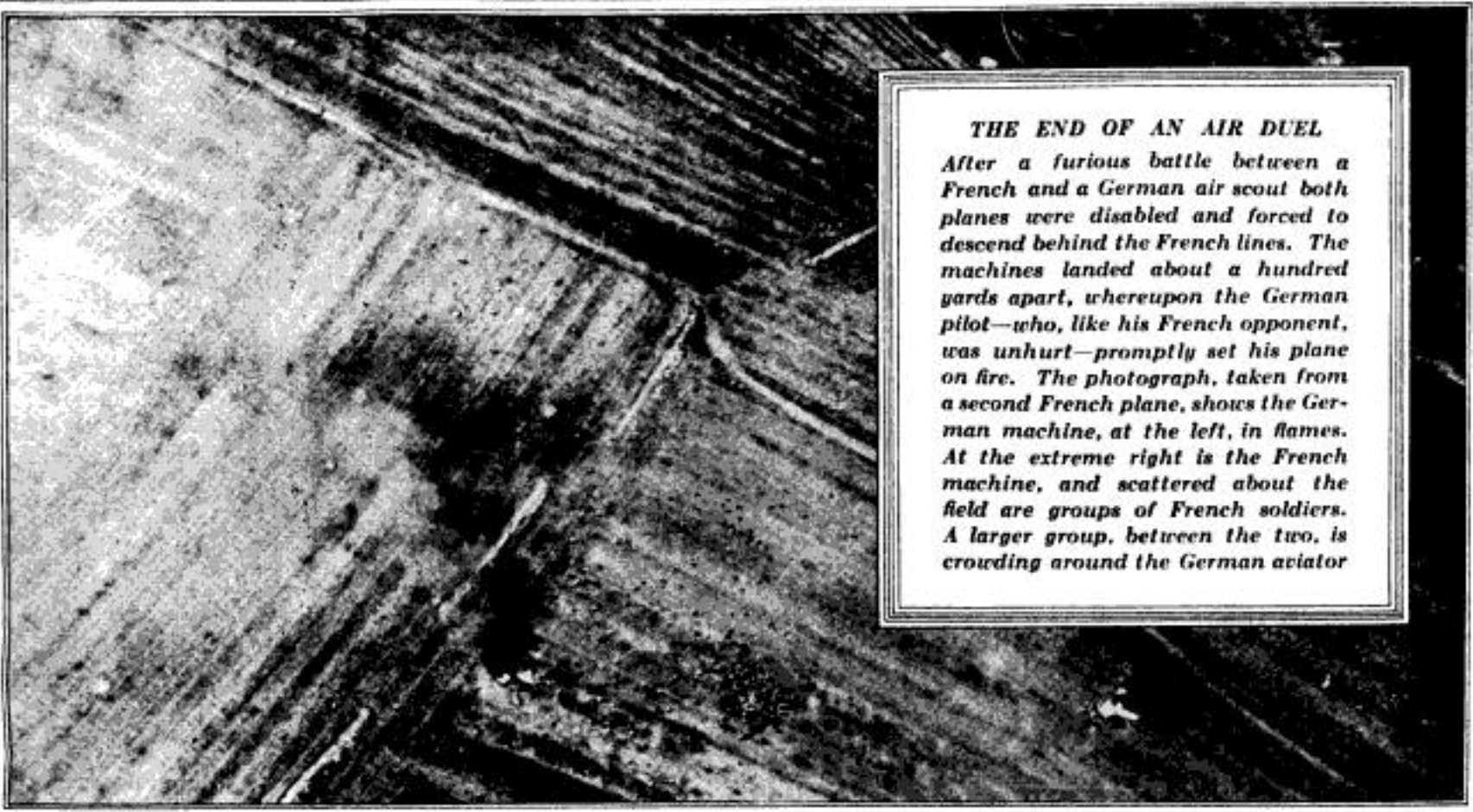
They are the two prisoners in the center of the picture. They are the men against whom, as a type, we must fight to the limit of our strength. They are Prussian officers; two of the band of arrogant, brutal taskmasters whose doctrines drove Germany forth on her lunatic quest of world-wide dominion

Canadian Official



**THE END OF AN AIR DUEL**

After a furious battle between a French and a German air scout both planes were disabled and forced to descend behind the French lines. The machines landed about a hundred yards apart, whereupon the German pilot—who, like his French opponent, was unhurt—promptly set his plane on fire. The photograph, taken from a second French plane, shows the German machine, at the left, in flames. At the extreme right is the French machine, and scattered about the field are groups of French soldiers. A larger group, between the two, is crowding around the German aviator.

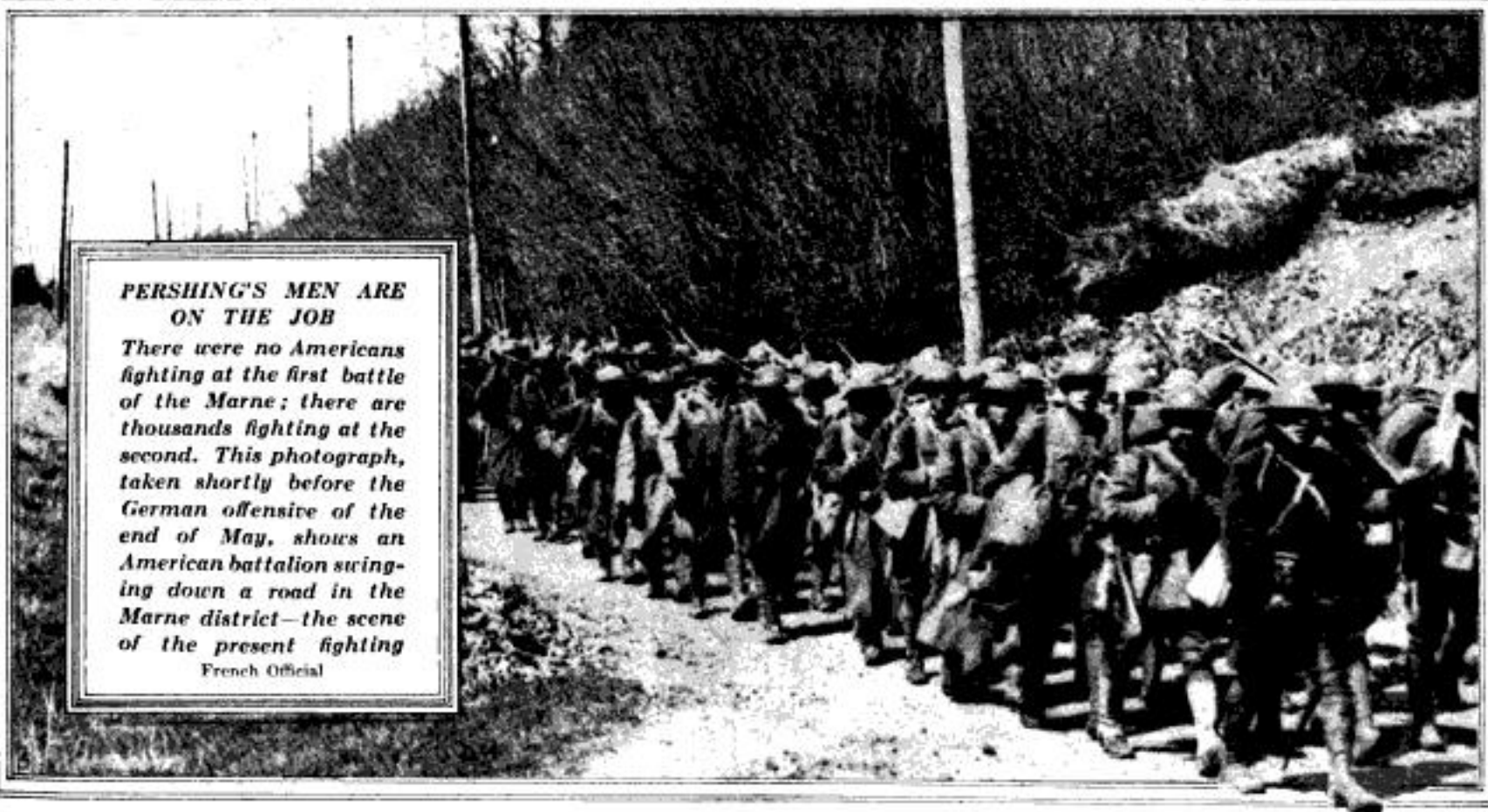


**THE BETTER PART OF VALOR**—British artillerymen leaving a heavily shelled road

**PERSHING'S MEN ARE ON THE JOB**

There were no Americans fighting at the first battle of the Marne; there are thousands fighting at the second. This photograph, taken shortly before the German offensive of the end of May, shows an American battalion swinging down a road in the Marne district—the scene of the present fighting.

French Official







## IN CONNECTION WITH THE OLD MURRAY PLACE

BY ARTHUR CRABB

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

C

HE railroad from Alden runs westward. On it, eight miles from Alden, just before Stockton, is Hopedale. The village proper of Hopedale is on the south side of the railroad. On the north side are residences, some of them very old, some very new, some in between, but whatever may be said of them individually, they are all in a beautiful setting. There are beautiful curving drives, with gravel walks beside them, fine trees and lawns and, at the proper time, flowers. The people who live in the houses are quite the most pleasant, prosperous, and cultured that Alden and its environs can boast. Hopedale is a place where one lives, if one can.

Running north from the railroad station is Milk Street, which crosses Morton Avenue, and then swings to the right, past Phipps Street, Ladd's Lane, and Dodge Road. Then it comes to Murray Road, which runs uphill perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then down again and wanders off into the country toward Stockton.

At the top of this hill was and is the Murray place. Once upon a time it had been the Murray farm, but real farms had long since moved beyond easy walking distance of the Hopedale Station.

The Murray who had built and first lived in the Murray house was Jeremiah, whose son was John, and John's son was Richard. Jeremiah's father had been a farmer, but Jerry, being of an artistic temperament, had taken up blacksmithing, and later its allied arts, which consisted of making other things than horseshoes out of iron. Many of Jeremiah's creations, such as lanterns, locks, gates, hinges, and irons, and the like, are highly prized to this day, for Jeremiah wrought skillfully.

Later on the business was not just Jerry Murray, but Jeremiah Murray & Son, Ornamental Iron Work, the son, of course, being John. Finally it was Jeremiah Murray & Son Company, and the company was John before he died, John's younger brother Otis, and Richard, John's son, and a few people who owned a few shares of stock, which never, under any circumstances, were sold, but passed as legacies.

John's wife, Esther, died when Richard was a very small boy. Richard, with his work all laid out before him, went to college and studied architecture, structural design, chemistry, metallurgy, and other things pertaining to iron and bronze work, from the railing about a cottage window to the elevator fronts in large office buildings.

The period in which Jeremiah built his house was not a period of good architecture. But there was one saving grace—Jeremiah had seen a house that was a thing of beauty, and he had pointed it out to his architect and said: "Build me one like it." The archi-

tect, bound as to the exterior, had vented his wrath on the interior, and as a result there was a "For Sale" sign upon the premises.

The "For Sale" sign had been on the cedar tree at the gate for nearly five years. Plenty of offers for the Murray place had been made to Richard Murray, but they had not approached the very high price which he had placed on it. He really didn't want to sell at all, and the sign was a half-humorous thing to ease his conscience. Richard carried it, laughed at it, and loved it. The sign had gone up immediately after his father's death. It was surely no place for a twenty-one-year-old boy to live in. Besides being for sale, it was for rent, furnished or partly furnished, but that was a joke pure and simple, for those who could afford to pay a reasonable rent for it and keep the grounds in condition would never live inside it, however much they liked the outside.

One Sunday afternoon in October, after the sign had been up for five years, Richard Murray was out driving. He was a creature of habit, and drove in the country nearly every Sunday afternoon. In the morning he played golf, and after lunch he drew up before a certain door and called: "Oh, Nance!" if the door happened to be open. If it wasn't, he opened it and then called: "Oh, Nance!"

He had opened the door that afternoon, and Nance had answered. Some time before sunset he had said to her: "Would you mind stopping a minute at the place? I'd like to take a look at it."

Nance did not object, and they went through the gateway and up the drive. Richard's key unlocked the front door, and they went in and shortly after came out again. They walked slowly around the house, and looked at the old flower beds, hardly more than outlines of their former glory. They stood side by side, without speaking, their eyes wandering over the weeds, the grass-grown paths, the empty fountain, the untrimmed hedges and trees. It was a very depressing picture, and the two young people, for all their gaiety and happiness, felt the burden of the gloom about them.

Richard turned so that he could see Nance. She was a tall girl, well built, of an athletic figure. Her hair was almost red, but not quite, for one had to stand in just the right light to see the red gleam from the dark brown. Her face was rather full, her cheek bones high, and the cheeks themselves smooth and soft. Her chin and her jaws didn't agree with her mouth at all; they were very firm and suggested that when Miss Nancy set about making

something happen it was very likely to happen. But her mouth stated just as clearly that nothing should happen, if she could help it, that wasn't pleasant and kind. Nancy smiled a great deal oftener than she laughed, and when she smiled she was more beautiful than ever. Her beauty was of the sort that you pick out from a mob and that makes you say: "There is a strong, healthy, clean, bright-looking girl; I'll bet she's a corker."



HE was twenty years, one month, and one day old. Richard had waited for the day, for it was the anniversary of another day seven years ago. He had brought her to the old place to remind her of the day.

"Nancy, don't you think it's time you and I did something about this?"

She heard the words clearly enough, but she did not move. He saw the color mount into her face. "Nance, don't you understand?"

And still Miss Nancy did not move. Then, before she quite knew what had happened, she felt all crushed and some one was kissing her and she was letting him do it.

That was an unheard-of thing and must not be allowed. She broke away from him, looked at him for an instant, and ran through the woods, straight to a hole in the fence, across her own lawn and into her own home.

Richard stood perfectly still and watched her till she disappeared. Then he grinned and, still grinning, drove out through his own gate and into the next one, which was Nance's. He walked in. Nance's family greeted him with varying degrees of cordiality, depending upon how busy they were.

Richard filled his pipe, lighted it, and said: "Where's Nance?"

"Upstairs," volunteered Henry, a small brother.

"Sure, but where upstairs? In the library?"

"Getting dolled up; what'd you expect?"

"Maybe I'll do the same," said Richard, and up he went. His hands being washed and his hair brushed, he made further inquiries over the banisters for Nance. She had not come down, however, so Richard sat himself upon the next to the lowest step of the third-story stairs and waited, smoking.





At last Nancy came, and Richard managed to get her into the upstairs sitting room. He stood between her and the door. "You can't run away now," he said. "Why should I run away?" "You did before."

"I know you just forgot, Dick, but don't do it again, please."

"The seven years are up, Nance."

"Seven years? What has seven years to do with a lot of gardening?"

"Don't you remember the day we agreed to be engaged for seven years, without saying anything to each other about it? We were never to mention it unless one of us wanted to call it off."

"I was thirteen then; it was a joke."

"No, it wasn't a joke. I knew then that you were going to be what you are now. It is impossible for me to think of your belonging to any other man. Don't you love me?"

Nancy shook her head. "Not a bit."

"I've waited a long time for to-day to come, Nancy. I've wanted to ask you to marry me ever since you were seventeen or eighteen, to promise again what we promised seven years ago. I didn't because I didn't think it was fair; you were too young."

"But, Dick, don't you understand, I've never thought of love or getting married at all. Think, I'm only twenty, which is much too soon to be married. Twenty-five is early enough."

"What's the use of wasting five perfectly good years?"

"But they won't be wasted. I'm having a wonderful time as I am. Poor Dicky," she sighed. "We've been such good friends, and had such good times together, and now to have you suddenly get so sentimental and spoil it all. Is your heart really broken, Mr. Murray?"

"No, Nance; my heart isn't broken. I'm going to keep on hoping and praying. I'm going to fix up the house; I'm going to make it just as beautiful inside as it is outside. It's going to be your house; I'm going to give it to you for a wedding present, with the land and the farm across the road, even if you don't marry me. I'm going to fix up the grounds, cut out all the evergreens, open things up, make them beautiful. And if you want me to, I'll put a nice, smooth, straight path from your house to this one, so you can come back to your mother quickly and comfortably, if I treat you badly."

Nancy had shut her eyes, her head was back against the cushion of the Morris chair. She did not look unhappy. When he stopped speaking she opened her eyes a little and smiled.

"You're a nice boy, Dicky, and it's sweet of you to offer me all those things, but let's go on being friends; nothing could be nicer than that."

"Friends fiddlesticks! Maybe a wife can be a friend, but that's beside the point." He left his own chair and sat down on the arm of hers. "Please shut your eyes."

She shook her head. "I'm very comfortable."

"Please, for me."

"You'll behave?"

"Yes."

It might be that Nancy had her share of curiosity. Very quickly he put the thing over her head. "No,

not yet," he said. She tried to close her hand, but she was not quick enough. "Dick!" she cried and she lay back and her eyes closed. What was there to say? She lifted the string of pearls from her breast and let them drop again. Then she looked at the ring on her finger. Her cheeks were covered with crimson, her bosom rose and fell rapidly.

"That," he said, holding the hand that wore the ring, "is nothing. It came from a store. But these"—he touched the pearls—"did not come from a store. I found them in father's box after he died. With them in the box was a note in my father's handwriting, telling me to give them to my wife. If I am ever to have a wife, Nancy, she will be you, so they are yours. If you will not take them, give them to your mother. I think she will keep them, if you ask her to, in memory of the love the Murrys have always had for her."

Then a small brother came in suddenly and said that supper was ready, and Richard did not see the pearls or the ring again that night, nor did he see Nancy alone, for she stuck to the family like a burr.

That night Nancy's mother heard Nancy call. She went into Nancy's room and found her in bed. Nancy smiled and, by patting the proper part of the bed, indicated where her mother was to sit down. Nancy blinked at her and then smiled, and blinked and smiled, and threw her arms around her mother's neck, and rubbed her cheek with her own, and then nestled down on her mother's shoulder. From somewhere came a muffled "Guess what's happened, ma."

Ma took daughter by the shoulders and sat her up straight. She scowled at her very seriously, turned her head from side to side, then turned the light so that it shone on her daughter's face.

"I can't imagine what has happened, not possibly," exclaimed ma.

"Dick has asked me to marry him."

"What!" Surprise, amazement, and horror were in ma's voice.

"Yes, he did, to-night."

"Annette, you must be careful of my heart; it won't stand shocks."

Nancy looked at her mother. "What do you mean, mother?"

"I mean that you must not tell me things like that suddenly. You must work up to them gradually. Naturally, I never thought of such a thing. Of course you refused him."

"Of course."

"You did? My goodness, why?"

"Why? I don't know; I just did."

"When is he coming back?"

"To-morrow night."

"Sounds as though you didn't refuse him very emphatically."

"I did, just as emphatically as I could."

"You say he's coming back to-morrow night—dinner, I suppose?"

"We didn't say anything about dinner."

"Didn't you?"

"Mother, what is the matter?"

"The shock."

"What shock?"

"Hearing that you two are seriously considering getting married. I never suspected it."

"Mother, you're teasing me."

"I don't want to tease you, daughter, but you don't

blame me for not being surprised. Your father and I are very much pleased."

"You and father pleased—at what?"

"You and Richard."

"But I haven't—I—I'm not going to marry him." Nancy's mother took her daughter's head between her hands. "I understand, Nancy, but I'm afraid you are. It has been perfectly evident for some days at least, even for some years: as many as half a dozen years."

"But, mother—"

"He's a very nice boy, Nancy, quite the best boy I know, and you're a very sensible young woman. You will be very happy." She kissed her daughter's cheek.

"But, mother, I tell you—"

"There, there, Nancy. You take your old mother's advice: don't tease him when he comes to-morrow. Good night, daughter."



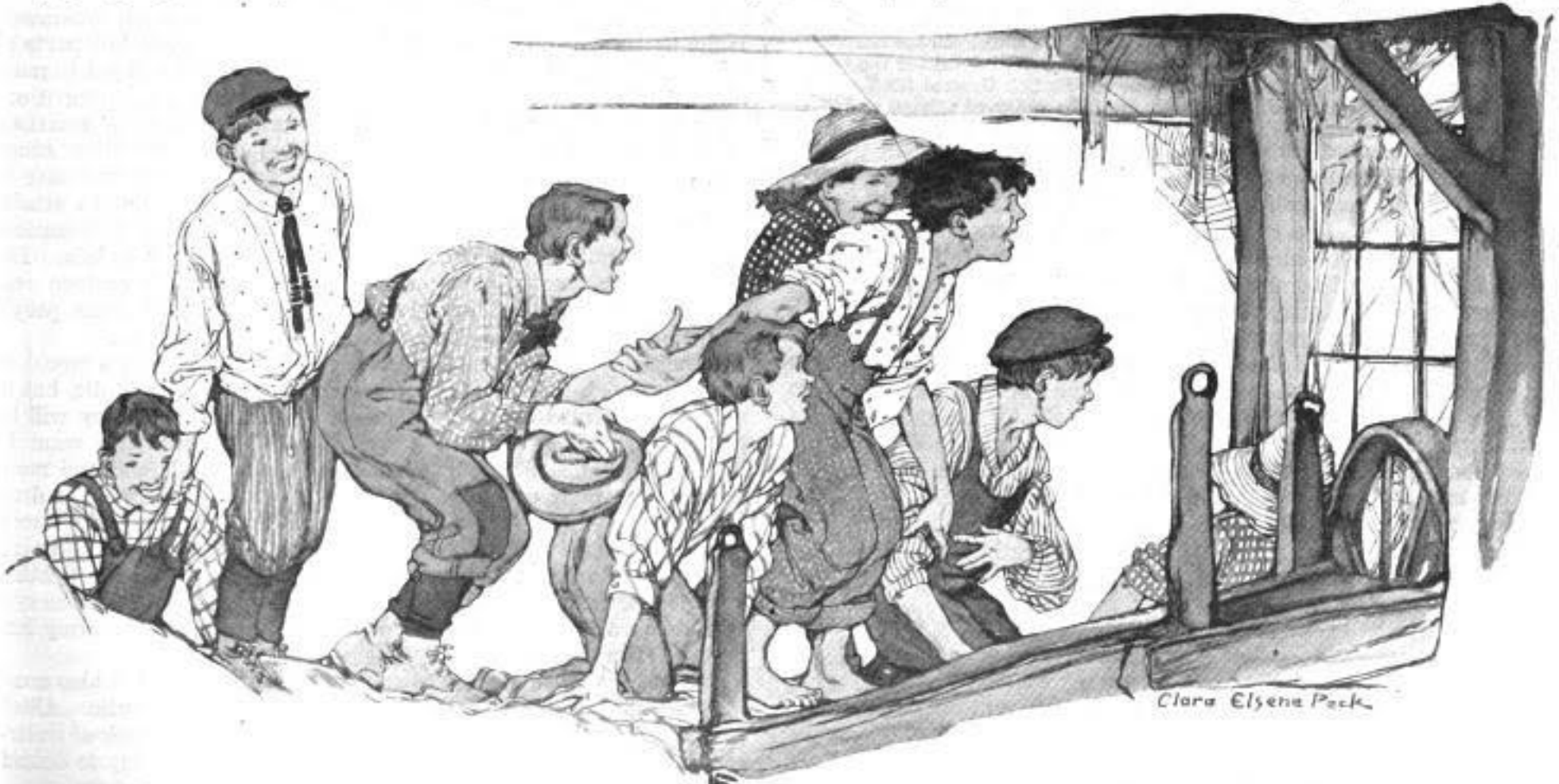
On the way from the Gray house Richard Murray felt as a man feels who has been tried for murder and convicted, notwithstanding that he is innocent, that the evidence was overwhelmingly in his favor, and that the judge told the jury they couldn't do a thing but find the prisoner "not guilty" without leaving their seats.

Many and many a time he had wanted to say: "Let's not wait for the seven years, Nancy. Let's be engaged for a couple of months and then be married," and Nancy was, of course, to have said: "All right, Dick, that suits me. I don't want to wait either."

But he had waited until Nancy was twenty, because Nancy must be fairly treated. She came out when she was eighteen, and to let her commit herself before she had seen something of the world would not have been fair. She should see other older men and learn a lot of things that no girl of eighteen could possibly know. Nancy had had her two seasons, but it had seemed to Richard that those two years had brought them closer and closer.

It never entered his head that Nancy could refuse him. Day by day he had become more and more sure of her, and day by day he had become happier and happier. The perfect understanding between them, without a word being spoken, had seemed to him a very wonderful thing. And then Nancy had refused him, and he was afraid that Nancy meant it. "It simply means," Richard thought, "that I have misunderstood."

Richard Murray had had plenty of reason for believing that Nancy Gray would accept him. She was not a flirt, nor had she ever shown any desire for a galaxy of beaux. There had surely been some sort of understanding between them. Their lives had been lived together; she had no older brother, and he had taken an older brother's place. They had taken it for granted that they could not go where other boys and girls went together except with each other. There had been trust and confidence in each other. The library upstairs had been for him and no other man, she had been his for football and baseball games, and no other man's. They had planned their dances and dinners together, and he had taken her and brought (Continued on page 23)



Clara Elsenbeck

"Nothin' much, except me and Bill, and Hen Edwards, and Charley, and Jim, and Lazy, and Fatty Smith, and maybe a couple of others—"





# Collier's

## "Untimely Boldness"

**T**HE MARINES," says the dispatch describing one of the finest small engagements of the war, "went beyond their objective and entered the village of Torcy." That is what might have been expected of the impetuous youth of this gallant corps. It may be a fault to be so exhilarated by the spirit of pursuit that you go beyond the point which you were asked to take and hold, but it is a fault closely akin to a virtue. "Happy the army," says CLAUSEWITZ, "in which an untimely boldness frequently manifests itself; it is an exuberant growth which shows a rich soil." British officers have complained of the headlong eagerness of the Canadians which carried them farther than they should have gone and exposed them to unnecessary danger. But the fierce spirit of the Canadians did much to enliven their neighbors from the motherland. Our men are of the same mold. A French liaison officer whose work took him to all parts of the front told the writer two years ago that the Canadians were the best soldiers of all—better even than the "élite" troops of Germany.

In this connection it may be said that modern American military theory is all in favor of persistent attack as the best defense. "We will not be content with merely holding our positions," says an American officer of high standing. "When we get troops enough over there we will try to push through. That is the definite policy of our leaders, and that is what the people of this country expect of us." He added a piece of cheerful information. "Most of our troops are in the Metz sector," he said. "And I know the Metz sector as well as I know my own back yard. The German problems on that sector were sent to us and became part of our daily grind at school. If we fail there, it will not be because we don't understand the military opportunities and difficulties of that part of the line."

General FOCH is of the same school as our younger officers, for he says: "Our first axiom must be that, completely to achieve its object, a battle must not be purely defensive. A purely defensive battle, even well conducted, does not result in a victor and a vanquished. It is simply a game that must begin over again."

When the time comes to swing his "bludgeon," as he describes it, the general will find none of his followers more eager to become the head of that weapon than the American troops, whose fighting blood is of the same character as that of the marines "who went beyond their objective and entered the village of Torcy."

## In Union—

**I**NASMUCH as Colonel REPINGTON, while military editor of the London "Times," was outspoken in opposing unity of command, interest attaches to the "Times's" dispatch from Paris, saying:

We British and we French have now one army. General Foch has accepted very heavy responsibilities at a critical moment. He is well fitted for the task, enjoying, as he does, the earned confidence of the British General Staff. The soldiers at the front have accepted loyally the new order of things, and the success of General FOCH's action must not be compromised by ill-informed, injudicious, and untimely criticism by civilians and politicians.

There has been no marked disposition in America, even on the part of "civilians and politicians," to criticize FOCH or the idea of unity of command. Later on, as American losses necessarily grow heavier, there may be hints that disadvantages as well as benefits follow from unity of command. The necessity for that unity will, however, remain perfectly clear regardless of whether or not FOCH has improved his great reputation as a strategist. Unity of command is, on the western front, an essential condition of military health: and details must not, at any crisis, divert the American mind from the main principle. When FRANKLIN declared: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately!" he was thinking of the thirteen original colonies. This statement holds good today, not of our forty-eight States only, but of all the States which make up the alliance against the powers of Terrorism. The principle of unity of command must be extended rather than limited.

## By Way of History

**J**UST inside the back cover of this week's COLLIER'S we reprint a statement by Ambassador GERARD telling why he is against the postal-zoning legislation framed to take effect July 1, 1918. Citizens who are old-fashioned enough to believe that public opinion is still, and rightly, a national force—also citizens who, when they say "United States," slightly emphasize the first of the two words—will want to read the statement. Everyone else should skip it.

June 29, 1918

## Propaganda

**I**SN'T the American public growing a little weary now of the word "propaganda"? It is natural enough, perhaps, to blame off on "German propaganda" any inconvenient or disagreeable remark, fact, or statistic. All the same, it would be interesting to know just how much enemy propaganda there really is going on in America under war conditions. Before we entered the war, and before we got really going, there certainly was a German propaganda: and not limited to the German-language press either! But at present there's "none at all," one Washington official tells us—though maybe he's too optimistic. Disloyal individuals, certainly, and "alien enemies" and persons imperfectly Americanized, and persons stupidly excessive in their optimism—from whom emanate wrong ideas as to the war, and our part in it, and this or that ally's part in it, and the probable length of it. But let us not call stupidity—even our neighbor's stupidity—"German propaganda": not unless we really do know what we're talking about. In a country of popular traditions and aspirations it doesn't pay to cheapen such phrases: they may be needed later on to express (and combat) the real thing.

## The Long Pull

**A**RE we halfway through the war? Many of us please ourselves daily with the idea that the end is rather near, and this same thought underlies all the scholarly comparisons with what happened at Waterloo, all the newspaper editorial assurances that Germany strikes now in frantic haste to win before America can do her part. The deeper indications seem to be that the end is rather far off. We must distinguish clearly between Teuton policy and the Teuton press agency which labors to make that policy less bitter to the German people. No horse ever hauled a load of a hundred tons: the work is done a ton or so at a time with intermittent oats, water, and rest. In the same way Potsdam keeps the German Michel going—just this one final task and then peace. But why should we believe Potsdam?

These gigantic attacks in Picardy, in Flanders, past Rheims to the Marne, and so on, may very well be intended to establish a new line of battle from which the boche can destructively bombard Paris and the great industrial district of the lower Seine valley. Holding the northern French coast would enable the boche to multiply the submarine peril and to bring various English cities under direct gunfire; for which work this infamous long-range shooting at Paris is a rehearsal. It will be noted that FOCH let the Germans go to the Marne barrier (when he had to), but put his power into breaking their effort to work westward. Huge as they are, these great drives into France are but parts of a larger plan, and it is the scale of that which we must get in mind if we are to see this war as it is. The Teutons are working it out rather carefully, as is indicated by our military experts' revisions of their earlier (and too rosy) estimates of comparative Allied and German losses. Prophecy is dangerous, but it seems safe to predict that when—and if—the German fleet goes out to attack, as has been so much rumored, it will sally forth, not intentionally to commit suicide, but to support a drive for Calais. The recent, much-chronicled submarine raids along our eastern seaboard are certainly intended to divert both the German people and the American navy from even more grave matters.

The rulers of Germany are looking forward, not to a world of peace in which their autocratic power must shrivel and die, but to a world of armed brutality and armed fear in which they will be the masters of an even greater empire. For this they want to establish a battle line through France easier to defend and more crippling to their enemies. Behind it they might be able to drag the war along, hatching trouble by all manner of evil "peace" work among the Allies and drawing aid from the enslavement of Russia's broken remnants. If LUDENDORFF has a system to make fighting men of reluctant convicts from the German prisons, the same system will work with conscripted aliens. The Prussian army has been a jail, ever since the first FREDERICK.

It is on some such scale as the above that the Teuton plan must be viewed. The overthrow of it will be equally gigantic. Allied failure can come only from lack of resources or from lack of understanding leadership. We have to win peace, not merely to defend ourselves, and it is the long pull that will bring the victory.



# Editorials



## Arithmetic of Frightfulness

IF it has taken nearly a year and a half not to reduce England to starvation by means of the U-boat, how long will it take to reduce the United States to starvation by sinking coal schooners and sugar ships off the Jersey coast? This is the simple problem set by the emergence of the Tirpitz touch on this side of the Atlantic.

Ach, ja! Not starvation perhaps, but military operations hampered, American nerves wrenched, morale shaken, and the effectiveness of those blödsinnige Yankee soldiers in France hamstrung, that is worth something, *nicht wahr?* It is true that during the first two weeks' prowling along the Yankee coast no troopships have been hit; also, because of that *Donnerwetter* convoy system, no food ships going to Europe have been struck down in western waters—in fact, no stroke has been delivered against the line of communications across the Atlantic. *Aber doch*, every little bit helps, even a couple of windjammers from Virginia to Boston; better still, a sugar ship from Porto Rico or a coffee ship from Brazil, or a neutral Norwegian. The effect will be felt on the other side all right.

How? It is very simple, *meine Herren*. If we sink a couple of scores of thousands of sugar bags from Porto Rico, the price of sugar in Ashtabula, Ohio, may go up to 11½ cents, *nicht wahr?* Very well. Will not, then, the mothers and sisters and wives of Ashtabula, Ohio, write to their dear ones in France about the growing difficulty of getting sugar for the Red Cross Fair lemonade? Will not that set the Yankee soldiers from Ashtabula to worrying about the pressure of war upon their dear ones at home? Is not that certain to reduce the fighting effectiveness of the Yankee soldier, as figured out by our eminent physiopsychologist PICKELHAUBE, by at least 1-200 of 1 per cent? In view of such irrefutable military necessity, one should not hesitate to set a few hundred men and women adrift on the Atlantic in small boats.

To this arithmetic add the pleasure of announcing, through the Wolff Bureau, that "our U-boat cruisers have sunk a dozen merchant ships off the Port of New York." It will make good reading in Berlin these long supperless nights.

## Dealing with Government

SOME weeks ago the daily papers were noting that the Allied Silk Trading Corporation had voluntarily reduced its rate of commission, on a contract involving the manufacture of 7,000,000 yards of cartridge cloth, from 7½ per cent to 3 per cent, or less. That was an act of good citizenship, and the company deserves the praise it got; but no one appears to have noticed the real lesson of the incident. The silk men said in their statement that the original rate of commission was fixed to guard the company against loss. They were uncertain as to when the Government would pay, what new requirements might be imposed, and what other changes might arise. When they found that UNCLE SAM paid promptly, that his demands were reasonable, and that the Ordnance Department was ready and helpful in all matters of detail, why, then, this insurance was not needed, and they reduced the rate as shown. For good service in turning out war goods we must have not only able and honest contractors, but also prompt and businesslike administrators—and sometimes we do have them.

## The Patriotism That Wins Wars

IN our morning paper we notice a drawing of an energetic little man striding along wearing this placard:

I'VE HAD THIS SUIT SINCE BEFORE THE WAR  
AND I'M PROUD OF IT

Below the picture are the words:

Good for you, old Scout!  
That's the one and only way to conserve both wool and labor.

What is remarkable about this matter-of-fact statement is that it occurs in the advertisement of a New York store whose business is that of selling men's clothes. It's a real progress that this advertisement marks from the old "Business as usual" slogan. Some time ago we reached the stage at which hat makers saw the importance of their customers conserving raw materials by not buying new fishing tackle, but we have needed the patriotism which blurts out boldly: "Get along without most new things, even though they're the commodities I make and sell." That is the winning spirit, and the spirit that deserves to win.

## Records and Results

IN the long run it is planning that counts. For example, that record-breaking 5,500-ton freight ship *Tuckahoe*, which was launched in twenty-seven days, finished in thirty-seven, and sailed with a cargo in forty days from the time her keel was laid, was not a record-breaking job so far as the riveting, etc., is concerned. The materials were all ready at the precise time and spot needed; they moved into her hull like clockwork. Brains, planning, teamwork (not frantic "drives") built the *Tuckahoe*, and those same qualities in action will win the war.

## The Reserves

THE Battle for Paris is a good name for it, no doubt—though perhaps history will call it the second Battle of the Marne. But whatever you call it, you will find a clue to its reality in an article of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," written during the Battle of Picardy in the country of VON MOLTKE, one of whose main principles it illustrates. Said the "Frankfurter":

It can be regarded as the intention of the German Supreme Command first to loosen the whole front of stationary warfare and to convert the stable wall of cement into an improvised front consisting of masses of reserves, and shaken at several points of vital importance—human bodies instead of armored works. As soon as this aim has been achieved, and as soon as the whole position of the English and French armies has become, so to say, ripe for storming, and the development of the enemy reserves has been forced, the time has come for the last and decisive strategic blow.

It is, no doubt, a matter of tremendous importance whether Amiens or the English position on the heights in Flanders falls; it is so important because the great English bridgehead on our side of the Channel cannot afford to lose too much ground without the strategy of the western powers being gravely impaired and the bridgehead itself being menaced. But the point of view which is decisive for the strategy of this campaign lies beyond these outward and visible battle successes; the ultimate question is the question of the measure in which the preparatory strategic operations eat up the forces on both sides. When all the introductory blows have succeeded in loosening the rigid mass, and our army undertakes the last and decisive stroke, will the German command still have preserved so much fighting strength that the favorable strategic situation can be thoroughly exploited?

Evidently our neighbor FRANK SIMONDS has hopes that the answer to this German question is an answer Germany will not like—for he writes in his newspaper that if the enemy too rapidly consumes his limited reserve, "in advance of the moment when he is to make his decisive thrust, he will lack the numbers to enforce his local victory"—just as NAPOLEON lacked them "in his brilliant 1814 campaign, where he won many local successes but found himself without the reserves to enforce any one of them."

"Reserves" has an impersonal sound—but some of FOCH's hail from this side of the Atlantic—so there's nothing impersonal or coldly scientific in these advance speculations on the battle issue.

## Afterward

NEARLY all the discussion as to conditions and policies after the war deals too much with things and too little with men, who are the masters of things. Unless the struggle develops means of destruction incomparably more devastating than any so far known, the fate of this world in future will be framed where it has always been framed: in human hearts and souls. What of our own country? Millions of her sons will some day be returning from the stricken fields, the perilous seas, and the roaring forges of this war. They will be drilled and hardened to the habit of thinking less of daily comfort than of results, less of rights than of duties. They will be strictly of the belief that a man should behave as such—i. e., keep cheerfully and endlessly at the main job, get the best possible sort of life out of the most cheerless circumstances. Turning out at any hour to face any task or any change will be a matter of course. That deadening respect for one's personal wishes and ways will not be nearly so common. Those who have established our country's freedom will be accustomed to look for and follow that true leadership which gives orders and gets things done right; they will have found out what nine-tenths of us go to the grave without ever suspecting: they will have discovered the living power that is in men's souls. The soldiers of the Civil War did that, and ruled our nation for forty years after. The men of this struggle are more fortunate in that they will return undivided, devoted to one cause. What will be the outcome? No one knows. But it is certain that our country's future will be plastic to the will and the courage of those who have won this war.

June 29, 1918



# GETTING THEM BACK + +

## HOW THE WOUNDED ARE CARED FOR IN A MODERN BATTLE

*A wounded Canadian being helped off the field by a Canadian stretcher bearer and, on the left, a German prisoner. Newly captured prisoners are often detailed to assist the stretcher bearers in caring for the wounded*

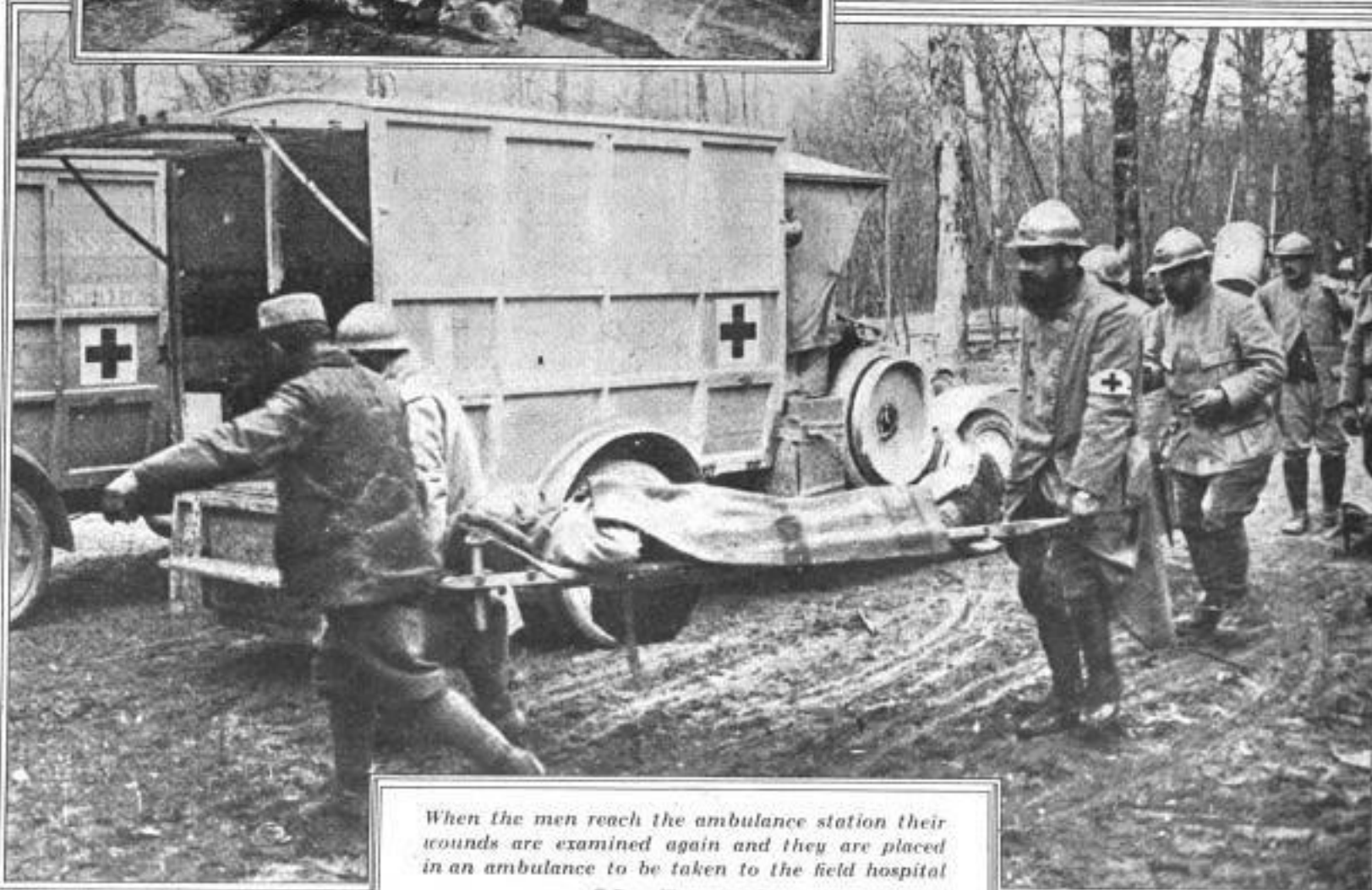
Canadian Official Photograph  
© Western Newspaper Union



*The wounded are first taken to a dressing station in one of the rear trenches, where they rest and are given first-aid dressings*

*Those who can walk go on foot from the first-aid post to the ambulance station. Each man wears a tag describing the nature of his wounds*

© Press Illustrating Co.



*When the men reach the ambulance station their wounds are examined again and they are placed in an ambulance to be taken to the field hospital*

© Press Illustrating Co.



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*The British army sometimes employs narrow-gauge railroads for ambulances*



*The ambulances take the wounded to a field hospital, where final dressings are given before the men go to the evacuation or base hospitals*

*Men too badly hurt to be moved far go to the evacuation hospital. The others go direct to the base hospital by train, as pictured above*

© Press Illustrating Co.



*The base hospitals are many miles from the front, all over France and England. The one shown is a former Salvation Army hotel in Paris*

© Press Illustrating Co.





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This day he was making up and up in the solitudes, rising rapidly as the ridge he was following went into the skirts of Granite Peak. The great mountain itself stood over the landscape, awesome, majestic, 8,200 feet above sea level. For three-fourths of its rugged height it wore a royal mantle of darkest green, that deep, velvety color that only pine and fir, hemlock and spruce, can impart. The rest of the way it rose like a pointed shaft of dull, red-gray granite. On its extreme tip there was set something that sparkled in the sun like a tiny gem to the beholder at the giant's foot twelve miles away. This was, indeed, a gem to its owner, the United States Forest Service—a small, square house, fourteen by fourteen, its entire upper walls of glass. Here, through the fire season, one lone man was forever on watch, his maps tacked to his table, his instruments upon them, his telephone at hand. And here was Kinsey bound, bringing this tireless watcher his week's supply of water, for it was an early season, and the snow, that usually sufficed for the first month, had been gone for several weeks.

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"Also canned!"

"Not on your life," protested the other tartly; "I'll back my bread with anybody's, male or female."

He lighted the coal-oil stove in the corner, and Kinsey threw himself down on the neat bed in the opposite one.

"By George!" he said admiringly, "never grows old, does it? Wonderful country."

He squinted his brown eyes and looked around. Far as he could see the world went down and away, a heaving sea of green waves, vast, unspeakable, soft with blue

haze and eternally silent. All to the east, the south, the west it stretched over uncounted miles in matchless beauty. To the north this beauty changed abruptly. There Red Mountain stood in a living death, its great slants devoid of verdure, its gaunt ribs showing from top to foot. The light fell upon it in a sea of blue and gold, softening its grim loneliness.

Down and down and down went the great steep slants. A tin can thrown from the window of the station would leap and fall and leap again for three thousand feet. Granite Peak dominated this lone world, but its sister peaks seemed to dispute its claim. Only the instruments settled the question. Man's eye could not. From the vantage of the glass house the lookout could spot a fire anywhere in a radius of all the district and half the next one on the north—thin, plummy spirals of blue smoke rising quietly in the light. So clear was this vantage that campers, fishing on the little creeks, were often surprised to have a khaki-clad fire warden come riding up to investigate their tiny cooking fire, which had been spotted by the lookout twenty miles away and reported by telephone to the nearest guard. Thus does the service watch its own.

AS Kinsey idly scanned the vast and splendid sight of the dropping slopes he chatted volubly of all the county happenings, for news goes fast in the solitudes where the lone wires run and every ring brings a dozen ranchers and miners on the line to "rubber."

But while the biscuit baked above the coal-oil flame Jimmy came and sat on the narrow bed and fingered the good binoculars that lay on the edge of the desk on the high dais in the center of the room.

"There's something been bothering me," he said, "for two weeks now."

"Yes?" asked the ranger, alert. "Why haven't you mentioned it?"

"Because I wasn't sure."

"Sure now?"

"Passably."

"Well?"

"There's a human on Red Mountain."

"Possibly."

"A human who's afraid to be seen—desperately afraid."

"How do you know?"

"You watch the Loophole. Every other day it is darkened by a face, looking through. It's due to-day."

"Huh!" said Kinsey, wonderingly.

He took the glasses and, training them upon the distant tip of the mountain, looked long at the strange formation which was called the Loophole, a narrow shaft of the rock that formed the crown, the last perfect point that pierced the skies. In the extreme top of this the elements, beating about it for a thousand years, had worn a small round hole through which the blue beyond shone brightly.

It was clear and steady, a magic circle of the solitudes.

"I think you're having visions, Jimmy," he smiled; "a lookout gets the willies sometimes, like a sheep herder."

But the other shook his head. "I've watched it for two weeks now,"

he said stubbornly, "and every other day for a while at noon that hole is darkened, I tell you. But come on; dinner's ready."

ALL during the meal he talked and argued, sticking by his first statement, and these two men on the top of the world laughed and bantered in huge pleasure. But every few minutes Jimmy reached for the glasses, and, with the keen vision of a hawk, searched not only the steady point of the Loophole on Red Mountain, but all the world below.

At last, just as Kinsey, well content, pushed back from the







# The World's Tribute to a Watch

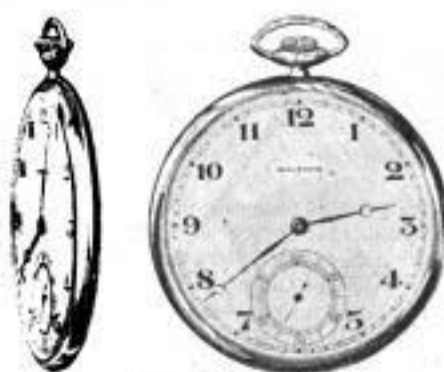
Great deeds bring tributes in proportion to their worthiness. On the battlefields of Europe those tributes are evidenced in the form of medals with which brave men are decorated.

As the Victoria Cross, for example, is Britain's supreme honor to give for valor, so is the highest tribute to the accuracy of a watch shown in its official choice by a government. Such tributes have the leading nations of five continents bestowed on Waltham—which are very good reasons

## Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

Carrying the war story on through to another chapter, what is Waltham doing to help win it?

For timing important military work on land, sea and in the air, America, England and Canada—in need of chronometers, deck clocks, wristwatches, air-plane clocks and comparing watches—placed their orders at Waltham. And Waltham, by the way, is the only watch factory in the world that can make chronometers.



**COLONIAL A**  
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy  
Maximus movement 21 jewels  
Riverside movement 19 jewels

And beauty? Yes—in no other watch will you find that richness which makes so many people say:

"How can it be so thin and yet so accurate?" That's Waltham's secret—learned by more than a half-century of watch-making experience. Horological experts choose the Waltham because they know it is more reliable than any other watch made in America or Europe—and critics of watch-artistry, because they consider it more beautiful.

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME







# THE FACE IN THE LOOPHOLE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

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He lighted the coal-oil stove in the corner, and Kinsey threw himself down on the neat bed in the opposite one.

"By George!" he said admiringly, "never grows old, does it? Wonderful country."

He squinted his brown eyes and looked around. Far as he could see the world went down and away, a heaving sea of green waves, vast, unspeakable, soft with blue

haze and eternally silent. All to the east, the south, the west it stretched over uncounted miles in matchless beauty. To the north this beauty changed abruptly. There Red Mountain stood in a living death, its great slants devoid of verdure, its gaunt ribs showing from top to foot. The light fell upon it in a sea of blue and gold, softening its grim loneliness.

Down and down went the great steep slants. A tin can thrown from the window of the station would leap and fall and leap again for three thousand feet. Granite Peak dominated this lone world, but its sister peaks seemed to dispute its claim. Only the instruments settled the question. Man's eye could not. From the vantage of the glass house the lookout could spot a fire anywhere in a radius of all the district and half the next one on the north—thin, plummy spirals of blue smoke rising quietly in the light. So clear was this vantage that campers, fishing on the little creeks, were often surprised to have a khaki-clad fire warden come riding up to investigate their tiny cooking fire, which had been spotted by the lookout twenty miles away and reported by telephone to the nearest guard. Thus does the service watch its own.

AS Kinsey idly scanned the vast and splendid sight of the dropping slopes he chatted volubly of all the county happenings, for news goes fast in the solitudes where the lone wires run and every ring brings a dozen ranchers and miners on the line to "rubber."

But while the biscuit baked above the coal-oil flame Jimmy came and sat on the narrow bed and fingered the good binoculars that lay on the edge of the desk on the high dais in the center of the room.

"There's something been bothering me," he said, "for two weeks now."

"Yes?" asked the ranger, alert. "Why haven't you mentioned it?"

"Because I wasn't sure."

"Sure now?"

"Passably."

"Well?"

"There's a human on Red Mountain."

"Possibly."

"A human who's afraid to be seen—desperately afraid."

"How do you know?"

"You watch the Loophole. Every other day it is darkened by a face, looking through. It's due to-day."

"Huh!" said Kinsey, wonderingly.

He took the glasses and, training them upon the distant tip of the mountain, looked long at the strange formation which was called the Loophole, a narrow shaft of the rock that formed the crown, the last perfect point that pierced the skies. In the extreme top of this the elements, beating about it for a thousand years, had worn a small round hole through which the blue beyond shone brightly.

It was clear and steady, a magic circle of the solitudes.

"I think you're having visions, Jimmy," he smiled; "a lookout gets the willies sometimes, like a sheep herder."

But the other shook his head. "I've watched it for two weeks now,"

he said stubbornly, "and every other day for a while at noon that hole is darkened, I tell you. But come on; dinner's ready."

ALL during the meal he talked and argued, sticking by his first statement, and these two men on the top of the world laughed and bantered in huge pleasure. But every few minutes Jimmy reached for the glasses, and, with the keen vision of a hawk, searched not only the steady point of the Loophole on Red Mountain, but all the world below.

At last, just as Kinsey, well content, pushed back from the







# The World's Tribute to a Watch

Great deeds bring tributes in proportion to their worthiness. On the battlefields of Europe those tributes are evidenced in the form of medals with which brave men are decorated.

As the Victoria Cross, for example, is Britain's supreme honor to give for valor, so is the highest tribute to the accuracy of a watch shown in its official choice by a government. Such tributes have the leading nations of five continents bestowed on Waltham — which are very good reasons

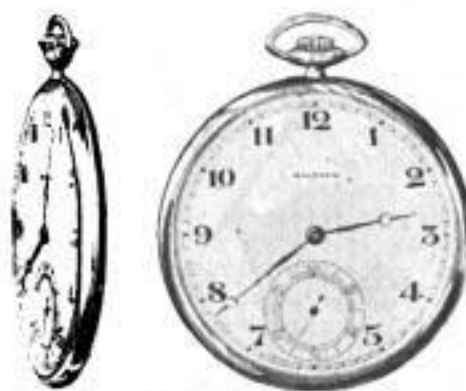
# Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

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For timing important military work on land, sea and in the air, America, England and Canada — in need of chronometers, deck clocks, wrist watches, air-plane clocks and comparing watches — placed their orders at Waltham. And Waltham, by the way, is the only watch factory in the world that can make chronometers.



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"How can it be so thin and yet so accurate?" That's Waltham's secret—learned by more than a half-century of watch-making experience. Horological experts choose the Waltham because they know it is more reliable than any other watch made in America or Europe—and critics of watch-artistry, because they consider it more beautiful.

WALTHAM  
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME





narrow table below the dais, he handed him the glasses.

"Now, you old wet blanket," he said quietly, "look!" And Kinsey looked—looked long and steadily. The blue of the sky no longer shone through the magic circle—it was a solid point that tipped the peak! For ten minutes he held the glass upon it without moving. Then once more the tiny circle flashed out, unobstructed.

"By George!" he said, "you're right, Jimmy. I apologize."

"And," said the lookout, "that's not all. Once in a while a shot comes faintly over on the wind."

At that the ranger's eyes hardened. "Shooting deer?" he said. "I'm about fed up on that. I don't mind passing by on the other slope when some old hill billy who's lived here all his life gets his necessary meat, but these damned hunters, these vacationists from the cities who come out on purpose—who break the law for the pure joy of the thing and grin when they pass a ranger—they get on my nerves. Your mysterious tenant of Red Mountain may be a cat of another color, but I'm going after him right pronto."

"May not be anything wrong," said Jimmy, "but I thought I'd tell you."

TWO days later Kinsey, with emergency rations in his saddle bags, was on Red Mountain. It was a dismal place. Why nature had cursed it was a mystery, but accursed it was in very truth. Nothing grew on its southern slope. The vast red slants were bare as a man's palm. It bore no life of any kind, while all about its sisters stood clothed in majesty.

Only the rocks, tumbled boulders weighing uncounted tons, lent it a forbidding dignity. Here Kinsey crept like an atom from early day till noon. By that time he was high under the shoulder of the crest where the sleepless eye of the Loophole watched the land below. He had water in Pat's kerosene cans, for here there was none, though the northern side of the hill was sweet with springs.

At noon he made camp in a hidden cove between two rocky cliffs as high as a house. He fed the horses, ate his own "snack" from the bags and, with his glasses in his hand, lay down in the shelter of a bare brown stone to watch for the mysterious face.

And he was none too soon, for scarcely had he made himself comfortable when the light went out of the Loophole. He was close beneath it, but still too far away for the naked eye to tell him much. With an eager hand he turned the glasses swiftly until they caught the proper focus.

Then, in the next few moments, young Kinsey of the G. F. S. got the shock of his life. The face that filled the Loophole was strange, indeed, for that environment. It was white as a moon, thin-cheeked and delicate, with deep dark eyes beneath a fluff of red-gold hair, and it was a woman's face!

It set itself in the circle of the stone and searched the land below with the wide, still gaze of abject fear, as an animal that has reason to fear searches its back track from some hiding cover. All over the great expanse the eyes roved, keen, searching, alert. Then they rested on the little glass house afar on the tip of Granite Peak, where the lookout lived, the only other human, so far as they knew, in all the lonesome country. They burned upon it with a sort of passionate intensity, as if the sight of the flag floating so bravely from the staff on its top were a source of comfort.

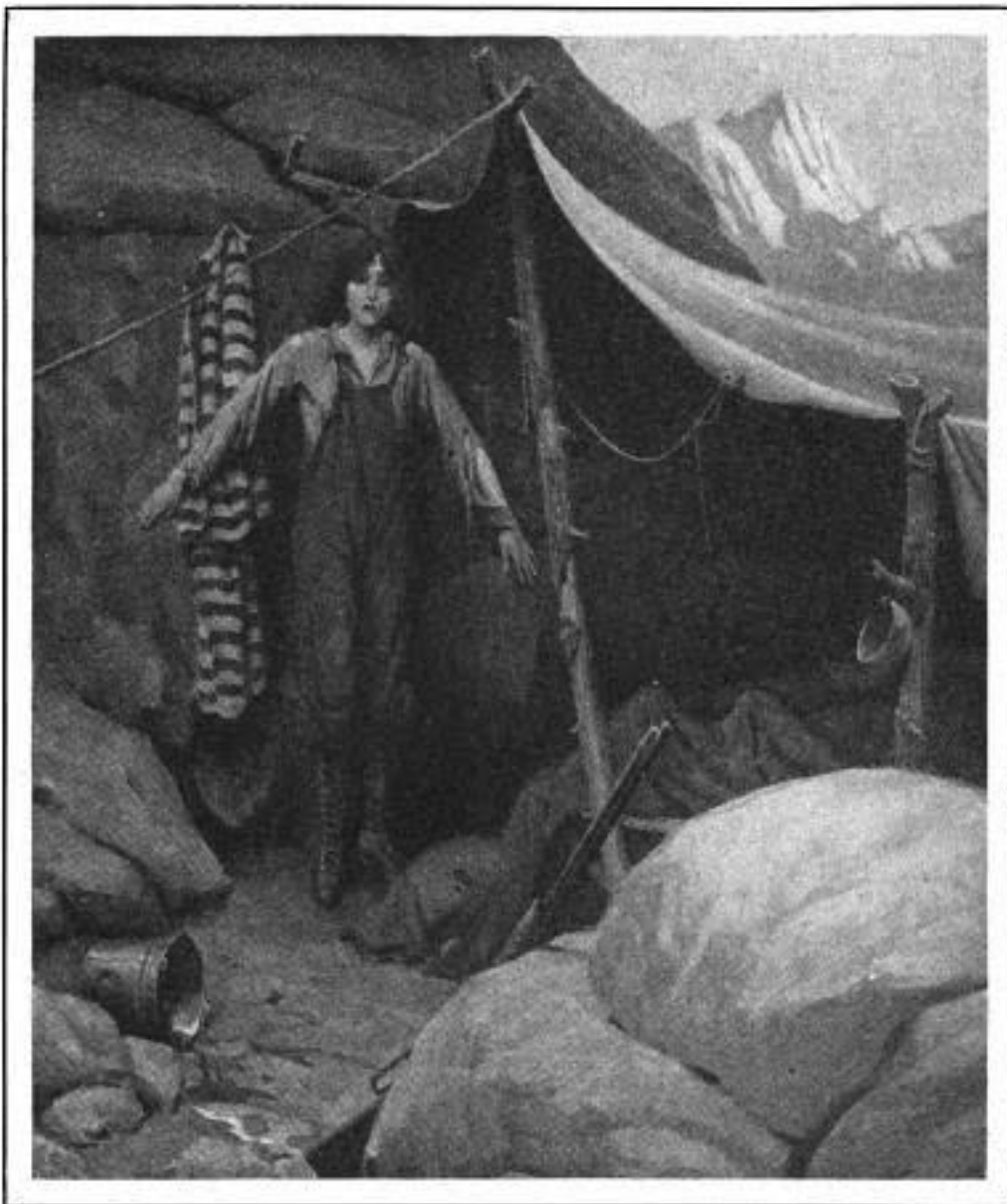
After a while they turned and looked down in Kinsey's glass, and so powerful was the lens that he involuntarily ducked his head. It was as if she looked at him consciously, and yet he knew better.

They searched his rock, the other rocks about, passed on to the clifflike formation where he had left Mister and Pat, and traveled on down, clear to the distant bottom of Red Mountain where the sweeping carpets of the conifers came up to fringe its barrenness. For a long time they rested there, frowning a bit—Kinsey could see the pucker between the straight black brows that stood out so sharply beneath the shining hair—and then, as if the owner were satisfied that no danger lurked in the waiting solitudes below, the face slipped downward from the Loophole and the serene blue skies shone through. The man in the shelter of the rock lowered the binoculars and lay for a long time turning them idly in his fingers.

"Now what th' Sam Hill?" he said softly at last. "Who, what, an' why?"

All that afternoon he and Pat and Mister picked their trackless way around the western shoulder of Red Mountain, climbing, sliding, stumbling among the boulders and the red volcanic dust that had lain in peace, save for the light foot of deer and panther, for countless ages.

When the blue and purple twilight fell in the Trinities, transfiguring the peaks, swathing the valleys in smoky-black shadows, they made camp on the northwestern shoulder just where the green of tree and spring began, for up the northern slope of the hill nature, relenting, had spread a strip of verdure. This strip of forest was some three miles wide at the base and tapered accordingly to the summit, running so close to the crown that a few stunted spruce



*She slid slowly around against the stone, and faced them*

trees stood a stone's throw beneath the shaft of the Loophole itself.

Here Kinsey ate, picketed the horses in the swath of grass that followed the trickle of a spring, and, wrapping himself in his blankets, slept.

THE next morning he was up early and out on the slopes afoot. He searched the immediate vicinity of the peak for tracks, but there were none. The woman had evidently kept to the rocks with a careful cunning. Switching back and forth across the narrow but constantly widening belt of trees, he descended the mountain. He went clear to the bottom, but found nothing save silence and the eternal peace of the waiting hills. It was as if the face in the Loophole had been a figment of his fancy, and yet he knew better. Tired and disappointed, he climbed back to the crest and ate a late lunch, made himself comfortable with his blankets and a month-old paper, and prepared to pass the day. He was not lonely. He was never lonely. The pageant of the sunset was divine companionship.

The next day he took to the tree-clad slope and deliberately laid himself down in a low thicket of spruce to wait. This was the third day, the appointed time for the stranger to take that keen survey from the Loophole. The golden morning passed slowly with utter silence save for the still wood sounds, the hushed flap of a wing where a bird alighted in a green refuge, the sudden chatter of a squirrel, the swaying creak of some tall pine rubbing a branch against another.

The watcher waited quietly, and presently he had his reward. Where a shaft of sunlight came sharply through the shade of a group of spruces he caught a flash of gold. It was a bare red head, bobbing as its owner climbed.

Kinsey lay low, holding his breath.

"Climbs like an old-timer," he said to himself, "makes no noise an' sticks to the sheltered places."

But presently the climber came out in the open between tall pines, and he shook his head, for at every few steps she stopped, glanced behind, around, and even cast a swift look at the whispering crown of the trees.

"No mountaineer," he told himself, "an' she's sore afraid—afraid of th' stillness. Afraid of animals too."

He saw that she was young, scarce out of her girlhood, yet her eyes were old with experience. And she was pretty too, with an odd prettiness. She was clad simply in a man's garments, a faded shirt and overalls, the kind with a bib and suspenders crossing in the back. She wore boots too, trim leather boots that laced to the knee, and she carried a new rifle.

She crossed the small slanting glade, passing close to Kinsey's thicket, and he had a clear view of her face, so that he knew that the cheeks were thinner than they should be, that those straight dark brows and lashes beneath the gold-red hair lent a strange charm to her features.

Then she entered the undergrowth again and was lost to sight. She had made scarcely a sound, climbing with both grace and wonderful stealth.

"By George!" said the ranger wonderingly, "is she a little off? What's she doing alone on Red Mountain?" For somehow he felt that she was alone, unutterably, pitifully alone.

FOR another hour he lay and waited. Then, without warning, he saw her come suddenly down from the brush above and pass back the way she had come. As quietly as she went he rose and followed her, keeping a goodly distance in the rear. From place to place he watched her, knowing what manner of way she chose, that she kept to shelter for the most part, and was amazed at the speed with which she descended. Born in the hills as he had been, she taxed him to keep her in sight. He saw her stop on a rock once and scan all the world about, then plunge ahead in that same light, quick fashion. And there he lost her. Search as he might, he found no trace of her, saw her no more that day. At four o'clock he gave up, went back to the camp, saddled Mister and Pat, and put back to his cabin far around the skirts of Granite Peak. But his interest was caught fast. For the next few days he rode diligently, patrolling his southern boundaries, seeing to the telephone lines, calling up Jimmy Bond every morning and night, hunting and putting out a little fire the lookout reported at the mouth of a small creek—a mere column of smoke from a log left burning by campers—and getting things in good shape. For he meant to ride to Red Mountain again.

This time he camped lower down. It was the sixth day from his other visit, and he knew she would be going up to make that strange, scared search of her world.

He was right, for he saw her far off to the east, the sun on her bright head betraying her. This time Kinsey swung over that way and put himself where she might run upon him coming down. He sat on a rock and waited, but before she had had time enough to be coming back something brought him up standing—the keen, clear crack of a rifle not so very high above him.

With instant decision the ranger started in the direction of the sound. He swung upward with the carrying stride of the born climber, the ball of the foot taking the burden, the body swaying hardly at all. He covered the ground between his starting place and the source of that shot in record time, but when he reached the high point of jutting rock from which he knew it had come there was not a thing to be seen. He stood on the flat top of one of the boulders and looked around. For a goodly space there was no shelter. A flat slope went down to the ring of trees below, while above there was a very bare and scattering growth of sky-high firs.

Anyone getting away from there must have traveled as fast as he had traveled, and with a set purpose of flight. Moreover, there was in the still air the pungent smell of rifle smoke.

"H'm!" he said aloud.

For a long time he stood and studied the lie of the land about. Then he stepped down from the boulder and started around and up toward the peak.

As he left the jumbled group of rocks something drew his glance around. Instantly he stopped.

There, huddled down beneath a low shelf of the formation like a fright-

(Continued on page 30)



*"You'll always  
find a Savage*



*where the service  
is the hardest"*

## We owe you an explanation

**S**AVAGE ARMS CORPORATION built itself up—made its reputation—wedged itself into its present commanding position in the small arms business in the face of long-established and powerful competition—by its policy of giving the trade and the consumer *what they wanted*.

We have asked for your criticisms on our guns and we have followed your suggestions just as far as manufacturing conditions would permit.

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And the results—the tremendous popularity of the .303 Savage, the Savage Automatic Pistol, the .22 Savage Hi-Power and the .250-3000 Savage, and our .22 Rim-fire Rifles—have shown that you appreciated it.

Now we have stopped making rifles and pistols and our whole equipment is engaged in making Lewis Machine Guns for our Government.

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Till then, remember we are doing our bit—for you!

**SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION**  
UTICA, N. Y.



# THE ARMY'S SKIRTS

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

YOU wouldn't expect, would you, to find a Y. W. C. A. house nestled in the center of a military camp? Confess that you've always looked upon the society as a sort of maiden aunt dispensing sterilized recreation to sour-faced girls. Yet the explanation is simple enough. The Y. W. C. A. is concerned with girls. Girls are concerned with many matters—at present chiefly soldiers. Therefore, the Y. W. C. A. is deeply, enthusiastically interested in the cantonments.

Hostess houses have been placed by the Young Women's Christian Association in the military camps all over the country from Palo Alto, Cal., to Plattsburg, N. Y.; from Jacksonville, Fla., to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Seventy-five of these were either in full swing or in process of erection the last time I heard, but requests came in so fast to the National Board in New York, and buildings go up so quickly, thanks to Government sanction and Government workmen, that hostess houses are as hard to keep count of as pigs in clover.

As soon as a hostess house opens its doors it is filled by the soldiers and their womenfolk. Soldiers stand in rows around the walls to watch Esau kissing Kate. Actually sometimes it is necessary on crowded visiting days to shut out soldiers unless escorted by mothers, sisters, sweethearts, aunts, wives, or something in the petticoat line. Lonesome lads sneak in and slide stealthily behind the baby grand just for the sake of listening to a family wrangle. At Camp Gordon, Atlanta, an acre of roofage is none too much shelter. Sixty thousand people entered the house at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., the first month it was opened.

Large reception rooms are the hospitality centers of each house. Quiet rest rooms offer forty winks for transients. All women need "renovating" after the journey to the cantonment, according to the hostess at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., and all men are hungry. Cafeterias fragrant with apple pie and baked beans remind us that man does not live by wheat bread alone. "Pie hounds" the cook calls the soldiers who follow their noses at Camp Dodge, Iowa. A hostess house in a cantonment caters to the varied domestic needs of from twenty thousand to fifty thousand soldiers, and as many of their families as can raise the train fare.

## Eureka! She Had Found Him!

THE Westminster Catechism is easy compared to the questions asked daily in every hostess house: "What places of historic interest in the neighborhood should my wife visit?"

"Who started hostess houses?"

"Can you help me get my furlough?"

"When's the war going to end?"

"Will you please help me write a letter?"

"Do you believe in a future life?"

An apple blossom of a girl danced breezily up to the information secretary in one house to say, in matter-of-fact tones:

"I just stopped in to see if you could lend me a pair of breeches. Yes, I said breeches. My brother wants me to ride with him. I can wear this coat, but I can't find any breeches in the shops. Yes, I might borrow a pair from him, but, you see, he's six feet four and I'm only five feet five. I thought perhaps you could tell me who might have a pair to lend. Mrs. Blank of Blank Street might let me have a pair? Thank you so much. I just knew the Y. W. C. A. could help me."

The first duty of every hostess is to be a finger-

post sign to wandering fathers and mothers rescued distraught from the company streets. The Lady Who Finds Your Friends was the name given to the hostess at Balboa Park, California.

One house opened with an ostrich-feathered mother in tulle insistently demanding her "Danny," side by side with a sunbonneted mother in gingham yearning for her "John Henry," and lined up behind them, a teary, smiling wife from the Middle West, a smiling, teary one from the North, a long-distance mother from the East, and a brace of parents from the South.

A cantonment is about as inspiring a hunting

The administration is in the hands of college-bred colored women, experienced in social work. The natural aptitude of the negro race for cordiality and kindness makes a visit to one of their hostess houses a delightful experience.

Every hostess house has its nursery. Old rose quilts are rolled on the beds and old rose curtains hang at the windows. Here come babies sometimes who have never before met their fathers. A soldier's baby at camp is everybody's baby. Lonesome fathers tiptoe into the "kids' room" for the dubious joy of admiring other people's children.

Matrimony, in 1918, according to the Social Register, increased 200 per cent in Seattle, 60 per cent in Washington, D. C., and 60 per cent in Pittsburgh, not to mention other cities. All of these brides, the hostesses will assure you, come regularly to the cantonments to admire their new acquisitions. A patient group of girl wives in the rain, at the entrance of the Plattsburg camp, looking like gay, dripping mushrooms with their red and blue and green umbrellas, almost took root in the muddy road. They waited hours, every day, no matter how bad the weather, in hopes of a few minutes' chance chat with their husbands. For their comfort and protection the first hostess house was built. In the seventy-four succeeding houses, girl wives have been equally prominent. Their needs are extensive and sometimes surprising.

"Do you have a regular Sunday school?" inquired a demure young bride of the hostess at Camp Pike, Arkansas.

The hostess admitted that no regular Sunday school was there. The disappointed girl pulled out a little book and exhibited a record of four years' perfect attendance at Sunday school.

"Last Sunday," she said, "I walked three miles in snow up to my knees to get to the Sugar Creek Sunday school. See, here's the certificate."

The hostess rose to the situation. She recommended a Sunday school in Little Rock. The bride thanked her and disappeared. She was back again in the afternoon with a signed certificate and a good conscience.

"Now, I can enjoy the rest of the day with my husband," she assured the hostess.

## The Soldiers Want the House

THE wife who met in Camp Funston, Kansas, the husband whom she had not seen since the Mexican mobilization might be classed as a war bride. After an hour's happy chat with him in the hostess house, she bade the hostess good-by, saying appreciatively: "I can't tell you how I've enjoyed seeing my husband again. We had so many things to talk over."

The hostess house remembers the wives at home held back by family duties, distance, or poverty. Any soldier who wants some service performed for his wife just naturally seeks the hostess. A corporal with the tanned face of a college boy on a yachting trip and the eyes of a man who looks at an unexpected world came into a hostess house on a day when troops were leaving for France. The room was crowded. Wives who were being left behind simulated a jiggety blitheness which, if genuine, would have stamped them as heartless. Husbands about to go exhibited that facetious gayety behind which a good American hides his feelings.

The corporal showed the hostess a small purple box. Might he wrap it for mailing?

With shy pride he opened the box. Covered with cotton, wrapped in a bit of newspaper, was a diamond ring. The diamond was very, very small, but it was a real one.

"My wife has never had an engagement ring," he explained. "I never had the money to buy it. Now I'm sending it to her as a parting gift."



The hostess house, if you please, is nothing less than military recognition of a woman's right to love a man

ground to the casual visitor as a checkerboard would be with each square occupied by wooden barracks. Camp Lewis, Washington, is seven miles long. Your friend at Camp Lee, Virginia, is one of 40,000 men. One hundred thousand men are encamped around San Antonio, Tex. Don't try to find a soldier yourself in Camp Upton, New York, unless you have brought compass, sextant, and logarithmic tables. Go straight to the hostess house and let the kind lady help you. Visitors are so fussy about getting the particular bundle of khaki they ask for! A very pretty young woman, blushing

like a robin's breast, firm as the Ancient Mariner, wanted a certain doctor. Since she desired him for social purposes and not for professional services, she may be excused for believing that no other doctor would do. The patient secretary who lives at the telephone transmitter in that hostess house called up the base hospital and inquired for that young doctor. She was referred to the ambulance station. She called up the ambulance station and was referred back to the base hospital. She called up the base hospital again and was referred to the ambulance headquarters. She called up the ambulance headquarters and was referred to a definite ward in the base hospital. Eureka! She had found him!

The doctor was over at the hostess house before the blushes had faded from the lady's cheeks.

A khaki kid at Camp Cody, New Mexico, was summoned by telephone to the hostess house to meet his mother, who had come to surprise him. He arrived on the leap. It was a surprise all round!

"You're not my mother!" he expostulated.

"That's not my son!" cried the indignant woman. Fancy being rooked with a changeling when your baby is twenty-five years old. The real son turned out, by delightful coincidence, to be the changeling's friend. Everybody was finally happy.

## Nothing Missing

WHEREVER colored troops are stationed, hostess houses are built for them. A beautiful house at Upton is in operation. At Camp Funston a barracks is being used temporarily. Eight other houses have been promised to impatient commandants.



Why is a hostess house, after all? That it contributes to the mere entertainment of soldiers is trifling compared to what other agencies afford. What comfort it gives to women is woman's affair. Yet its presence in the cantonment is tremendously significant. The hostess house, if you please, is nothing less than military recognition of a woman's right to love a man. Wives, mothers, cousins, "only girls," aunts, fiancées, grandmothers, "lady friends," and sisters have right of entry into military camps. Even a girl who only hopes to love a soldier boy some day is passed into the hostess house.

This extraordinary condition of affairs comes about because the men wish it. Women have not stormed an entrance. They're invited. The Secretary of War, who is not a woman, sanctions the building of houses. The Fossdick Commission, which is not made up of women, supervises the undertaking. A commandant who six months ago said he wouldn't have "a skirt on the station" has asked prettily for a third house. The soldiers want the houses.

The busyness of the bee, the strength of the lion, the gentleness of the dove, and the foxiness of the diplomat are prerequisites for a hostess. A guileless country lad confided to one that he was going to invite out a too well

known girl in the neighboring town. "She is attractive, isn't she?" agreed the canny hostess. "Now, if she has a fit while you're out together, you must get her out of the crowd and—what? You didn't know. Oh, yes, poor girl! The last time she was here it took us an hour to bring her round. You think you won't invite her. Well, perhaps you're wise under the circumstances."

Never too busy to take on an extra job—that is the attitude of the secretaries to their work. A boy in the hospital at Camp Taylor, Louisville, was out of danger but still too sick to write. His parents, about to return home to Nebraska, were guaranteed letters by the hostess house. When the Y. W. C. A. worker went to the hospital two days later to fulfill the promise she found the father beside the bed.

"I got halfway home," he explained, "and decided to come back. We were afraid you'd be too busy to write his letters."

Reassured, he went home the next day. "Good-by," he said. "God bless you women of the hostess house."

Many useful purposes are served by these outposts of family life.

"Mother feels so much easier about me," an ex-college football player assured a hostess, "since she knows I can come in here any time and get a piece of cake."

## In Connection with the Old Murray Place

Continued from page 13

her home, with the approval and consent of her father and mother, and often to the comfort of the family chauffeur. He needed no invitation to dinner, and was often warned not to turn up in a business suit; there was a bed for him in Sam's room.

There had always been a sweet admission in Nancy's eyes, a gentle confession that she was happy and content when she was with him. Her smile had told him what was in her heart, that she was waiting for the day when she would really be a woman, and his.

Could Nancy lie like that?

THE next morning Miss Nancy Gray went marketing, and at the butcher's she met Mrs. Soule. Mrs. Soule was a good-natured and pleasant old lady. She was no gossip, and Nancy knew it. "Nancy, my dear," she said, "you just walk along with me and tell me all about it."

"Of course I will," said Nancy, "if you'll tell me what it is."

"Goodness gracious, aren't our young people becoming bashful! You and Richard Murray, of course. Naturally, we've known that it was only a matter of time, and I'm not a bit surprised. Some girls I know I wouldn't advise to marry at twenty, but you are different. You are a very sensible, substantial young woman, and you have a very excellent young man, very indeed."

"But, Mrs. Soule, I am not going to marry Mr. Murray."

"Tut, tut, of course you are. Don't try to fool me, I'm too wise, and even if it isn't announced, you confide in me. I'm an old woman, and almost the only pleasure I have is knowing that other people are happy."

"But I'm very happy as I am."

"True, my dear, undoubtedly. If you won't tell me, you won't, but you must promise to tell me before you tell every Tom, Dick, and Harry; you will, won't you? You'll live in the old Murray house, of course; it could be made very comfortable. I suppose you've decided already what you are going to do to it."

"We are not going to do anything." But just then they met Mrs. Wilson, and Nancy fled.

AFTER lunch Helen Bond came to see a Nancy. She hugged Nancy and kissed her with great enthusiasm.

"Of course, Nancy, I'm not surprised; we've all known that it would happen, but now that it is done we're all terribly pleased. He's an awfully nice man."

Nancy Gray was furious inside. Outside she smiled. "Helen, don't be foolish; I'm not engaged to anybody, and I'm not going to be. I don't understand why people—"

"There, there, Nancy. You're both very lucky children. Arthur says Richard is the salt of the earth, and I think so too. I suppose you'll live in the old Murray house; Richard is going to have it all done over inside, isn't he? It will be awfully nice to be so near your family."

"I suppose," said Nancy, "that there

is no use my saying a word. It is all being done without consulting me."

Helen laughed. "Nonsense; Richard will do exactly what you want. Women care lots more how a house looks than men do. It's only natural. Arthur never notices a thing in our house as long as meals are on time."

NANCY dressed for dinner earlier than usual. It was fortunate that she did, for Richard arrived before six o'clock. On Mondays Richard rang the bell. The maid smiled at him pleasantly. She had been with the Grays for a long time and was very fond of Nancy, and proud of Nancy's young man.

"Oh, Nancy!" The maid had indicated that Miss Nancy was upstairs.

"Come up, Dick." The words had the tone of inevitable necessity. She smiled at Richard. It was a very sad smile for Nancy.

"Hello, Dick," she said.

"Hello, Nancy." He tried to see a sign of surrender in her face, but it was not there.

"What are those, Dick?" He had brought with him two large pieces of cardboard, tied together with tape, with sheets of heavy paper between.

"Sketches of the house and grounds," he said. "They are simply suggestions. Will you help me with them, Nancy?"

Even Nancy in her present mood could not subdue the real Nancy. "Of course I'll help you, if I can, Dick. But what can I do?"

"Tell me if you like the pictures and suggestions. It is for you, you know."

"But it isn't for me. Won't you understand?"

"All right. We'll suppose that it is to be the way you'd like to have it if you were going to live in it." He untied the tapes and spread the sketches out on the table.

Nancy was looking hard at the sketches and seeing nothing.

"Langmaid, the landscape architect, did this. I told him that everything should be very simple, with just as little artificiality as possible. The dark evergreens are to go, and all but the best of the trees immediately around the house. The drive is to be changed; it was laid out for carriages, and it's too narrow, and the curves are too sharp, and there is no place to leave cars, so that other cars can get past them. That's the reason for the big gravel circle in front of the house. There is a little addition put on the house that cars can drive under when it is raining. Do you understand topographical drawings?"

"A little. I think I understand this—it is not very complicated. Is the barn there now?" She pointed to a building on the plan.

"No; the old stable is to come down, and the brick in it used in the addition to the house. They are very old bricks and are not made any more."

"Dick, have you told anyone that you and I are going to be married?"

"Are we?"

"Have you?"

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"Think, Nance, would I? Could I, possibly?"

She looked up at him and her lips curled into a half-hearted smile. Of course she knew he hadn't. Then the sound of bells in the hall below announced that dinner was ready.

"I had no idea it was so late," he exclaimed. "No one asked me to dinner."

"You'd better stay. If you go, they'd think that there had been a fight. We mustn't let them think that. I'll be down in a minute."

She did come down in a minute and so quietly on the carpeted stairs that no one heard her. She stopped on the landing. Two men were in the hall below. Her father had Dick's hand in one of his and his other hand was on Dick's shoulder. She heard her father say: "Bully, boy! Of course we knew it would happen before long. It's very satisfactory, my boy."

"But it isn't true. I asked Nance, but she said 'no.' I hope she'll change her mind."

"No, you don't. She's been waiting for you, waiting to grow up. Goodness gracious, Nance has never thought of another man in her life. She's teasing you. She has her mother's spirit."

They walked toward the dining room. Nancy saw her mother smile at Richard in a way that indicated feelings much deeper than a mere welcome to dinner.

DINNER went smoothly enough till halfway through dessert, except that Sam, being rather fond of rice pudding, was all the way through and was waiting for more, when he had an inspiration. Dinner had been rather quiet; Sam had not been sat on once. Things needed livening up a bit. He slipped one arm around Nancy's, putting it out of action. Sam's other arm was ready to repel the other.

"Say, Nan, have you named the happy day yet?"

No one paid any attention to Samuel. He waited till there was a lull in the conversation. "Say, Mr. Murray, is Nan a good kisser?"

"Samuel!"

"Ah, come on, tell us. Cut out this secret stuff. Everybody's on to you."

It was more than Nancy could stand. She fled, and Richard fled after her. He caught her at the head of the stairs and guided her into the sitting room.

"I simply will not stand it!" she cried.

"I'm awfully sorry, Nancy," he said, "but little brothers have been cruel since the world began."

"It is cruel, and it isn't fair. There is no one who believes me; there isn't anyone that I can go to. Everybody says I've thrown myself at you."

"Why not come to me, Nancy?"

"Ugh," she exclaimed and jumped up, leaving Richard staring at the fire. A moment later he turned and saw her looking at the papers that were still on the table, and he went and stood beside her.

"You see, Nancy, the old, heavy, black stairs come out and new ones, white, with mahogany treads and a mahogany rail, go in instead. All that terrible black walnut woodwork comes out and white goes back, with mahogany doors."

He took her from cellar to garret, up and down stairs, explaining everything in all the rooms. He told her of bright bedrooms, of comfortable living rooms, of new furniture and old furniture refinished, of electric lights and new fireplaces, of a thousand and one things. "Of course, there is a great deal to be decided still, and there will be a great deal to do. You'll help me, Nancy?"

"But if I help you it will mean—"

"Nothing, except that you are my friend. The house will be made ready to live in, down to knives and forks, napkins, flour, and sugar. There will be flowers in it from the garden or the greenhouse. The lamps will be lighted at night. It will be dusted every day; it will be kept ready for the lady who is to be head of the house. It is going to be her wedding present, from me, even if I am not to be there with her. Tell me, Nance, is the landscape part all right?"

"I think," she said, "that it will be very nice."

"And you'll watch it every day, as the work goes on, and tell me if everything is not the way you'd like to have it?"

There was a knock at the door. Sam, with some evidences of repentance, came in. "I'm sorry I said what I did. Father wants to know if you want to play bridge." Samuel beat a hasty retreat.

Nancy walked quickly into the hall and downstairs. Richard collected the sketches and followed her. As he was leaving that night, he said: "The plans are behind the couch, Nancy. You'll tell me, won't you, if they are not what they should be?"

THE next morning Nancy Gray finished breakfast, took the morning paper, and sat down in the window seat to read. Eventually she came to a column which almost every woman reads every day. It is friendly, personal chat of Alden society, by "Polly Swift."

"I hear," it ran, "that the Murray house at Hopedale is to get the surprise of its life. Its rococo, early Pullman interior is to be scattered to the four winds, and a perfect colonial inside, in keeping with the beautiful exterior, is to take its place. The best artists and decorators are being consulted, and already signs of progress may be noted if one happens to drive past the dozen acres about the old-time residence."

"Of course no one can be sure what all this means, but as no sale of the property has taken place, it is not hard to guess that the owner has some reason for it all. Alden is waiting to be taken into his confidence, though by no possible stretch of the imagination can anyone expect to be surprised. The happiness of the two young people has been so evident ever since the young woman came out two years ago, their mutual attachment has been so pleasantly admitted, that there can be but one answer to the rebuilding. The nest is being prepared, and it is such a sensible, satisfactory, and eminently fitting romance, isn't it? It can hardly be said that there is a secret, but it is surprising that a quiet word has not been said before this. At any rate, the formal announcement cannot be long deferred."

Nancy, quiet, gentle, sweet Nancy stamped her foot and crushed the horrid paper. "I won't have it, I won't! Are other people going to decide whom I am going to marry? They all seem to think that I have nothing to say about it; that I must simply accept the first man who comes along, because—because—he's nice and I know him, and—because I simply like him. And they think I can be bribed. I don't believe Dick would try to bribe me, though, but it looks as if he were. I hate him; I hate everybody."

Nancy's eyes were far away across the lawn, and over the tree tops of the Murray place. Anger and determination were in Nancy's eyes, where usually were laughter and sweetness. She stood, seeing nothing but red, with black streaks in it, for some minutes. She was thinking hard, trying to make up her mind what she should do, something that would make them understand. She simply would not have people take it for granted that she had to marry Richard Murray, as though he were the only man who would have her. She would teach them all a lesson. She was not at the beck and call of any man.

What was that? The top of a great cedar that she could just see through a notch in the maples trembled, and then trembled again, and then slowly it began to move to the right, and then faster and faster, in a great arc, till it disappeared and she heard the sound of crashing limbs in the distance.

Then Nancy stamped her foot again, clenched her hands and went away from the window. She saw her sweater on a chair in the hall and snatched it up and, fighting mad, went out into the sharp morning air.

Of course it was very wrong for Nancy to go straight to the hole in the fence and then up to the old house. It was the very worst thing she could have done, especially as not only was Mr. Langmaid, the landscape architect, there, but beside him was Tom Burke, the Murray farmer, from the other side of the road. Tom Burke was an old man and an old friend of Nancy's.

HE saw her and he waited not on the order of his going to her. "Ah, Miss Nancy," he said, "it's good news now, isn't it? The old place is to be made as it should be, and for you too? I've known it all along, like everybody else, but it's comforting to be able to talk about it, open and aboveboard."

Then Mr. Langmaid reached them. He was there on business and, never having spoken to Miss Gray before, he stuck to business.

"Good morning, Miss Gray," he said; "beautiful day, isn't it?"

Nancy said it was a wonderful day.

"Would you like me to show you



what we propose doing—you may be interested." Mr. Langmaid, loving a lover, like the rest of the world, smiled as though he remembered how he had felt about things like this when he was young. "We have not done very much yet, but we have staked out the new drives and the terrace. The old terrace is to go, of course, you know."

Axes were ringing about her; men with a transit and tape were showing a workman where to drive stakes. The workman was a colored man whom Nancy knew. He did odd jobs for everyone and owned a horse and an old cart. As she passed him, he stood up and grinned. "Ah'm glad to hear you-all is gwine marry Mister Murray, and come up heah and live. You-all sho' make a mighty fine-lookin' couple, Miss Nancy."

OF course Nancy could not discuss the matter with him or with Tom Burke. She simply ignored them both and sauntered round for a moment with Mr. Langmaid. Why had she gone? Why had she let her curiosity get the better of her? She left him as soon as she could and went toward her house. On the way she saw four girls coming toward her. Her first thought was to evade them, but she knew that it would be impossible. They ran toward her, laughing and shouting; they crowded around her, kissing her when they could.

"Oh, Nan, it's wonderful!"

"Of course, we've always known, but it's so nice to—"

"Why didn't you tell us first, before you let all those old fogies know it?"

"And you're going to live here, you lucky girl!"

"Stop!" shouted quiet, soft-voiced Nancy above the din. "I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about."

"Horrors, it's still a secret!"

"Will you tell us after you're all married?"

"And just this minute coming from inspecting your new estate. Nance, dear, if it's not really announced, we'll promise not to tell a soul, but we know it, so why not admit it?"

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Soule and Helen, and Helen talked to your mother about it, and your mother just grinned. Of course she had promised you not to tell, so she couldn't, but what nonsense! Nancy, you old dear, you're a goose. Absolutely everyone has known it for years."

And then Miss Annette Gray, with all the dignity and emphasis that she had in her, said: "I am not engaged to Richard Murray or anyone else, and I do not expect to be. Can I make it any plainer?"

"But Sam says you sent him for a handkerchief, and he saw a perfectly scrumptious ring in your bureau drawer."

Nancy blushed a fiery red, and they would listen to no explanation. She was helpless, and they pushed her into the automobile that had brought them, and carried her off. Poor Nancy Gray! They kept her for lunch, and she reached home late in the afternoon. The maid told her that a dozen people had called to see her, and that more than a dozen others had called her on the telephone, and that every one of them had spoken to Mary. "Very pleased indeed, Miss Nancy, as they should be." Nancy could not argue with Mary, but she could talk to her mother and in no uncertain terms. It must be stopped, and it would be. At any rate Richard Murray was not coming that evening; there would be time to talk with her mother, and talk she would.

IT was four o'clock. She told Mary that if anyone asked for her, she was not at home. The house was very quiet, which meant that no one was at home. She found a book that she was reading and went upstairs.

"Oh, Nance."

The voice came from the sitting room.

"I didn't expect to find you here," she said.

"You don't sound very glad to see me."

"Don't I, Dick? I'm sorry."

"Then you're not?"

"Not very, I'm afraid."

It was serious business this. His face was serious and a little sad.

"No, Dick, something has got to be done. Everyone takes it for granted that we're engaged. Everyone speaks to me about it. I don't know why they should; it is very embarrassing and very unpleasant."

"Can't we make it true, Nancy?"

She shook her head. "When I get married," she said, "it will be to a

man I've selected myself, not one that the rest of the world has selected for me. I can choose, and I expect to choose, for myself, if I ever get married at all. I can't imagine how all this talk started so suddenly."

"All right, Nance." They were almost in darkness. He walked to the window. "Will you come over here, where I can see you?" he asked. She went to the window and he, leaning against the window frame, faced her.

"Nancy, can't you imagine why everyone thinks you are going to marry me?"

"No, I can't, Dick."

"Then I'll tell you. It's because you have made them think so, and made me think so. There are things nice girls do, and things they don't do. There is no use of my explaining them to you; you understand. You have behaved toward me for years in a way no square, honest, nice girl could unless she knew the man loved her, and she confessed her love for him. You are a disgrace to yourself and to your family."

"Dick!"

"You have done what no well-brought-up, ladylike girl could possibly do, unless—"

"Dick!"

"—she loved—me. You have led me on; you have—"

"Dick, stop; I'm not that sort of girl. I do—"

But Nancy's eyes and Nancy's arms had reached him before she had time to tell him anything more.

"So you do love me after all?"

Nancy shook her head. "Nope, but I've got to keep the family honor unstained, and I think I'm going to love the house."

"Nancy!"

"But I'll admit this is the most comfortable place I've ever been in; it is, honest, Dick." She smiled up at him. "And while I'm admitting things, I suppose I might as well admit that I've waited and waited for that old seven years to pass. I've always known you loved me, and I've always known that you knew I loved you. I've known everybody knew it."

"Then why—"

"Simply because I made up my mind a long time ago that I wouldn't say 'yes' for a month after you asked me. I marked the month on my calendar upstairs. It comes on a Wednesday, and I wanted to be sure not to make any engagements for that night."

"But why a month?"

"I thought that was the shortest time that was respectable. Then, when we—did what we're doing now—up there Sunday, I knew that I couldn't keep it up for a month, so I decided on a week. That night I knew I couldn't keep it up for a week, so I decided on a day. Then I told mother, and mother said: 'My, my, how you surprise me,' just as though she had known all about it. Then the next morning people began to tell me about it, and—well, everyone had known about it forever and ever, and I got mad, and that's all there is to it. I decided to go back to my first plan and make it a month. But, Dick, how do you suppose all these busybodies began to talk about it at once, and just at the psychological moment?"

"I can't imagine—"

"Hey, you! Break away. Can't a feller walk around his own house without bumping into this goo-goo stuff all the time? Say, I thought you weren't engaged." Sam was caught before he reached the stairs, and brought back and stood up before his captors.

"Have a heart," said Sam; "can't you stand a little kidding?"

"Sam, I'm going to marry Mr. Murray."

"You don't say, really; I'm so surprised. When did you find it out?"

"Sam!"

"Sam! Sam! Sam! Can't you say anything but 'Sam'? I suppose you just fixed it up this minute. How about last Sunday afternoon?"

They looked at each other and laughed. "Heck, I'll bet that wasn't the first time either. You're a pair of soft ones."

"Sam, what did you see last Sunday afternoon?"

"Nothin' much, except me and Bill, and Hen Edwards, and Charley, and Jim, and Lazy, and Fatty Smith, and maybe a couple of others, was down in the old barn, and you two came along and pulled some of this clinching stuff, and—"

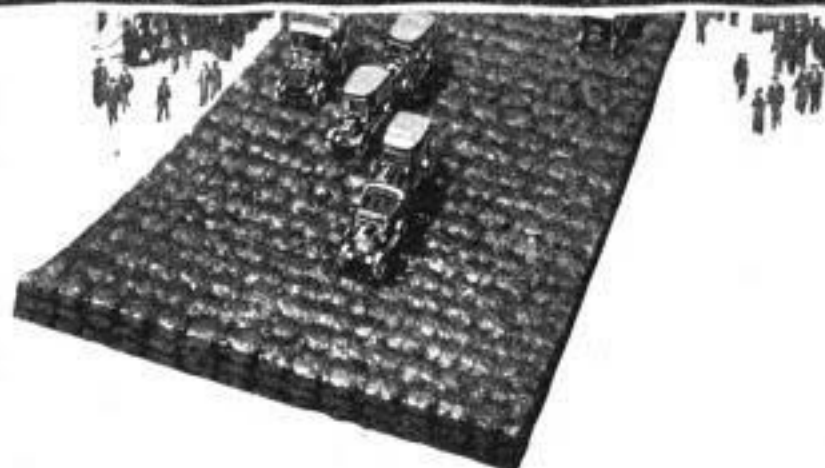
This time Sam escaped.

"And we wondered why—"

"—everybody knew," said Nancy Gray.



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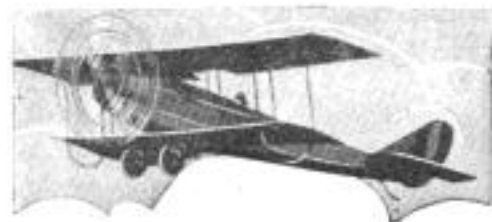
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gloomy old hotel crowded with officers growling at the fate that held them so far behind the lines where the show was on. An excellent dinner that was worth at least half what I paid for it and a songfest around the piano in the parlor that ran the gamut from the latest rag to "The Old Oaken Bucket." On the way to my night's refrigeration I got a daily paper. It told briefly of a boche advance. The Allied line was bending. The situation was critical. That very hour might be the decisive point of time!

### Europe's Grandchildren

LATE the following afternoon another correspondent and myself left by train for a point along the line some distance inland. A wizened interpreter took us in charge and admitted that we were in good hands. In spite of him we managed to get a cab. He carried a small part of our baggage to the station door, where he got into difficulties. The guard would not admit him. That guard ought to be promoted. He has sense. We listened to the fight for a couple of rounds and then tipped the interpreter—for what I don't know—and boarded our train that was supposed to reach our destination at nine that evening. I suspected that train from the beginning. It had an ornery, hang-dog, sneaking sort of look about it. Then we were in a first-class coach which had two flat wheels—which is irregular. As I understand it, the first-class coaches here have one flat wheel, second-class two, third-class three, and the wheels of the freight cars are unanimous in their flatness. Traveling here nowadays one stands up to take the jar off the spine, sits down to take the jar off the heels, and gets out and walks to take any comfort.

About six o'clock our train pulled into a fairly large town and began meandering aimlessly about the yards, hither and yon, back and fore, like a twelve o'clock guy after curfew in a nine-o'clock town. Finally it sat down to rest for a spell, and after some minutes I suggested that we get out and stretch our legs. We alighted and found that we had ceased to be a train at all and were just a couple of coaches out in the suburbs. Of all that started from that base port nothing was left of us but our first-class coach and a troop car carrying a dozen men in charge of a lieutenant. The lieutenant told us we were to be picked up at nine that night. We hurried down the track past the station to a Red Cross building where we had a fine dinner for a good deal less than the same meal would have cost in the States. It was cooked and served by American women who made one proud to be an American. The women in the Red Cross caissons in France are doing real work in an unostentatious way where real work is needed.

After dinner, in company with the lieutenant and his men, we clattered uptown and gazed at the church, with utterances of admiration variously expressed.

It was nearly dark when we made our way back past an old ruin. A Frenchman at the entrance gave us to understand that we might enter. We went in and climbed the worn stone steps to the top and stood there in the gathering dark—thinking things! What varieties of soldiers, fighting for what a variety of things have the eyes of Time beheld standing there, gazing off into the dark and—thinking things! And now the American standing there, strong, young, curious, idealistic, with a little of the strange feeling of a man who unknowingly finds himself in a spot,

## The Arm and the Wallop

Continued from page 7

the faintest image of which a brief residence in early childhood has stamped upon his memory; a strange sense of standing among things that are hauntingly familiar though utterly forgotten!

The grandchildren of Europe were back from the new home for a purpose, looking the old things over and—thinking there in the dark!

We reached the station a full twenty minutes before train time and found the troop car there, but our coach was gone!

Where had it gone and when? Nobody knew. God save the king's English and spread the knowledge thereof abroad among the peoples of the earth! I grabbed a little man who looked less bright than the average and so was probably connected in some way with the station, and within the space of a minute poured into his ear half of all the French I know. His face brightened, and eagerly he said: "Ah, oui." That didn't get me my baggage back, so I consumed one more minute

on to the train just as it began to move. Safe at last. We would arrive at our destination a bit late, but in time for a good night's rest. Ah, yes! The train ran about halfway to where we hoped to go in about twice the time we expected to consume in getting there, and quit for the night. It was after midnight and raining. I don't have to remember not to mention the name of the near-town at which we were thrown off, because I can't remember it. We learned that every hotel in town was full, and just as I was ready to sit on my typewriter case and add my tears to the downpour, a soldier with the brassard of the Railroad Transportation Department happened by and spoke of a cot in the Red Cross dormitory near by to which he had the key. Clean sheets and warm blankets! I'm not a fit person to write about the Red Cross; I'm prejudiced.

On up the line we went in the morning in the troop car, with the lieutenant and his men and a number of French civilians. The lieutenant was conducting a class in French. One handsome young scallawag opined that he didn't figure on wasting any time learning the lingo.

"What's the good?" he asked scornfully. "Us Americans are all going to be together, an' we'll get along all right. I can say 'Woof, woof,' an' get me a couple o' eggs if I need 'em, an' I savvy enough to get me meat an' bread an' a bottle o' wine. I ain't goin' to strain me tongue for life tryin' to learn no more."

About ten o'clock two young French girls got on. The young scallawag's eyes brightened. He sat up and brushed the cigarette ash from his knees. He was a fast worker, that lad! Within ten minutes the prettiest of the two girls was sitting beside him trying to pronounce his name, and just before she got off, a half hour later, I saw her writing her address in his notebook.

"Goo'-by, Fred," she called as she climbed off. "Hear that?" Fred asked ecstatically. "Don't she say my name pretty? Ain't she a pippin? What? Daw-gone it! If I could just 'a' talked a little more o' her lingo! We got along fine in the little I do know."

A little later he sneaked into the group surrounding the lieutenant. He had a book, "French for Soldiers," open in his hand.

"How do you say: 'What is your name?'" he asked sheepishly.

"Thought you weren't going to learn any French?"

"Aw, might's well learn it as long as I'm here," he muttered, blushing. "Listen: How do you say: 'Where do you live?'"

After some few more hours we reached the town that is the headquarters of the S. O. S. I got a paper and read that the Allied line was still being pushed back. The Germans had taken Kemmel Hill. They might drive through to the coast. The situation was critical in the extreme. That very hour might be the decisive point of time!

### The Salvage Plant

WE spent two days at headquarters to get a line on the functions of the S. O. S. Of it all one word to the American people about the spirit that lives in the American army in France: A major in charge of a big work greeted us cordially and spent a half hour eagerly explaining what was being done under his direction. As we were making ready to leave I made some mention of the men fighting in the line. The major looked at a spot just over my head, far, very far away.

"My only boy was killed at —," he said slowly, gently. "I buried him last month down at —." He drew a deep

## THE STAR REAPERS

BY HARRY KEMP

From Texas north to Idaho  
Innumerable seas of wheat  
Ripple beneath the running wind  
And ripen in the golden heat.

A thousand thousand dusty men  
Turn out to labor in the sun,  
And down innumerable fields  
The reapers and the binders run. . . .

From Texas north to Idaho  
There spreads a mighty chart of gold  
Made up of farm and farm on farm,  
All into one huge vista rolled. . . .

O thousand thousand dusty men,  
The thing you reap is more than wheat,  
Is more than bins of yellow grain  
For hungry continents to eat. . . .

'Tis Love that you are reaping there,  
'Tis life that laughs at its brief span:  
Your harvest is a sacrament  
Where God Himself grows one with Man!

expending the remaining half of my French vocabulary. The little man's face grew sad. Maybe I got my words in the wrong place and told him some bad news. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders mournfully. "Ah, non," he said, and went away and left me.

Then I went mad. I grabbed a fellow by the shoulders and leaned close as though I were going to bite him.

"I lose-a my baggage," I shouted loudly in his ear in my best Pacific Coast pidgin English with a wee brogue of Siwash mixed in. "You savvy? Baggage heap gone! Coach vamoose. Gone. Get me?"

I doubt if he did. After he had escaped I had a sane moment and remembered that one of the Red Cross women had mentioned having lived in France for fourteen years. If she'd lived here only thirteen years, she'd never have located the only man in that mob who knew the spot to which that coach had been switched. From the way they'd hid it I imagine they must have suspected that some boche was going to try to steal it during the night. I panted along after the guide, got my baggage, and panted back over and under freight cars and around little switch engines that I was afraid I might step on in the dark and break, and crawled panting



breath—and smiled. "Good-by, boys. Good luck."

I looked around as I went through the door. The major was back at his desk hard at work, doing his best to see to it that the boche gets licked.

We found near the headquarters another enterprise new to the American army, a salvage plant—in a huge building mountains of old shoes piled to the roof, hills of hats, ruined uniforms, blankets, all manner of personal equipment. Seen as it comes in from the field, this equipment seems to be nothing but junk. Yet every scrap of it is used. Sixty per cent of the old shoes and 75 per cent of the old clothing are salvaged and sent back practically as good as new at a cost only 15 per cent of the amount necessary to buy the same material new.

Shoe uppers that are beyond hope are made into shoe lacings, which are scarce. Hats that can't be re-formed to wear on the head are cut up and sewed together into slippers to wear on the feet in hospitals. Torn rubber boots and slickers are made as good as new. Uniforms disastrously kissed by barbed wire are restored to respectability by the deft fingers of French seamstresses. All manner of leather and web equipment is either repaired to serve its original purpose or used to make some other needed thing.

The plant was put in operation three months ago with three officers, four enlisted men, and six women. Now it has thirty officers, 600 enlisted men, and 2,500 civilians. In the first two months the stuff the plant returned to use was worth a half million dollars. Fifteen hundred pairs of shoes are re-formed there each day, and they expect an output of 3,000. They expect soon to restore to service half a million dollars' worth of stuff each month. A rough estimate has it that this salvage work will amount to a saving of 5 per cent of our total tonnage—not an inconsiderable item. In one room we saw more than 600 women mending discarded uniforms. One of the women held up a pair of breeches as we passed with the officer in charge and defied him to find the patch she had sewed in. We all admired her work and were immediately mobbed by a shyly eager crowd of Frenchwomen all insistent on exhibiting their handiwork. From what I saw I believe some of those women could take a buttonhole and a little time and produce a perfectly good new uniform.

### "Tough Drudging"

ANOTHER point along the line of the S. O. S.: A great classification and storage yard akin in size and purpose to the one at a base port above described but with added features. Here, for one thing, is an engineers' depot, where machinery for the army's use is assembled, and here we may get some idea of the manifold needs of our army in France. Some days as high as 300 cars deposit their freight. Here in one great pile are 90,000 shovels—a very mountain of backache! Wherever there is room to store them there are piles of wheelbarrows. Piled everywhere in seeming confusion, but all in process of assembly, are electric shovels, rock crushers, road rollers, caterpillar trucks, electric drills, steam cranes, all manner of shop tools and sawmills, all kinds of logging materials, plumbing devices, shower baths, miles of piping of all sizes, artesian well diggers, printing presses, blue-print machines, light railway equipment, locomotive cranes, hoisting engines, portable barracks of twenty-eight varieties, spikes, roofing paper, grindstones, jacks, forges, pumps of many kinds, wire netting, oil cans, sprinkling carts, and so on. Do you happen to think of sawmills in connection with an army? There are thirty-six American sawmills in operation in the forests of France to-day; soon there will be more than double that number. Or farming? This camp, in common with all others in France, has its garden officer and farm for the production of vegetables for the men. This particular camp has a farm of 240 acres—just a small item of activity to be added in reckoning up the vast and complex whole.

At this camp there are also an ice plant and cold-storage house now practically complete. The ice house has a capacity of 500 tons a day, and I am told that there are but a few larger in the world. The modern cold-storage house, which stands near by, is 986 feet long by 190 feet wide. It will store 5,000 tons of meat, which, by the way, I understand is but a seven-day ration

for a million men! This is the largest but not the only plant of its kind to serve the American army in France.

As elsewhere in camps along the S. O. S. here were American officers and men, working hard at the monotonous job of serving our present force at the front and making ready for the enlarged and decisive force in prospect—grumbling all at the fate that held them back of the fighting line, but working cheerfully.

"It's tough drudging along back here," said one. "But I tell my men that some day we'll be up at the front, and when we're in the line and needing things quick we'll thank God for every hard monotonous hour we put in back here."

Yet another point on the lines of the S. O. S.: A large car and locomotive assembly and repair plant in process of construction; in the yards a number of new and shiny Red Cross hospital trains of sixteen cars each. I went through one. No limited de luxe on any of the crack roads at home was ever more solidly or comfortably equipped. Each train carries a pharmacy and an operating room in addition to the staff cars and ten ward cars to accommodate 360 wounded.

### Conservation

HERE also were a mechanical repair shop—a hospital for wounded motor and wagon vehicles that in its operation is illustrative in a small way of our task and its accomplishment. Some miles from this point a modern repair shop is in process of construction. I understand that it is to be one of the largest and most complete in the world. In the meantime the work of repair must go on. It goes on in shops stuck here and there and everywhere in an old French system of barracks that has been taken over by the Americans. Tonnage is gold to us to-day, and the wrecked equipment in France must be mended and made to operate if mending be humanly possible. This repair shop restores to service 95 per cent of all broken parts sent back from the front or from along the lines of transport: 111 skilled occupations are represented in the personnel. The force here came to the present quarters in February and began work the day after moving in. They operate twenty-four hours a day. They even make their own tools when tools are lacking, as they frequently are. When a large valve becomes useless they grind it down to make a smaller one. I saw crank cases and cylinder boxes with holes in them that I could put my foot through. They weld patches into such holes with oxy-acetylene burners and restore the part to service. The colonel commanding is scornful of the American packers because they waste the squeal. There is a filtrate from an acetylene generator at this shop, and with it he is making a necessary calamine. After hours of inspection of unbelievable feats of repair the colonel led me to the junk pile. Two and one-half months of repairing thousands of different parts from scores of different makes of cars and wagons had produced less than three bushel basketfuls of junk, tiny bits of scrap iron impossible of identification. Every other scrap of wreck that had come into that makeshift shop, operating in stray corners of barracks and under tents, had been sent back into service. Motor and wagon vehicles that had taken toll of precious tonnage had been saved from the scrap heap, and while the salvage was being accomplished the construction of the modern shop near by went on according to the labor and material that could be had.

### The Nation's Forearm

THE brief sketch that space permits me to give of our work along the line of the S. O. S. is at best but a fragment. I was gone eleven days on the trip over one line, seeking to acquire a general idea of our present position and efficiency and of our future possibilities and purposes. It would take reams of dry argument, detailed testimony, and information that may not be used at this time, to present the evidence upon which my present personal judgment of the general situation is based. Let me, then, offer my personal judgment for what it may be worth.

I believe that we are building solidly and well for the definite ultimate purpose of adding to the Allied line whatever force may be necessary to win the war. If I had seen a smaller degree of preparation more complete, I would be

(Continued on page 29)



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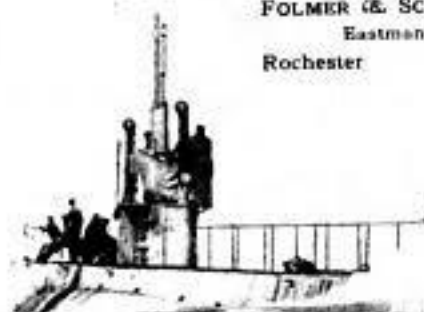
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less optimistic than I now am. Many people in America have been waiting for Germany to blow up. Foolishness! Germany is not going to blow up; she must be blown up, and it is up to us to add to the Allied blast a measure of explosive great enough to send her sky-hooting. To mold a small and delicate, though perfect, forearm for the body of our American fighter—a forearm capable of thrusting about half a knuckle of a fist against the German line—were a comparatively easy but criminally foolish thing. To fashion in France a forearm that shall be in size and strength in proportion to the size of our fighter's body—the nation at home—and capable of swinging a fist heavy enough to land a knockout blow, is hard but sensible.

I believe that such a forearm is being fashioned, and that, on the whole, the process is going on with an encouraging degree of speed.

### *A Strong Bridge*

**I BELIEVE** that we have made more mistakes than we are now making and that we are making more now than we are going to make henceforth. The fire of experience is welding our officers and men into an army, where at first they were a dissociated mass of individual bits of energy all tugging earnestly at the same load but not pulling in unison nor in the same direction. I believe that our army along the lines of the S. O. S. is a healthy, kicking organization that is rapidly divesting itself of the encumbering bonds of *useless* red tape. Traveling about, one hears a tremendous amount of kicking. Excellent! An entangled horse that gives up and lies down must have help to rise or he is useless, whereas the nag that keeps on kicking—while he may throw himself and get bruised up, stagger about in alien stalls, and disturb other animals—will finally break loose and have the free use of himself. However, it does not behoove a serviceable and trustworthy horse to kick himself loose from necessary harness. There is red tape and red tape. Some of it is strangling and useless entanglement and some of it is necessary harness. I believe that the officers of our army are beginning to strike a judicious average in kicking loose from the useless entanglements and still staying in the necessary traces.

It takes time and experience to distinguish between a needed bit of harness and a tangle of useless leather, for there are many horses to our military wagon and what appears useless to one may be a vital necessity to another, pulling from a different angle.

In common with every other American in France, I am exasperated by the slowness of our progress, inevitable though it may be. I would be just as greatly exasperated were we making ten times our present speed. Such exasperation is a necessary and healthy irritant at the present time.

In this crisis of the world there is no such thing as enough. The best that seems possible can but be provocative of the realization that we must do twice as much. But there is a panic of speed that approximates inertia. A Marathon may not be run like a hundred-yard dash.

I hear some criticism of the extent and thoroughness of our preparation. I don't concur. I hear talk of our "making the war to order." I hear some men say that we are preparing so greatly that the war will be over before we get started. If they're right, I'm wrong. It's true enough that if we had made less preparation in the last nine months for transporting and maintaining a big army in France we might have sooner put a bigger little army in the line. To me a big little American army that's not big enough is like a fine bridge that's not quite strong enough. Time and excellent material may go into its construction, but if it's not quite strong enough, what's the use? It's a tangled wreck at the bottom of the river, and those who sacrificed strength to speed in order to get quickly across the river will stay where they are or build anew as they should have built in the beginning.

**Faith !**

**I** HAVE a vision—a vision with a sweep of over 6,000 miles. It begins at Camp Lewis, the great training camp on Puget Sound. It extends over the entire body of America, north and south, to Camp Upton near New York. It reaches across the Atlantic on a thin bridge of hunted ships to the shores of France. It spreads out over the body

of France, at base ports, in peaceful valleys, on sunny plains, in storied towns, on up to the mutinous bounds of hell itself, that threatening rim of hell that we call the western front.

Moving everywhere within the limits of that vast vision I see consecrated figures clad in the olive-drab of the service. I see them everywhere, from the shores of the Pacific to the battle lines of France: clerks and laborers, artisans and shopkeepers, millionaires and paupers, college men and recent immigrants whose tongues but clumsily attempt the language of the land for which they fight; railroad presidents and corporation attorneys, preachers and doctors, idlers and misers, and curious, amazed young farm boys, all going about one vast, strange common business—blunderingly at first, from the rookie at his first bayonet drill to the man of affairs at his first military problem, but with a rapidly increasing unity and intelligence of effort. The scene changes to a period only about a year ago. It was just after we had declared war. New York was aflame with flags. I stood in the window of a building on upper Broadway and cried at the ludicrous pathos of a great parade that flowed by in the street below: thousands upon thousands of civilian men, women, and children, marching solemnly with market baskets, rakes, hoes, broomsticks, banners, and garden spades! Great God! At war with the greatest and most ruthless military power in the history of the world, and the expression of our will a parade of untrained men and boys, women and little girls, marching solemnly with garden tools and banners! Flaunting promises to raise potatoes in the face of the Kaiser! And on that day untrained civilians were practically all we had in the way of soldiers, and garden tools were our only weapons!

And now the vision merges into to-day's reality, when I sit and casually talk with boys who were untrained civilians on the day of that parade, level-eyed American boys who have been wounded on the line and sit about grouching bitterly because the doctor insists on their resting another week before going back to the front-line trenches. From that vision I get an impression of indomitable courage, an incalculable store of power gradually beginning to be organized and directed. It is a power of will and material that beggars description. It is a power initially as awkward as it is tremendous, and the time needed for its organization is a time of anguish for all who realize the necessity for its full, immediate use. I hear much of honest pessimism, light sneering, and foolish optimism. There are inevitable frictions and delays. But I have that vision, and—

Oh, America! I have faith!

### *The Reality*

THE night train to Paris at two o'clock of a rainy, cold morning, jammed like the New York subway in the rush hour; six officers and myself crowded in the cement-floored vestibule at the front end of a crowded coach. By cooperating we all manage to get a part of ourselves on the floor in something approximating recumbent positions. My head is on a captain's hip, my legs hang over a lieutenant's shoulders, and in the pit of my tummy there is a major's head. He, at least, has a comfortable pillow. About every ten minutes some wandering nuisance walks over us.

"To make the world safe for democracy," drones a weary voice from the dark. "Democracy can't need safety worse than I need my sleep."

A heavy lady passing over gets a foothold on my shoulder and slips. I offer my ear as evidence that French heels should be used as weapons at the front.

Paris in the early morning: I stop at a café for coffee and buy a morning paper. The important positions around Kemmel Hill are being held. All along the line the boche is stopped. The Allied line is holding. Shopgirls are passing, talking gayly and giggling. An old hackman goes joggling past, singing sleepily to himself, War? It must be a far-off dream—an absurdity! I look at the paper again. A small item tells of the number of victims claimed from Paris the previous day by the shells from the Big Gun. . . .

*This article pictures Mr. McNutt's first impressions of the American Expeditionary Force. The second will appear in an early issue.*

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**JIM CONNOLLY** is never happy unless he's risking his neck. He's been doing it now for twenty years and more. And though he has won prizes for his fiction and honors for his articles, writing has never been more than an avocation with him. His real job is taking desperate chances. Athlete, sailor, and soldier—he has never been beaten at anything except running for Congress.

Connolly's public record begins way back in 1891, when he was captain of the Savannah football team. In those years Connolly alternated between Georgia and Massachusetts. In the spring of '92 he won the amateur championship of the United States in the hop-step-and-jump under the colors of the Trimount Athletic Club of South Boston. The next year he was back in Georgia, where he won the commendation of his superiors in the United States Engineering Corps for saving a deck hand from drowning. He entered Harvard in the fall of 1895. But that was when the world of sport was looking to Athens and the first Olympic games. Connolly wanted to compete. The academic authorities at Harvard were somewhat less interested in the games than Connolly was. They intimated that if he went to Athens he might not be permitted to come back to Cambridge. Connolly went.

It was not so very long after Connolly arrived in Greece that the American flag was run to the top of the great staff in the middle of the field to announce that an American had won the first event on the program. The record for two hops and a jump of forty-nine feet and a half inch that Connolly made that season stood for thirteen years.

Then came '98 and the Spanish-American War. Connolly enlisted in the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry. He got only one chance to distinguish himself; it was an awfully short war. That was in the trenches before Santiago, when he carried rations to some comrades cut off from supplies by the Spanish fire. Connolly had to cross a space fifty yards wide in direct view of the enemy. His battalion commander thought his chance of getting there was nil and ordered him back. But the Ninth Massa-



chusetts was a volunteer regiment, and Connolly is Irish. He carried the rations and got away with it.

The war over and everything quiet in the United States, Connolly was reduced to looking for trouble. The most promising field of hardship and adventure seemed the Grand Banks. Connolly got an excuse in the way of a commission to write some magazine articles about the Gloucester fishermen, and sailed for the fishing grounds. In the next four years he shipped several times on North Atlantic steamers as a cattle hand, traveled

steered out of New York and as an immigrant out of France to study beef transportation, immigration, and the like, for various magazines.

He was on the Russian frontier, and with the Baltic fishermen, and up in the Arctic Ocean with the whalers, and down at Panama and in Central America, and on an oil tanker in the Gulf, and up and down the Mississippi River—always with a commission from some magazine in his pocket, but otherwise quite one of whatever gang he found himself with.

IN 1905 he took a vacation, crossing the Atlantic in the Kaiser's cup race with Tom Bohnen. Bohnen was a famous Gloucester skipper, with a reputation for cracking on more canvas in a breeze than any other man off the New England coast. The eighty-seven-foot schooner did the trip—more than 3,000 miles—in fourteen days and nine hours. Readers who know about sailing ships will know what that meant.

Connolly once enlisted in the navy. By special order of the War Department he was aboard the battleship *Vermont* on the navy's world cruise.

He was at Kingston, Jamaica, two days after the great earthquake, and got mentioned in navy dispatches for his relief work. He was aboard the *Republic* when she was wrecked off Nantucket. He was in Mexico in 1914, and with the American destroyers hunting submarines in 1918. And though he is in his forties now, he is still flat in the waist.

How has he ever found time to write eight or ten books?

## The Face in the Loophole

Continued from page 20

ened rabbit, he saw her. The red head was tucked in against the rock; she was on her knees, doubled up like a jack-knife, while both her hands were in place on the rifle. "I beg your pardon!" said Kinsey gently.

WITH one swift motion, lithe as a cat's, she had whirled and faced him, still on her knees but straightened, the gun covering him precisely.

Kinsey thrilled at the businesslike effectiveness of it.

"You may put that down," he said quietly, "an' get up. I don't mean you any harm."

He never forgot those eyes upturned to his, wide as their lids would let them, deep, black, and filled to the brim and spilling over with fear.

She did not move, but looked at him steadily.

"Go away," she said at last in a low, sweet voice; "please go away. You see that I am alone, and I am dangerous for that very reason. I can take no chances. Please turn around and go away."

But the man stood still.

"I want to make you understand," he said, "that you need not fear me. But this is my country, an' I have business here."

At that her face seemed to go a shade whiter than it was, a pearly clearness growing in the flesh like a light. She

wet her lips with her tongue, and Kinsey saw that she had teeth of the same clear tint, even teeth like a child's first ones.

"You—" she said and stopped. Then she tried over again.

"You—you are—?"

Her eyes went to the bronze badge on his breast.

"Only a United States Forest Service man," he said, "an' a friend to settlers."

"Then if you are that," she said, "you will go away and not bother me."

The man saw the justice of her words, that there was no excuse to linger. She had not risen as he had commanded her, but sat on her knees, her rifle still covering him. He looked her over keenly.

The man's bib overalls that clothed her slight figure were worn to the last thread, patched and mended and washed through many a month, he knew.

The trim boots were worn too, cut and roughened by the hard going of Red Mountain's slopes. But on the hand that grasped the rifle barrel so desperately there shone and shimmered in the sun a ring that astounded him. It was on the little finger, and it was set with one great pearl, as deep and perfect as one sometimes dreams a pearl to be, and around this there flashed a circle of diamonds. It was an ornament of taste and wealth, and Kinsey contrasted it wonderingly with the utter



poverty of her appearance otherwise. Once more he looked into her face and, lifting his hat, was turning away when he stopped again. "What were you shootin' at just now?" he asked.

"A hawk," she said, and he knew she lied.

AFTER that Kinsey of the F. S. was like the proverbial flea in his efforts to do his duty by all his domain and yet be able to haunt Red Mountain. But come as he would at unexpected times and climb the slopes as he might, he got no further glimpse of the mysterious stranger. He knew from Jimmy or the Peak that she still came to the Loophole to search the hills, but she had given up her regular visits, coming at fitful intervals.

He skirted the foot of Red Mountain for sign of her habitation, but found none. And then one day he got another light upon her. He had been watching and tramping as usual when a shot far down below sent him headlong in its direction. He went fast until he came close to where he thought it came from, then dropped into the caution of an Indian. There were thickets here of hazelnut bush, and a tiny stream laughed and gurgled down the slants. Going carefully, he put aside the leaves and peered out on a small flat where the buck brush grew.

There, in the very center of the opening, lay a big four-pointer, just killed, while on her knees beside it, rocking back and forth in an agony of pity, was the girl of Red Mountain!

Her rifle lay beside her and a hunting knife hung in a leather sheath from her hip. She wrung her hands and put them over her face, and Kinsey knew she was crying as if her heart would break. Once she leaned over and rolled the beautiful head with its branching horns this way and that, to sit back again and give up to the weeping that obsessed her.

The ranger kept still and watched her, and presently he saw her rise, take out the knife and set to work upon the carcass with a practiced hand. That was not the first deer she had skinned, he knew before she had worked three minutes. That she intended to save every shred of the meat was apparent when she had finished, for she took out the hams, working deftly with the big knife and a small hand ax which she had evidently carried slung on her back, and, putting them aside, wrapped the rest in the hide and bound it tight with a thin rope. It was a hard task, since she could not hang the body up, but Kinsey admired the way she went about it. She made but one error in the whole proceeding. She tried to sling both hams on her shoulders, but found she could not carry them. She was compelled to cut them apart and, untying the rest, to add one of them to the bundle. It was evident that she was loath to leave it for fear of the coyotes, but there was nothing else to do. Therefore, picking up her gun and slinging the fresh ham on her shoulder, she set off through the sunlight, a slim, strong, boyish figure.

Now Kinsey, as has been said before, was a Forest Service man, and took his calling seriously. A straight duty faced him now, but there was a problem behind it.

Was that girl hungry that her cheeks were so thin? Did she hunt from necessity? Should he follow her and find out? That was the logical course. She had broken the law, and Kinsey was the law in these parts, but somehow there was something about her, something in the fear-filled eyes, the desperate dignity of her, that forbade. He frowned and hesitated and presently he turned and went back up to where he had left Mister and Pat. He had an ugly half hour with his conscience, but finally smothered it, saddled up and departed for the station around the skirts of the peak.

IT was late in July before he saw her again. There had been a stubborn fire over on Stuart's Fork, and he had had twenty men in the woods for five days. He had worked like a beaver himself and was scorched and blistered and tired, but all through the strenuous work when he had dug trenches, felled pines, and helped to kill out ground fires, his mind had harked back to Red Mountain and the girl who cried at her kill. He could not forget the charm of the dark eyes beneath the gold-red hair, nor the sweetness of the unsmiling mouth. They lured him back, as woman has ever lured man back since time began, and with the first breathing space after the fire he was again on the great dead hill. This time he did not have to

hunt, for she came to him herself. It was a glorious day, sweet with wind, and lighted by a golden sun. The conifers waved their green banners to the bending sky and roared in profound diapason.

He was making his noon camp by one of the springs, had already fed Mister—he had left Pat at home this time—and was just taking his own lunch from the saddle bags when she spoke from the edge of a small grove of young pines. He had not heard her come, nor felt her presence, and her words jerked him around like a toy.

"Good morning," she said.

Kinsey dropped the flap of the bag and snatched off his hat. At the boyish act, so indicative of a woman's standing, she smiled for the first time in his experience of her. With that smile Kinsey went down.

It was the sweetest thing he had ever witnessed, and at the same time the most pathetic—as if it were a lost art with her. The grave lips curved up at the corners adorably and the black eyes narrowed with an entrancing sweep of lashes. She seemed whiter than before, as if all the sun and wind could do was not enough to banish something which sapped her from within. She still wore the faded suit of dungarees, still carried the rifle. And to Kinsey she was the most wistfully beautiful creature in all the wide world.

WITH a sudden quick impulse he went toward her with his hand outstretched. "Won't you be friends?" he asked frankly, plunging far ahead of what might reasonably be expected. "I've seen you so many times that I feel like I know you already."

"What?" she said.

"Sure," said the man, "I've watched you look through the Loophole a lot of times, an' I've been on Red Mountain too when you passed."

She drew back, and he saw that look of fear deepen in her eyes. "Have—have you followed—me?" she asked.

Kinsey shook his head.

"Not exactly."

"I thought you wouldn't bother me," she said reproachfully.

"Have I?" asked the man simply.

"No," she conceded. "No."

Then she smiled again, and he had the uncomfortable feeling that it was forced, that she was cajoling him because of some extremity.

"There's something you want of me, isn't there?" he asked gravely—"something I can do for you? If there is, I will do it."

At that suddenly comprehending speech he saw the smile fade from her mouth, and she took the lower lip, which trembled, between her teeth.

"There is," she said at last. "Oh, yes, there is—and that's why I have watched and waited for you for a long time."

She came a step forward, so that she could look deep into his eyes, searching first one and then the other, as if she would make sure what manner of man he was. "I believe I have the average modicum of honor," said the ranger gently; "won't you trust me?"

At that she suddenly put her hands over her face for a moment. When she took them down it was with a smoothing motion, as if she wiped away suspicion and distrust. She sighed tremulously, then smiled again.

"I have no choice," she said, "and I seem ungrateful, but if you knew—oh, if you knew one-tenth of the gratitude I shall feel if you do something for me!"

She put her slim hand in a pocket and took out a folded paper.

"You go down to the towns, don't you, sometimes?" she asked.

"Sometimes to Weaverville."

"Then—if you would—if you would get and bring me these few things?"

The black brows drew together, and Kinsey felt his heart leap at their beauty, the sheen of the curling hair above. He looked so long at this aureole of light that she recalled him.

"Read," she said, "and don't fail of one single thing. I have worked them down to the barest necessities, but they are necessities."

Kinsey took the paper and read the items, clearly written in pencil, and they were a strange lot for a camper on Red Mountain to want as necessities:

Butter—one roll.  
Cheap kodak and films.  
Fruit—anything.  
Some malted milk.  
Magazines.  
Ten yards white muslin.  
A Bible.

At that last item the ranger stared a long time. When he lifted his eyes she was regarding him with fear and anxiety. "Will you bring them, with-

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out fail—and quickly?" she asked. "This will more than pay for them—and your trouble." She put her two hands together—leaning the gun between her knees in wary readiness—and stripped off the beautiful ring. When she handed it to him there was a certain pride about her shut lips, and Kinsey took it.

IN the next few days he gave Mister Ithe grill of his life getting down to the town and back. He had successfully done the bidding of the scrap of paper and had every item safe in the meal sack behind his saddle. In the long hours of climbing he had had ample time for reflection and time after time his mind had moiled over the strange collection.

"White muslin!" he said aloud. "Now, what in thunder could she do with that? An' a Bible! The milk an' fruit I can understand. Sometimes an old prospector, long shut in the hills, will nearly sell his head for a peach or an apple, an' there's splendid use for the kodak. But the rest is a riddle."

When he reached Red Mountain and made his night camp she was waiting at the rocks where he had first seen her. She had seen him coming for an hour and signaled him with two shots, a wait, and two shots again.

With his heart beating a strange tattoo, Kinsey went to meet her.

Halfway down she came toward him, grave and pale, and there was in her dark eyes an immeasurable gratitude. For the first time she did not cling so warily to the rifle, watch every move he made so desperately. She took the sack with hands that trembled.

"I can't thank you," she said—"not with my lips, only with my heart."

The wonderful sunset of the mountains was tinging the peaks with crimson and gold, filling the cups of the defiles with shadow. The light set soft about her witching head with its fluff of hair, and her cheeks seemed thinner than ever. For an enchanted moment she stood looking up into his eyes, and her lips were parted, adding the last touch of wistfulness to her loneliness, her poverty, and withal her amazing grit.

"Look here," said the ranger desperately, "this isn't natural. It's awful for a woman to be alone on Red Mountain—God, awful! Can't you tell me your trouble an' let me help you? I'd rather help you than anything I know of in this world. Can't I?"

She shook her head, and he saw that a film of tears was dimming the beauty of her eyes all suddenly, as if she had borne so much that this kindness was the last straw to her endurance.

"Only God Himself can do that," she said simply.

Then she straightened the slim shoulders under the blue suspenders and reached out a hand. Kinsey took it, held it hard for a minute, and dropped it quickly. The next moment she was gone, an unreal figure in the coming dusk, carrying the precious meal sack slung on her back like a man.

ALONG in the first of August he was on Red Mountain again. Not for a day was she out of his thoughts, and anxiety ate him. Hour by hour he questioned his reason about her and got no answer.

Now a new cause for worry beset him. At Weaverville he received news that sent him to the mountain with a purpose.

McCulloch, the "big, big chief," as the office called him, was to be in on the 10th, and he was keen as a hound after offenders. His word was law above the local field, and he was keen and hard and efficient, a long rider, a sharp hunter, and withal hard to convince. Kinsey's heart ached to think of McCulloch coming across his red-haired girl without a better alibi than "shooting a hawk." Therefore he waylaid her one golden day by the clump of boulders, and it seemed to him that all the sunshine he had ever seen was gathered in that shining head of hers.

"I want to talk to you," said Kinsey when he had held her hand for an enchanted moment of greeting. "Sit down."

She did as he bade her, and he saw with a thrill that she stood the gun aside for the first time. He had won her confidence.

He wanted desperately to put out a hand and touch hers where it lay on the rock inertly. It was a pretty hand, slim and finely formed, tanned and hardened by contact with weather and work. He had to close his own into a

tight fist to keep from doing it. But he would not have startled her for all the standing timber in the reserve. Instead he looked deep into her eyes and came straight to his point.

"You know, and I know," he said, "that we have been playing at cross-purposes here on Red Mountain. I have watched you for a month. I first saw your face looking through the Loop-hole. I lay close under an' brought you so near with my glasses that I could see your eyes an' the little pucker of a frown that was between them. I saw the sun on this shining hair, an' I've never forgotten you a minute since. I—"

But the girl had risen with her lips apart, and the last bit of color drained from her cheeks. There was a pitiful anguish in her face.

"How—how much—do you know about me?" she said in a whisper.

Kinsey rose too. To save his life he could not stay away from her—she was so slim, so sweet, so very evidently in despair.

He came and took her hands in his and held them in a warm and comforting grasp, smoothing them a bit as a mother smooths small hands that are hurt.

"Nothing," he said truthfully, "except that—that you have broken the law I stand for, an' that I've betrayed my duty by not arresting you."

SHE swallowed once, and he felt the trembling that set up all through her slender body.

"Yes," she said bravely, "I know—and you know. And only my own soul knows the rest—how hard it has been—how I fear and run and hide! How I watch every shadow, every rock, every tree! How I could cut off my right hand every time I—I kill one! Here the miserable tears welled frankly up, and she looked at him through them as from a far place.

"When I go up, sometimes they—are not—quite dead. I could kill myself then—willingly. But sometimes—there are things—situations, crises—that will make one do things—will test and grind one down to the last thread. I can't make you see—"

"Yes," said Kinsey with a huskiness in his deep voice, "you can—damnably! And I'd give my right hand to snatch you out of this."

The slim hands tightened on his fingers.

"You are good," she said, "and I doubted you. But unhappiness can make one doubt the very angels in heaven. Will you forgive me?"

Kinsey could bear no more of this. He turned abruptly and stared with unseeing eyes down along the wooded slants. When he turned back again she had gathered up her gun preparatory to departure.

"There is only one thing I can do, it seems," he said gently, "and that is to tell you not to break the law again. There is liable to be another on Red Mountain who—who is truer to his duty than I. Will you let me bring you something from my own supply of stores?"

She shook her head.

"I have the malted milk," she said, "and there is still some of the butter left—and flour. I cook at night."

Many a time in the coming week Kinsey thought about that last word, "I cook at night," with puckered brows. Wholly and from every angle the thing was a mystery.

AND then one day McCulloch rode in to the glade about Dirk's cabin and took possession. He came with three horses and a "swamper," accompanied by Kammerlain, the district ranger from Weaverville, a quiet, kindly, efficient man whom Kinsey loved.

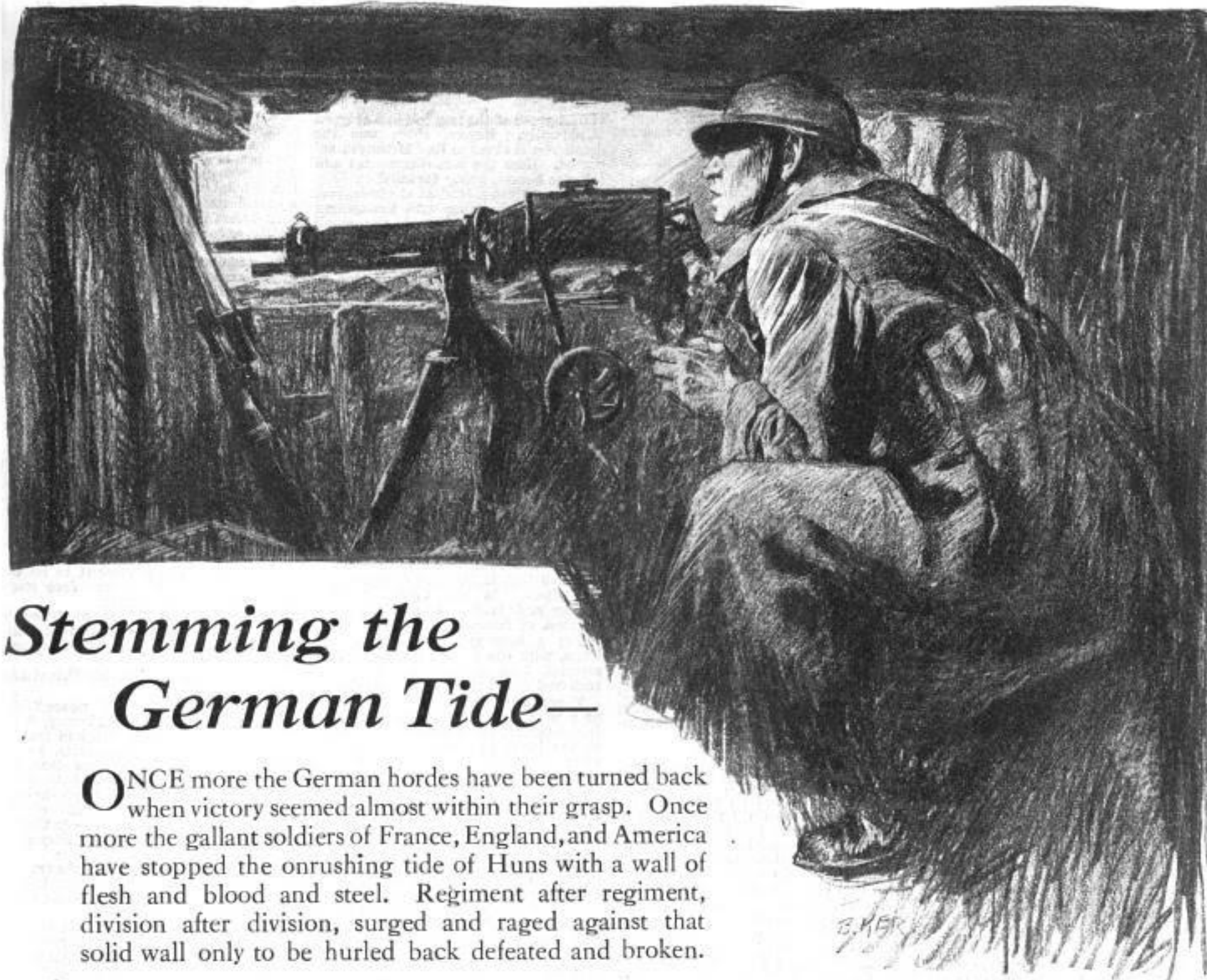
When old McCulloch, grizzled in the Forest Service, who knew more about it than any other forest examiner on the coast, came into a district that neck of the woods sat up and took notice—was on its toes in every department.

He went about for the most part unheralded and was apt to do unheard-of things—always for the good of the service.

He greeted the young ranger with a bluff kindness and moved into his house, bag and baggage.

The very next day he chose to make the trip to the lookout on Granite Peak, and by noon the three men came up the "switchback" to delight Jimmy with their company. McCulloch had been here before either Bond or Kinsey were  
(Continued on page 34)





## Stemming the German Tide—

ONCE more the German hordes have been turned back when victory seemed almost within their grasp. Once more the gallant soldiers of France, England, and America have stopped the onrushing tide of Huns with a wall of flesh and blood and steel. Regiment after regiment, division after division, surged and raged against that solid wall only to be hurled back defeated and broken.

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men in France and our shipbuilding alone will more than replace any future losses from submarines and mines.

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## POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot=Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne

Under the above heading the *Detroit Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot=Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot=Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot=Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

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in the service, and he looked around with the eye of a possessor.

"Beautiful land," he said brusquely—"unlimited resources. That cable needs tautening. Wind still blow from southwest?"

He took the glasses from the table and swept the dropping world with appraising eyes. As he swung around toward the north his grim lips under the clipped gray mustache parted in a smile.

"Ah! My old friend, Red Mountain!" he said. "Still God-forsaken. Say, what's this? Has some one stopped up the Loophole—some fool been tampering with that remarkable formation?"

He twirled the screw, focusing the glasses the better to his vision. Behind him Kinsey cast an anxious glance at Bond.

"H'm!" said McCulloch. "H'm! By George—by George—that's funny!"

He looked a long minute, then lowered the glasses and once more lifted them.

"I'd stake my head that that opening was filled when I first looked at it," he said to Kammerlain, "and now it is clear."

In the general talk that followed the incident was passed over and Kinsey breathed freer. McCulloch took in every detail about the lookout station and was ready to depart at two o'clock.

All would have gone well but for one small thing—the faint pop-pop of a rifle, borne over on the thin air just as the old service man put foot to stirrup for the back track.

"Aha!" he said and listened. It came again, one shot and then silence.

As if a warrior smelled smoke, McCulloch's gray eyes hardened, brightened. "It's been a long time since I hunted down a lawbreaker on horseback," he said, "and it's just the thing I'd most enjoy. We'll be on Red Mountain to-morrow."

ALL that night Kinsey at the cabin stirred and thought and thought again. Once he sat up and smoked a cigarette, and again he got up and dressed and went out to stand under the stars and wonder sickly what was to come of the morrow's hunt—what trouble their trip might bring to the slim, courageous figure in the overalls.

But McCulloch was the law, and he was bound beneath it.

Therefore late noon of the next day found the three of them, McCulloch, Kammerlain, and himself, with emergency rations in the bags, camped low down on the northeastern shoulder of the old dead hill where the one strip of green began.

"I think," said McCulloch "that we'll go low along the skirt. Of course his camp will be close to water."

But Kinsey, speaking out of his heart, advised a killing climb to the Loophole. He knew that not likely would the girl be out to-day, since yesterday she had made her accustomed survey, and he hoped for the weakening of the big chief's zeal with the unwonted physical labor. But destiny has a way of brushing aside like cobwebs the careful schemes of mortals. Kinsey had forgotten that she might come out for the rest of the meat if she had made a kill. And that was just what happened.

It was McCulloch who first caught a glimpse of her as they climbed—McCulloch who had not hunted a human for many a day, but was the keen scout still. They were low along the mountain, going up, and far across a distant slant he saw her, going down and to their right, diagonally, and she staggered under a burden that shone white and red in the sun—the pretty fat-ringed quarter of a little buck!

Like a hound, the old man went to the spot, and though she had disappeared he took up her trail—a fine piece of business that neither Kammerlain nor Kinsey could have accomplished.

DOWN along the slopes he led them, going slowly but surely. Kinsey was sick with a deadly nausea. All the pity there was in him welled up, and his nervous fingers went to a pocket and clutched a tiny packet that hid therein a flat little packet which held a ring, a ring of pearl and diamonds.

It was slow going. Twice the old war dog of a service man lost the trail, and there were long waits. The hours went all too quickly, and the early twilight that falls so softly in the Trinities was beginning to paint its magic pictures when they came down to the bed of a stream that ran from a rocky gorge into the barren regions toward the west.

Here there was nothing to follow, neither sliding footprint nor broken branch nor fallen leaf, but McCulloch went unerringly west.

"Waded," he said admiringly—"a good evader."

THE green of the tree belt had stopped abruptly. Beyond there was the desolation that made Red Mountain accursed. Here the men dismounted and left the horses, going forward on foot. They went into a land of shadows, cool and rapidly dimming with the coming night, and they followed the small trickle of the stream. It was no light nor any sound that first betrayed the quarry they were after. It was the smell of smoke, not live smoke of a new-kindled fire, but the dead smoke of long-banked embers.

Kinsey felt a hand clutch at his heart and his lips were dry. Poor, brave figure in the overalls! Poor little redhead with the frightened eyes! The thing she had most dreaded, it seemed, was come upon her. A cold sweat broke out on his body, and he felt a heavy anger surge up against the eager old man ahead. They stepped softly, picking their way among the great boulders that formed a veritable forest about them, an ideal hiding place.

And then a sound reached them, a sound that stopped them in their tracks, for it was the sound of a woman's weeping, low, hopeless, terrible, the regular intake of a breath and its exhalation in a sob that came from deep down in the vitals. It was awful weeping, strong and sustained, not the usual hysteria of feminine grief.

For a long moment they listened. Then, with one accord, drawn as by a magnet, they rounded the last huge rock and found what they hunted.

There in the fading light, serene and pale with its reflection from the still fair heavens, lay a camp. It was set in the heart of the rocks, scant and grim of comforts, the shade derived from a tarpaulin stretched above. A table made with infinite labor from adzed slabs stood at one side with a few pans and a tin cup on it. Between two stones a day-old fire smoked from its banking, the thin wisp of blue drifting aside with the little wind that drew down the cut of the stream. Some blankets were folded to one side on the ground, while a small box, doing duty as a cupboard, held the bottle of malted milk Kinsey had brought from the town.

PRECISELY under the shelter of the tarpaulin there stood a light folding cot—the kind de luxe campers use—and upon it, his red head of curly hair thrown pitifully back, the long sweep of black lashes under black brows staining the waxen cheeks beneath, there lay a man, or what had once been a man.

Wasting illness had drained the skin that stretched upon the slight frame. One pale hand dragged helplessly outside the cot on the hard earth. And against the wall of the great boulder beyond, with her back upon them all, her face against the stone and her arms

locked above, there stood the girl of Red Mountain!

At her feet lay the useless quarter of the buck where it had dropped, while hanging from a peg driven into a fissure of the wall there gleamed, hideous in the twilight, the staring black bars of a striped prison suit!

Kinsey felt his mouth fall open, the breath stop in his throat. He knew that beside him Kammerlain of the tender heart opened and closed his two hands helplessly. McCulloch stood like a graven image.

And then she took down her arms, slid slowly around against the stone, and faced them. Her face was drenched with weeping, ashen, pinched, her dark eyes narrowed with anguish, and yet to one man of the three it was beautiful as nothing else on the earth is beautiful.

"Too late," said the girl dully; "it's all too late—you, and the law, and myself. Even the meat"—she touched the quarter with her ragged boot—"that I used to press for the broth for him, it's too late too."

She raised her eyes to Kinsey's, and he could have killed McCulloch for bringing him here.

"It's been a hard fight and a losing fight, but a good one. He had the grand open world for a time at least"—she waved a hand at the waiting mountains—"and he had one of his own kin with him. The rest—the rest were like all the world. They hated him for—for the disgrace, but I—"

She stopped for a moment to let the deep sigh that choked her free itself from her straining throat.

"Gentlemen, I am his twin. There is something—something about that a little deeper, a little truer. It draws one. I had to stick by."

Kinsey put a hand to his throat and swallowed.

"He had—freedom and peace," she went on as if reciting a litany, "and the blue skies all day. He had fruit—and malted milk—for luxuries, and a Bible. He had the Psalms that his mother used to read to us both when we were little. And I have—have—white muslin—for the dignity of his burial. I could not bury him—in those."

She waved a hand at the limp garments on the rocky wall.

But here Kinsey, breaking the tension that had gripped him like a vise, leaped forward and with one sweep of his arms gathered her to his breast.

He held her up as one lifts a child and tucked the red head in his shoulder. Above her his eyes burned on his chief.

"By God, sir!" he said hoarsely, "we're vandals! I let you lead me to this partly knowing—God forgive me!—knowing at least that she had a secret—and we have profaned her sacredness! She has defied the Forest Service daily—an' I let her be! I have helped her all I could. Put me out of the service if you will, but now get busy!"

And with his burden in his arms Kinsey turned and walked abruptly away from the pitiful camp with its tragedy that was, somehow, beautiful.

Where the tiny stream murmured and lapped among its rocks he knelt and bathed her face. Adoringly he smoothed the bright hair, and, finding a flat boulder, he sat down, took her in his lap and, with her cheek against his throat, let her weep as a child weeps, softly and with healing.

THE dawn came over the eastern shoulder of Red Mountain with its ageless mystery of splendor. Deep in the valleys dim shadows lingered still. It was a virgin world, silent and sweet. Along the skirts of the dead hill three men rode slowly, and one bore on his saddlebow a slim figure in worn dungarees which clung to him as to a tower of strength. The face that watched the world from over her red head was transfigured, for Kinsey saw visions, touched the peaks of profound glory.

"It is a good cabin, dear," he was whispering, "an' we'll make it back from Weaver by the end of the week. McCulloch spoke in the night, an' I'm still in the service. An' we'll be happy as few are in this world."

"You are so good," she said softly, smiling up at him through the mist of tears in her eyes—"so good! And I doubted you once! But I knew it all the time. Yes, we'll be happy."

Behind in the rocky waste of Red Mountain's desolation the sun, slanting down like heavenly gold, touched a nameless mound between the boulders.

"Comforts," said the voice against Kinsey's breast, "white—for a decent burial—and the Psalms! Oh, my good, good man! I love you!"

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class matter. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Copyright, 1918, by P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Volume 61 Number 16  
JUNE 29, 1918





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**JAMES W. GERARD**  
*Former Ambassador to Germany*

# I Am Against the Postal 'Zone' Law"

## **Mr. Gerard Said:**

"Now we have to meet this German Propaganda. The war is not going to last forever—and you have seen what German Propaganda has done in Russia. These are grave dangers, and they only go to show what can happen in a country like Russia.

"Fortunately they cannot propaganda this country as they can Russia, because we have great publications that go all over the country and have unified the whole country and the whole continent. That is why I am against the postal zone law passed by the last Congress putting an extra tax on papers sent from the cities where published.

"They forget that, whether these publications go from Philadelphia, from San Francisco, or from Chicago, it is the exchange of these papers from and to all parts of the country that makes one, universal, united America.

"They unify the sentiment, and that is worth far more in this war than the small amount of extra postage which the Government will obtain."

The postal zone rates referred to by Mr. Gerard, go into effect beginning July 1st.

This legislation not only raises all rates for carrying newspapers and periodicals through the mails but divides the country into zones.

It is not a war measure, and properly belongs in the postal Bill.

It is not a revenue measure, and the chances are will decrease rather than increase revenue. If you are interested, you can help to repeal this unjust and disastrous law.

Write to your Congressman at once. If you don't know who your Congressman is, ask at your Post Office.

If you will help, send your name and address to Charles Johnson Post, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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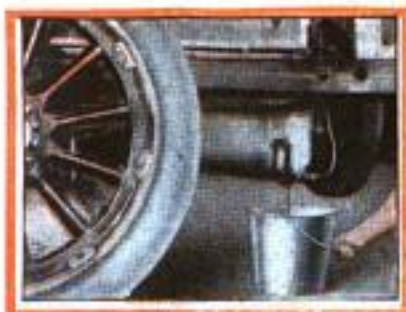
# Collier's

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**E**VERY motorist is proud of his car when it goes sailing up a stiff grade on high gear all the way. He is doubly proud when he has to throttle it down at the top.

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Inferior oil cannot stand up under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. It breaks down quickly, a large portion turning to black sediment.

Sediment is the greatest enemy of the working parts of the engine. Sediment has no lubricating value and it crowds out the oil with lubricating qualities from the bearings and other points where it is most needed.

When you try to climb a steep grade, sediment may break the oil film between the pistons and cylinder walls, so necessary to maintain the compression seal which means pulling power. In addition, there is increased friction,

and consequent drag, consuming power at every point of contact between working parts.

## How scientific lubricant solves your problems

To get real hill-climbing power, smooth, quiet running and freedom from mechanical troubles, you must use an oil that will resist heat and minimize the formation of wear-producing sediment—a lubricant that will be scientifically suited to your particular engine. The oil which most perfectly fulfills these requirements is the scientific lubricant—Veedol.

## Veedol is made by a special process

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil. It is made differently, and has different properties and characteristics. Veedol is made by the Faulkner Process—recently discovered and used exclusively by this company.

The famous Sediment Test shows how Veedol resists heat and reduces sediment. After 500 miles of running in the same engine and under identical conditions, ordinary oil, shown in the left-hand bottle, contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates in the form of steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly through the oil filler in the form of vapor.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces oil evaporation in your engine to a minimum. You will get from 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

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# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

*Talk No. 1 on the Shortage of Man Power*

## Now There's a Girl Behind the Soda Counter

ON one of those recent hot afternoons a friend of ours went into a drug store for a glass of soda.

Instead of the expert soda dispenser to whom he was accustomed he found a new clerk—a girl.

Now there must be a certain knack about mixing soda. It has always seemed a most simple thing to do. And yet this new hand at the art made an exceedingly poor job of it. Our friend thought contemptuously that it was the poorest glass of soda he had ever tasted.

But then another thought arrested him and effectively routed his first impatience. It was this:

"We have no right nowadays to be impatient. There is a good reason—a tremendous reason!—why that untrained girl has taken the place of the expert soda dispenser who formerly served me."

And no matter what we buy if we are compelled to put up with delays and mistakes because of the inexperience of an untrained clerk we should practice patience—because of that tremendous reason behind it all.

In Mark Sullivan's article in the June 22d Collier's he pointed out the vast shortage of man power that now exists—a shortage that will increase constantly as the wheels of war sweep more and more workers into industries which are necessary to carry on and win this war of ours.

Of course our first thought is of the army, but the two million men now in the army, huge as is that number, are but a small proportion of the man power required.

The industrial army behind the fighting army must numerically be much larger.

Men are required to build ships—to make airplanes—and guns—and shells—and rifles; millions of men are required for these vital factors in carrying on war.

And that is only the beginning! For millions of workers are required

to do the farming that will feed the army and man the railroads which will transport food and equipment, and dig the coal which will keep the wheels moving.

To quote Mr. Sullivan, "There is a famine of man power!" And this famine cannot be left unsatisfied in those industries which must forge ahead under full steam to achieve victory.

Where, then, shall we get men?

\* \* \* \* \*

This question brings us directly back to the girl behind the soda counter.

Now you realize where the man has gone whose place she has taken.

Perhaps not into the army. Or the navy. But into some absolutely essential industry where a man's strength is demanded.

And what has happened behind the soda counter has happened or may soon happen behind the grocer's counter and, of course, in department stores at those counters where men were formerly employed and in the shoe shop and possibly, in time, even behind the counter of the tobacco shop and the haberdasher's.

We do not mean that a girl will always take the place of the man. An older man perhaps. Perhaps a youth.

But the outstanding fact is that the untrained will take the place of the trained.

And we, you and I, under these circumstances must

not be impatient. We have not the slightest right to be impatient when we realize the tremendous cause that has taken the trained salesman away and put the unskilled clerk in his place.

Close your eyes for a minute and visualize this wide country of ours. In factories and machine shops and shipyards and munition plants these men who have gone from behind the counters are working for us—for you and for me. The Atlantic is bridged because of them. The flow of food and equipment to our boys in France is ceaseless because of them. And then be patient with those, no matter how unskilled, who have taken their places. Be considerate. Sympathize—don't criticize.

At this point in our country's history to practice patience is also to serve.

This is the thing that, for one minute, we should not let ourselves forget.

*Next Talk:*

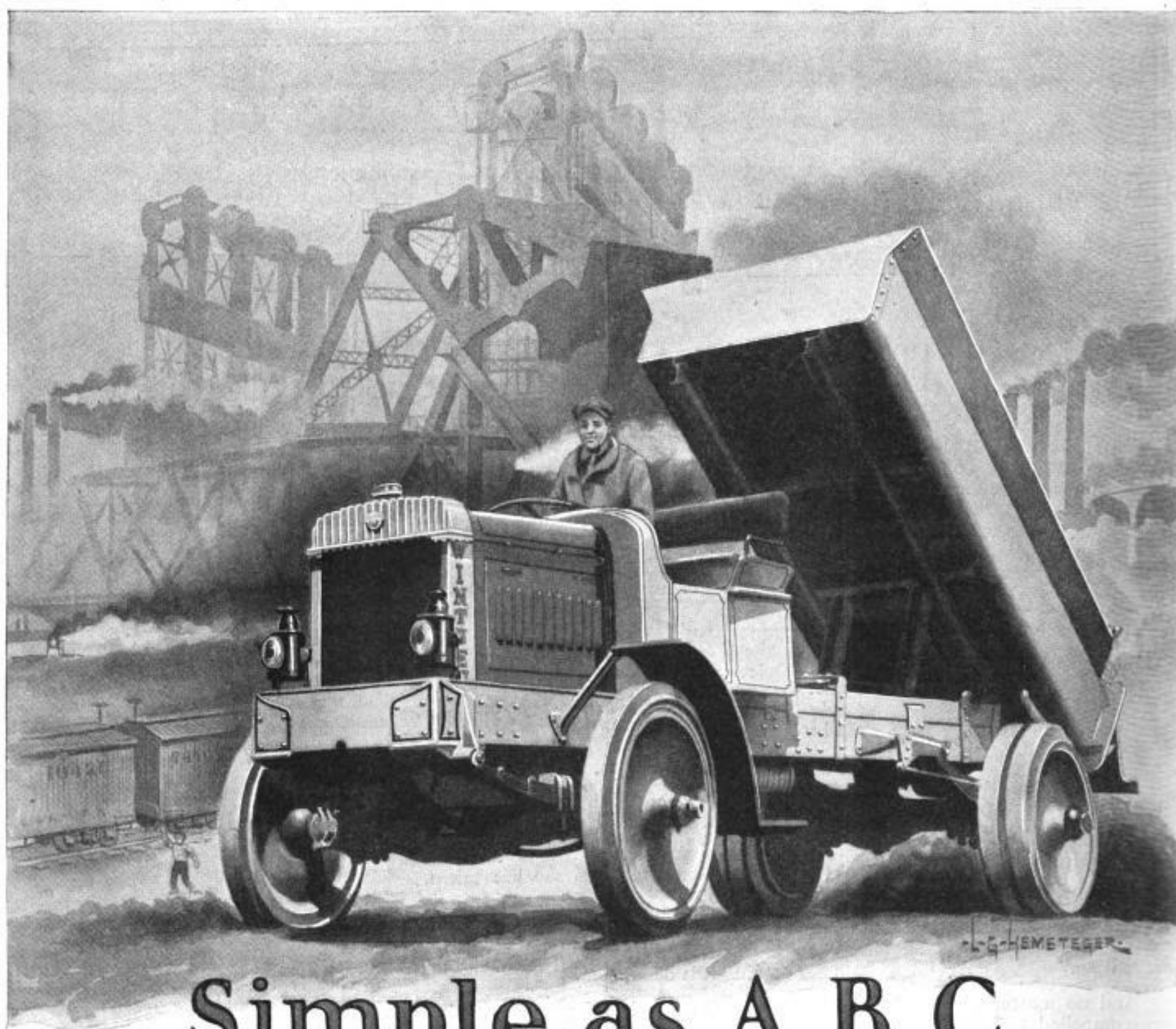
**The Voice of a Million Tongues**



*She may not be an expert as yet, but—*

*to practice patience nowadays is also to serve.*





## Simple as A B C

**T**HERE is nothing mysterious about the supremacy of Winther Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks.

It is true that in less than two short years Winther Trucks have taken their rightful place among the foremost trucks built anywhere in the world today.

*It is true that Winther Trucks have established new standards of economy in upkeep and maintenance and of efficiency in motor truck transport.*

It is true that among those who deal in motor trucks the Winther connection is considered as most desirable—Winther Trucks are "easy" to sell.

These are facts known to almost every one. Yet there is nothing strange about them, unusual as they seem to be—and are. The reason for this marvelous record of Winther in both sales and service is as simple as A-B-C.

You have only to look to the facts of how Winther Motor Trucks came into being, to understand.

Winther Motor Trucks are the direct result of the late military expedition into Mexico under General Pershing. They applied for the first time to commercial use, the lessons there learned concerning motor trucks in military use. It is an admitted fact that the Mexican service was the most severe to which motor trucks have ever been subjected. It is an admitted fact that the lessons there learned changed, almost over night, the whole trend of motor truck design.

*Model 38 Maximum Capacity 1½ tons*

*Model 48 Maximum Capacity 2 tons*

*Model 68 Maximum Capacity 3 tons*

*Model 148 Maximum Capacity 7 tons*

*Winther, in a new factory, with neither old policies nor old equipment investments to be protected, alone was able to fully apply these lessons.*

It is not strange that this truck, the direct outgrowth of war time conditions, has best met war time conditions in commercial use.

It is not strange that Winther Trucks should be trucks of greater economy, more free from trouble, and of immeasurably wider usefulness.

Winther has made possible the long haul of today with economy.

Winther has solved and is solving train tie-ups, embargoes, priority shipment rules, etc., etc., for scores of American manufacturers.

*Winther Trucks are delivering today from Coast to Coast, trucking service in every branch of American industry, unthought of and undreamed of two years ago.*

The point of it all is simply this: with transportation problems which will become increasingly difficult as the months pass, wouldn't it be wise for you to find out now what Winther equipment can do for you?

There is a Winther of the correct size and capacity to meet every trucking need. One way to cut hauling costs is to use trucks to meet your needs, not force the need to fit the truck.

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Department K

Illinois

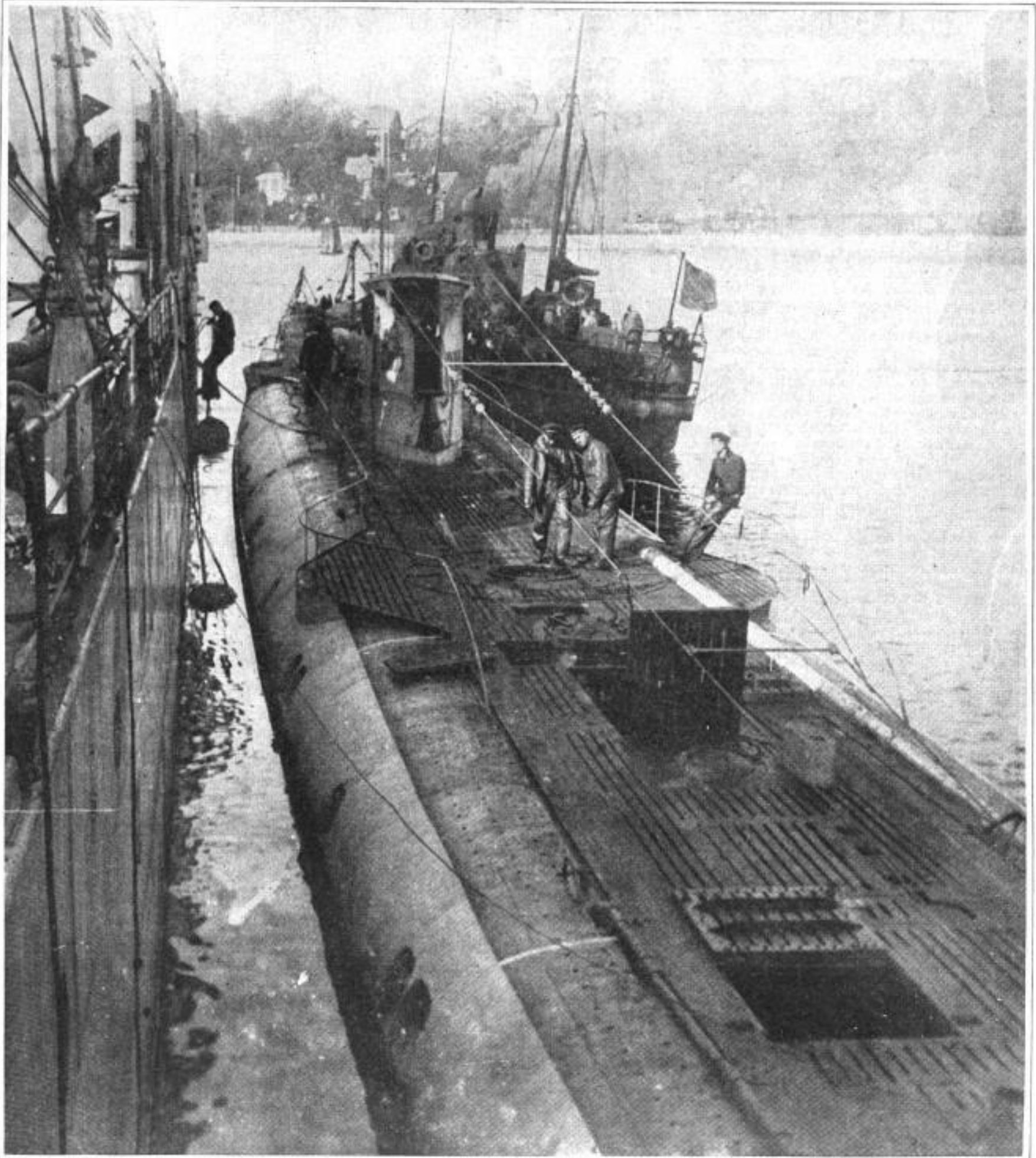


# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JULY 6, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 17

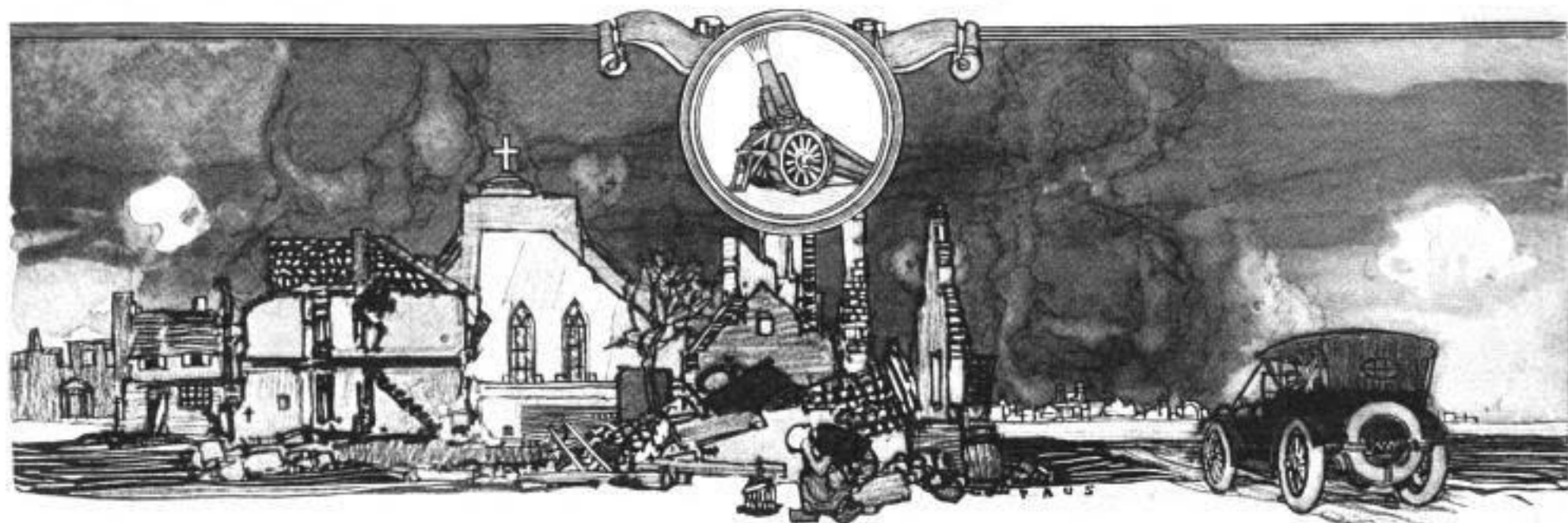


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## THE START

*A remarkable photograph, which reached this country from Germany via Holland, showing a German submarine of the latest type being stocked for a voyage by a supply ship in a German harbor. The picture gives a good idea of the great length of the U-boat. Notice the portholes in the side of the vessel and the wireless equipment on deck*





# THE ELUSIVE FRONT

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"GEE, this doesn't seem much like war the way you read about it back home, does it?"

He was sitting opposite me at a table in the dining car of an express train from Paris rushing up through the zone of advance toward the American front. A slim, pale, slightly stooped and shopworn-looking kid, unmistakably fresh from some small town in the States, he was as eager, ignorant, and frankly interested as a country boy at his first circus trying to make two eyes cover three rings at one and the same time. According to the map, one of the most historic sectors of the western front was only a few miles away over the low hills on our left; according to any visual evidence of the sordidness and horror of war, it might have been on the opposite side of the world. We were well up in the zone of advance and rolling swiftly over a brilliant green and well-tilled countryside, as perfect in its spring loveliness and as unscarred as the smooth cheek of a healthy child.

The shell-wrecked house by the roadside shows a buttonhole bouquet of verdure that has found nourishment in some small crevice of the crumbling wall, and had the stones a voice, one might hear: "Phut! It is nothing, this. I was old and needed replacing. But you shall see the grand new house they will build where I stood!"

"You knew not that my leg was of wood," the poilu chortles gleefully, as one who has perpetrated a great hoax. "Ah, it is a great limb, this one. One gets about splendidly. And it will not ache with rheumatism, eh?"

## Hunting for War

"I SUPPOSE that when we get right up to the front it'll be like what we read about," the young soldier across from me continued expectantly. "I'm an ambulance driver. I enlisted in January, an' they sent me right over as a casual. I been in a casual camp ever since, an', gee, I ain't seen anything that looked like war to me. I'm goin' up now to take the place of a driver that got killed, an' I thought as soon as I got up here in the zone of advance that it'd be like what I'd read about. But, gee, I bet I couldn't make my folks back home believe I was here ridin' in this nice dinin' car through nice, pretty country like this, even if I wrote an' told 'em. I bet they think I'm livin' in the mud somewhere with the shells bustin' around me all the time an' not gettin' any sleep, an' all like that. I guess when you get right sure enough up to the front it is a little like that—ain't it?"

"Search me. It's my first trip up."

The young soldier scratched his chin thoughtfully. There was a puzzled look in his eyes. After a little time he nodded toward four sergeants at lunch across the aisle from us. The gold V on their sleeves denoted six months' service.

"I was talking to those fellows a while ago," he went on. "They been in several battles, an' one of 'em's been wounded. They don't seem much worried or—or—kindo' strained-lookin', do they?"

"Sure don't."

"It's funny. I thought all the French people over here'd be sad all the time an' cryin' a lot an' takin' on, but they don't. Why, they go on about their business same as we would at home any time. I see one old lady down near camp where we was who just got a letter about her son bein' killed, an' she

was cryin' some. She's the first one I see in France that acted like anything awful had happened. An' you know what? An hour after I seen her out on a piece o' farm in back o' where she lived hoein' like Old Harry! Can you beat it?"

"They're a mighty game people."

"You said somethin'! Anybody says these French people is licked is crazy! An' them sergeants over there that've been up at the front an' in the fightin', an' all— Why, I thought fellows like them would be—you know—have lines in their faces an'—an' be kindo'—oh, old-lookin' an' all like that. Why, them fellows is just the same as you or anybody, ain't they?"

"Seem to be."

"Sure. I don't believe it's as bad up there—that is, all the time—as you read about. Do you?"

"See me later. I haven't been up yet."

"Of course it must be awful tough some o' the time, but—I dunno."

The young soldier was silent for a little, neglecting his food to stare out through the window at the lovely country through which we were passing. There was a look of extreme puzzlement in his eyes—the look of a man who strives to recall a perfectly familiar name, for the moment utterly forgotten.

"It beats me," he said suddenly, returning to the business of lunch. "Why, when I left home to enlist I felt a lot more like I was goin' to war than I do now. I suppose when I get right up to the front it'll be like what you read about, but, but—I dunno."

Throughout the afternoon I sat with the young soldier. We strove together for a first-hand impression of the reality of war and succeeded only in fervently admiring the scenery. Everywhere was beauty, the beauty of brilliant green fields, winding, willow-bordered rivers, and soldierly rows of poplars.

In the middle of the afternoon we saw a cluster of wrecked farmhouses near the track. It was the first hint of the thing we expected to see, and we stared at it unbelievably.

"S'pose the Germans did that?" the young soldier asked me.

I asked an officer.

"Sure," he said. "They got through here on their first drive."

We stared at those shell-wrecked houses, trying desperately to be as interested as we expected to be. The scene did not register. I think we both had the feeling that we were being joshed. That wreckage was probably some old ruin. No doubt the officer was trying to kid us.

"Man, look at that patch of yellow up there on that green hill," the soldier cried excitedly. "Looks like a big, yellow flag laid there, don't it? Is it mustard, I wonder, or dandelions maybe?"

We debated the matter. The beauty of the country forced itself upon our consciousness, claimed our entire attention. The glimpse of the shell-wrecked village passed from mind.

Late in the afternoon I dropped off the train at a small town surrounded by hills where a motor was

to meet me. It was as peaceful and quiet as a water tank and general store in southern Indiana. My soldier friend leaned from the window and viewed the tranquil scene sadly.

"Good-by," he said, in the monotonous voice of a man who has found out definitely that the banks won't cash the gold to be found in the pot at the end of the rainbow. "It ain't much like you read about, is it?"

## That Lovely Mask

FOLLOWED a long ride over the hills in an open motor car. By that time I had not the faintest idea of the whereabouts of the elusive front. I was doing my best in the matter of speed, but as far as any visual evidence offered it seemed to be farther away than ever. I gave myself up to enjoyment of the scenery and the intoxication of swift, smooth flight over the low hills.

It was coming dark when we slowed up to miss the chickens and children in the narrow street of a squat little town. A thin, faint mist blurred the outlines of the hilltops. A stir of wet night wind made woolen a welcome wear. The driver half turned in his seat.

"This town we're coming into is where Joan of Arc was born," he said casually. "That church you see there just ahead, that's where she used to worship, an' her house—where she lived—is right in back o' that bunch o' trees there. An' see up there on the hill ahead—up where you see that church steeple? That's where she saw her visions."

We whirled out into the valley beyond the town, and suddenly the war gripped me. There was no roar of cannon or flash of bursting shell to impress it upon me. Down the road through the misty dusk came an old, bent peasant woman, a young girl, and a child of five or six, driving a flock of sheep. An old peasant woman, a girl, and a child there

in that misty green valley of dreams, and a young, big, American soldier, grinning, strong, talking in fragments of atrocious French, carrying the child perched on one broad shoulder. I was seeing the symbol of a great fact.

And then that gas mask! It was a clear, sunny morning. The old French town was warm, pleasantly picturesque—and peaceful. The front of which I was in search was a million miles away. Then that gas mask!

I hung the ugly, grotesque, nightmarish-looking thing about my neck and went out into a sunlit court where a sergeant was drilling a number of soldiers in the use of the mask. The sun turned cold. The face of the world was grim and threatening. My flesh shrank from the feel of the ugly thing hung about my neck as from the cold, slimy coil of a snake.

"You put this mask on in six movements," the sergeant informed us. "It's supposed to be done in six seconds—and hold your breath while you're doing it. Remember that. Hold your breath. If you don't, some hospital orderly gets your watch, and your folks get your insurance—if you've had sense enough to take some out. In six movements—like this."

He illustrated. He stood there before us, a sane, normal-looking American. A swift succession of deft





movements—and where he had been there appeared to us a sort of a two-legged, land-going sea serpent, surpassing the description of any summer-resort press agent on the Atlantic Coast! A wipe of the hand across his face and he was the sergeant again.

"All right now, try it," he ordered. "One, two, three—"

I grabbed into the bag after that mask like a starving wolf snapping after a rising partridge. The blamed thing was alive. It wriggled and fought back at me like an angry snake. "Six, seven, eight, nine—" (the sergeant was counting monotonously; I hadn't got the thing free of the bag yet!) "ten, eleven, twelve—" I got the reptile out with a final, mighty tug and stuck my face into it. Apparently my features weren't made to fit it. I could have broken the world's record for underwater swimming in the length of time I held my breath. And still the mask was not on. The sergeant had quit counting. What was the use? I was long since theoretically dead. I took a long breath and finally got the thing on in a drunken, crooked sort of way, and stood there panting,

winded, feeling foolishly certain that I never could get it adjusted in less than six minutes and sixty movements, practice as I might. If I ever got into gas, I'd be a gone goose, sure! But the next try was better, and soon I was able to make a fair job of it. Then the sergeant spoke at length on the necessity for caring tenderly for that mask. His talk was simple, but I have never heard a more eloquent oration. Of course his subject matter was of interest, for his subject was that of life as opposed to death. I say truthfully that he held the attention of his audience to the end. I can't say that we enjoyed his remarks, but we gave him our ears.

To all unappreciated orators who burn to thrill and grip an audience I recommend this: Be a gas officer and instruct men going up to the front in the functions and use of a mask! I promise you a hearing.

When we had so advanced in our drill that in a gas attack at the front we would not have died more than two or three times before getting our masks adjusted the sergeant led us to the gas chamber. We put on our masks. He shut the door and fired a revolver several times. I waited expectantly to be suffocated. Nothing happened. The air I breathed through my mask was sweet, if somewhat scanty. The sergeant opened the door.

"Now take off your masks and see how much protection you've had," he ordered. "Don't stay any longer than you feel comfortable."

I confidently removed my mask. Why not? The air in there was all right—perfectly all right. I removed my mask—and then I went! Every stockyard, glue factory, and chemical plant in the world had been collected by some miscreant, boiled down and poured into that room! I couldn't see them, but my nose knew! I passed South Omaha, the Chicago yards, and the Jersey shore on a hot night in half a stride. I went out running unanimously—my feet, eyes, and nose were all going. The sergeant explained that the gas in the chamber was very, very mild. According to his logic, no doubt, the Atlantic Ocean is uncomfortably dusty in winter, the Rocky Mountains are flat, and the ice in the Arctic is warm!

"Take good care of your mask," he advised me as I was leaving.

Take good care of that mask! I'm more or less out of condition, and normally I couldn't go six rounds with a good lightweight, but if Jess Willard and Fred Fulton were to collaborate on the job of taking that mask away from me I could lick the pair in one punch!

### Taps

HOURS in a swift motor across country, the loneliness of which banished all impression of war and its horrors, and then the headquarters town—soldiers and mud and a matter-of-fact business of moving trucks and hustling men. There was as much of the atmosphere and appearance of war as one finds in any training camp in the States—no more. I met an old friend, an officer, and we met and talked as we would have done on Broadway. The front was a long way off!

As we stood there talking in the rain, recalling old things of mutual interest, I heard a band playing. The beat of the music was slow, measured, heavy. The expression in my friend's face changed. He lowered his eyes and spoke in a tone that I have since come to know well: a low, furtive tone. It is the tone in which a soldier speaks of the recent dead.

"I had forgotten," he said softly. "One of our lieutenants got it yesterday on a road back of the lines. Will you ride up with me?"

We rode up through the cold, fine rain to a green hill back of the town. I had meant to describe that scene. It was the most impressive I have ever witnessed. I find that I can't write of it in detail.

When the last volley had been fired and the sad notes of Taps had sounded on the wet air, they set a cross at the head of his resting place. As we rode down the hill I looked back and saw it outlined dimly against the racing blur of low slate-colored clouds.

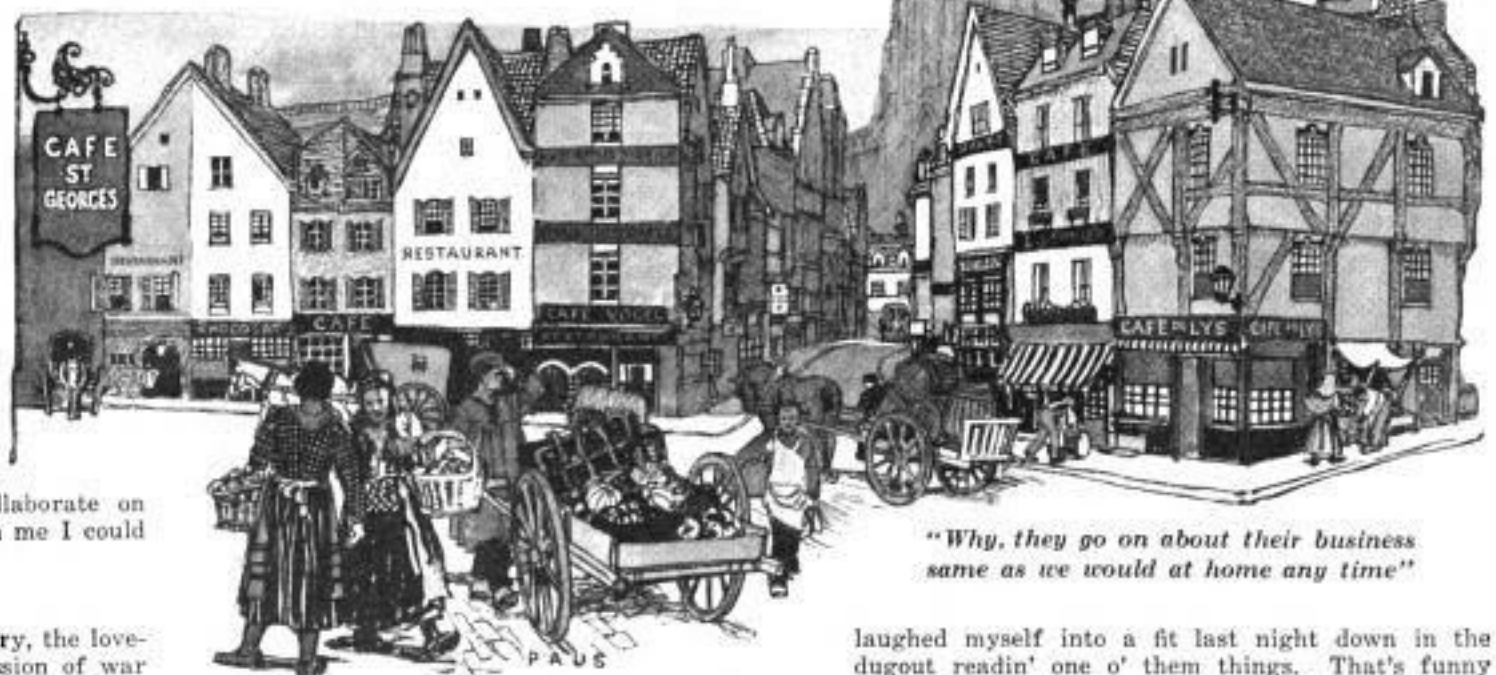
I slept that night in the tiny front room of a tiny stone house far out on the edge of the town. I had had an excellent dinner at an officers' mess and a pleasant evening at the club. The drip and patter of the rain on the low roof was a lullaby of nature. The moist, silken sigh of the night breeze in the dripping evergreens was the calm sleep breath of a serene world, confidently at rest in space. From my pillow I could see, through the open window, occasional vague ghosts of light momentarily visible in the far blackness of the night. They were the illumination from flares burning over No Man's Land! The bed was warm and soft. The lullaby of the rain upon the low roof gave the lie to the fact of war and its horrors. The front was a million miles away, and lying there, warm, drowsy, idly watching the vague reflections of the lights, I ceased to marvel that it had taken America so long to realize and interpret the dread fact.

### Playing Soldier

THE next morning I visited a summer resort in the Maine woods. The map and the officers with me agreed that it was a poste de secours immediately behind the front-line trenches; but they couldn't fool me! I knew perfectly well that it was a summer resort in the Maine woods. I knew that there was a complex conspiracy to josh me. Time and distance, maps and men, were in it. They were all trying to convince me that it was at the front. How childish! I knew perfectly well that I was at a summer resort in the Maine woods.

With a captain I had come over lovely, rolling green miles of what he had tried to make me believe was a battle field. The whole district, as a matter of fact, was getting ready for some sort of a carnival. There was evidence of the preparation in all the villages we had passed through and even along miles of country road. The captain called the fantastic decorations camouflage, but he couldn't fool me. I had seen street fairs and carnivals before.

I felt that he was carrying the joke a little too far when he stopped the car under the lee of a low hill and insisted that it was necessary for us to get out and walk. He was a good joker, though, that captain. He kept a perfectly straight face while explaining that the Germans could spot a car on the road from there on and would shell us if we attempted to make the rest of the trip by motor. He never cracked a smile. He even carried it so far



"Why, they go on about their business same as we would at home any time"

laughed myself into a fit last night down in the dugout readin' one o' them things. That's funny stuff!"

"When d'you leave New York?"

"March 30," I told this questioner.

"Oh, boche, come get me now! Hey, fellows, here's a guy was in New York only last month."

A man apparently asleep on the fire step rolled over on his back and stretched.

"New York?" he repeated reminiscently, blinking up at the sun. "New York. Name sounds familiar. I think I drank one once. Or was it a show I saw, or something?"

"Listen, mister, was the town still there when you came away?" another demanded, grasping me tightly by the arm.

"Sure was."

(Continued on page 26)





VERY laboriously, and with the tip of his tongue showing at the left-hand corner of his mouth—a trick of which he could never rid himself—the old man continued his letter:

"And be careful after the dances to wrap yourself up. You know it was neglecting that gave you the pleurisy. Give yourself plenty of rest."

He laid the pen down, and made a motion to wipe his brow, as though the writing had been hard physical labor. Outside, in his great offices, a score of competent stenographers were ready with pen and machine. For years the only writing he had done was the signing of his name to checks and letters, except for the single item of his correspondence with his son.

"Go on and make love to every girl you meet. When I was your age I had a score of them. But don't let any of them marry you for your money, when you're not looking."

He gazed for an instant at the photograph of the boy on the polished desk in front of him, a slim, black-haired lad, with blue eyes, and unconsciously he began to compare the features with his own. There was the same stubborn mold of jaw, heavy but fine-lined, coming together at the apex like the sides of a triangle. The fairness of the lad's skin stood out in contrast to his own bluff red complexion. Where the boy's eyes were blue, the old man's were granite-gray. The father's hair, now white, silky as scutched flax, had been of a noncommittal brown, where the son's was the bluish-black of the Galway tribes. There was a hint of the Connemara mother, too, in the mobile mouth, where the old man's was firm and straight-lined from forty years of battle.

"The dead spirit of herself, God be with her," old Brady said. "You'd know him out of her a mile away."

The nicked telephone at his elbow jangled melodiously. He picked up the receiver.

"Mr. Dougherty to see you," came his secretary's soft, cultured voice, "about those steel rails."

"I'll be with him in a minute," Brady answered. "I'll be after finishing a letter."

"Take care of yourself, my boy," went the stumpy fingers laboriously, "but have the best of a time. Hoping this finds you as it leaves me, your affectionate father, Phelim Brady."

He rang his bell for the secretary. A trim, young woman came in smiling. She took the laboriously written sheets.

"Make out an envelope for Master Patrick, and send it on to him. Show Mr. Dougherty in."

THE old steel man, hawk-faced, white-haired as Brady himself, came in. The big contractor looked him over from his meticulous morning clothes to the ribbon of the Order of St. Gregory in his lapel.

"Well, Tom," he greeted him, "and where's the wedding?"

The steel man ignored the gibe. He sat down.

"And how's the boy getting on, Phelim?" he asked.

"Oh, he's coming along," the contractor answered.

"That Palm Beach place seems to be doing him a lot of good."

"It's a wonder to me," the Knight of St. Gregory told him, "that you don't run down to Palm Beach

# CLAY FEET

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

yourself for a while in the winter, now that you've got all the money you want."

"Ah, sure, what would the like of us be doing down there, Tom," Brady said—"us that once carried hods and tended bar? I know more about driving a team of horses than riding one of them. It's all right for Patrick. He knows the ways of those people, but not for me. I'm content where I am."

He looked at the photograph again and nodded his head proudly.

"The best's none too good for that boy of mine," he said half to himself.

"To be sure! To be sure!" Dougherty acquiesced. "Now, Phelim, you old robber, you, about those rails . . ."

NOW, all New York, I think, is divided in its opinion as to the personality of Phelim Brady, the great contractor. There are men who howl against him like wolves, accusing him as an industrial octopus, stretching out his tentacles and grasping everything in which there is the possibility of profit. There is his own people, the sturdy Irish of two generations gone, who tell their sons of

his rise in an epic that ranks with the deeds of Achilles. In the green hills of Longford, on the other hand, in the snug cabins of night, he is given as a modern instance of the success awaiting the sons of Erin in a country they still think of as the Golden Medina of Talmudic lore—a land of gilded streets whose stones are blue turquoise, of silver battlements and towers of ivory.

And in New York is another section, never tired of sneering at him as an upstart hodman, of caricaturing him in the public press in a dented hat with a broken clay pipe in the corner of his mouth, with a prominent fleshy upper lip.

"Well, if it does them any good to draw me like that," Brady would grin, "it does me no harm." And with that he would let it go.

There is this fact that is unfair in this material world of ours—that a man's achievements stand out preeminent, and that to arrive at an estimate of them, one reasons backward from achievement to motive, in place of forward from motive to achievement. He must have been greedy, unscrupulous, overbearing, say they, to have accumulated this wealth. He must have ground the poor and bullied the needy. That, they insist, is irrefutable logic. "A posteriori," they begin—a churchman's device!

I CAN think of nothing more indicative of the man's personality, and more typical of the misunderstanding about him, than an incident in Union Square some four years ago. A labor agitator had mounted on a platform to protest against the just execution of some man implicated in an industrial murder. The red flag had been raised, and the East European horde that had invaded New York stretched all about him like a hill of ants. The speaker, a heavy-eyed, hook-nosed product of East Side sweat shops, was haranguing his mob in broken singsong English.

"They told us this was a land of liberty, and we find it a land of slaves. They told us that here was democracy, and we find it a place where feudalism—"

It must have been the inquisitive childishness of the Celt that made old Brady stop his car on his way uptown, and make his way toward the platform—the instinct of the Irish boy following the ballad singer. He arrived in time to hear himself denounced.

" . . . And there is Brady," the speaker went on. "How did he get his money, my friends? Wait; I'll tell you. By grinding the last ounce of labor out of his workmen for the least money. No, my friends, not in Siberia did this happen, where the chain gangs labor in the mines, but in free and democratic America—"

"You're a damned liar!" old Brady roared. His bluff face was red with rage. His white hair bristled. He shook his stick viciously. "You're a damned liar, and for two pins I'd jump up on that platform and break your face for you, you dirty, hook-nosed, little Polack shrimp!"

He went out through the crowd, his stick thumping, his voice muttering anathema as he passed. For a moment there was silence. The orator put his head on one side. His beady black eyes leered. His hands went out fanwise.

"Well?" he insinuated in his Oriental singsong. And the mob howled back its applause.

The old men who knew Phelim Brady in his young days—some of them are judges on the bench now, and some are back in Ireland, and some are dead—how their eyes would glisten as they might think of Brady and him a young man! "The best hurler in the County Longford," they used to admit: "a great footballer too. A grand hand for the dancing, and the voice of him! By cripes! there were singers in Ireland then!"

It was that idealistic chase for the crock of gold at the rainbow's end that brought him to New York—the chase that brought St. Brendan in his curragh to the Brazilian shore. In New York he came to his Uncle Matt, licensed to sell vinous liquors.

"I suppose," said the caustic old publican, "that you expected to find the roofs of New York set with showers of gold."

"I did so."

"Well, you won't."

"Here's for a crack at fortune with the hod then, begor!" said young Phelim, and he wired in.

HE might, all things being equal, have gone on the primrose path of song and liquor in New York, such being concomitants of chasing fairy gold—it sort of eases the sting when disappointment comes—had it not been for his meeting with Moyra Costello. Very erect and tall, very black-haired, and very blue-eyed, there was a pallor to her cheeks and a flush beneath her eyes that were supernatural. The Rose of Galway, they used to call her at home. Straightway Brady made a whirlwind courtship and got her promise to marry him.

"And that, I suppose," he told himself, "needs a house and furniture, and a steady job."

As a matter of fact, it requires none of these things at all for the committal of matrimony, but Brady, nevertheless, acquired them, and with state and pomp suitable to their station, Phelim Brady of Longford was married to Moyra Costello.

I skip rapidly over this marriage of Phelim Brady's, because, interesting as it might be to those who know Brady's fame, it is nothing but one of the cornice stones of his fortune's edifice. And Moyra Brady is dead now and abides in that chaste and somewhat frigid Celtic heaven where Columbkille is, and Brigid, and Patrick of the book and bell, a green, dawn-lit solitude where the lark carols *Laus Deo* in the clear air, and the thrumming harps of Gaeldom sound in measured magnificats . . .

A doctor who had been called in six months after the marriage shook his head gravely as he looked at Moyra Brady.

"There's no doubt about it," he said; "she'll die. But there is no reason why the child should not be saved."

When her hour came Moyra Brady lay very weak and white with her new-born son in her arms.

"I've got nothing to leave you, Phelim," she smiled hushily, "beyond this wee legacy." She gave him the pitiful little bundle, and then she suddenly seemed to be dropping through space, and darkness came about her, and she died.

Now, the pleasantness of death is not for the survivor. He is left behind on a bleak and desolate shore, while the flying soul journeys through the trackless ocean ways of mystery. Space broadens until it embraces the universe, and great tragedies are enacted then, and great stories founded. But there is little time for tragedy and little time for repining when a small, red-faced piece of humanity is clamoring loudly for food and attention.

AND so Phelim Brady sat down and tackled the problem of caring for young Patrick in a conscientious and practical way. He worked as hard as ever—harder now, that he might occupy his mind so as to keep care from gnawing at his heart. He amassed money comfortably, and soon inevitable Opportunity, which not only knocks at the door but smashes it open with broad muscular shoulder, came to him and claimed him. Of course the opportunity needed money and it needed men.

"Oh, I guess it will be all right," said the bank which extended him credit, paying thus tacitly tribute to his clear eye and upstanding presence. "And do you mind the time he shot the goal in the hurling match against the County Cavan," the men said; "two hundred and fifty yards it was if an inch, straight like a bullet into the mouth of the goal, and the Cavan men around him, howling like wolves, ripping skin and hair. There was never a good hurler yet but he was an honest man."



Were one to look, in a sort of parallel columns, at the state of Phelim Brady in those days and at his state now, one would think not unnaturally of Aladdin, the Master of the Lamp, who, a poor widow's boy, raised a palace of precious stones with the help of afreets and jinn. But by fair and stealthy steps, in a sort of geometrical progression, Brady's fortune waxed and expanded unconsciously. It was his uprightness and fair play that helped him, made him rather. His workmen were loyal, his backers true. In those days his office was a tiny shack on West Broadway. Now there were great suites of offices on Wall Street, calm, dignified, luxurious. His home then had been a small flat on the lower West Side; now there was a dignified mansion on Madison Avenue, with a door of wrought iron work, with trim, silent maids, and an efficient butler.

**B**UT never in all that time did the spirit of the man change with prosperity. He was still the same unaffected Irish boy that left Longford twenty-four years before, although now his hair was whiter than a sheep's fleece, and the once lithe figure had become portly.

It was still his pleasure to sit smoking his pipe in the evenings, although now it was in a severe drawing room, instead of the cozy interior of a little flat.

He had long ago brought from Ireland an aunt of his to look after the son, a calm, maternal woman in everlasting black with a quiet smile and a sense of religion which was practically a passion. About him all were the Irish he loved. And in the evenings he was never tired of telling the boy stories of his old country—of the great fight between Sir Daniel Donnelly and Cooper, the British champion, at the Curragh of Kildare; of the old Hell-fire Club of Dublin; of the Athlone Giant, and the great pipers of Aran. He would tell him, too, stories of the Norman-Celt aristocrats, the hook-nosed, brown-faced, lithe sportsmen who drank and roistered and hunted and sang, of the Younger of Oriel, and the Knight of Cavan, and Sir Bryan Kennedy, who

chased the bailiffs with his hunting pack, horns blowing and the huntsmen yodding to the hounds.

The boy's blue eyes would sparkle. "Go on, dad," he would insist.

Or occasionally the old man would break into the sorrowful ballads of his country, songs sung only when the heart is joyful. He would trumpet out the lament for the Earl of Lucan:

*Oh, Patrick Sarsfield! Ireland's wonder  
Fought in the field like bolts of thunder.  
One of Ireland's best commanders  
Now is food for the crows of Flanders.  
Och! Ochone!*

Or he would pick out with one finger on the piano "The Bard of Armagh," or "The Tanyard Side."

He was no longer a child to be dandled on the knee, that son of his and Moyra Costello's. He was man's size now, twenty-three years old, lithe and tall as a sapling, with his mother's hair and eyes and mobile mouth, with his father's resolute chin and iron physique. But still he never wearied of hearing his father's stories of the older country, and his doleful songs that bespoke happiness in the singer.

"Dad," he used to grin, "if you'd gone on the stage, you'd have been the hit of the century." The older Brady would pooh-pooh the suggestion, but it never failed to please the simplicity of him.

**T**HE days at the expensive school to which the father had sent the boy and the years at Harvard had turned young Brady into a product which had made the old man proud, but had a little terrified him. For years now he had understood that his early dream of the boy succeeding him in the business was doomed to failure. He had never mentioned the matter to his son, because he had always taken it for granted, and also because he was not in the habit of discussing business with anyone. It was only when he had come out of Harvard that the matter had been broached.

"Have you been thinking now," the old man said, "of what you'd like to do? Maybe—with a twinkle in his eye—"it's a clergyman you'd like to be."

"Father," the lad told him seriously, "I think the best thing for me would be the diplomatic service."

The elder Brady took the blow without flinching. It had been a crashing, unnerving one, but the old sportsmanlike smile showed at the corners of his mouth.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's the first time I ever heard of a Brady trying to settle a dispute with his tongue, but if you think you can do it, why, go ahead, and God be with you!"

It was only right, the old man thought later, it was only right after all. Progress, the inexorable law, demanded it. The boy was a polished diamond that would cut through crystal where he, the old man, had been a slung shot in the foreheads of embattled opposition. The son of Moyra Costello would walk with kings. With the great ones of the earth would his business be. The glamour of courts, the polished niceties of birth and breeding, should be his portion. The old man was proud of it. "Ay, damned proud!" he said emphatically. "A fine thing for him, ay! and a great day for me!"

**B**UT it seemed to him at that decision that a part of him had died. All that great organization of his, from the subdued and dignified offices to the burrowed mains in the streets, was a portion of his life and personality. His brain had conceived them and his vitality brought them forth. Into every one of his people, his trim stenographers, his neat clerks, his swarthy, sweating Polacks in the construction camps, into every one of them had a portion of his life gone.

All that, with him, must die. And for the first time he recognized the tragedy of the master mason who rears his building only that it may crumble into dust. Immeasurably greater than he had builded up to be forgotten. The sons of Noah, those ancient adepts, where was their great tower now? And Solomon! His temple was a few crumbling stones. If only it would last a century, old Brady thought, if only a few generations—a tribute to his mind and hand! But with him it would die, and in a few years his memory would be forgotten, and also his love and his hatred would be perished! He sang no more.

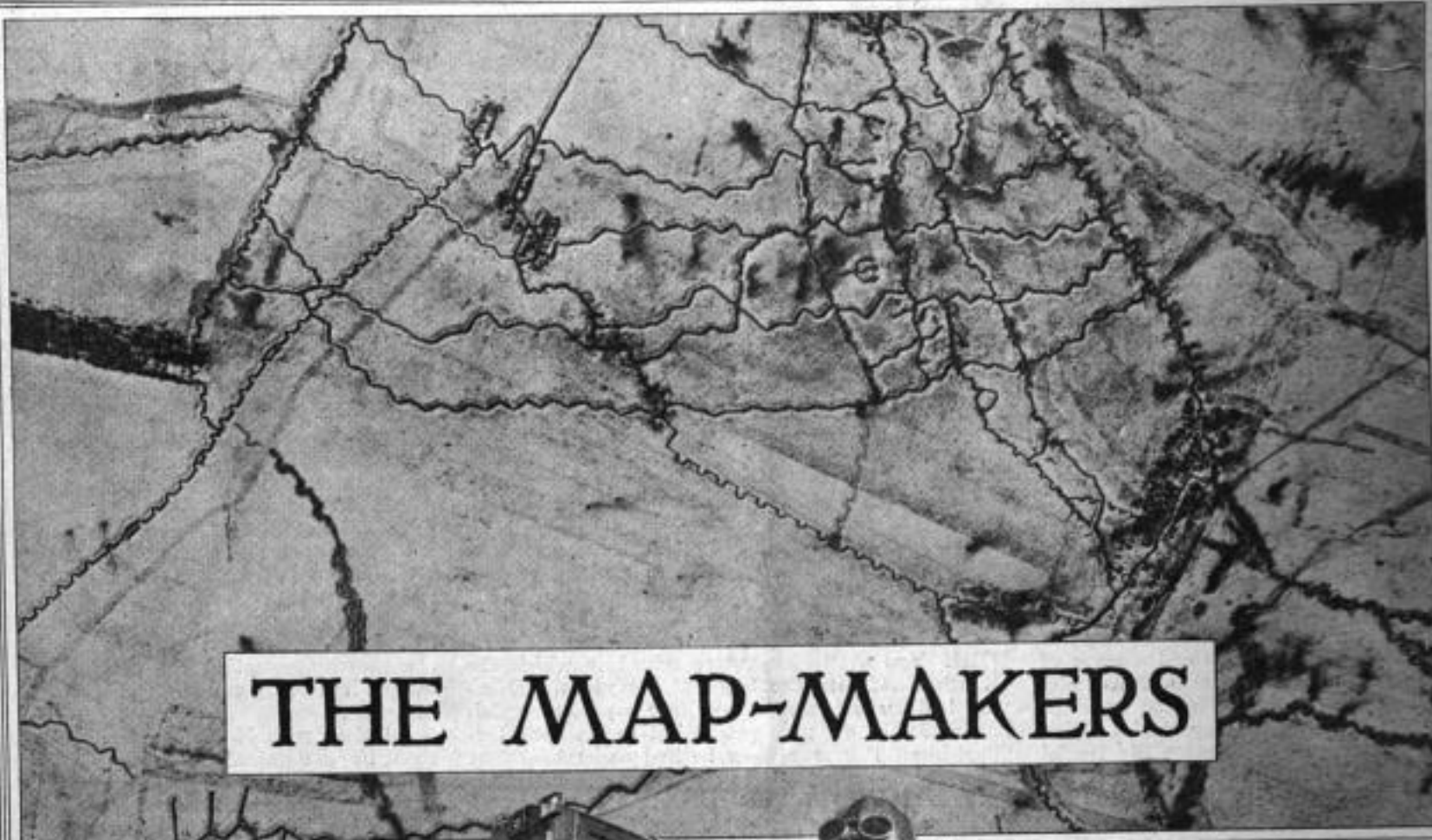
(Continued on page 26)



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAEG

"How dare you!" she blazed suddenly. "How dare you speak to me like that! Whom do you think you're talking to?"





## THE MAP-MAKERS

*A remarkable photograph of an elaborate German trench system, made by a French aviator from a height of about ten thousand feet. Several lines of firing trenches and barbed wire are shown*



*A pilot of the photographic division of the French aero service starting out on a trip behind the German lines to photograph the enemy's positions, the fuselage of his machine being camouflaged*

French Official



*An English aviator starting on a photographing expedition. He carries the latest type of airplane camera, which is fastened to the side of the fuselage and resets itself automatically*  
British Official from Gilliams Service

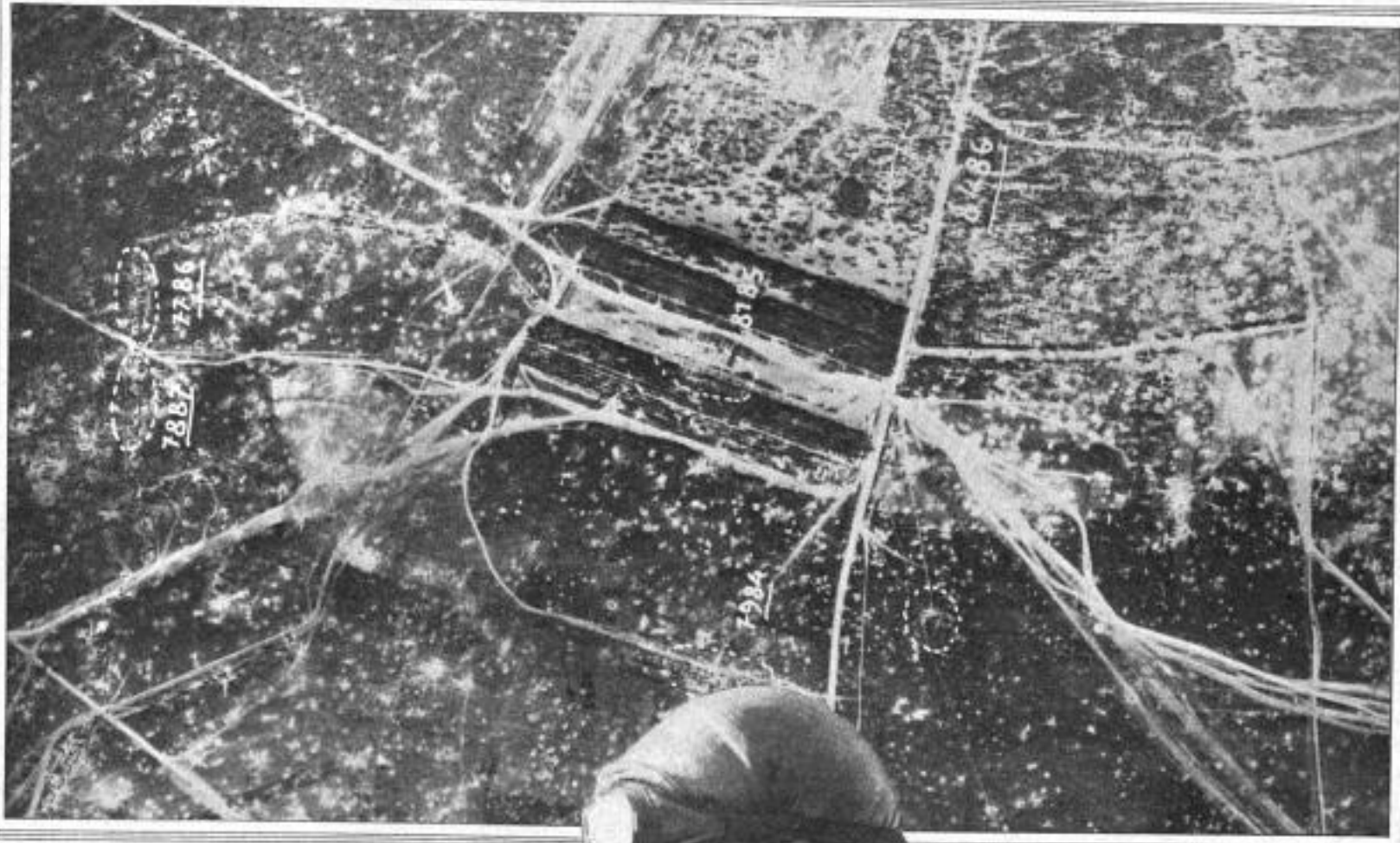


*A British aviator-photographer returning from a successful flight and handing his magazine of exposed plates to a messenger, who rushes them off to the dark room for development*  
British Official from Gilliams Service



*A captured German airplane pistol-camera*





*A member of the Royal Flying Corps examining an aerial photograph of the German lines which he has taken. He will mark the position of any supposed batteries on the print*

British Official  
from Gilliams Service



*An aerial photograph of a German position, showing the enemy's batteries marked and numbered. Each battery will be assigned for destruction to a group of Allied artillery. The photograph is used for reference in firing*



*Completely equipped traveling dark room used by the French. The aviator gives his plates to the operator, who develops and prints them on the way to division staff headquarters*

British Official from Gilliams Service



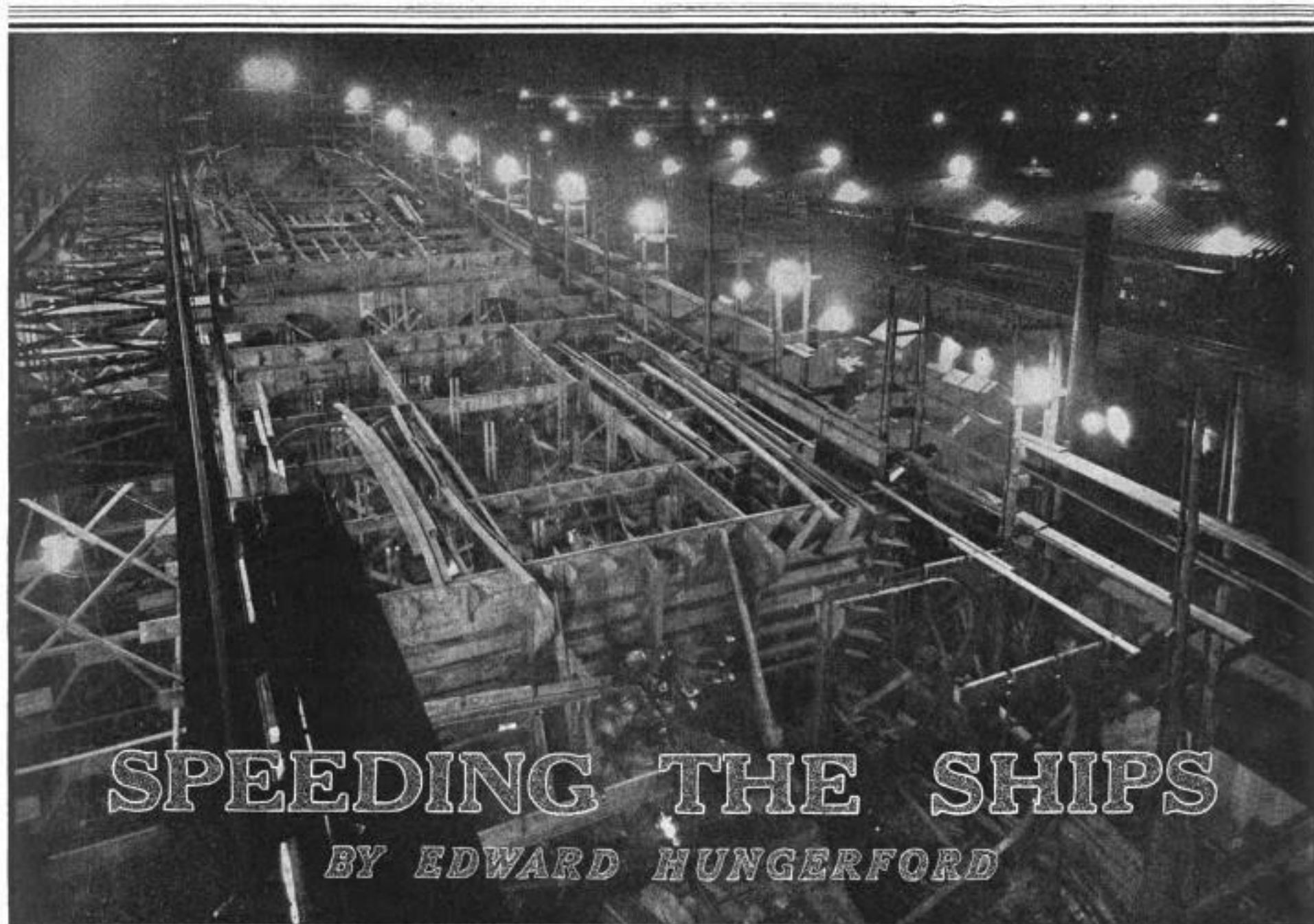
*Piecing together a collection of aerial photographs into a complete map of the German trenches, dugouts, and batteries in a given sector. The map is then engraved and printed*

British Official from Gilliams Service



*Studying a map drawn from photographs*





# SPEEDING THE SHIPS

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

YOU may toss a pebble into a mill pond and then watch the encircling ripples widen. When the 5,500-ton collier *Tuckahoe* went into the waters of the Delaware at Camden, N. J., on the first Sunday in May, the ripples that she made went round the world—front-page stories for the newspapers of America, lines for the bulletin boards of London and Paris and Tokyo and Hongkong—and, unless I am very much mistaken, a typewritten slip announcing the fact was placed under royal eyes in Germany. For in all the history of shipbuilding no great ship had ever before been built and launched in twenty-seven days. Nor was this all. The *Tuckahoe*, contrary to the custom of many shipyards, was virtually complete in every detail from truck to keel: engines installed, boilers and funnels in place, masts stepped, propeller fitted, rudder hung. Only a few details remained, and to complete these was a matter of but ten more days. On May 15 the *Tuckahoe*, 330 feet long and 50 feet beam, steamed out from the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden and was ready to do her part in outwitting the German pirates.

A little less than a year ago I made the statement in print on behalf of that same yard that its organization could and upon demand would in nine months produce a steel steamship of from 7,500 to 9,000 tons and that it would duplicate such a standardized ship each twenty-four hours for an indefinite period thereafter. The *Tuckahoe* is evidence that the New York Shipbuilding Corporation knew exactly what it could do when it authorized that statement and when it told William Denman, the first chairman of the United States Shipping Board, that it could produce standardized cargo ships at daily intervals.

## The Race

ON the same day that the *Tuckahoe* took the water a few miles down the Delaware—to-day well named the American Clyde—there was a double launching at the yard of the Sun Shipbuilding Com-

pany at Chester. A mine layer of moderate tonnage was put over for the navy and a big cargo ship, the *Laurel*, preceded her by half an hour. The 450-foot *Laurel* is the second of a fleet of 10,000-ton cargo ships, originally ordered by the Cunard Line and last autumn taken over by the Emergency Fleet Corporation under its general policy of requisitioning all ships under construction for foreign owners. It took four months from the laying of her keel until her launching, with boilers installed and a considerable amount of hold fittings completed, which is a record for a 10,000-ton ship. Yet the officers of the Sun Company feel confident that they will do far better.

On the May Sabbath that the shipbuilders of the Delaware were pluming themselves word came that the record of eighty-five days previously held by a shipyard in Portland, Ore., had been broken by the Skinner & Eddy Corporation of Seattle, which had built the 8,800-ton steel carrier *West Lianga* in what was, until the remarkable performance of the *Tuckahoe*, a world record of fifty-five working days from the date of keel laying to launching, and had delivered her to the Government for service in sixty-seven working days after the first sections of the keel were laid upon the ways. Now watch Portland, the other Columbia River towns, and Tacoma!

Sounds like a race, doesn't it? So it is. It is the Great Merchant Marine Handicap, with the first heat to be finished on the night of the 31st of next

December. There are many entrants—and of various sorts. A few are old nags, which hint reminiscently of their conquests in the days of the clipper ships or when iron vessels were first beginning to come into their own; others are racers in the height of form, groomed and backed seemingly with all that money and expert brains may command; still others green horses—dark horses, perhaps—coming into the great commercial and patriotic contest. There are some stragglers, of course. And a few of the entrants are still entangled with the starting tape and seemingly unable even to get started in the race.

## 398 Ways

COLLIER'S has neither the space nor the desire to give an exact catalogue of shipyards nor of their launching ways. Of these last it is sufficient to say that there are now 398 ways in the shipyards of the country so designed as to permit of the construction of steel ships. Three-quarters of these ways are upon the Atlantic Coast north of Norfolk, Va., or else are upon rivers directly tributary. In April, 1917, there were, in the thirty-seven steel shipyards of the United States, but 162 launching ways. These yards have added thirty-three new sets of ways to their equipment. That more have not been added is due in most cases to the fact that many of the older yards are in the heart of communities which have grown up round about them and so

have made it difficult and expensive for them to expand. And because new ways mean new fabricating and machine shops in definite proportions to keep pace with them, it generally has been cheaper for the older organizations to start entirely new unit yards somewhere in the vicinity, as the Fore River company has done. It expanded its original plant at Quincy, Mass., to the farthest practical limits, and then more than doubled the size of the original plant by building an entirely new unit at Squantum, some five or six miles distant.



5,700 shipbuilders of Wilmington protesting against the "no Sunday Baseball" statute



Four hundred ways, to make a round figure of the 398, make an impressive possibility of ship production. Given a minimum of only one ship a year and that ship of but 5,000 tons burden—a little less, in fact, than any of the steel cargo ships that are being built in the United States to-day—and we would have 2,000,000 tons of brand-new shipping. And under the methods of expedited production exemplified in the *Tuckahoe* twelve months would represent a well-nigh impossible drag for a vessel on the ways. Ninety days would seem to be a fairer mark. But, as we shall presently see, there are many conditions to be borne in mind; labor must be contented and hard upon the job—which, in turn, means a solution of many difficult problems of housing and transportation and entertainment. And transportation is again an important factor in the bringing of raw material and of fuel. Even weather conditions come closely into the reckoning.

Of the 203 brand-new ways in the yards for building of the steel cargo ships, seventy-eight are in two yards alone—the Hog Island plant of the American International Corporation, near Philadelphia, possessing fifty; the great new yards of the Submarine Boat Corporation at Port Newark, N. J., having the other twenty-eight.

The New York Shipbuilding Corporation's yard, on the Delaware, at Camden, N. J., although slightly outranked in size by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, was, till recently, not only one of the very largest plants in America, but was—and still is—one of the finest shipyards in the world. There is nothing upon the Scottish Clyde seriously to rival it.

It gave me a great thrill the first time I visited it; I had not conceived it even possible to build huge ships—of 8,000 or 10,000 or 12,000 tons burden—under a roof, even to masts and funnels, as the men upon the Harlem and the St. Lawrence used to build the racing motor boats. The erecting shop of that yard has the finest interior I have ever seen—and I have in mind the Capitol and the Congressional Library at Washington, the Auditorium at Chicago, the atrium of the Sinclair Hotel at West Baden, Ind., and Madison Square Garden, New York. The arena of this last place is a huge apartment; and yet two and a half of them, placed end to end like railroad cars, would fit under the roof of this erecting shop.

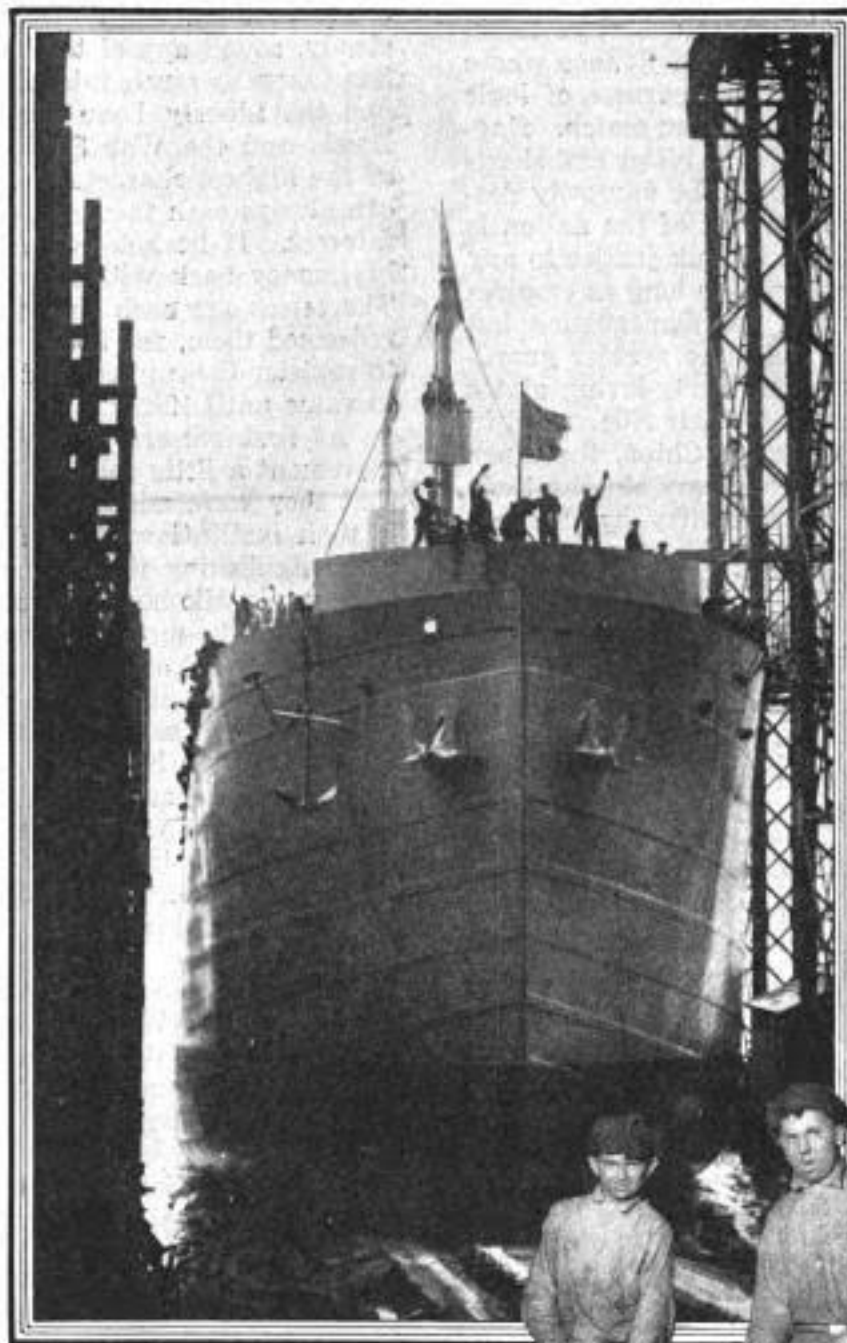
This yard and its great ante bellum compatriots of the Northeast, Newport News, the Baltimore and the Maryland plants in the neighborhood of Baltimore, Harlan & Hollingsworth at Wilmington, William Cramp & Sons at Philadelphia, the Chester Shipbuilding Company, and the Fore River yard have built ships from raw materials and almost, if not entirely, complete within their own fences. Like these are some of the newer plants coming into existence—the Sun yard of the Pew Brothers at Chester, the Pennsylvania yard at Gloucester, N. J., and the Federal yard, with its twelve broad ways, at Newark, to take three out of several recent examples. In fact, in the older standard yards it was the boast of the master shipbuilders that they made the ship from keel to truck—in some of them, such as the New York Shipbuilding plant at Camden, they even went so far as to build the small boats and the roll-top desks for the officers' cabins. But the Hog Island plant, which has had a good deal of notoriety (all of it undeserved), the Submarine plant at Port Newark, and the yard of the Merchant Shipbuilding Company, which young Averell Harriman, having turned his taste from railroading for the moment, is putting up at Bristol, Pa., and some others, are or are becoming fabricated yards—by which really is meant shipyards in which vessels are about 95 per cent fabricated at distant and inland points.

#### "How About Structural Steel?"

"FABRICATED yard is a good deal of a misnomer. It ought to be known as a structural shipyard. More of a vessel is fabricated in the old type of yard than in one like this," says H. A. Sutphen, vice president of the Submarine Boat Corporation. He ought to know. He built the yard. Three years ago he was building motor boats at Bayonne, on the other side of Newark Bay. A representative of the British Government called upon him soon after the war began and asked him if he could build small seventy-foot scout or patrol launches. The boats would be built in parts at Bayonne and then—to avoid certain diplomatic entanglements—sent to Montreal or Quebec, assembled there and sent overseas upon the decks of larger craft. Sutphen said that

he might try a few. The Englishman said that really he would not be interested in talking in lots of less than a hundred. Sutphen said that ten would be a big contract for him; he finally promised to make fifty within the ensuing twelvemonth. And, as a matter of fact, he made 550, carted them up to both Montreal and Quebec and had them completely assembled and ready in just 488 days. It was one of these little Bayonne-built boats—modestly called a motor launch—that played so dramatic a part in the bottling up of the German U-boat base at Zeebrugge.

Sutphen had had his first taste in quantity ship production—quality ship production as well. For each of these little mosquito ships was guaranteed to make nineteen knots an hour and penalized against a wasteful fuel consumption in attaining that speed.



*The Tuckahoe is evidence that standardized cargo ships can be produced at daily intervals*

It was Sutphen who more than a year ago called the attention of General Goethals to the fact that it was futile to try to build wooden ships in great quantity, the supply of wood available for the construction of sizable ocean carriers being so limited.

"Suppose we try and build these 3,000-ton steamers out of steel," he suggested. "There practically is no limit to the steel supply of America."

Goethals replied that the shipbuilders had told him the existing orders for ship steel would use all the facilities of the rolling mills of the country; that to get more rolls was a provokingly tedious matter.

"Ship steel, yes," Sutphen conceded; "but how about structural steel?"

He meant the sort of steel that goes into our bridges and our skyscrapers—a steel lacking a fine fraction of the tensile strength that the finicky old-fashioned shipbuilders had demanded of the rolling mills, but still good enough to make a craft rated in the highest class under the classifications both of Lloyds and the American Bureau of Shipping. The many bridge-building plants of the United States, in times of peace producing spans for all over the world, plus the skilled structural steel workers of the land, could produce, many miles inland, fabricated portions of the vessels faster than railroad flat cars could be got to bring them to tidewater.

It was no visionary who brought this scheme to General Goethals. Back of Sutphen was his quantity-production record for the British Government. Goethals, who is something of a quantity producer himself, bade Sutphen go ahead, and gave him a contract for 150 completely standardized steel ships, each of 5,500 tons burden and 335 feet in length, as a starter.

When I stood upon the No. 1 launching ways of the Submarine plant May 16 in the afternoon, it was on the deck of a structural steel oil-burning steamship which was promised for launching on Memorial Day—fourteen days later. It was no record job. The keel had been laid on December 20. But at that time the yard was scarce eighty days old—a jumble of a morass in which teams and motor trucks stumbled and stalled, while their drivers swore and only a superoptimist could see a possibility of anything even remotely resembling a shipyard. And since the keel had gone down, there had come the hardest winter of recent years on the North Atlantic Coast, weeks and months when even the big bosses grew a bit discouraged. But they did not give up. Oh, no. On schedule time, May 30, the *Agaveam* slid into Newark Bay.

On the 16th of May there were twenty-seven ways beside the one on which I stood, and back of them a widespread, orderly shipyard—tracks and buildings and warehouses, all of them arranged with an eye toward the most efficient and economical handling of men and materials. There is no community pressing in upon this yard. It is on the Newark meadows—until the coming of the war a huge vacant tract, gridironed with railroads, and, though within ten miles of New York City Hall, one of the greatest economic wastes in America. It is so no longer. Three shipyards are there already and a number of other new industries more or less dependent upon the war. Transportation facilities and proximity to the labor supply of the metropolis are having their effect.

There was not the slightest variation in the details of the twenty-seven other ships rising from the even line of ways, interspersed with a hundred derricks set upon high cranes. Each was perfectly standardized. Each would have upon its completion almost exactly 412,000 rivets. Of these 112,000 would be driven at the structural shops far inland, and all these shops would have exactly similar blue prints of exactly similar ships. The plates and beams and angles would be lettered at the shops for definite places in the standardized ship, but not for any one designated ship. So a plate from the bridge shop at Sharon, Pa., might lie next in the ship to one from Joliet, Ill. There are fifty-six inland shops providing 95 per cent of the finished plates for the ships at the Port Newark plant, and some of them come from as great distance as



*Milwaukee. On the way up from Philadelphia I*

had seen a Lehigh Valley fast freight at Bound Brook laden with fabricated floor sections. The lady next to me thought they were some sort of motor truck destined for the Allies!

"We will have fifty of our 150 ships ready and delivered by December 31 next," says Sutphen, "and by that time we will be delivering them at the rate of fifteen a month, which means that a launching will be an every-other-day sort of a party with us."

Don't forget that Sutphen gave the British more than he promised.

#### Like Hot Cakes

NEITHER are the people at Hog Island novices. They are the men who developed that masterpiece, the Camden yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation. And, having made one masterpiece, they were quite willing to try their hand at another—possibly

(Continued on page 30)





# Collier's

## *The Day of Healing*

OF old our Fourth of July was too often kept as a day of enmity; in this year of measureless strife it has become a day of healing. We are now aware and proud of our essential partnership with the men of Great Britain whose ancestors established freedom under the law, and with the men of France whose fathers gave to the work of free institutions a clearness of logic and an intensity of enthusiasm that no other race can match. England has her Tories still as of old, reactionaries as bitter and short-sighted as those who grouped themselves about the narrowly despotic court of German GEORGE III, but the heart of the nation is not with them. Not for long can they hope to balk justice to any of the kingdoms or to any part of the empire—so long as empires abide. France still has her intriguers and her demagogues, but the republic is strong in spite of them. The three greater guardians of freedom do not stand alone, for the liberty-loving states of every race and every clime are gathering to their side. And in every one of these, whether Portugal, Cuba, or China, the inner story is the same: the men who care for freedom are sinking their differences and shaping the course of their country by the best light they have. Never were the forces of right so arrayed in continuing power as on this July 4, 1918. Never did true men have such a cause for which to fight. Those who wish can re-read the Declaration of Independence and reflect how immensely more devastating and tyrannical the would-be tyranny of Potsdam is than that which WASHINGTON put down. On the Fourth of July our hearts pledge the world's future, and this gigantic welding of free races which we have already seen achieved is the living proof that that future shall be established in liberty and in justice.

## *The Scale of Business*

IN moving stones to build a summer-camp cooking place, a wheelbarrow may be big enough. But a city is not a camp, and how many wheelbarrows does it take to equal a freight car? That, in a nutshell, is the problem of the scale on which modern business should be run. We have always held that the United States is now a huge enterprise, and that, to serve its needs best, things must be done on the corresponding scale, not by methods that were adequate for smaller times. This problem was considered by the Supreme Court in the recent case of the United Shoe Machinery Company. The nub of the opinion rendered by the four justices who gave the majority verdict is to be found in the brief observation that "the idea was repellent that so complete an instrumentality should be dismantled and its concentration and efficiency lost." In other words, the country could not afford to deprive itself of the results obtained by doing an important sort of work in what appears to be the most effective way yet discovered. There are other cases now pending against other corporations more or less similar to this one, and it will be interesting to see whether or not this view holds good. We will have to discard some of our once-accepted theories as the work of this war comes to sit more closely on our national shoulders. It will be fortunate indeed if we can clear our minds from all fogs of litigious and a priori reasoning and form the habit of looking facts squarely in the face. Getting our national living is now the nation's business, and the nation is in control of it. There is no need of weakening any economic enterprise so as to keep it subordinate to the just power of our united country. Find the best way of achieving results and follow that course! There is no time now for any other.

## *The Seattle Way*

IN COLLIER'S for May 25 it was said, in an article on shipbuilding on the Pacific Coast, that Seattle had solved its labor problem. That was true in February. Now Seattle is expanding its shipyards and other war industries. More men will be needed, and Seattle begs COLLIER'S to say that she must have 15,000 more men by November. And Seattle will get them: a town so intelligent in handling labor problems need have no fears on that score.

## *Stamp Germany Out*

THE President set aside June 28 as "War Savings Day" with the purpose of concentrating public attention on one of the best of the Government enterprises that have grown out of our common danger and our common hopes. But the movement

must go on after June 28. The War Savings Fund has been eclipsed at times by the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross drives, both conducted with such fervor and intelligence that nothing else could be seen while they were in the sky. But we doubt whether either of them will do more real good in the long run than this steady, sound appeal to the country to SAVE. Secretary McADOO has taken so much interest in the campaign that this movement and the Liberty Loan are practically linked. Both the Liberty Bonds and the War Savings Stamps are Government securities of the highest character. A man who buys War Savings Stamps can always cash them in on ten days' notice at 3 per cent simple interest. If he holds them to the date of maturity, he will get his money back with 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly. The terms are such that few of the holders of the stamps have redeemed them, for both patriotic and selfish reasons impel them to register these unequalled securities and put them away to grow in value until 1923.

At first officers of savings banks looked on the war-savings movement a little coldly. But they soon learned from experience that they were mistaken. Step by step, with the sale of stamps in their institutions, their deposits increased. The habit of saving was establishing itself, and the wise among them soon foresaw that people who buy these stamps will be apt to deposit in the savings banks the money they receive when they redeem their securities. The habit of saving will then be second nature to them.

The movement is not restricted to any class in the community. The limit was set at \$1,000 for each individual simply because the return is so high that the very rich might be tempted to buy great quantities as an investment. But it is the Government's desire that every person shall save and buy as many of these stamps as he can within the limit prescribed. If the two-billion-dollar limit is reached, we shall have in this country a savings fund that will be the surest possible foundation for the financial welfare of our people.

## *To Help Russia*

PRESIDENT WILSON and other American liberals have refrained from denouncing "the Judas among nations" and have insisted upon America's essential sympathy with all that is real in the Russian Revolution. But it is WILLIAM MARION REEDY of St. Louis, Mo., who says most in fewest words:

Immediately, the one thing we can do for Russia is to defeat Germany.

## *Diplomacy, Secret and Open*

IT is the ordinary and proper thing to speak of the President as a master of verbal expression. Yet if the test of perfect mastery is a style utterly free from ambiguity and needing no postscript of explanation, Mr. WILSON has not always commanded the ideal literary style. There have been occasions when the White House or the State Department has found it necessary to point out just what the President did mean. The Wilson style is at times over-emphatic. Senator BORAH was justified in basing his proposal for the public discussion of all treaties in the Senate on Mr. WILSON's declaration to Congress, on January 8, that "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, are requisite to a lasting peace, and that from now on the processes of diplomacy must be always in the open." What could this mean but full publicity from the moment an international document is laid before the Senate to the moment the necessary two-thirds vote is definitely conceded or withheld?

On the face of Mr. WILSON's language this was the only possible meaning. On the face of reality and common sense this could not be the meaning, and the President hastened to enlighten Senator BORAH: "When I pronounced for open diplomacy I meant, not that there should be no private discussion, but that no secret agreements of any sort should be entered into, and that all international relations when fixed should be open, aboveboard, and explicit." Did that make it quite plain to Senator BORAH? A new ambiguity interjected itself. "International relations *when fixed*." Mr. BORAH thanked the President, with a wry smile, for the privilege accorded the people of knowing what it is they have been bound to after they have been bound.

So Mr. WILSON finds himself once more misunderstood. What he obviously meant was that the people must know that a treaty with Abyssinia or Zanzibar is under consideration in the Senate, that the people must know what the treaty binds us to in general terms while it is under discussion; and must know the treaty in detail



# Editorials



after it has been ratified. But the people need not know every delicate point in the debate, every personal susceptibility, let us say, connected with the sovereign of Abyssinia or Zanzibar, which does not enter into the essence of the treaty, but which may easily wreck things when shouted from the housetops.

Life knows no perfectly open diplomacy and will not permit it. Civilization is made possible only by merciful suppressions and white lies. The working formula must be found somewhere between midnight diplomacy and blab. In England and France there has been a how-de-do over the secret diplomacy of the Hapsburg letters to POINCARÉ and King GEORGE via Cousin SIXTUS. Why were not these letters laid before the Parliaments? For the very reason that the offer was made on condition of its being kept secret. It has been cited as a striking example of the evils of secret diplomacy that two men in France and England should have had the power of rejecting a possible peace. But under perfectly open diplomacy the Hapsburg offer could never have been made at all.

So far the record of pitilessly open diplomacy consists of the Ford peace expedition to the trenches and Comrade TROTSKY's triumphs at Brest-Litovsk.

## Our Reign of Terror

OUT in Bloomington "bachelor life is officially prohibited. An investigating commission found that a great number of young ladies, widows, widowers, and bachelors were each occupying, all by themselves, large houses. If they should marry, one of each couple's houses could be turned over to other families to live in, and expenses of lighting, heating, etc., reduced. So the women were given the privilege to demand a husband, and no citizen is permitted to refuse to marry a woman who demands him, if he is able to support a family. In desperate cases, where the man persists in refusing to marry, a compromise may be effected, compelling the bachelor to keep in his house, and feed, three orphans or two cripples, for the duration of the war.

"The same measures are to be introduced all over the United States."

Yes?

Well, this is the story which German newspapers are printing by way of American news. We learn as much by the Amsterdam correspondence of the New York "Sun."

No doubt the shy German bachelor is saying to himself:

"Sherman was right—but anyway things aren't as bad here as they are in America."

We wonder if some of our alleged news from Germany and Austria and Russia—via Amsterdam or Stockholm or some other neutral city—is of a piece with this German "news" of our bachelors' Reign of Terror?

## What's Wrong with the Post Office?

WHEN PERSHING issued his order, something over a month ago, placing the American military mails in France under the adjutant general, they were still delivering last year's Christmas packages, according to the New York "Times's" correspondent with our army. That same journalist reports getting a letter from twenty miles away which our post-office people in France had taken three weeks to deliver. Officers and men now hope for better mail service. But that doesn't just depend on the adjutant general and Lieutenant Colonel HOWE—it also depends somewhat upon our end of the line. If letters written by the enlisted man get forwarded fairly well, how about letters from home? People here are urged to back up the boys in the trenches and on the high seas with personal cheer and comfort—but they can't do it unless the post office plays its part too. The Merchants' Association of New York seems to have put its finger on a real grievance in finding that, in the face of greatly increased business, over one-fourth of the railway postal cars had been taken off and that mail matter was being stacked roof-high in the terminals for delayed sorting. Postmaster General BURLISON is still trying to make a paper showing of economy (that "surplus" again!); like the old man in KIPLING's poem, "Stellenbosch," "Whatever he does he sits and twiddles his thumbs and thinks well of it; Yes, he is perfectly pleased with his work, and that is the perfectest hell of it." Short-sightedness plus self-satisfaction isn't ever an ideal combination. And war-time postal service requires spending money on the scale needed to get the results which will satisfy our soldiers and sailors and their home folks.

## In Union—

INASMUCH as Colonel REPINGTON, while military editor of the London "Times," was outspoken in opposing unity of command, interest attaches to the "Times's" dispatch from Paris, saying:

We British and we French have now one army. General Foch has accepted very heavy responsibilities at a critical moment. He is well fitted for the task, the soldiers at the front have accepted loyally the new order of things, and the success of General Foch's action must not be compromised by ill-informed, injudicious, and untimely criticism by civilians and politicians.

There has been no marked disposition in America, even on the part of "civilians and politicians," to criticize FOCH or the idea of unity of command. Later on, as American losses necessarily grow heavier, there may be hints that disadvantages as well as benefits follow from unity of command. The necessity for that unity will, however, remain perfectly clear. Unity of command is, on the western front, an essential condition of military health: and details must not, at any crisis, divert the American mind from the main principle. FRANKLIN's declaration: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately!" holds good to-day of all the States which make up the alliance against the powers of Terrorism. The principle of unity of command must be extended rather than limited.

## After Four Years

AT Nancy, in the east of France, the men whose job it is to clean up a house struck by a German bomb are sorting the materials and assembling the strong beams of the old wooden building, its stone gable ends, its bricks and powdered plaster. Other piles, so arranged that hand or shovel can easily scoop them up, outline all the angles of the destroyed dwelling. With deft movements the dusty workers deposit their new loads. Balancing on the crumbling ridge of the wall to the right, five men armed with crowbars maneuver a great beam. A gang less sure in harmonizing its movements would be thrown off its balance, beam and all. Six great chunks of sandstone that made part of the staircase are hard to move by hand, and athwart them rests a forest timber that was growing more than a hundred years before the builders chose it.

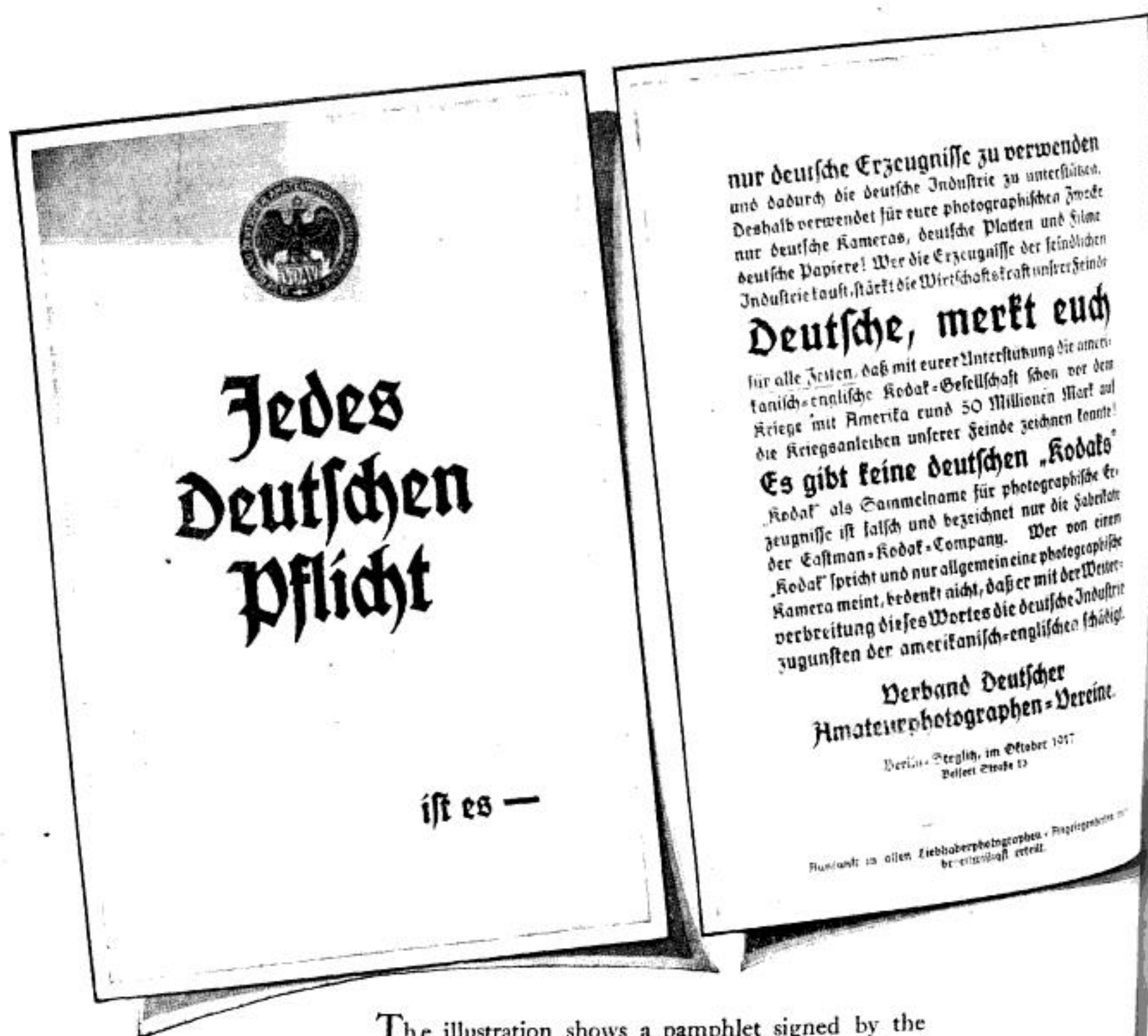
The wrought-iron cocks that support Nancy's street lamps still stand in their familiar posture of fire bearers, brave in their dull gilt. Behind them the trees in the Place de la Carrière, newly trimmed, preserve their rectangular form, their black branches punctuated with white scars. This ornamentation of the center of the town with old trees schooled by the pruning shears, and with the old-time ironwork of its forges, impresses the war-time visitor. In peril of the bomb, the French townsman would, first of all, maintain his own house; next, the appearance of his street. The citizen of Nancy would be less cheerful if things did not put their best foot forward, and marks the cross of Lorraine in red on the wall of the houses with the stoutest cellars. The stone shelters erected in the city squares are as well designed as if they were permanent buildings. No hasty jumble of junk, no digging of rat holes, here; but smooth masonry, without gaps at the joints, rounded at the corners and touching the soil obliquely so that the shadows shall give nothing away to enemy airmen. The workers who have done all this know only how to do good work, and do not scamp their job just because bombs are falling. If such buildings have not the beauty of the wrought iron in the Place de la Carrière, the professional probity is the same. Here, too, is honest work. Faithfully to pick up the wreckage—speedily to bring back order out of chaos—here are acts that unmistakably express the quality of man's labor, the solidity of man's hope. In the glare of explosions you see at Nancy the two elements which save humanity from sinking to the dunghap: Work and Hope.

In the street, barred off by piles of building materials, children (happy because no one interrupts them by passing through) clear the ground and smooth it off to spin their tops. For top time has come round again. As skillful in their performance as the house wreckers, these little ones throw the top with a sure hand. Their satisfaction comes from its landing on end and spinning fast. Amid ruin they demonstrate that one must do, in its season, that which ought to be done. In this town, beautified by the bravery of their childishness, they keep their seasonal habits, guns or no guns.

When war brings down house walls, and bread grows scarce, it is good that men should know how not to give up hope, and should go on working, and that children should play.



# To the People of Germany they said



The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.



# Columbia Grafonola

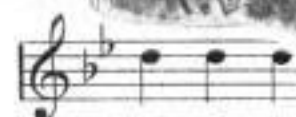


Yankee Doodle

From Valley Forge to France, American armies have always sung their way to victory. The American soldier has always been a singing soldier—whether he wore the blue and buff of the continentals or the brown khaki of the boys “Over There.” Today in camp and cantonment, in trench and dugout, between decks on the big, gray battle-ships and in cramped quarters of swift destroyers, the Columbia Grafonola is playing our boys into action with good cheer in their hearts and a song on their lips.



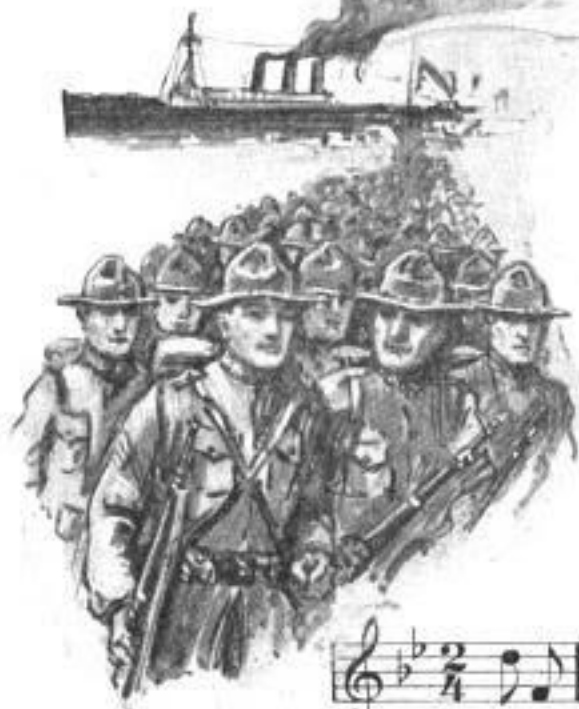
Oh, Say, Can You



Tramp, Tramp.



There'll Be a Hot Time



Over There

Columbia Grafonolas  
Standard models up to \$300  
Period models up to \$2100  
Prices in Canada plus duty

In the homes of America, no less than at the fighting front, the Columbia Grafonola is playing its part. These trying days we all need the comfort and inspiration good music gives. Let the Columbia Grafonola bring you its stirring patriotic music these historic war-time days. The songs the soldiers sing are all on Columbia Records. And of course the Grafonola plays Columbia Records best. To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

Buy War Savings Stamps

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., NEW YORK



# *To the People of Germany they said*



The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.



# *-If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

*A translation of the circular in full is as follows:*

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

*If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



# FEAST OF EPICURUS

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. R. WEED

THE man was disgorged with others from the lift at Piccadilly Tube Station, and stood leisurely on the threshold of the Haymarket. He was slightly inclined to corpulence, but brawny as well; not very tall, but tall enough to rise above mere shortness. Whatever expression usually lay on his face was swamped by an irresponsible, pervasive happiness seemingly irrelevant to time and place. The face itself was squarish; longish; heavy and red; the face of a man of strength. The eyes were small and of a fiery blue; eyes of a man who loved living. It was not remarkably early to be in evening dress; about a quarter to six. He might have been on his way to dine early with a subsequent theatre party. He stood to light a cigarette, which he fitted carefully into a gold and amber holder, and he surveyed the nearest placard good-humoredly:

## ESCAPE OF NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL

DAN ROGERS AT LARGE

Five Hundred Pounds Reward Offered

The newsboy nearest him, seeing his attention caught, thrust a paper on him. He gave the boy sixpence, not waiting for the change, and stepped on to the pavement. His dress overcoat and his opera hat sat faultlessly upon him. He glanced from his little fiery eyes curiously at the passing crowds about him, and for a moment his glance was caught and held.

A police constable was looking at him keenly.

He crossed the street leisurely, passing close to the constable, standing beside him a moment while a line of taxicabs streamed past; thus standing by, he nodded a good evening.

The policeman looked after him, then crossed to the telephone boxes in the Tube station.

The man went on down the Haymarket. As he walked he scanned the face of every woman who passed—not with an obtrusive scrutiny, but with a lightning-blue stare that took her in from top to toe and switched away again almost before she felt it. So he reached, via Charing Cross, the hustling Strand, where the business girls came by in succession like a regiment, all homing.

Turning down from Agar Street, he saw her; a girl about as tall as himself, not very slim, but slim enough, with a short, pale face with anemic lips, with great big eyes of pale brown, and the most gorgeous red hair under her battered but beautifully perched black hat. Her suit was battered too. She carried a cheap dispatch case, and hurried like the rest. She was the London business girl at her best, in flower. When he saw her he was sud-

denly still for a second, his fiery eyes focused, like a hound fastening unerringly upon quarry. In two seconds he was beside her, raising his hat.

She walked on a little quicker, frozen. He walked with her.

"Please!" he uttered hurriedly.

The girl cast him a look then. "No!" she said. There was much virtue in her "no," but there was something else. There was a vexed regret.

For he did not look to be a promiscuous man, and the girl who fends for herself is a judge of that. Moreover, his clothes were so good, his air of leisure and ease so comfortable, so promising. . . .

He slackened his pace, and some influence or force which spoke from him without articulation made her slacken hers too.

"Please!" he said again, "it won't hurt you to listen for five minutes, will it? I shall not say anything that you won't like to hear."

HIS voice was a little hoarse, wearier than his face. She found herself noting details; and while she noted, he took her gently by the elbow, and led her back to the quieter ways leading through Pall Mall. By the time she realized it he was talking again.

"I want to ask you, please, to have dinner with me—"

"Oh! I don't do that sort of thing!"

"—and go to a theatre after—"

"Oh! I really couldn't!"

"—If you don't, I'll have to find some other girl to be kind enough to give me her company, and I don't want to look farther than you."

"I don't know why you should think—"

"I don't think. I only hope. I know what you are—a very respectable young lady. But you are a very, very charming one. All day I've been about London, and you are the most charming girl I've seen."

The girl's anemic cheeks did not change color. She had lost any tendency to blush. But she kept that air of outrage.

He looked at his watch. "There isn't much time



to decide," he said thoughtfully.

They were standing in Trafalgar Square by now, facing the pile of the National Gallery.

"I can't go out to dinner," she said. "I'm engaged."

His face fell, and she saw what he thought.

"I mean engaged to be married," she added hastily.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and for the first time she saw his smile. It was the jolliest smile she had ever seen, and it thawed her.

"It wouldn't do," she said more confidentially.

"On the contrary, it might do very well indeed," he replied. "Is this young chap of yours rich?"

"Rich? Of course not. No such luck!" she sighed.

"Well, I am rich enough," said the man quietly, "and I will promise you something to your mutual advantage if you'll just give me your company at dinner to-night."

"It's so strange."

"It's the most simple, human thing if you only knew."

"I've never—"

"Had a little harmless adventure? Poor girl!"

"Oh, I'll come!" said she suddenly.

He had signaled a taxi before she realized it, and they were inside. She put her back into a corner, and sat almost facing him, with space between them.

"You needn't do that," he said, knitting his brows.

"Well, one never knows."

He made an almost savage plea which startled her. "Look here! Trust me. I'd love it."

"You're a funny man."

But she sat a bit nearer, and he saw her cheek curve into an answering laugh.

After all, she was a rogue, like all girls.

"But—but you're in evening clothes!"

"You soon will be too."

"I—I haven't got—"

"Don't ask questions. Just let me arrange, will you? I promise you it's all right. You shall hear everything at dinner. But now there isn't time."

THE taxi drew up in Hanover Square. "Where are we going?" said the girl hostilely. "To buy clothes," he answered, gripping her elbow, and she was in a lift with him, ascending to the second floor. "What's your name?" he whispered.

"It doesn't matter."

"I only want your first name. That'll do for the evening."

"Mary."

A softness ran over his face. "That's just right," he whispered. "You won't find a man who doesn't love the name Mary."

They stepped out.

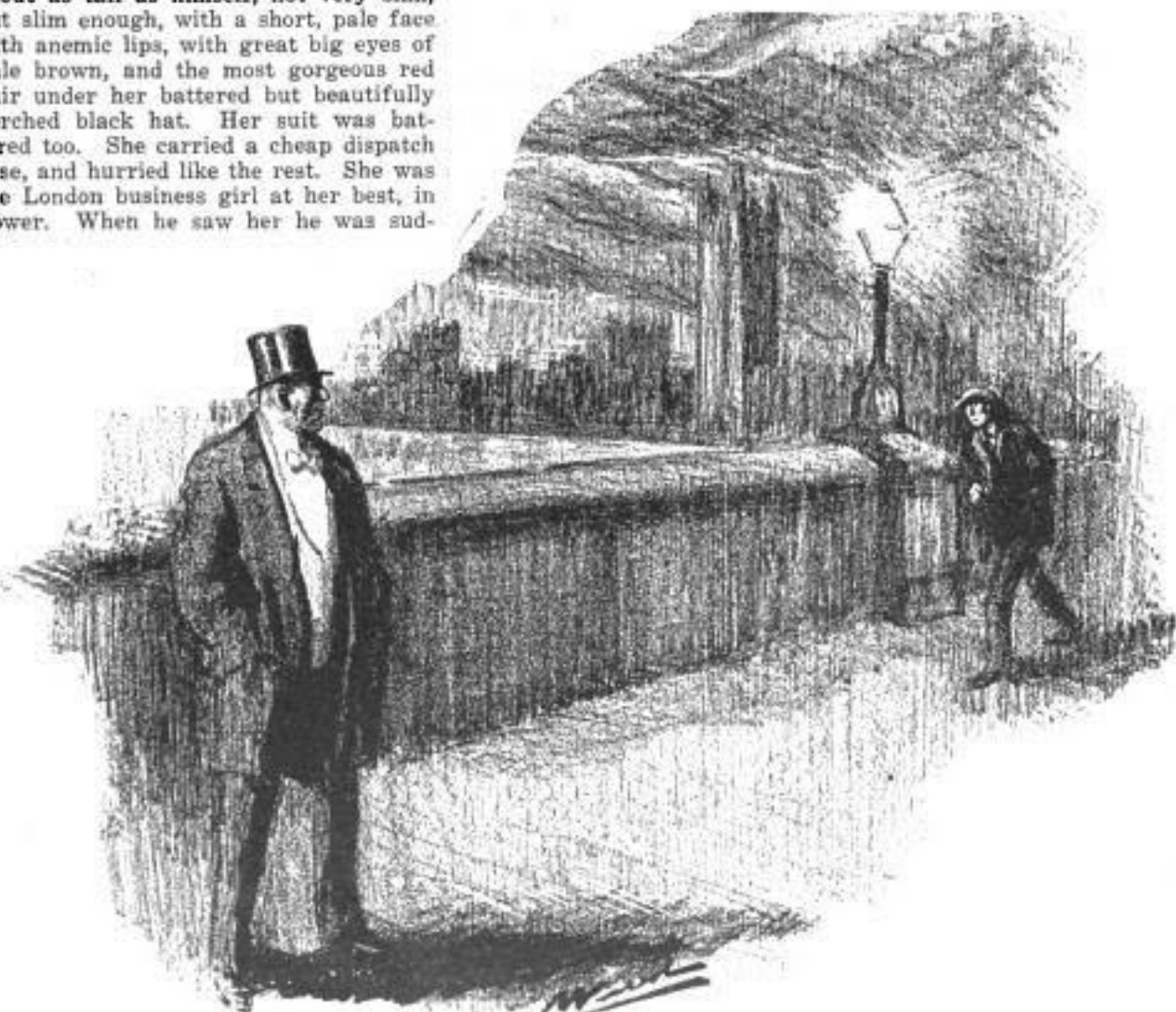
"You're sure you're going to explain?" she said, salving her conscience by a puerile return to caution and frigidity.

"I swear it."

She was by this time in an apartment of quiet tones and great richness. A model gown or two hung about. Some one was folding up impalpable things. The customers were late.

"This lady," said the man to the saleswoman, "wants to be fitted out for the evening as quickly as possible." To the girl he added intimately: "Spend up to thirty pounds, Mary."

He then went and sat down on a lounge, while the women disappeared within a fitting room. From time to time the saleswoman came out and went back again with mysteries hung over her arm. When she did this he bent forward and stared ardently at



He saw under the lamps, nosing toward him, the young man, light and keen; an eager ferret



the burdens she was carrying. They were beautiful—these things which clothed women! Also women were expensive, deliciously expensive! He sat there replete with his satisfaction. Now and again he dropped a hand to feel the softness of the lounge on which he rested. And while he waited, seeing a telephone, he got up, and booked a table at the Carlton—a table for two.

THE girl came out, followed by the saleswoman smiling. The girl was staggered, astonished at herself. The blush that few situations could raise on her pale cheek had come by contemplation of her new beauty. She knew herself, for an evening, supreme. Even her anemic mouth was softly rosy. Her eyes stared unwinking like stars, and golden shoots had come into them. With her hat off, one saw the utter gorgeousness of her red hair, sleek wave upon wave.

The saleswoman had dressed her in oyster-white, with a flaming blue cloak and finished her down to her handkerchief and her small shoes.

The man rose and, trembling and fumbling very slightly, paid the account. The girl had no more hesitation about going out to dinner.

They ran down to the waiting cab.

It was an autumn night, dusky and warm. The town had thrown off her toil and was making ready for play. Thousands and thousands and thousands of people would soon be engaged in thousands and thousands of happy ways. Delights were in the air. Mary was not sitting with her back in a corner like a hostile animal withdrawn against a wall to fight.

"Do you mind if I hold your hand?" came the husky voice near her.

"Well, only my hand, mind you!"

"I won't if you don't like it. You are being kind; very kind."

But after a few moments she dropped her hand carelessly to the seat beside her. Then he took and held it in one sinewy and hard.

"You play games?" she asked, feeling his hand with a cuddling movement of her softer one. "Many sorts."

THEY were at the Carlton. For the first time that evening she heard his name, when he gave it to the official who was allotting tables. "I rang up a while ago—table for two—Mr. James Oatley."

They were piloted to their table. The girl had refused to leave her blue cloak in the dressing room; she wanted to wear all—all! She could feel it satiny against the unaccustomed bareness of her shoulders. Now Oatley helped her off with it, and hung it very reverently over her chair, where it made a perfect background for her, as she knew.

She had never been in any such restaurant before, but she didn't reveal this. She looked around her unafraid while Oatley looked at her. She knew, of course, that the first thing he'd do when she had her cloak off would be to look at her. She had summed him up with her London shrewdness as reliable; and manageable. But of course he was a man. So she gave him his opportunity to stare unreprieved.

"I ought to have told you my name at once," he said, when the soup had been removed, and champagne foamed in their glasses. "You heard it just now? James Oatley. I'm from New York. This is my first visit to this country. I don't suppose you've ever heard of me. But if you came over there—" His modest but jolly smile said: "You would."

"Are you a millionaire?"

He stroked his chin, which was very long and had had a remarkably clean shave. His hair was cropped so close that he had a bullet-headed look. "Not quite," he answered, "not quite. But why?"

"Because of what you said—"

"Oh. Oh-h-h. I haven't forgotten. That's all right. I'm to hear about you. You're engaged?"

"I've been engaged for two years."

"Why? How old are you?"

"I'm twenty."

"Twenty!" he said. He laughed. "God! Fancy being twenty!" He mused. "Twenty!"

She rejoined: "I don't suppose you were working at twenty? You were rich. Were you rich at twenty? What were you doing?"

Over his face there swept a remarkable look which made her catch her breath. There was pain in it, acute.

"What wasn't I doing? Planning to buy the world one day, and the next swearing money was dirty stuff—no good to anybody. That's how we are at twenty, like the wind. North, south, east, and west. How old do you suppose I am now?"

She guessed: "Forty-five." It was nearly right.

"Forty-one," he said. "So I look a good forty-five, do I?" He mused, and for a sudden moment in thoughts he traveled far from her; his brow wrinkled painfully, and he sighed.

WHILE his attention wandered into some dim recessful place, again she looked round the restaurant to see who was looking at her. And a man was looking—one of two who had come in since her entry with Oatley, and had been given, after a brief word with the official who allotted tables, a place rather near them. His companion was glancing at James Oatley.

They were both tallish, nondescript, yet smart, she decided, for she judged men mostly by their clothes and the places at which they ate. They were men cut to a pattern, laconic, trim, one blond, the other darker. It was the darker one whose gaze, part meditative, part admiring, she had intercepted on



"Lucky fellow," he added thoughtfully. "What's his correct address?"

its straight passage across intervening tables to her face. She looked away and unconsciously preened herself, her eyes brighter, the blood flowing redder in her cheek.

Oatley was back again, his fiery blue gaze returning to her with all its former concentration, and he had caught the look she had snatched away from the two diners at the near-by table. He turned his eyes quickly in its direction.

He screwed a monocle into his eye, and gazed urbanely. The thought that he was distinguished grew with her. Only rich men troubled about monocles.

"Anyone you know?" he questioned pleasantly.

"No." She thought: "As if anyone I knew would be dining here!" but was pleased at the impeachment.

"Why!" said he, "why! If it isn't—Old acquaintances from little old New York. Excuse me one moment, Mary."

He rose leisurely, dropping his napkin carefully on his chair. He paused to speak a word to his waiter, who was approaching for service. He nodded across to the two men, who nodded back. Then he bent slightly with one more apology to Mary, and threaded his way to their table.

"Why," he said, "Brunton! Grays! If I am to call you so at the moment?"

His eyebrows went up whimsically; he had his

hand on the blond man's shoulder. The other rested on the table, and the dark man looked down at it swiftly for an impalpable second. It was a thick hand, but bore signs of good enough keeping, with carefully trimmed nails.

"Oh, you may," said the blond man.

Oatley drew up a chair and sat down. "Well, one never knows if you fellows are on a stunt. Perhaps it's just a pleasure trip this evening, eh, Brunton?"

The dark man smiled easily. "Perhaps it is."

"Queer I should see you here to-night," said Oatley. "I only landed to-day, from the *Marcus*. I came over rather on the quiet for business reasons. However, never mind those. When I said it was queer meeting you just to-night I meant because of—Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes," said Grays.

Oatley exclaimed: "Then you've seen my double is flitting about somewhere again."

"Rogers?" said Grays. "Yes. He broke jail three days ago, though it's only just been made public."

"Well," said Oatley, "you both know me. I'm in this city, and the rest of your pals at the Yard had better know too, I guess. I shan't forget that time in N'York when he posed as James B. Oatley for—how long was it?"

"Let's see," said Brunton.

"Three weeks," Grays replied.

"Three weeks," said Oatley, chuckling and nodding confirmation. "It was you caught him, Grays. I'll always remember you for that, though it's—how long again?—eight years since we met. But I knew you and Brunton directly I saw you. I'd heard you'd left N'York to give a filip to the police work over here. Well, we could give a good many fillips over here. That's my opinion. You fellows given your order?"

The wine waiter was now standing by awaiting a rift in the talk.

"Just giving it," said Brunton.

Oatley cried: "No, you don't. You'll have a bottle with me. What you like, I must, that's all about it. I want to treat somebody straightaway. Seeing two old N'York faces my first night over, why, it's great! What shall it be?"

"Oh, look here," said Brunton.

"Pommard," said Grays without a flicker.

"Pommard!" quoth Oatley with scorn.

He took the wine list, ran his eye and finger down and chose a famous vintage. "Waiter, the gentlemen's wine is mine. I'm sitting over there. Well, so long, boys." He rose.

"You see, I can't stay," said he, smiling, with the debonair look that only a pretty girl brings to one-and-forty's face.

THEY smiled too; congratulations. Brunton again flickered a surreptitious look at a white figure of girlish yet gorgeous proportions against a flame of blue.

"Join us at the theatre after," said Oatley invitingly. "I'd like to introduce you. We've got a box, No. 6, at the *Empress*."

Grays looked at him straight. "Thanks," he replied readily.

Brunton observed:

"We're expecting a cable, as a matter of fact."

"Then you are on a stunt? Now you've let up! But it's all right, boys; it's all right. So you can't come?"

"I think we can," said Grays.

"Yes, we'll come," said Brunton; "like to."

"The cable, if it interests you to know," said Grays, looking Oatley straight and pleasantly in the face, "is about yourself."

"About me! Why, that's great!"

"We cabled over to New York to ask your whereabouts."

"Why—? Eh? Because of that devil Rogers? Ha! ha! ha! This is great! I'm tickled to death!"

"We'll get the cable while we're here, probably, won't we, Brunton?" Grays asked.

Brunton nodded noncommittally.

"Don't matter much about the cable," said Oatley. "I'm here."

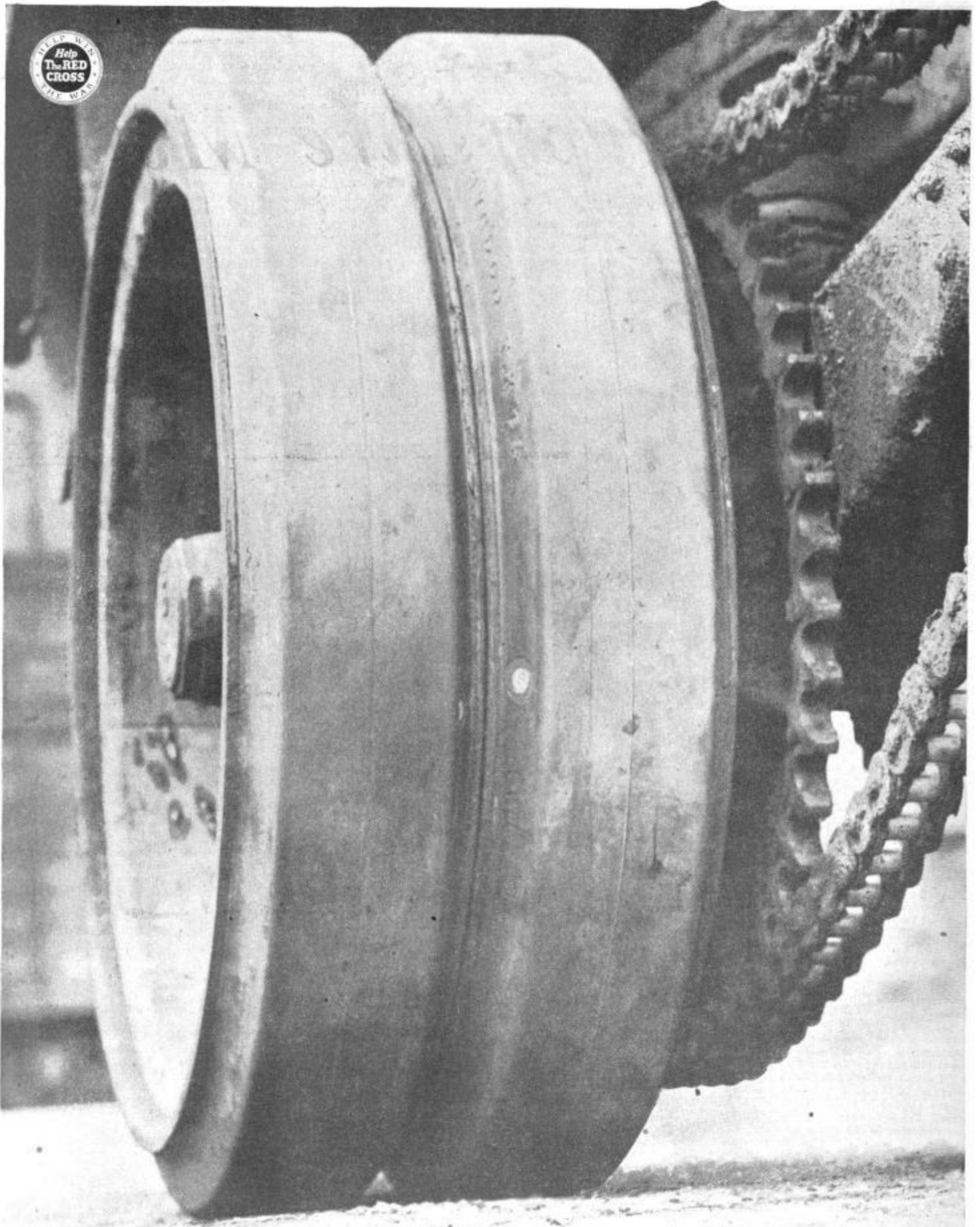
"Yes," said Brunton.

"Anyway, get it sent on to the theatre after you," said Oatley. "We'll all read it together. I tell you I'm just tickled to death."

"Might do that," said Grays. "That would do very well. We'll be with you at the theatre. Follow your taxi, shall we?"

(Continued on page 24)





Actual photograph of dual equipment of Goodyear S-F solid tires in service on a seven-ton unit of the Consumers Company, Chicago

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# GOODYEAR

AKRON



# *The Essentials of Truck Tire Merit*

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**A**LTHOUGH pneumatic truck tires are opening up new fields of employment for the motor truck, the solid tire is yet essential and advantageous in slower service.

From the beginning of the truck industry Goodyear has been developing solid tires, to a result now commensurate with such effort and experience.

Out of the experiments we have made, the tests and demonstrations we have conducted, the clear fact emerges that the merit of a solid truck tire depends upon three essential qualities.

These three qualities, vital to efficient and economical service, are long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

It is not a hard matter to embody one of these qualities in a truck tire,

but it is exceedingly difficult to include all three in effective proportion.

The marked superiority of the Goodyear S-V solid truck tire consists in the fact that it does embody all three qualities in extreme degree.

It wears long and persistently, it defeats ordinary abrasion and damage, tire and base are fused into an almost indissoluble unit.

Proof of the tire's goodness is best seen in its performance, a performance uniformly remarkable for efficiency and thrift.

No Goodyear truck tire is an untried quantity—a system of intensive testing establishes each type's merit before it goes on the market.

This practice affords yet another sound assurance for the public that the Goodyear tire it buys will serve ably and well.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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# **SOLID TIRES**



## Feast of Epicurus

Continued from page 21

They all laughed. Oatley got up and stood, one hand on his hip, the other on the table. His monocle magnified one fiery blue eye. "Well, I must be off! I say, though, what was the devil in for, here?"

"Robbed a bank. Got ten years."

"How much had he done?"

"Seven."

"Silly beggar," said Oatley, "better have stayed the course."

"They get craving, you know," said Grays.

Oatley remarked: "I see by this evening's paper that he's supposed to have just burgled a house in Maida Vale or somewhere—where's that?—and lifted a clear sixty pounds cash."

"That won't get him away," said Grays.

"It'll give the beggar a fairish run," said Oatley. "P'raps that's all he wants and expects. If he's wise, he'll blue it gloriously. Well—" The wine arrived. "Cheero, boys!" said Oatley, and left.

BACK at his table he apologized again. "Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," said Mary, pouting.

"I've not been *preux chevalier*; I'm a casual bloke to take out a delightful young lady. But I'll make up. You've got to tell me all about yourself."

As he spoke he refilled their glasses. First he drank to her. Then, looking across at the two detectives, he raised his glass again and nodded. They responded. Oatley set down his glass empty, and looked into the girl's big pale-brown eyes, now dark with excitement.

"All about yourself," he repeated.

"What a thing to ask!"

"About this engagement of yours now. What sort of fellow is he?"

She missed the piercing wistfulness of his look while she looked down and played with a fork.

"Oh, he's a dear."

"What's his name?"

"Robert Morton."

"Where's he live?"

She said: "In rooms in Pimlico—Lupus Street."

She looked round the Carlton a little apologetically, adding: "Of course, he's saving. We want to start well."

"What's well?"

"With a little capital. I don't believe in putting your last penny in the furniture." He noted tiny lines, lines of the bargainer, on her London-flower face, and, looking from them to her red hair, admired her wholly for the character she had, sharp, naive, shrewish, and courageous.

"Good!" he said. "You're wise. Drink your champagne."

She drank, and saw him smile as the golden foam touched her now flushed lips.

"What are you smiling at?"

"You, Mary. What does this fellow of yours do?"

"Journalism," she said grandly.

"What kind?"

When she told him he smiled again at her description. "That tosh!" he said.

"You're not very polite!" she answered.

"How would capital help him?"

"He'd have time to strike out on a different line if he had money behind him." She talked eagerly.

"You love him?" said Oatley.

"Oh, he's not a bad old card as men go."

"You do," said Oatley. She was blushing. "Lucky fellow," he added thoughtfully. Then he asked: "What's the exact address?"

When she had given it she asked: "Why?"

"I told you," he replied, "I'm going to do something for him."

"Oh! When?"

"At once."

"But why?"

He looked at her and she blushed very prettily.

"Waiter," he said, looking round. The man came. "Bring grapes and peaches—you like them, Mary?—and nuts. And port."

While the service proceeded, he looked at her openly and proudly. "What a companion I've got!" he said in a voice of real glee.

"May I pay you compliments?" he asked, and he began to tell her beautiful things about herself; about her red hair; and the lovely velvet thickness of the kind of skin which goes with it; about her eyes; her thin white hands.

She became more radiant than ever, as he had purposed making her, and many people looked at them. As for Brunton, he could hardly keep his eyes away for two consecutive seconds. Oatley looked around and saw and thrilled.

"This is great!" he said whisperingly. "Great!"

She murmured decorously: "You've given me a lovely dinner."

"Mary," he replied, "this is a gala night."

She went on: "If Bert could see me—"

"There'll be many things in your life Bert had better not see, if you're wise. You're so pretty! So terribly pretty!"

"You think so? Really?"

She spoke breathlessly. He saw a womanly dream of power in her eye.

"Eat a peach," he begged. "Take it in your fingers and bite it; do." But she wouldn't do that. She used a knife and fork correctly.

Oatley sipped his port, while she ate fruit. He met Grays' eyes. He counted the men who were looking at the girl; his girl.

"Glad you don't undervalue money," he said suddenly.

"Does anyone? Do you?"

"Do I? No, my girl. I don't. I love it. I—love it."

He sipped port. It oiled his tongue richly.

"Do you know," he said, "that it is really the rich man who can enter the kingdom of God; but it's devilish hard for a poor one. There's a man—he's a common criminal—who happens to be exactly my double."

She exclaimed in horror: "A common criminal!"

"Ah! He's that. He was a man who liked good things; he hadn't got 'em. Now, if he had been rich he would have had them. He wouldn't have had to go out looking. And he's got a lust for sport that leads him into queer places. If he was rich, it would lead him into central Africa after big game. As it is, ah, well, ah, well— He loves wine and good food and the freedom of great hotels. He loves a gamble. But all he's got to stake is his liberty, so he stakes it with gusto, by God! But liberty's not a commodity you lay on the tables at Nice and Monte Carlo. That's where he'd be gambling with gold if he was rich, but he isn't rich. When he's staked his shirt and his boots he stakes his body, he stakes his soul; his liberty's all he's got left to play with—"

He heard her little voice saying: "People oughtn't to be dishonest. Where would we all be if—"

Running on: "Now," said he, "if this fellow was rich, if he was James B. Oatley instead of what he is, he'd have been a sport instead of a pariah. Eh? Isn't it all queer? Queer?"

He shook his head. Again he was far from her till her little voice said poutingly: "You oughtn't to be making excuses for such people."

He started. "No," said he in a jolly voice. "I won't. They get their run and they shall pay their money. Let 'em take their medicine." He looked at a watch on his wrist. "Waiter, quick! Coffee and—what's your liqueur, Mary?"

"Oh! I couldn't!"

"You could, to-night. Have a crème de menthe. Kümmel for me, waiter." He tasted it very, very appreciately.

HE knew many men envied him when, waving away the waiter's services, he rose to hang Mary's blue cloak upon her cream-colored shoulders. He bent down to her. "There must be at least fifty fellows here—if I had time to count 'em—who'd give their ears to be in my shoes."

As they walked out the thought walked with him. "Fifty men—fifty men—are envying me."

He could not refrain, at the door, from looking back at them.

Brunton and Grays had risen too; were sauntering through the maze of tables.

The commissionaire had a taxi up quickly. Oatley put Mary in, and with his foot on the step turned to grin and wave to Brunton and Grays. They nodded. A second empty cab was rolling up as the first got away.

The girl was warm with delight, and friendly.

He took her hand again and glanced from the window. The drive was to be very short.

"Mary," he said, "there isn't a great deal of time. We shan't be alone in the theatre, and I may possibly not be able to see you home. Look here—" He

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suddenly faltered. The girl knew perfectly well what was coming.

"May I kiss you?" he asked.

"You promised—"

"All right. All right, I know I promised. But let me tell you. I was going to persuade any woman who kindly came out to dinner with me to let me kiss her good night. I knew it'd have to be persuasion because I meant to have a nice woman—a girl I'd be proud to be seen with. A girl who looked like my own. God! didn't those fellows in the restaurant envy me! Do you think you understand?"

"You are an extraordinary man."

"Why?"

"Not to kiss me."

Oatley drew a quick breath and, putting his arm about her, held her to him and kissed her. She was not at all unwilling. She was laughing.

"Ah!" he said, "it's nice to kiss a laughing girl! I love laughter. This is heaven."

And he asked whisperingly: "Now will you kiss me and say 'good night'?"

But she would not kiss him.

"Oh, well," he pondered. "It's been good enough—good enough—I'm very grateful." She let him hold her close in his arm till the cab stopped, though. Then, recovering herself, she fairly sailed, with that innocent virgin look which girls can reassume at will, after the attendant who led them to their box. She was seated, program in hand, chocolates before her, bright with wine and joy, when the door opened again to admit Oatley's two other guests.

Grays and Brunton had not been long behind them. They went through their introductions to the girl with an unction which flattered her. As for Oatley, he made them heartily, hospitably welcome. "I like a party," he said. "It's good to have gathered one together unexpectedly on the—first night over."

The curtain went up on the play.

Oatley went softly to the door of the box, beckoned and whispered one of the program girls who hung about the corridor. He returned with two more programs for Grays and Brunton, and sat down at Mary's elbow.

Just at the end of the second act the program girl to whom he had spoken came quietly to the door of the box, and spoke to him. He heard what she had to say, then whispered it on to Grays. "The business manager here's an old friend of mine. Jimmy Arden. Say! I'm in luck. And I didn't know till he sent that girl round! He's outside wanting a word—just in the corridor. 'Scuse me a second—"

He gave a light, a fleeting pressure to Mary's bare arm, a little loving nip; and passed out, drawing the door to behind him. The attendant whispered: "That was all right, sir?"

He answered: "All right. Smart girl!" gave her a smile and slipped a coin into her hand. Close by stood a messenger with a sealed envelope in his hand. Oatley looked at the address with the air of one who had the right.

"That's the cable Mr. Grays was expecting!" said he easily. "Mr. Grays is in the bar."

When he had seen the messenger disappear thither he went very quietly but swiftly up the corridor, hustled his things from the lounging cloakroom attendant, darted downstairs, out into the street. By luck he caught a prowling taxi immediately.

"No. 100B Lupus Street," he said amiably. "Go like hell."

He leaned back. There was a stale smell of cigarette smoke in the taxi, instead of the scent of that girl. He thought, and began to calculate: "He'll look round the bar for a minute, go back to the box; it must have given enough time for my start. I do wonder how the little girl'll get home. But something and some one always provides for little girls." The cab sought dark, cobbled streets near the Embankment, and rattled him along.

IT stopped sooner than he expected and wanted it to. He gave the driver, with a jest, a coin; half a crown. It was the last in his pocket. Knocking upon the door of an apartment house, he asked for Mr. Morton, thinking: "And now suppose the blighter isn't in?"

But he was in.

"My luck held," said Oatley, climbing the stairs. He gave his hat a rake. "Good gambler's luck."

A knock on the indicated door brought a young man to it at once.

"Mr. Robert Morton?" Oatley asked.

"Yes," said the young man. "What do you want?" And then, seeing the

caller's prosperous appearance, he added: "Come in."

So Oatley went into the dingy room, very frowzy and very littered, and stood.

He refused a chair.

"It won't take long to state my business. I've come to do you good."

"Aren't mad, are you?" said the young man, laughing at his own wit.

Oatley saw an undersized fellow with a mean face; of great respectability, yet virtuously raffish; weak but violent, with a dignity that was incarnate temptation to more ribald spirit. An impulse seized Oatley. But no.

HE bit at a finger nail half savagely, then stopped, tickled at the smoothness of the finger tip. For two nights he had slept in cold-creamed kid gloves like a vain woman.

"You seem interested in me," said Mr. Morton, his cigarette drooping from his lip.

"I am," said Oatley. "I was wondering what a woman really likes in a man. However, I suppose a woman knows."

"Often have to take what they can get nowadays," said Mr. Morton.

Oatley rejoined: "So it seems. Well, now my explanation. I propose to give exactly three minutes to it. If I'm longer, all my benevolent plans for you may miscarry. You're engaged to a nice girl—a very nice girl. She did me a kindness this evening."

He rejoined in the jealousy on the fellow's face. "Did me a great kindness," he repeated. "Now I'm going to repay her by doing you one. See this?" From his overcoat pocket he brought out and unfolded his evening paper, and pointed to a headline. "Like to earn five hundred pounds by catching a notorious criminal?"

Morton stared at him like a wise owl without comment.

"I'm him," said the other in his slightly hoarse voice. "I broke jail three days ago. I got some cash, and I've had my fling. It's over. I haven't an earthly chance of getting away. Two of the smartest men in Scotland Yard'll have me before morning anyway. But I don't like going cheap. I rather fancy this price. And if you like to find me—"

Morton had his narrow back against the door already.

"No, you damned little amateur policeman," said the other with extreme yet quiet ferocity, "not that way. I'd have you away from that door and dead as that door with a turn of my hand if I liked. Besides, you've got to do it plausibly. And you'll do it as like a sport as you can. That is to say, you'll do it as I say. In ten minutes from now I shall be standing on Vauxhall Bridge. You, with all that wonderful boost and brilliancy which you express in your sweet face, will spot me; you will follow me. You'll bring off a capture and a newspaper story. Stand away from that door."

Morton stood away. "And open it for me politely," said the convict.

In a raised staccato voice Morton began: "But—but—but—"

"You'll have to do it as I tell you if you're to clear that five hundred."

"Come!" Morton gasped. "This is an extraordinary story—"

"It would be," said Rogers with vanity, "if I had the telling of it. If you want to see whether it's true, come to Vauxhall Bridge in ten minutes, and if you want that five hundred spot cash for any sake don't call a constable now."

Flicking a speck of dust from his coat, settling his hat, he turned for the door, but checked.

"Before I go," said he, "for the Lord's sake give me a whisky and soda, I'm cleaned out; it'll be my last for—"

"I'm a teetotaler," replied Morton.

"Oh, my crimes!" said the sinner. He cast upon the young man a look of mingled ribaldry and loathing, and walked out, the other hard on his heels.

"You fool!" he said, turning, "go back. You'll ruin it all."

So alone he walked out into the velvet night that hid the dolor of Lupus Street.

As he stood on the great bridge he lighted a cigarette, his last and a good one. It was fragrant. Minutes passed. He saw under the lamps, nosing toward him, the young man, light and keen; an eager ferret.

Something made him think of the girl's red hair, and chuckle deeply: "God!" he said to himself, "I'm glad she's ginger. She'll give him—"

He turned and walked westward, the pursuit on his heels.



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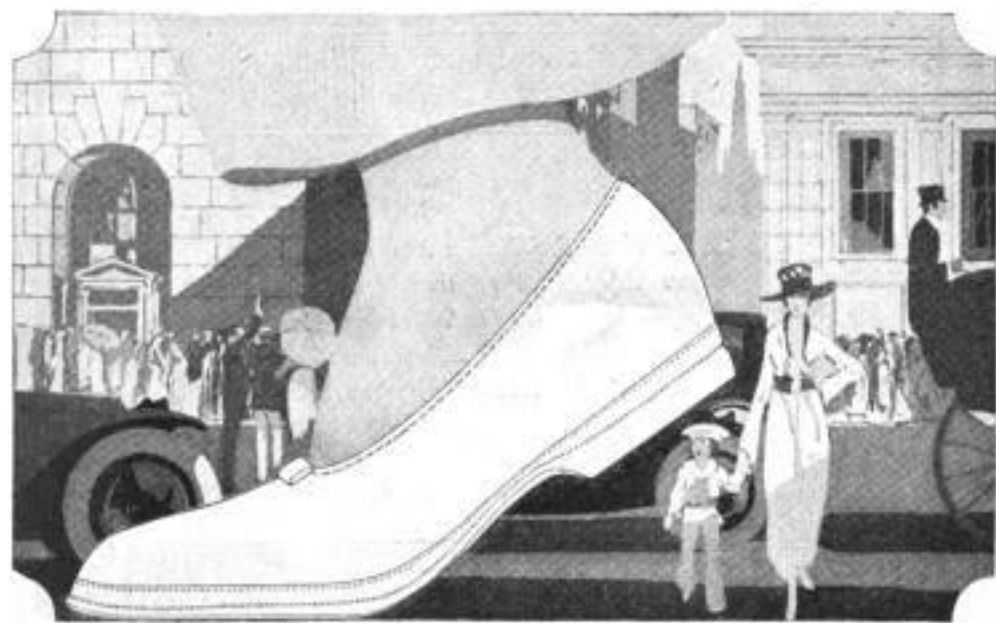
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## The Elusive Front

Continued from page 7

"Right alongside the Hudson?"  
"Yep."  
"Just across from Brooklyn?"  
"Right there."  
"You know what? When I get back I'm going to kick me loose a slab o' curbstome off Broadway—an' eat it. That's me!"  
"Well, when I get back, the first thing I'm goin' to do I'm goin' to buy me a great big heavy chain, an' I'm goin' to put one end around my ankle an' the other end I'm goin' to put around the Times Building an' fasten it tight, an' then I'm goin' to say to my feet, I'll say: 'Feet, you got me into a lot o' trouble, but you ain't never goin' to fool me again. You can step up an' down in one spot if you get restless an' must move, but you ain't goin' to take me no place no more!'"  
"Want to have a look at a Heinie?" some one called from some distance down the trench.  
"Sure," I replied, and hurried after him. I followed him into an observation post and glued my eyes to the glasses.  
"Just comin' out o' that little patch o' woods you see right direct across." The soldier directed my gaze.  
"See him?"

"Why Don't They Get Him?"  
I SAW him, a German soldier. He walked slowly out into a small field between two patches of woods, looked up at the sky, and stretched. Then he leaned over to pick up something from the ground and ambled slowly on. I looked at the chaotic wilderness of wire and deadly pits out there in No Man's Land and at the crooked line of the German trenches.  
Then I looked again at the lone German walking out there in that little field behind the lines.  
"Why don't they get him?" I asked.  
The observer shrugged. "Oh, he isn't worth the price of a shell at to-day's quotations."  
I looked again at the German, and

a prickling sensation ran along my spine. No doubt some boche's eyes had watched me through a powerful glass as I came up over those rolling hills back of the lines, and he may well have said, contemptuously: "Not worth wasting a shell on!" May I always appear of little account in the eyes of a boche observer.

### "Bring Up That Paper"

I WENT back up the trench and talked with the men there again.  
"Anything much doing lately?" I asked after a little.  
"Pretty quiet. We put over a good raid night before last, though. Got some prisoners."  
"That so? Tell me about it."  
"It's all in the paper here. Hey, Jim."  
"Yes?"  
"Hey, listen: Bring up that paper with the piece in it about the raid here the other night, will you?"  
A soldier came up and handed me a daily paper. I was at the front. I sat there on a fire step in a front-line trench with that Paris edition of a daily paper on my knees and read—mind you, I read—the account of the raid that had started from the American wire from within a short distance of where I sat.  
I read it and, looking over my shoulder, eagerly reading it with me, line for line, stood men whose clothes were in tatters, torn by the wire as they had gone across on the raid we were all reading about. I sat there on that fire step and read the account of that raid in a daily paper, and if, perchance, any of the men who were with me shall read this they may understand why thereafter I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks and my sides ached. The pen may not be mightier than the sword, but it's a good deal more explanatory!

Mr. McNutt's third article from France will appear in an early issue.



## Clay Feet

Continued from page 9

Where Patrick Brady met Naomi Schuyler, I cannot pretend to know. There are so many places where one meets girls in New York—at the Junior League; at private dances at Sherry's and the Plaza; at coming-out parties, where every decent-looking or fairly decent-looking young man with passable table manners is impressed into dancing service; at country clubs, where one is supposed to accompany them and watch their execrable attempts at golf, holding in check in the meanwhile, by the power of the human eye, the cad-dies' neighing snicker.

In all those crops of well-groomed, expensively dressed, mainly intelligent, and very beautiful young girls which the New York mill turns out every year, and puts on the counter of the marriage market, there is none I like

half so well as I do Naomi Schuyler. She has looks, that young woman, and she has breeding. She has pride too. And she has something in her that radiates like pure white fire.

She is full of surprises, is Naomi Schuyler.

If one meets her in a ballroom, he is taken by the pure Greek outline of her face, low forehead, clean-cut nose, clean-cut lips, firmly rounded chin. Those greet you in profile. In a front view you are taken by her great fathomless gray eyes, which regard you with a calm dignity, which overshadow every other feature she has got. Her hair, heavy, burnished, copper-colored, clings to her head like an ornate casque of bronze.

"And to think that those two should have engendered that!" some one re-



marked, looking from the visage of Cornelius Schuyler, whose plain features still had the heavy trace of his patroon ancestry, and his wife, aristocratically ugly, to the radiant loveliness of Naomi. "Every time I see her I think of Helen, and I can understand the topless towers of Troy."

To see Naomi Schuyler moving gracefully across a ballroom, or riding a horse with the poise of an attendant of Diana, erect, firm, with the keenness of a huntress of Actæon, one might be pardoned for considering her the ultimate goddess, the most desirable of desirable women. But she has a temper, has Naomi, and people class that as her greatest fault—a sharp, incisive temper that transfixes her mobile features into the rigidity of stone and makes those great gray eyes blazing searchlights of anger.

That, to my mind, is a great virtue, for docile women are the most boring of created things, but there are thousands who do not like that sort of thing. And there was one more failing, which other girls criticized her for with a mercilessness that was inquisitorial: her liking for admiration, and her ability to extract it, comparable to the ability of the worker bee at extracting honey from flowers. She took it from all and sundry, pinned it on her coat, as it were, and walked ironically away, smiling.

Perhaps it was the impossibility of extracting anything that looked like a compliment from young Patrick Brady that attracted her to him in the first place. He would discuss everything with her, from weather to politics, in the omniscient manner of the very young, but that she was wearing a gown which a Scotch peeress had designed for her at the cost of mental prostration never elicited a word from him. Or that she was looking at her best that night never occurred to him, where, in another boy, she would have called forth stammering encomiums, or extracted fulsome compliments from full-grown men.

"He's got the makings of a man," she told herself, wise in her sex even at seventeen. And so by degrees he left the name of the "Brady boy" for that of "young Patrick Brady," and the status of a sort of occasional comrade to be that of a young male to be admired.

And she wasn't the only one who admired him. Tall and slim, black hair, blue eyes, the merry laugh of his father, and his father's muscles bulging through his coat, there was no eye that did not light up at the sight of him. "He is like the King of Ireland's son," said old Marion Hunter. "Or he would look like it, of course, if his father had not carried a hod!" she qualified.

I DON'T know what his feelings toward her were in the first few years he knew her. But I do know this: only a blind man or a child below the age of reason could have been indifferent to her. Or perhaps at that time he was obsessed by the greedy ideal of boydom: an Amazonian blond woman. He did not see very much of her, for his father did not move in the old patroon ranks, and the son was only there on sufferance—because he could dance well and knew the sons of the old New Yorkers, having met them at Harvard. Calm, unruffled, unconsciously careless, he moved through the ranks as though his forbears had come to New Amsterdam with a commission from the royalty of the Netherlands. It didn't matter to him that Cornelius Schuyler's family tree had so many rings of antiquity or that Naomi's mother was a Southern Calhoun. It did not seem strange to him that he, the son of a steerage immigrant, should dance with and know this cultured bud of an aristocratic family tree. That she had been presented at court in England, that she knew the Count of Paris, whom many give fealty to as the King of France, meant nothing to him.

He would mention his father's views, his father's self often, when speaking to Cornelius Schuyler, who had been ambassador to France during a former Republican administration, who was president of the Patrons' Club and similar institutions, and he would speak of the elder Brady to Naomi's mother, who was, as said before, a Calhoun—a Calhoun of Georgia and high in the lineage of the South. But a chill, unexpected hush would fall among the hearers.

"They don't know him," he would think disappointedly. And he would

impute that to the fact that their holdings and interests were in land and realty, while his father's were in a great, pulsing industry. Their interests were passive; his dynamic. And that was the reason of the embarrassed silence, thought he.

But he might have been enlightened had he heard the description of him by Mrs. Polk-Cafferty, the enormously rich widow of very ancient lineage—her great-grandfather had been a Swiss peasant who had fled to America for "political causes"—to be exact, it was the atrocious murder of an old lady. The British ambassador, a gentle, mild man whose ancestry ran back to the Saxon thanes, peered through his glasses at Naomi and young Patrick on the links at Piping Rock.

"Who is that magnificent-looking pair?" he asked.

"That is Naomi Schuyler, Cornelius Schuyler's daughter," Mrs. Polk-Cafferty answered.

"Of course! Of course! How stupid of me!" old Sir Cyril said. "And the boy?"

"The boy," said the matron sneeringly, "is the son of some execrable nouveau riche, some wretched hod carrier, with a musical-comedy name, Phelim Brady, I think. I can't understand why Cornelius allows his daughter to mix with that lot."

"Hum! hum!" agreed the old diplomat. In his worldly wisdom and rigid conventionality he foresaw the difficulty which would arise from the intimacy. "Nouveau riche, yes! Exactly! Hum!" he nodded smilingly at the noble matron.

HOW long Patrick Brady of his own volition would have remained in Florida, once he had regained some degree of convalescence after that attack of pleurisy, it would not be hard to say. He was essentially eager and active. Now, Florida is a worthy place and perhaps necessary, but it is not the spot for active men. Old men gather there, cheating a few years from the gamester Death. Stolid matrons assemble on porches, listening placidly to their arteries hardening. And there also assemble a sect of New Yorkers, whose religion is an annual and perpetual itinerancy, the purpose of which is to avoid New York. It is no place for an active young man.

But Naomi Schuyler was there, beautiful as ever; somewhat irritated—it showed in the finely cleft line between the eyebrows; and utterly bored at the vacuous compliments of the vacuous and inactive admirers who surrounded her. Wherefore she welcomed young Patrick Brady with open arms: a metaphor, not a fact.

"Praise God!" she uttered with the sincerity of a Puritan maid, and then: "Here comes a man!"

There is something about illness that calls forth all the dormant maternal quality of a girl, though the patient be a Wlodek Zbyszko for bulk and weight, and the girl a wisp that the wind might blow away. To the admiration Naomi Schuyler entertained for the younger Brady there entered now the ingredient of sympathy; there entered also the dangerous effect of propinquity. She came to know him better than ever, and she came to like him more.

"I don't think it's quite right for Naomi to be always in the company of that young Brady lad," some one remonstrated with the Schuylers. But it had no effect. Cornelius, the emeritus diplomat, knew his daughter too well to cross her in anything she had put her heart on; the man liked peace. Mrs. Schuyler, who had been a Calhoun of Georgia, smiled at the thought of complications. Such things no more occurred between a Schuyler and a Brady than between a princess of the blood royal and a groom of the stables.

Now let us look at this matter of love in a practical, scientific way, thrusting the poets into the outer darkness, where they can howl and gnash their teeth at will. What is it, when all is said and done, but an electrochemical phenomenon, between two reagents, acting under favorable conditions? There you had your two reagents, Naomi Schuyler and young Patrick Brady, brimming with the kinetic quality of youth, all the formula of the experiment to hand; and as for conditions, there was Florida.

And so together they met in the morning, a morning golden with sunshine over green lush country. Together they swam in a blue-gray ocean, sparkling like some gigantic emerald, way past the sullen wash of the

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breakers to where the diving garnets dropped in a flurry of foam. Together they played over neighboring links in the afternoon, wandering down the straight fairways and rolling hillsides, over the pretty lakes and the copses, all one great oasis where the putting greens showed like patches of a conquered desert. At night the moon, monstrous, low, white like a silver coin, came up and glinted on the seashore in a myriad shining points. The trades swept in from the southeast, odorous, delicate. And along the strand the waves broke in a faint minor ululation like the potent formulae of a necromancer luring Triton and Proteus from the sea!

THE gramarye of that atmosphere, which was like a land and time that Nostradamus might have conjured up with his secret books, or Paracelsus distilled from his potent magical retort, acted on their hearts as spring acts on the blossoming bough. Gently they budded open until each could see the secret, inviolate heart of the other, and together they discussed in awed whispers the great things of life, death, and what is beyond it; the mystery of the myriad stars; the gentle peace of age. And with those thoughts they felt each as it were they had come to the deep, unfathomable space at the world's end, and they crept toward each other nearer for companionship.

They had been together ten days there when the matter came to its inevitable conclusion. They were walking on the beach one night—a night when the moon came up late out of the east and shot a glimmering pathway of silver across the water. To the right of them, landward, the little creatures of the woods gave their faint articulate night sounds, a rustling and a moving, a cheep and a twitter. From the sea the wind came, and in the hotel the music of the band had changed from its sophisticated jazzing to a plaintive waltz measure, a moaning nostalgic thing that drew at the heart fibers as a magnet draws at steel. Unaccountably they drew closer. Unaccountably their eyes met. Unaccountably they kissed each other. Unaccountable it seemed to them, but it was merely the instant when the great spiritual reaction occurs, a phenomenon of organic chemistry—the instant the alchemist is ever on the watch for, as he bends over his alembic, waiting for the sudden change of his incongruous elements into pure red gold.

She put her head half-shamedly on his shoulder and hid her burning face.

"It's the first time," she confessed in a whisper, "that I ever kissed a man."

"O sweetheart!" he breathed into her ear. And in him a great pride rose, and a great protective sense for the delicate fluttering thing that had come trustingly into his arms.

And then, switching from the probing of the mysteries of the world, they talked of the mysterious dew-drenched places they wanted to see later—other settings for their love masque: Fayum of Egypt, a place of roses, and the queer barbaric Moorish background of Tangier; Moscow, with its jingling troikas and strange churches and slant-eyed, gorgeous Cossacks from the Dnieper and the Don; Persia, with its hammered silver and its turquoises and its nightingales. In him suddenly rose the wandering lyricism of the Gael, the need of journey to the rainbow's end.

"And of course we can see them all," she said, her eyes glowing. "You'll be in the diplomatic service."

HE had wanted to go to Cornelius Schuyler after that first night on the shore, but she had dissuaded him. She was wise, with the wisdom of her sophisticated circle. That she would manage herself, the overcoming of the prejudice of birth. Her father would be easily won to her side—either by blandishments or a swift display of willful temper, and then she and her father together would vanquish the Calhoun strain of Georgia.

"We have been so long apart," she told him, "that these days must be our own, our very own."

The singing spirit of the old man surged up in him—the spirit that had won the heart of Moyra Costello, who had been called the Rose of Galway.

"No matter how far apart we have been," he told her, "I would have come to you. The sun in the high heavens would not have held me. I'd have crossed the mountains and swum the ocean and been with you at the dawn of day, because—"

"Because?" She turned to him with joy-lit eyes and mouth half open, expectantly.

"Because your head is like a crown of red gold, and in the moonlight your face is a mask of silver, and your eyes, that in the daytime are gray, are at night glowing like twain stars. And you sway like a reed before the wind. My tower of ivory! My white and secret rose!"

"My King of Ireland's son!" she called him in ecstasy. . . .

He would want to speak to her of his father at this juncture; to tell the story of that great and epic man; to give her a faint impression of what joy was in store for her in that acquaintance. He could imagine the pride the old man would take in her for a daughter-in-law.

"In-law be damned!" the old man would probably object. "Sure you're the darling of my heart and the flower of the moor!"

But she would not speak of him, turning the occasion adroitly to their travels and stay in foreign countries, or if that failed by stopping his mouth with kisses. And he saw nothing strange in that, so much did he love her. At the worst it was only the selfishness of love, which cannot support speaking of other than that one matter. He loved her for that too, as he loved everything in her, even that lightninglike temper of hers. If she had not that, she would be too perfect for this world, he reasoned rightly, and what did it show but that she had a lithe, abundant spirit within her? For him that lightning would never stab, and indeed he was right there, for it was only he who might control it. And as for her vanity, why should she exact admiration, who was most worthy of it?

HE never thought it strange she did not wish to speak of his father. He had little time to think, so infatuated had he become with her. It took the conversation of Stevens, the big electrical man from Detroit, and Van Duzen, the New York clubman, to show him how matters lay.

He had been standing in a dark corner of the veranda of the giant hotel, waiting for her to come down after dinner. There was to be a great dance that night, and they had arranged to slip out and walk along the beach, as usual, later, when the moon would be up. Through the semidarkness he could see the lighted tips of their cigarettes glowing and fading like occulting lights. He could hear the harsh nasal snarl of Stevens, the polished, oily voice of Van Duzen.

"Quite a little romance, eh?" Stevens was saying.

"The two were made for each other," the broker was savoring the vicarious love-making on his oily tongue. "They're head over heels in love. The only objection is old Brady."

"What are they going to do about pop?"

"They'll throw old Brady off like a worn glove. The old Schuyler crowd won't stand for him for a minute. I doubt if they'll even invite him to the wedding."

"But they can't ditch him afterward. No, sir!"

"Of course they can," Van Duzen laughed. "The boy's going in for the diplomatic service. It'll keep him away from New York all the time. The Schuylers and the Calhouns will see to it that no hod-carrying papa comes around with a cutty pipe while their daughter and son-in-law are cutting up capers in Vienna or Paris. And even if the son wants him around, the daughter will see to it that he'll keep away. Do you notice how willing she is to talk about the boy—but if the father's name is mentioned her mouth shuts up like a trap."

"Yes, I saw that." The pair had turned and walked off. "Sure, she's wise. Say, I met the old man a couple of years ago. Great figure, all right. His business goes clean to blazes now, I guess. Bit hard on him."

"It happens every day," the broker laughed. "They always ditch the old man. The New York crowd don't want any fur-peddling, or deck-swabbing fathers, or dealers in whisky for Indian real estate hanging around while they're trying to pair off with the English or Continental ducal houses. Damned bad form!"

"It's sure hard on pop, though!" Stevens's voice came faintly through the darkness. "Should say he's proud of that boy!"

The hands of the younger Brady had



fallen limply by his side, and the first flush of anger which had shown on his cheeks was now supplanted by a dull white of understanding stupor. He moved over in a daze to the rail and looked unseeing out over the ocean.

"Throw off old Brady like a worn glove!" Could it be possible that they were talking of his father, the giant who had bent earth and steel to his desires with a result outrivalling the work of jinn? His father! The great figure that had moved smiling and powerful through his life, the man who had dandled the younger Brady on his knee, crooning his old ballads until the boy had screamed with delight! The man who had been more than father to him—hero and friend! "Throw him away like a worn glove!"

"Hod-carrying papa with a cutty pipe!" His hands clenched with a gust of white-hot anger. So Van Duzen had said that! Van Duzen, the putrid little parasite who was a tolerated pet among the rich, where he picked up crumbs of commissions, in return for his parlor tricks! The Calhouns and the Schuylers would not stand for it. "Damn them!" he swore out aloud, was there one of them as good a man, as clean a sportsman? And Naomi too, they had said—

"Oh, no!" he laughed confidently to himself. They were wrong there! Naomi and he loved each other too much for these quibbles of social distinction. She at least would never let a thing like that stand between—

"Patrick," he heard her whisper behind him. She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. He turned around to her in the darkness, evading the attempted caress.

"I want to ask you something, Naomi," he said quickly. He had moved a foot from the pillar behind which he was standing, and a vagrant light struck him, as a spotlight might a dancer, and brought out the whiteness of his face; the stern lips; the new-born grim triangle about mouth and chin.

"Well?" she asked, shocked at the unexpected expression.

"What I want to ask is this": he was panting, as though after hard physical exertion. "Is it true that your people will have nothing to do with my father—that you wish, when we are married, to keep him away from us entirely?"

"I don't understand you," she sparred. A little crease came between her eyes.

"Oh, yes, you do. Is this a fact?"

She swayed a little toward him. With her white fan she made a gesture as if to sweep the discussion away.

"Boy, let's not talk of it. Let's go for our walk. Come, there's a dear!" she coaxed.

"Is it true?" he demanded inexorably.

"Well, you see, it's this way," she began. "Your father's a wonderful man, I grant, but he somehow doesn't fit in to some things, you understand—"

"Then this can't go on," young Brady rasped hoarsely.

She gave a sudden, quick intake of breath, as if she had been struck. She stiffened tremblingly, like a boused halyard. She turned white.

"What do you mean?"

"This marriage," Brady's voice choked angrily, "can't go on."

"How dare you!" she blazed suddenly. "How dare you speak to me like that! Whom do you think you're talking to? Some Irish scullion! Can't go on!" she repeated, trembling with anger. Her eyes drilled into him, like gray fire. She grasped the fan until it cracked in her fingers.

"Listen to me, Naomi," he pleaded. "My father—"

"What do I care about your father?" her voice cracked at him again, like a whiplash. "What do I care about you? I thought there were some hopes of your being a gentleman, of cutting away from the rotten entourage of cooks and hod carriers, which you seem to have sprung from. And you talk to me—you dare to talk to me—as though you were discharging a cook. A gentleman, indeed!"

He was mute, stunned before this outburst of hers. He only knew she was before him, majestic in her fury, her eyes blazing, her face pallid as a death mask.

"The clay feet!" she was looking at him with frozen contempt. "The clay feet!" She moved away from him, and suddenly she began to laugh, an angry, hysterical, half-sobbing raucity that assailed him like blows. "The clay feet!" She was gone.

He stood for a minute there, bowed against the pillar while she walked

down the veranda, laughing hysterically all the while. And every half syllable of that laughter he recognized for what it really was, a concealed broken-hearted sobbing—like the laughter of a wounded man, with the steel in his vitals, who laughs to prevent himself from breaking into sobs.

OUTSIDE the big house on Madison Avenue the wind howled like a wolf. A great March storm was in progress, and the rain beat down in solid sheets on the pavements. Inside the big drawing room a big wood fire was burning, and the elder Brady, bulky, with his face rosy as a pipkin beneath his crown of white hair, prodded the logs unceasingly, and drew clouds of blue smoke from his short brier pipe. He looked toward his son sitting opposite him across the fire.

"You're a bit peaked and white," he said solicitously. "More than you should be, and you coming up from a tropic climate, which it is, as they tell me."

"Oh, I'll be all right, dad," the boy answered. He moved about uneasily in the chair for a minute. He looked up straight at his father. "Here's something I want to tell you, dad. I'm not a bit keen on this diplomatic-service thing, now that I've thought it out. I'd rather come and work with you, if you'd let me."

The old man's mouth dropped in astonishment for an instant. His eyes widened. In another instant his face was inscrutable as before. The only sign of excitement he showed was in the fierce puffing of his pipe. Blue vapor surrounded him like a Grecian oracle.

"Well, now," he said deliberately. "I won't be saying that I'm not glad. But begor! if you start work with me, you start work at the bottom. You can begin to-morrow, if you like, but you'll begin as timekeeper with Peter Conolly's gang. Mind you, I'm letting you off with the pick and shovel. How does that suit you?"

"It suits me, sir." The boy got up. "You start working at seven. That means you must be up at six."

"If that's the case, sir, I'd better be turning in," young Patrick smiled. "So I'll say good night."

He got up and moved toward the door. "Tell me, avick," old Brady was chuckling at the fireside, "didn't you see a girl at all down South that you'd fancy?"

A quick, short spasm passed over Patrick's face. For an instant he kept his eyes glued to the painting of Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the wall, a gallant figure in white and green.

"Never a one," he replied bravely.

"When I was your age," old Brady laughed reminiscently, "begor! there wasn't a girl in the County Longford I hadn't asked to marry me, by way of politeness—"

"Look here, dad," young Patrick expostulated, "if I've got to get up in the morning—"

"I'll never be the one to keep a workman from his hours of sleep. Good night, avick!"

He mounted the stairs slowly and turned into his room. From below he could hear his father's voice raised in an old come-all-ye:

*On a Monday morning early, as my wondering steps did lead me*

*Down by a farmer's station through the meadows and green lawn,*

*I heard great lamentations, the small birds they were making,*

*Saying: 'We'll have no more engagements with the Boy of Mullabawn.'*

"Poor old governor," he smiled. "He's happy at last."

*I beg your pardon, ladies, I ask it as a favor.*

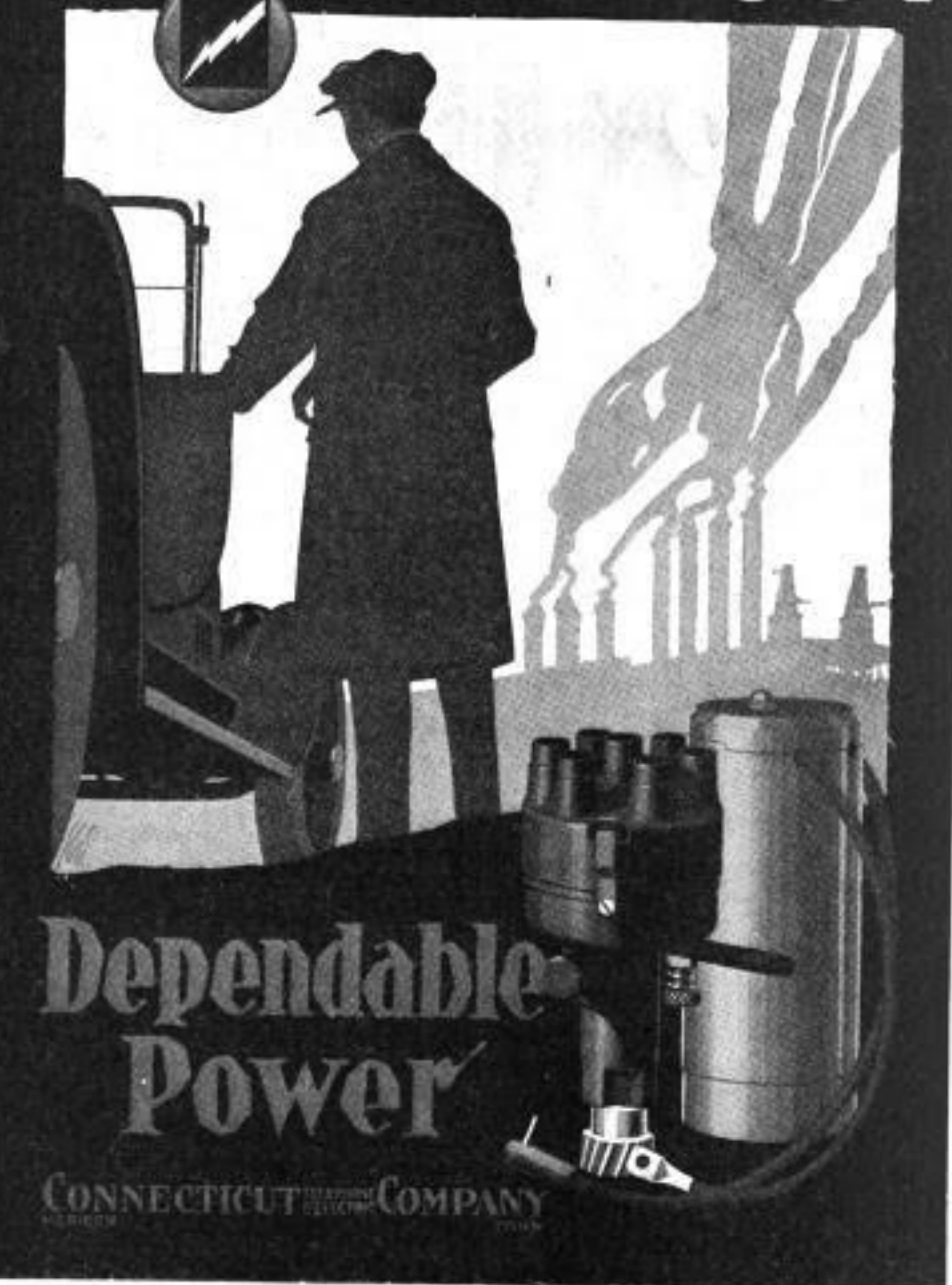
*I hope there is no treason in what I'm going to say:*

*I'm mourning late and early, my very heart is breaking*

*For a noble esquire's lady that lives near Ballybay.*

Mechanically he set the alarm of his silver clock at six, and mechanically he turned into bed. From below the strains of the song of "The Ulster Emigrant," exiled for love's sake, floated up mellowly, and began to filter into his heart and brain, so that when he switched the light out the howling of the wind among the eaves was like the howling of it through sail and halyard. The plashing of the rain was like the rise and fall of waves. The dim violet lights on Madison Avenue were like the lights of a town where a beloved one is, seen dimly from the counter of a vessel seaward bound. . . .

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## Speeding the Ships

Continued from page 13

the greatest rapid-fire construction job ever attempted in the United States. Hog Island is another Port Newark, only much larger. From its fifty launching ways, 110 cargo vessels of 7,500 tons burden and seventy combined cargo and transport vessels of 8,000 tons burden are to come within the next year and a half. George J. Baldwin, vice president of the American International Corporation, which owns the Camden yard, and is building and operating the huge Hog Island project on a fee basis for the Government Emergency Fleet Corporation, promises fifty of the structural ships as its contribution to the 1918 output of an aroused America. They will be coming by early autumn like hot cakes in a white-front dairy lunch, dropping into the water at the rate of two ships each three days, which is close to the rate originally promised by the Camden yard.

"We have set our pace for the Hog Island yard at 1,000,000 tons a year," says Baldwin, "with our present ship-construction force of 3,000 men increased to about 19,000 men. But Mr. Schwab has asked us to speed the yard up to 1,500,000 tons, and we shall do it, even though it involves the hiring and training of 25,000 men. We find it a good deal easier all the while to get the men, and correspondingly easier to hold them. While our labor lists, both at Hog Island and at Camden, are lengthening, our turnover is steadily decreasing."

### The Giant Yard

WE have read a good deal about the Hog Island yard in the public prints within the past few months, and much of it has not been pleasant reading—and, as it now turns out, either fair or honest reading. For, despite the mistakes which were made—mistakes which, after all, were only incidental to the prosecution of a big job and under tremendously difficult conditions—one of the heroic industrial adventures of America has been carried forth here upon the Delaware, hardly a dozen miles below Philadelphia. From a mo-

And the structural ship plants, like Hog Island, with so large a percentage of their steel fabrication being conducted many miles inland, are even more dependent upon adequate railroad facilities than their old-style brethren.

"Our men working upon the ships," says Mr. Baldwin, "must know that there is sufficient steel in the great yard storage reservoirs in order to deliver their maximum efficiency. Without such knowledge their enthusiasm ebbs, their work lags, and the progress of the yard is appreciably hindered."

### Men and Morale

THE men, the human element in the shipyard! We have been talking all this while mostly of the material things by the ways—the miles of railroad, the mountainous piles of steel which they bring the shops, the greased ways themselves. We must not lose sight of the vast human factor behind these material things.

On a May afternoon I stood with Holden Evans on the deck of an unfinished tanker in the yard of the Baltimore Dry Docks and Shipbuilding Company, of which he is the president and master builder. There was a giant clock face with but a single hand on the timbers at the head of the ways that held the new ship straight aloft, and the single hand upon that clock face was pointed at nine. Translated, that meant that the laying of her keel had begun but nine days before. The dial of the clock was closed with forty numbered spaces.

"Which means," explained Holden Evans, "that this ship will take the water forty days after the laying of the keel. Not quite as fast as the *Tuckahoe* perhaps, but this is a tanker and a longitudinal ship into the bargain, which means harder work, and slower. Do you see that ship there?" His arm pointed to another unfinished tanker upon the adjoining ways. "We have done in nine days upon this ship what it has taken thirty-seven days to accomplish upon that one."

"Why?" I asked.

"We are perfecting our methods, our



Holden Evans gets the most out of men working with him

ness the world's greatest shipyard has been carved—in six brief months. Its very size is astounding. If Hog Island were laid upon Manhattan, the shipyard would extend up Broadway from the Battery to Eighth Street. The shipyard's streets are as the streets of a city, and teem with both life and orderly industry.

To the construction problem at Hog Island was added that of transportation, not merely of materials, but of men. For as Port Newark draws upon the labor reservoirs of New York, Hog Island draws upon Philadelphia. Both of these great new assembling shipyards have sought to make the conditions of their labor more attractive by running long special trains at convenient hours from various passenger stations in the metropolitan districts straight to and from the doors of their yards. Yet a larger portion of the transportation problem is the prompt carriage of the ship materials up to the very heads of the launchways. All promises for the rapid production of ships are predicated on the prompt and unhindered flow of this transportation.

materials are coming through better, and the men are falling to the job with a larger enthusiasm."

The men again!

When Evans was in the full thrust of a great group of Norwegian contracts—just before the coming of the United States Shipping Board and its huge orders—he had built up the personnel of the yard to over 2,000 men. Yet, when he had first connected himself with the plant but four years before, he had found less than a dozen working there. And he had done far more than merely raise a force—he had built up a morale. When I visited the yard in May there were more than 7,000 men employed; by the time this comes to your eyes there will be 8,000; long before September the number will be well over 10,000! The problems of morale and efficiency that such rapid increases in working forces present are hardly less than staggering. The Baltimore yard's sixty acres of plant, representing an investment of \$4,200,000, are impressive, as are its great steel and glass shops—the largest of them with a ground space of more than

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six acres—and its concrete launching ways (for this yard is no mere war bridge; it is destined for permanent service in the creation and maintenance of a permanent merchant marine for the United States), but none of these works is more impressive than the pains it has taken for keeping the men enthusiastic and interested in their work.

### Esprit de Corps

MUCH of this is the work of a young woman—Mrs. B. G. Earle—whom Evans found up in a powder concern at Wilmington and induced to come over to Baltimore to undertake the welfare work in his plant. On second thought I'll take back that word, "welfare." It is an unpleasant-sounding term. Mrs. Earle's real job at the shipyard on the Patapsco is to humanize a great industrial works, for, after all is said and done, you can express a shipyard, like any other manufacturing plant, accurately only in terms of men—plus their ability and enthusiasm.

That's Mrs. Earle's task—to keep up the enthusiasm. And, judging by surface results, she is doing it. It is no easy job, and if she had to go it alone she might have a far harder time, but she has cooperation—Evans and his general manager, J. M. Willis, are enthusiasts, with a boyish way of getting the most out of the men who are working, not "for them, but with them," as Charles M. Schwab put it the other day when he talked to the ship workers at Hog Island. The ironmaster of Bethlehem understands men so thoroughly that he commands, not alone their respect, but their enthusiasm—and so gains the largest possible assurance of success in his superjob as director general of shipbuilding for the new merchant marine of the United States.

The master shipbuilders of the East are fully awake to the importance of the human problem. Up at Wilmington the time-honored plant of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company on the Christiansa, just a stone's throw from the Delaware, has been making ships for more than sixty years. For much of that time it held the old-fashioned idea of the gulf between capital and labor, and so did not quickly adapt itself to the changed economic conditions that came with the war. In 1916 there were fully a dozen strikes in the plant, greatly lowering its output, to say nothing of shattering its morale. Every one of these strikes might have been avoided with the use of diplomacy and common sense.

Then Bethlehem Steel took over the works—the velvet, diplomatic, iron hand of Schwab reached out and placed in authority one Joe Weaver, Cornell '02, and incidentally a graduate of Homer Ferguson's big yard at Newport News. Weaver took one look at the troubled situation and then telegraphed up to Ithaca for Johnny Collier to come down and help him out. Perhaps you don't know Johnny Collier; then you have not tarried long of late beside the shores of Lake Cayuga. Otherwise you would know Collier as the Cornell rowing coach, the man who took the job of "Pop" Courtney—no small job in itself. Johnny left his megaphone up at Ithaca, but he brought with him his nice, friendly habit of slipping up to a foreman, whispering the last "good one" into his ear, giving him the handshake that comes from the heart and the inspiration that makes him go back to his job with new joy and inspiration. Not that this was all of his job. It measures in half a hundred different ways. For it was Johnny Collier who, aided and abetted by Joe Weaver, on April 6 sent 5,700 Harlan & Hollingsworth workers through the streets of Wilmington and showed the citizens of that prosy old Delaware town that an ancient industry had been reborn. It was well that Wilmington should see—and understand. For when the shipyard managers appealed to the town authorities for permission to hold Sunday baseball games, to keep their workers happy and contented, their request was denied, with the reading of ancient prohibitory statutes. It mattered not to some of the good folk of Wilmington that the workmen, finding no Sunday entertainment in the town, drifted to Philadelphia and other communities where Sabbath liquor is obtainable and that the shipyards were fortunate if they could marshal 60 per cent of their working forces on Monday morning. The production of ships in a national emergency was not comparable with the upholding of the ancient blue laws.

But the shipyards, with strong Federal influence back of them, are win-

ning their point. And the crackjack ball teams of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company and the Pusey & Jones yard at Wilmington will cross their bats on many and many a pleasant Sabbath this coming summer, will venture south to Baltimore and tackle the Holden Evans stars and the wizards out at the Maryland Company's plant at Sparrows Point; will turn north to seek more laurels on the sleek new grounds of the Sun plant or the Chester works at Chester, or at Hog Island or Camden or Bristol. Baseball is as much a part of a modern shipyard as a launching ways. And you cannot tell a shipmaster that the skill and the clean diversion of a good ball game on Sunday afternoon make a man less of a riveter or a machinist on Monday morning.

The Shipping Board long ago recognized the importance of keeping up the esprit de corps. It sent skilled speakers—occasionally an eminent American like William Howard Taft, a labor leader of international repute like Crawford Vaughan, ex-Premier of South Australia, or perhaps a fighting person like the Rev. Charles A. Eaton of New York, who has been called "the spiritual director of the Emergency Fleet Corporation." The task of these men is to inspire the ship workers. Great meetings are arranged at noontime or Saturday afternoon in the yards. And the speaking is of a very plain and informal sort. But it has definite results. After one of Dr. Eaton's plain talks at a shipyard not a hundred miles distant from New York a workman came forward, grasped him by the hand, and thanked him for talking the way he did.

"You talk like a New Englander," said the parson, recognizing the drawl so peculiar to New Hampshire or Vermont.

"I dunno," replied the workman, "but I feel like a damn fool. I've got two boys over there, and until you talked to us this noon I wasn't smart enough to see that every time I loafed on the job here I was just increasing their chance so much of their not gettin' home to me."

Will you tell me, after that, that personal appeal does not pay?

### Night Shifts?

"SPEEDING up the ships—that's the thing," you say. "But why don't they work the yards in night shifts, like the great munition factories of the North and East?"

A perfectly fair and logical question. Offhand it might be answered by saying that a shipyard is a place of great spaces, of much litter underfoot and seeming confusion overhead—and there difficult of adequate lighting by artificial means, save, of course, in the shops. But these last are generally ahead and not behind the work on the ways. Yet this is hardly an adequate answer. At the Baltimore yard I saw an elaborate system of high-powered arc lights and searchlights which illuminated the incomplete ships as the tall tower of the Woolworth Building in New York is sometimes flooded with light. A thousand men were already on the night shift there, with the prospects that there would be three thousand within the next few weeks.

I think I know the adequate answer. There is no use starting a second shift in a shipyard until the first one has been completely filled.

A man who went through the shipyards of the South Atlantic and the Gulf Coasts in April came North thoroughly disgusted with the situation—directly the opposite of that in the yards of the North Atlantic, with all of their teamwork and their enthusiasm.

"It doesn't look as if they would be ready to get down to any real work for another year and a half," said he, and told of how an expert riveter had got a job one afternoon and had been sent hustling about his business the very next morning. He had been asked to show a union card and could not. The union riveters, who formed a little clique controlling the yard, served notice upon its supposed bosses that if the nonunion man stayed they would get out, although this was in direct defiance of the open-shop promise given by Samuel Gompers at Washington at the time of the labor compact with the heads of the United States Shipping Board. If the shipyard owners had taken the trouble to appeal to Washington, the local riveters would have been quickly overruled—and possibly disciplined by Gompers. But they preferred to take the easier path and let the new riveter go.

"How many riveters do you need in

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this yard to fulfill your contracts this year?" asked the man from the North. "About two thousand." "And how many have you?" "Just 450—all of them union men." "Will your local union furnish you the 1,550 more riveters that you need?" "They say that they have tried to, but they can't."

And the man from the North came back and made his prediction that a yard managed in that fashion would not be down to the job in eighteen months—if indeed in that time.

## Computing Progress

IN COLLIER'S for March 16, 1918, I told of the great shipyard at Newport News, how it drew upon the vast industrial resources of the South and employed black men in great numbers as riveters. I said that these black men could not have such jobs in the North, although the North prides herself on the opportunity she gives the negroes as elevator men, chauffeurs, and personal servants. Apparently they can become riveters nowhere else in the South than Newport News, although there is not a port on the Eastern coast south of that point which has not vast potential raw labor of this very sort.

There is no particular skill or science in driving rivets. Strength and endurance are the chief factors. So the other more skilled professions in shipbuilding do not enjoy the public attention that has been focused upon the riveters—the widely heralded contests between them, even the expression of ship construction in terms of rivets driven or remaining to be driven.

But riveting forms the simplest and easiest standard of computation of the progress of a ship. If it takes 850,000 rivets to fabricate a 10,000-ton steel vessel and 450,000 of them are in, we know instantly that the vessel is half done; and if the average working capacity of a yard is 300,000 rivets a week, it ought to turn out such a craft about once each three weeks. And the most rapidly trained man is the riveter. The South could bring thousands of riveters out of each of her counties. Of what use to talk double shifts until she has succeeded in filling her day shifts?

And similarly the skilled men required in the other parts of the shipyards must be brought forward before we begin to talk seriously of double shifts in each of the plants—even in these, the longest days of the year. They are beginning to come forward now—keen, sharp, hard-muscled workmen who until a few weeks ago were perhaps employed in the great automobile plants of Cleveland or Toledo or Detroit. They make good shipbuilders. And John Slausen, the boss foreman of the Harlan & Hollingsworth plant, knows that to-day he can make a 900-horsepower tubular boiler every week—which is just a little faster than the outer yard can put the ships over into the water. When there are more ways in the huge tract just purchased across the narrow Christiana and more ships come from them, Slausen knows that he can increase his boiler-shop force and make his work keep pace—"If only they can keep the material coming for-

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Volume 61 Number 17  
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ward," he adds. It bothers men of Slausen's type—men who have spent long and hard sweaty years in the heat and turmoil of a boiler shop perfecting themselves in their honorable profession—because the circus comes along the Delaware with due promptitude and right on schedule and their plates and angles are hidden in a railroad yard somewhere between tidewater and the rolling mills. The circus is a confusing thing at the best—in a busy time. The riveters and the boiler makers and all the rest of them will insist upon quitting and going to the afternoon performance, just as if there was not another performance in the evening. They lose their day's pay, of course. But what is one day's pay to a flush riveter who can—and does—earn \$18 to \$21 a day and in two days makes more than his father, in the same profession but a generation before, made in six full-length working days? You cannot appeal to such a man's pocketbook. But you can appeal to his patriotism.

I stopped a workman hurrying across one of the Delaware yards, fell in with him in his brisk walk. He talked quite frankly of his job and of the yard. He was a tank inspector and proud of his work.

"Do you put in the full sixty-hour week each week?" I asked him.

He halted.

"Don't ask me that," said he. "There hasn't been a week for the past three months, or since this old place struck the big pace, that I haven't done seventy. Last week I did eighty-two; and it looks as if this one would go ahead of that."

He began reckoning, on his fingers: "Thursday I went home after a good rustling day, had supper and came back and worked all night. I didn't get home to breakfast, worked till the whistle blew Friday night, had two hours' rest and then came down here and worked till midnight. The boss wouldn't let me work Saturday, but I put in a full day Sunday and Monday and yesterday—

that's Tuesday. And worked last night. But it counts, neighbor. That third ship over there—the tanker—the one those bright young boys are camouflaging with blue and black and white and green—is going to turn her propeller for the first time the day after tomorrow, and that means that the war is just that much nearer ended, the Kaiser so much nearer licked."

And I thought of the Italian working in the shipyard down on the rim of Staten Island who sang his own little chanty as he drove spikes into the frames of a timber ship.

"Hitta da Kaiser. Hitta da Kaiser. Hitta da Kaiser every damn time," he sang monotonously and at each "Hitta" brought his great hammer down upon the heads of the fat black spikes. To his imagination they might have been the tops of German helmets.

Do not worry about the patriotism of the men in the shipyards of the North Atlantic. It needs no stimulus. The men understand to-day. And, understanding, they are working, as industry rarely has worked in the entire history of the country. The hammering of the Huns overseas is reverberating upon the shipyard gates and is echoed by the hammering of the air riveters upon the growing hulls—the splash of completed ships as they take the blue waters.

One thing more. In the article in *COLLIER'S* for March 16 I gave currency to the statement that a fair estimate of our output of steel ships for 1918 would be 3,000,000 tons. Now, upon the authority of my own eyes as well as that of the master shipbuilders with whom I have had the opportunity of talking, I believe the shipyards of the United States will produce 3,500,000 dead-weight tons of new steel ships before the 31st of December, and I shall not be astonished if the figure goes well over 4,000,000 tons.

After much preliminary talk, in our good old-fashioned Yankee way, we are settling down to business.

We are speeding the ships.

## ED HUNGERFORD

ED HUNGERFORD

became a newspaper reporter in spite of profound parental objections and part of an education in architecture. The Hungerfords lived in Watertown, N. Y. Hungerford, Sr., and Hungerford, Jr., were discussing which college it should be when Hungerford, Jr., expressed his desire to be a newspaper reporter. The colloquy which followed deserves to be recorded here because with one variation and another it is the colloquy that usually occurs when the son of a professional man mentions the possibility of becoming a newspaper reporter.

Hungerford, Sr., pointed to a rather shambling representative of the craft, known locally as—shall we say—Ferd. "Look at Ferd!" said Hungerford, Sr. "There's a newspaper reporter for you. Is that what you want to be?"

"But isn't it possible, father," argued Hungerford, Jr., "that reporters in better towns than this—"

"Isn't this a good enough town for anybody?" roared Hungerford, Sr.

So Hungerford, Jr., went up to Syracuse to attend the college of architecture. He says his first job was to design a summerhouse in the Tuscan style. He completed the design, but nobody wanted to build it. For one thing, though materials were cheaper then than they are now, it would have cost about \$375,000. Young Hungerford's next exercise was to design an opera house for a small town, in the Doric style. He did one that could have been built for about \$8,000,000. His third exercise was a market house in the Corinthian style. He doesn't remember how much that would have cost, but he does remember that there were forty leaves to each Corinthian capital (each leaf drawn accurately to scale) and that his market house was one

long procession of Corinthian columns, each with its Corinthian capital.

The next year young Hungerford got a job as a reporter on the Rochester "Herald." His reward was entirely in the experience, as he got no salary, but he insists it was worth it. He went directly from the "Herald" to the New York "Sun." Mr. Hungerford began doing magazine articles and short stories the moment he got married. The marriage was directly responsible for the magazine work; he had to have more money. Marriage is always improving young men.

Hungerford's first short stories were suggested by his experience as press agent for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. He has been writing about railroads ever since. And while he has always held down some kind of job in the world of business and made of writing an avocation, he has managed to do about as many articles as the next man. His bug is transportation. It is his special pride that he has never got up a railway or shipping article at second hand—much less out of newspaper clippings or the public library. He always goes to see for himself.

In the last six years he has covered 242,000 miles, or about 75 per cent of the railway mileage of the United States. He has ridden in private cars and engine cabs, in Pullmans and in cabooses—everywhere except on the bumpers—and whenever he has heard of anything interesting he has stopped off to have a look at it, which is our idea of a well-spent life. Not that Mr. Hungerford is retiring. He is still a young man, still interested in railways, and still expecting to cover the few remaining thousands of miles of unexplored railway lines in addition to a great many other things.



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BY CAREL COREY

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A bearded giant comes whistling down the stairs—he's not afraid—and in a moment is the center of attraction because he brings news. According to him, everyone in Paris knows that the first bomb hit the Gare de l'Est, that it did a frightful amount of damage and killed hundreds. With every repetition of the story the number of dead increases. When everybody is properly thrilled our hairy visitor bids us all not to be afraid and goes away whistling.

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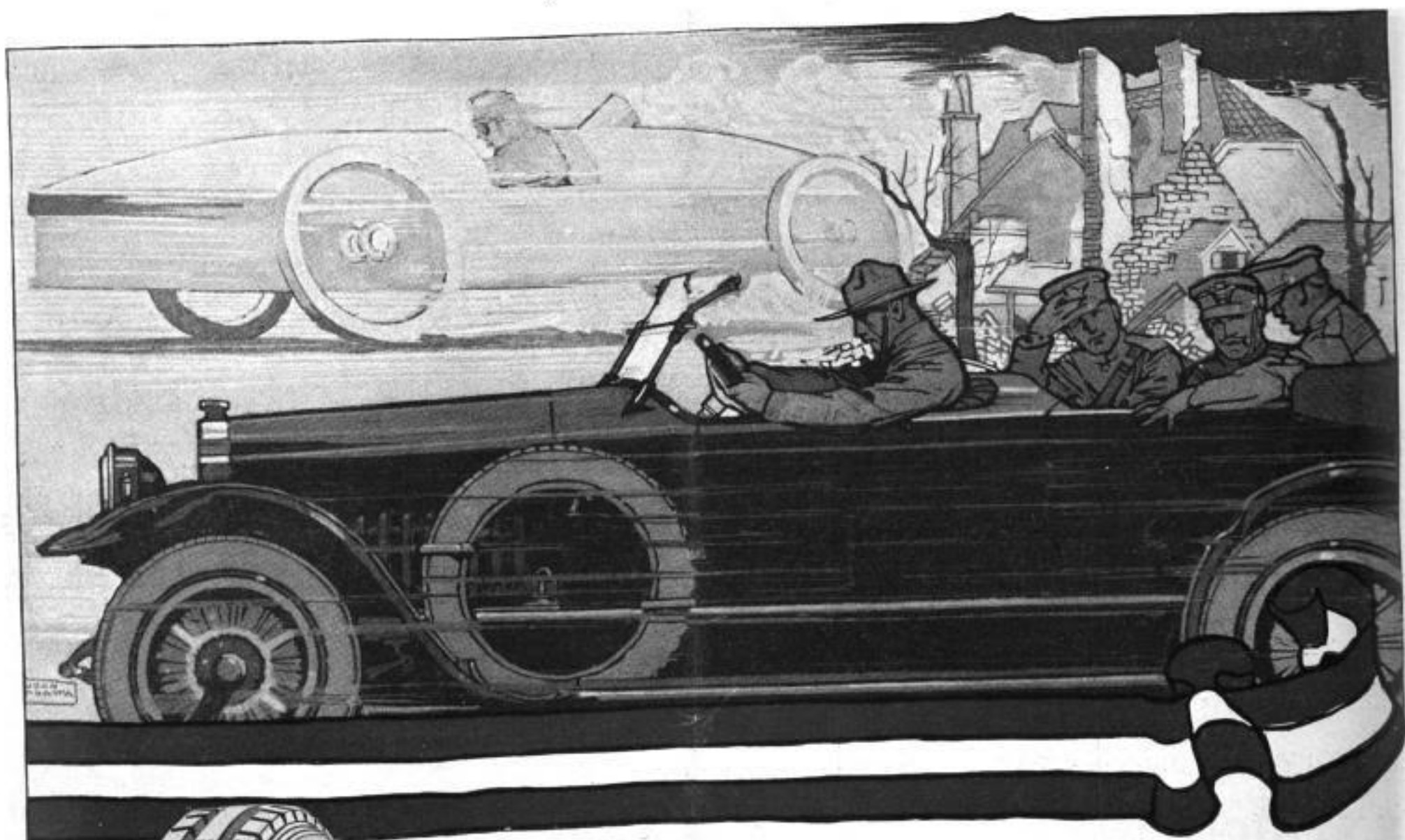
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JULY 13, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 12

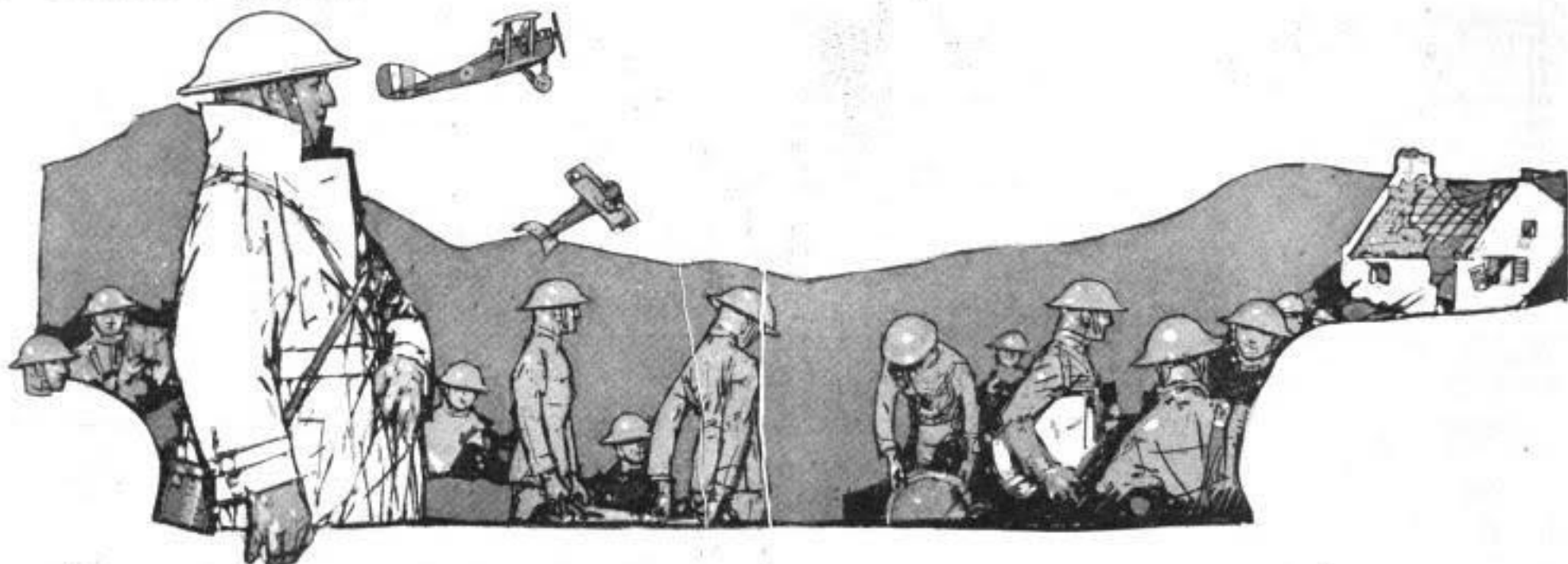
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## THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY

*"Give him this day our daily bread, if need be"*





# THE SOUL OF FRANCE

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE first time I saw the château was on the night our batteries were going into position to relieve the French who, after a bloody struggle, at length had stopped the Germans before Montdidier. For four days we had been marching steadily toward the rising boom of the cannon, through a pretty country of soft hills and swales, lush and green, and small woods just tipped by the wand of spring. Then for two days we had been halted in a village situated on the shore of the battle area, as a fishing hamlet is on the shore of a sea—a village packed with troops, with French chasseurs, tirailleurs, zouaves, and legers among whom our own men had gained popularity by means of their football, their military band, and their joyous boyishness. There the bronze hum of airplanes was always overhead; the cannonade at times reached a volume of sound which made the heart thump in return; and we could see, to the east, the line of balloons, up in the air, which roughly gave us the line of battle along the ground.

## The Rendezvous

THAT evening, at mess, the colonel said: "The batteries are going in to-night." I stuck close to him after that, and when, at nine o'clock, his automobile slid smoothly into the court of the old farm where we were billeted, I asked him if I could go along. He said yes, and I climbed in after him. The machine went away with a buzz, and almost immediately we were in another land. The village we had just left still held a few civilians. The next through which we whirled was a deserted village; some of the houses were tightly barred and shuttered; others had doors open like black holes, eloquent of the haste of departure. Twice more we passed through evacuated hamlets like the first; then we went through one which, besides being empty, besides having lost its soul, was also being physically destroyed. There were holes in the roofs, and tiles thrown wild about, and one poor little chaumière had collapsed entirely into a heap of dust—evidences of recent shelling. The next village, though, showed more than signs of recent shelling; it was actually being shelled, and it was there we stopped, because it was there the P. C. (post of commandment) was to be established. The colonel had sent Captain F. there the day before, with the French interpreter, Lieutenant T., to reconnoiter, and now he wished to see them to get their report.

So the machine stopped right there, in the center of the very wide main street. At first I was not quite sure of the nature of the sound I heard. The machine was a limousine; we were inclosed in glass, and within that glass chamber the cr-r-r-rump of shell bursts had a sort of attenuated and almost pretty quality, as of bubbles bursting far up in the air. But the moon was coming up, and after a while I noticed that new holes, here and there, were appearing in roofs as if by enchantment; that tiles took wing as if they were swallows. There was nothing to do about it, however. For the colonel, in his corner, was sitting waiting, perfectly silent and perfectly immobile, never giving with his head the slightest bow, never acknowledging by the smallest motion or sign the turbulence about him. Looking at him out of the corner of my eye, I had to admit that his behavior was most fine and impressive, and so, as I wished also to look fine and impressive, there was nothing for me to do but pattern my atti-

tude by the colonel's. So I sat also, immobile and silent, refusing to those things that were flying through the air the courtesy of the smallest acknowledgment. But what I was thinking was: "Unless this French town is singularly different from all other French towns, there is about, or, rather, there are all about many very fine wine cellars, deep and cool and strong-vaulted, very far under ground, very fine places to be in." Finally, true to the rendezvous, Captain F. and Lieutenant T. came down the street, sliding along close to the walls, as it was perfectly proper to do. The colonel opened the door of the limousine and called them over. They came to the door, and there, right in the middle of that broad street now naked in the light of the moon, followed the longest and strangest conversation I have ever heard.

It was all about the P. C.—should the P. C. be on the right side of the street or the left side of the street? The young officers had performed their mission well. There was on the right a series of good cellars admirably qualified to serve for the P. C. Only on the left side of the street there existed also a series of cellars admirably qualified to be turned into a P. C. The cellars on the right side of the street had extra qualities which the cellars on the left side had not, but the cellars on the left side of the street, on the other hand, possessed several pleasing characteristics unknown of the cellars on the right. I heard these qualities and characteristics described, enumerated, extolled, compared, weighed, and balanced. But this was not the only thing I was hearing. Now that the limousine door was open, other sounds which had already claimed my attention came in freely. There was not a moment when something was not whistling through the air or bursting somewhere. Every once in a while the whistling became a vicious rising shriek, and both Captain F. and Lieutenant T. ducked the least bit, and placed that silly glass automobile between themselves and the sound. Then they would resume: "You see, colonel, the cellars on the right, etc., etc." I should have liked to see them, those cellars. Maybe I could have given an opinion. But no one invited me, no one at all.

## A Duel of Clamors

AT length the colonel decided on the cellars to the left. He closed the limousine door, and the machine leaped forward again, while the captain and the lieutenant seemed to disappear into the ground just where they had stood. We left the village, by a church with a nicked steeple, and were in the open country. On both sides of the road were shell holes, and some on the road itself, and now and then, its sound filtered and attenuated by the glass within which we sat—smothered too, I suppose, by the hum of our motor—a shell burst somewhere, you could not tell whether it was far or near, with a sort of queer, liquid, futile pop. Then we passed long convoys, going slowly and smoothly and imperturbably across this plain streaked with flying death, and our men, helmeted like Hermes, silhouetted blackly under the moon, sat high on their horses, or still higher on their wagons, immobile, with straight spines and never a nod. We left them behind, turned into a smaller road, then turned once more into a great park, and rolled up to the château. Never had there been such a din—at least I had

never heard such or dreamed of such. The great park, and the woods surrounding it, evidently were full of hidden batteries, and these were all going it at once in a sort of high, joyous orgy of reckless firing. One battery seemed to be right up against one of the corners of the château, though it was invisible. It rocked the old pile, and the blasts from the others in the wood seemed to hammer down upon its roaring in a duel made of huge clamors. The château, a noble pile still unmarred except from one small shell which, hitting glancingly, had merely made a scratch above the shattered glass marquise, trembled and trembled; it seemed impossible that, after its centuries of high repose and silence, it should be able to bear this odious and vast assault of vulgar noise; the stones themselves seemed ready to disintegrate. Never had there been such a din.

## Le Voilà!

YET when we came to the door, and the colonel asked of the French sentry where Major S. could be found, it was atiptoe that the sentry went off down the hall to inquire, and when he returned it was still atiptoe, and he brought with him an orderly who wore slippers with thick felt soles so that he would not make any noise. The orderly placed his head within a few inches of ours and spoke in whispers. "Who was it we wanted?" "We wanted to speak to Major S." "Ah, the commandant américain!" "Yes, we wanted the commandant américain." "Sh-sh-sh-sh," he hissed, with a finger to his lip. In pantomime he signaled that we should follow him. He took the lead, holding a poor candle and tiptoeing in his felt slippers. Every few steps he turned to us and warned: "Make no noise." He opened a door, and we went down a winding stairway, then down another, into a vast second-story cellar. The lower we went the lighter he trod and the oftener he hissed little signals enjoining silence. Meanwhile the whole subterranean place rocked and shook as if to deep blasts exploded beneath it. Once down below, he led us from cellar to cellar. By the flitting light of his candle we could see they were full of men asleep in closely packed beds. He opened curtains and closed them; he stooped over prone forms and straightened again; he fitted like a ghost, and we followed, conscious of our heavy boots, terrorized by his constant and urgent commands of silence, of this special and strange kind of silence demanded by all these men sleeping in a hideous tornado of the most violent uproar imaginable. Finally he straightened up from a cot in triumph and, obtaining his effect of glad annunciation through a further drop in the volume of his already resoundless voice, breathed: "Le voilà, le monsieur commandant américain!" And, stooping in turn, our colonel woke up his major.

While the two were conferring I stole upstairs and made a hasty survey of the château. In spite of the many soldiers now occupying it, in spite of the inevitable doom one felt hovering above it, it was still nearly intact and unsullied. The light of my electric torch, hastily introduced within door after door, revealed in sudden illuminations great apartments—a severe dining room in heavy paneled Renaissance, a sumptuous Louis Quatorze salon, a dainty little drawing room of Louis Seize, a modern billiard room. Upstairs were bedchambers, with curtains and counterpanes all carefully drawn. One big spare room was filled with a disorder of discarded things—old gowns,



silks, and satins; saddles, guns, and riding whips, a lady's side saddle—derelict reminders of gone joyous days. One door was locked. One felt irresistibly a sense of presence still here, of a presence having nothing to do with the new chance occupants brought here by the great world catastrophe, but a presence more delicate and subtle, left here enchanted from brilliant, gay days, from dignified, intimate, and quiet days of yore. This is the way I first saw the château.

### "There Goes Number Eight"

AFTER that there came a period when I saw it often, but at a distance. The P. C. by this time had been established in the cellars (the ones to the right, after all!) of the doomed little village of X., and we lived there the life of cave men, in cellars dug out of chalk, the walls of which, constantly rubbing us with a sort of diabolical persistence, whitened our clothes, our hands, and our faces till we all had the appearance of so many pale bakers. There was much of interest to be seen, through careful crawling, in the village itself, the village so expressive of the two inexorable accompaniments of old war—Fear and Pillage. First there was the layer of fear, the evidence, easily read, of the sudden alarm, of the cry: "The boches are coming!"—doors left open wide as if screaming, doors ajar, sometimes a meal all served, on the table. Then there was the layer of pillage—the wild disorder left by troops which, having fought for days, still fighting twenty-four hours each day, troops burned with powder, with sun, with wind, corroded with fatigue, had little leisure to be careful of frail things. In the mairie—the town hall—on the floor, in a litter of old documents, legal papers, everything, lay the twenty-four brilliant brass helmets of the twenty-four brave firemen of X., the chief's long plumed pathetically broken. The little schoolhouse had been hit by a 210; in an avalanche of stones, plaster, charts, broken desks, I picked up the copy books of Isabelle. Little Isabelle, on the day of the evacuation, had been at a problem in domestic arithmetic. Here were all the figures carefully aligned, written in a fine hand just slightly cramped—flour, so much; salt, so much; coffee, and so on. Also she had written a composition on the dangers of alcohol. "Alcohol," little Isabelle had written, very seriously, "is a poison which commits fearful ravages in the system of Man." On the one remaining wall of the schoolhouse one motto still hung. From the center of this scene of violence and devastation—that scene which fairly screamed: "Live while you live, for tomorrow you die" (or "Spend what you have, for tomorrow you lose it")—the little motto on the wall still persisted in sagely advising whosoever might read to "Save every day, even though it be just one cent."

There were many interesting things in X., but still it was city life, city life in its worst conditions, slum life with people crowded together without the legal amount of air space, and one longed for the country. The fashionable walk, then, was not to Bronx Park or Coney Island, but to the batteries, a mile or a mile and a half away across the pretty green land. One would start of a fine morning. By fine, I do not mean one free from the usual missiles that make an ugly day—rain and snow and pelting hail—but free from missiles still more material, though the other thing also counted. One would start out of a fine morning—and it was exactly like starting to row in a frail shell across a sheet of water which was for the moment very smooth but likely to be kicked up by a squall any moment. I mean, that is what it felt like internally. Here was the nice green land stretching out before you, all quiet and peaceful, yet you knew that any moment the weather might change, and, once started, there was no refuge till at the other end of the journey. Well, you started, and sometimes appearances were truthful, and your walk was a nice stroll all of the way; and sometimes appearances lied, just as they are always accused of doing (who wouldn't lie if constantly called a liar?). Even then, though, it was not so terrible. We knew the tricks of old Brother Boche pretty well by that time. Pelting crossroads, for instance, is one of his patient pursuits. If, nearing crossroads, we heard the well-known silken whir through the sky, and

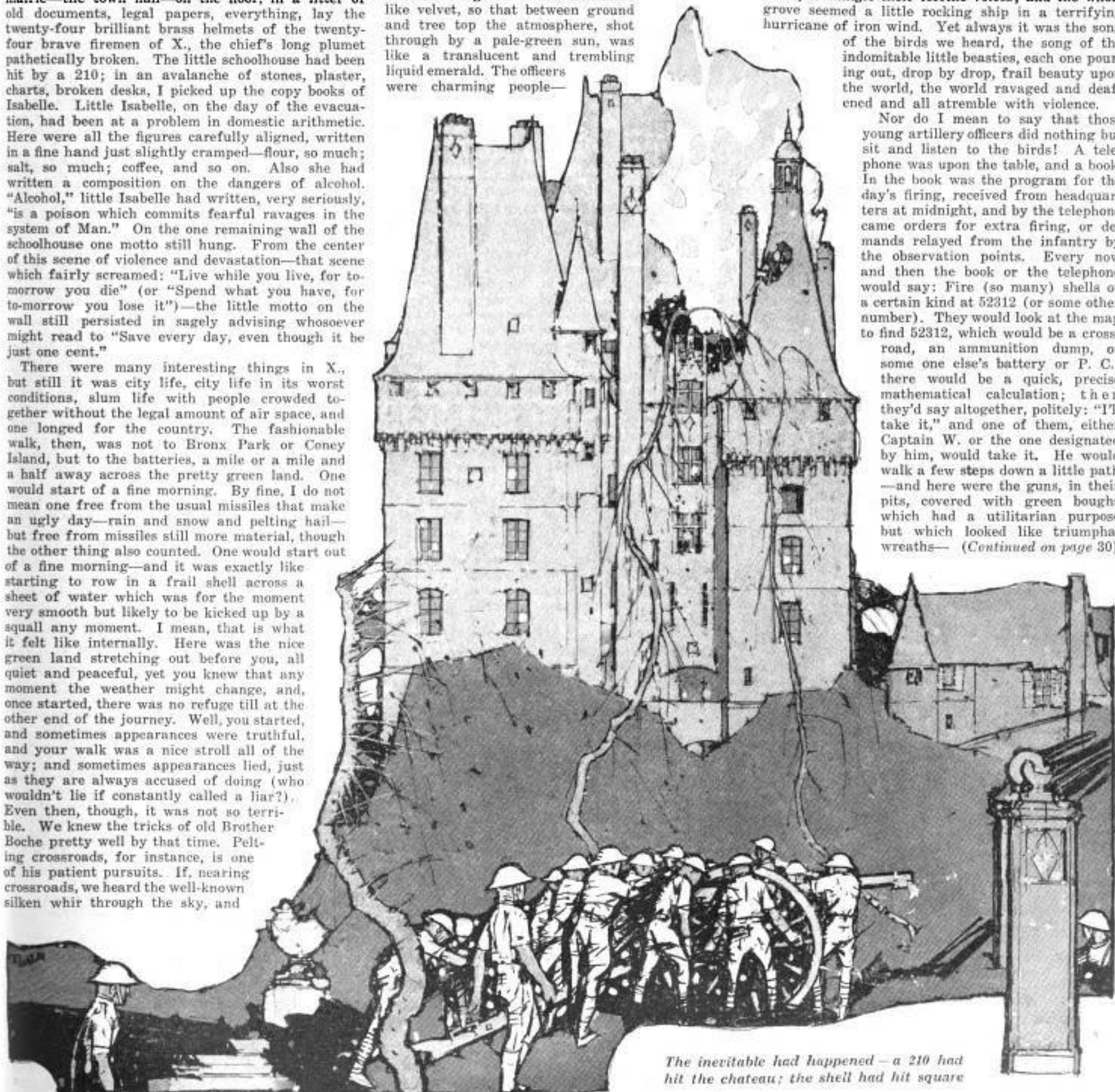
the accompanying detonation, we simply waited—and waiting is best and most pleasantly done lying in the grass, your nose taking full the scent of the turf, your eyes following the little beasties that crawl up and down the grass blades. Waiting thus, we'd count. "One—there goes number two—three—here's the fourth—five, I guess it's going to be eight—six, seven, eight—I guess that's all." We'd then get up refreshed, and cross those crossroads. It is strange how close—with all our complexities and degeneracies—we are still to Mother Earth, and what a deep comfort there is on her bosom. For one thing, you feel so reassuringly little there. Among the grass blades, in no time you are a little gnome—it would take more than the boche, it would take God to find you. Another strange thing is how large the earth, which is so small in the sidereal system, is when compared to man's most ambitious activities. Lying down in the grass, with the plain stretching on all sides, one saw Brother Boche's pelting activities in their proper proportions: his biggest projectiles were pills and his biggest guns pea shooters.

### The Singing Birds

WELL, it was thus, sometimes with many stops, sometimes with few, sometimes with none at all, that I would arrive to our regiment's batteries. For my visit I usually chose Battery C because it was in such a pleasing place. It was in a wood, a fresh wood all young with spring. On the ground was a carpet of grass, very light green, with daisies here and there; just above were low bushes, also of that enchanting light green; then above, the boughs of the trees, also light green; and in between, the very trunks were green with a thin moss like velvet, so that between ground and tree top the atmosphere, shot through by a pale-green sun, was like a translucent and trembling liquid emerald. The officers were charming people—

young men, grave and alert as to their work, tremendously interested and eager, yet possessed of a wealth of gaiety and good humor. At night they slept in holes, but for the day they had placed a table in a space between four trees, a roof of tenting above it, chairs about—and there they sat, in this fantastically pretty place, this place made for fairies, and listened to the singing of the birds. Literally listened to the singing of the birds, for the grove was vibrant with the winged beasties, who never for an instant stopped singing—blackbirds, robins, and little wrens, reinforced at times by a skylark, which, rising from a field near by, rose high, high above us, just visible like a little mosquito up there between the branches, and sang and sang and sang, desperately, flying, flying, flying the while, till just when we were sure he was going to die of ecstasy in another moment, he folded his wings and dropped swooning to his mate and his nest again. I don't mean to say that in this grove the only sound was of the singing birds. But somehow this was the sound which held the ear. The other sound came from the guns. There were batteries all about us—in the same grove, in other groves, out in the plain, all cunningly hidden, and they were going it forever in a ceaseless and terrific clamor. You'd hear the sharp cracking detonation, the w-whhh-ee-ee-ee-ee of the departing shell, and the wood, immediately catching the echo, raised it to a noise like that of wind going through the shrouds of a ship in storm—that sound, but a million times multiplied. This for one shot—but one shot was rare: one would follow another almost instantly; there were single files of them or salvos of them; batteries would answer each other, or mingle their terrific voices; and the whole grove seemed a little rocking ship in a terrifying hurricane of iron wind. Yet always it was the song of the birds we heard, the song of the indomitable little beasties, each one pouring out, drop by drop, frail beauty upon the world, the world ravaged and deafened and all atremble with violence.

Nor do I mean to say that those young artillery officers did nothing but sit and listen to the birds! A telephone was upon the table, and a book. In the book was the program for the day's firing, received from headquarters at midnight, and by the telephone came orders for extra firing, or demands relayed from the infantry by the observation points. Every now and then the book or the telephone would say: Fire (so many) shells of a certain kind at 52312 (or some other number). They would look at the map to find 52312, which would be a crossroad, an ammunition dump, or some one else's battery or P. C.; there would be a quick, precise mathematical calculation; then they'd say altogether, politely: "I'll take it," and one of them, either Captain W. or the one designated by him, would take it. He would walk a few steps down a little path—and here were the guns, in their pits, covered with green boughs which had a utilitarian purpose but which looked like triumphal wreaths— (Continued on page 30)



The inevitable had happened—a 210 had hit the château; the shell had hit square





# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

CHAPTER ONE: HALF A DOZEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"M'SIEU! M'sieu!" The waiter's voice rose. Endicott leaped forward. The man teetered back and forth in a desperate effort to retain his balance. The tray slanted perilously; backward the waiter stepped; Endicott leaped forward again, his hands outstretched. As he did so, the waiter's foot caught in the edge of the insecurely tacked runner. He went down with a crash.

Endicott's impulse was to laugh. There may be tragedy in the crash to the pavement of a fat man who has slipped upon a banana peeling, but there is also comedy, and the latter outweighs the first. And there is something not too subtly humorous in the falling and breaking of eggs. But Endicott stifled his mirth. He knew what the dropping of a bowl of milk and the breaking of half a dozen eggs upon the hall carpet might mean to the little Swiss.

But one cannot gather up spilt milk, nor broken eggs. Futilely Endicott bent over. One of the half dozen eggs was unbroken. He picked it up. The waiter fought back tears.

"But m'sieu is— M'sieu is—" He hesitated, fearful.

"Clumsy! You almost said it," grinned Endicott.

"Non, non, m'sieu, mais—"

"Perfectly all right if you had said it," said Endicott. "I should look where I go. But buck up, Emile. Stop! Look! Listen! Can you hear it speak to you? Does it call you? Or your ears—are they unheeding? No?"

Emile's ears heard and his eyes beheld. Likewise his fingers acted upon sight and metaphorical sound. He snatched the yellow bill from Endicott's hand. For a moment his eyes lighted. Then they darkened again.

"The rug, m'sieu. M'sieu will explain—to the management?"

"I am a clumsy ass, Emile. And so I will most honorably maintain against the world—and the clerk downstairs."

Emile almost forced a smile. He rose, anxiously looking down his person to ascertain whether or not egg stains adorned him. But the tray had pitched away from him—or, with the thrifty caution of the Swiss, he had thrown it away from him—as he fell.

His clothing was unharmed. And Endicott's twenty-dollar bill would go a long way toward assuaging his waiter's pride, damaged when the tray fell.

Then his face grew anxious again. "M'sieu McCord—his breakfast—"

"Breakfast!" Endicott's voice was mirthfully incredulous. "What sort of placid conscience has a man who can eat six raw eggs and a bowl of milk—" He looked down upon the egg in his hand. He lifted his palm and lowered it, staring at the egg the while. Then his hand grew still. As though a magnet drew him, his head slowly turned. In the doorway opposite his own room stood a tall, frail figure; a figure

eyes—they were vital, blazingly alive. And in them was a concentrated fury that awed Endicott. It was uncanny.

Twenty-six years old, tall, broad, vigorous, Endicott could, he supposed, have broken this old man with a movement of one hand. Yet he felt as might a schoolboy caught raiding an orchard, trapped by the owner. The egg in his hand seemed the evidence of guilt. And the schoolboy either hides his spoils or surrenders them apprehensively. Endicott did the latter.

"I—I guess this is yours," he said.

He held out the egg. The old man seized it. To himself Endicott thought that the old man must be a weak-minded glutton. Then he changed his views. Those blazing eyes were not the eyes of feeble-mindedness. They were the eyes of virility, if not of body, then of mind. And virile minds do not go with gluttonous bodies.

"My fault—entirely," stammered Endicott. "Opened my door without looking, and collided with Emile here. Sorry if—"

"Regrets are for fools, not grown men," said the old man. The hand that held the egg disappeared in the pocket of the loose dressing gown that enveloped him. "Well," he cried, "why stand around here? You have ruined my breakfast with your clumsiness."

ENDICOTT flushed angrily. The schoolboy embarrassment left him.

"If you will permit me," he said coldly, "I will instruct the clerk to replace—"

"Replace! Replace!" His blazing glance shifted from Endicott to the frightened waiter. "You will bring me more eggs and more milk," he said, "and will keep your eyes open."

He had stepped inside his room and closed the door before Endicott could speak again.

Emile shrugged his shoulders. Cautiously, with an eye upon the door through which the old man had disappeared, he tapped his forehead.

Endicott nodded. His anger at the rudeness of McCord left him. He grinned at Emile. "Cheer up," he advised. "There is more milk in the world, and more eggs."

"True, m'sieu." Emile's hand slid into his trousers pocket; his fingers caressed the bill that Endicott had given him. "True, m'sieu," he said again. "And though positions are rare, still, m'sieu has promised—"

"I'll see the clerk immediately," said Endicott.

He took the elevator just as a chambermaid approached Emile. Over his shoulder he saw them discussing the accident. He smiled. A whole world was at war; whole cities were being destroyed; whole countrysides being laid waste; the manhood of nations was being wiped out; yet people could fuss and fume and become excited over the loss of a few

eggs, over a stain upon the carpet. It was a tragic world, but it was also a most amusing place.

He approached the desk downstairs. "I'm Endicott, Room 422," he told the clerk.

"Certainly, Mr. Endicott," nodded the clerk.

"In leaving my room a moment ago I bumped against a waiter bringing a tray to 421."

"Mr. McCord."

"McCord, yes. So the waiter called him. Odd person."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders. "One meets so many people in this business, Mr. Endicott. Mr. Curzon McCord is—eccentric, yes."

"Rather," Endicott agreed dryly. "Well, anyway, I collided with the waiter, knocked the tray out of his hand, spilled milk and broken eggs all over the runner, and—put it on my bill, and don't blame the waiter. Will you see to it?"

"Very good of you, Mr. Endicott. Don't let it worry you, please."

"I won't," said Endicott. "But it worried Mr. McCord. One would think that there were no more eggs or milk in the world."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Hypochondriacs, you know, Mr. Endicott—"

"Oh, that's it? Some breakfast for one who thinks himself an invalid?"

The clerk smiled. "Well, people with lung trouble believe that diet—"

"It is the correct thing, but—"

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Endicott, that Mr. McCord is really, allowing for his advanced years, as healthy as could be. Our own doctor—we are very particular here—hypochondriacal, that's all. We should not permit—anxiety for our other guests— But he—we cannot govern our establishment as one would govern his private home. If a man pays, and is not offensive—for the trouble incurred in looking to the express office Mr. McCord pays most liberally, sir."

"Express office?"

The clerk smiled again. "We supply our table from our own private farm, Mr. Endicott. You have dined here. You know our cuisine. But a hypochondriac! What can one do? McCord is convinced that his health is in a precarious condition. His own eggs, from some private farm—these are all that will satisfy him. And so they are expressed here, and sent up to him. One meets all sorts in a hotel, Mr. Endicott."

"Yes, an invalid who can get away with that sort of a breakfast is a queer sort. But not very profitable to your dining room, I should imagine."

The clerk laughed. "Not so unprofitable as you would imagine, sir. The breakfast that you saw is—er—medicine. It does not interfere with Mr. McCord's appetite."

"Well, God bless the dear old crank! May he live to be a million," grinned Endicott. "You'll see to it that the waiter is not blamed. Thank you."

He turned and entered the breakfast room. The head waiter led him to a table.

"Six raw eggs, a bowl of milk—"

"Very good, sir," said the head waiter.

Endicott stared at the impassive face of the servant. He shook his head.

"Lord, no," he cried. "Not for me. I was thinking—no, wondering, aloud. For me—" He eyed the menu. "Grapefruit, coffee—"

"An omelet, sir?" suggested the waiter.

Decisively Endicott shook his head. "Some chops; toast."

"Thank you, sir." The waiter withdrew.

ENDICOTT sat a moment. Then he arose, walked into the lobby, and bought a morning paper. Returning, he had digested the headlines and read half a column of war news when his grapefruit was brought to him. He dug into it with his spoon and was about to convey the first morsel to his mouth



when the paper, propped against a carafe, slid, impelled by a gentle breeze from an open window, to the ground. Bending over for it, Endicott, straightening up, saw a girl standing in the entrance to the breakfast room.

As though she had been waiting to catch his eye, her face lighted up. Smiling, she advanced down the room toward him. Endicott cast a hasty glance about him. It was an hour rather late for the average luncheon. Save for himself, and this girl so patently smiling at him, there was no other guest in the room.

And he didn't know her! Of that, as she came nearer, he was most certain. And with the certainty came instant regret. She might not be the loveliest girl that he had ever seen, but, offhand, he doubted his ability to recollect a more beautiful set of features. And when you placed below that lovely head a perfect throat, and below that a lithe, slim figure, beautiful now, and promising rarer beauty at a fuller maturity—Endicott waited for the girl to perceive her mistake. The head waiter, whose guidance she had waved aside, bustled behind her. Endicott had the opportunity to compare her walk with that of another human being. Without any appearance of haste, so smooth was her locomotion, she made it necessary for Raoul to hurry to keep up with her.

And if she was making an error, she had no knowledge of it. For she came to a stop before the awkward-looking Endicott. She extended a slim, smooth hand. It was cool to the touch.

"This is delightful, Mr. Endicott," she said. "I feared that I would have to breakfast alone, and I hate that."

IF Raoul had observed Endicott, and read his embarrassment, he now ignored it. He busied himself fetching a chair. And as his back was turned, the girl leaned forward, close enough for Endicott to note that the color in her cheeks had not been purchased with anything save the most perfect health, that her eyes were deepest violet, that her silken hair, bluish-black, waved beautifully, maddeningly, and that she had the sweetest dimple at the left corner of her mouth.

"You are Farley Endicott, aren't you?" she whispered.

He nodded. He colored as she gently disengaged her hand from his. He had not been aware that he was holding it, somehow. "Please; pretend that you know me."

Endicott awoke to life. He was furiously red as he insisted on taking the chair from Raoul and placing it himself for his unexpected vis-à-vis. He sat down opposite her. She waved aside the menu.

"What you are having looks tempting enough."

Endicott spoke to Raoul, and swiftly Raoul sped away. The girl leaned forward. As she did, the vagrant breeze, entering the open window, blew her hair about. Endicott caught himself envying the breeze. Again he colored. He hid his embarrass-

ment by rising. "Please," he said. "I like the breeze, but your hair—"

She did not argue or protest. He liked that about her. It seemed, somehow, to betoken frankness of nature. And this time, as he held her chair, he noted that her arm—a summery frock exposed it—looked firm, as though sturdy muscles could play beneath the satin skin.

AGAIN seated, this time with his back to the entrance, he waited for her to speak. And as he waited, he studied her. This was no girl of the half-world, bent on flirtation. She was a gentlewoman: that was the most obvious thing about her. And as her eyes met his he knew that she was a gentlewoman in some sort of distress. For the wonderful violet eyes that met his so fairly held in their depths something of horror.

"Mr. Endicott, could you, for an utter stranger, do a service that might entail some personal risk?"

Her voice was calm, unhurried. But it was the preciosity of her phrasing that gave Endicott intimation of the disturbance in her mind—and heart.

Endicott was no verdant youth. He was traveled, might even be termed cosmopolitan. He was most certainly sophisticated. Adventure, feminine adventure, was not unknown to him. Strikingly handsome, with an air of breeding and wealth that was unmistakable, his gray eyes and blond head and clean-cut, tanned features had found favor in the eyes of many a demimondaine. More than one charming lady had tried to scrape acquaintance with him.

But this was not that sort of girl. Unconventional—yes. But conventions are made to govern ordinary circumstances, banal situations. And nothing ordinary, nothing commonplace, had brought into these violet eyes opposite him the fear that he so easily read in them.

Endicott inclined his head slightly.

"If there is anything, Miss—"

"Kildare. Leila Kildare," she supplied for him.

The name appealed to him; he had never heard it before, though, he was positive.

"Please command me, Miss Kildare," he said.

He meant what he said. Even as he had no doubts about her, so she had no doubts about him. Bizarre though the situation was (it was out of Endicott's experience, and he would have staked his life, his eternal salvation, that it was beyond the girl's), he knew that there was nothing that this girl might ask of him, in honor, that he would not immediately do.

"It—it is perhaps, not as—dangerous as I imagine, Mr. Endicott. But—from her bodice she drew a small envelope—"I want this kept in safety." She slid it across the table. "In your pocket, please," she said.

Endicott placed it in his pocket; he could not help noting, as he did so, that it was without address.

"You will not open it—unless you hear from me telling you to do so?"

Endicott bowed. The incident was absurd, melo-

dramatic to the last degree, but her eyes told him that this was no practical joke.

"I will drop you a line, or telephone you, at the Wanderers' Club," she told him.

Again he bowed. He was a bit surprised that she should know of his membership in the Wanderers'. Still, she knew his name, and his club affiliations were quite well known. He must not, though, in all modesty, forget that the newspapers had frequently mentioned him.

"And now, Mr. Endicott, what do you think of me?"

"Think? Miss Kildare, when I have you longer—"

"Please. You are not that sort of man," she protested. "No. I mean—for what I have done. Can you trust—I said a moment ago that perhaps I overestimate your danger in helping me. I do not know, Mr. Endicott. It may be nothing; it may be—frightful. But if you should leave me now, it would be safer, and—"

Her voice ceased. Into her violet eyes came, intensified, the fright, the horror, that had lurked in them all along. She was looking over Endicott's shoulder. He saw her lips force themselves into a mirthless smile; he saw the cords stand out in her lovely throat, as she compelled herself to nod an invitation.

"Don't turn; don't look," she breathed. "But—be so careful! My uncle—"

Straight into the long mirror behind her chair Endicott looked. It reflected the entrance to the breakfast room. And, framed in that entrance, glaring at the breakfasting couple with an air of malignity that even distance and the mirror could not hide, stood the hypochondriacal invalid of Room 421, Curzon McCord. He had doffed the dressing gown, but the morning clothes he wore hung as loosely upon his emaciated frame as the gown had. A moment he stood in the doorway; then a smile appeared upon his features. He started toward their table. The girl leaned toward Endicott.

"Your name, Mr. Endicott, is Hoban. Arnold Hoban."

"I understand," he said. He smiled as though she had uttered some light jest. The girl's eyes, despite the terror in them, held something of approval, also, as she looked at him.

## Chapter II: Mr. Curzon McCord

AS McCord stopped at the table Endicott rose.

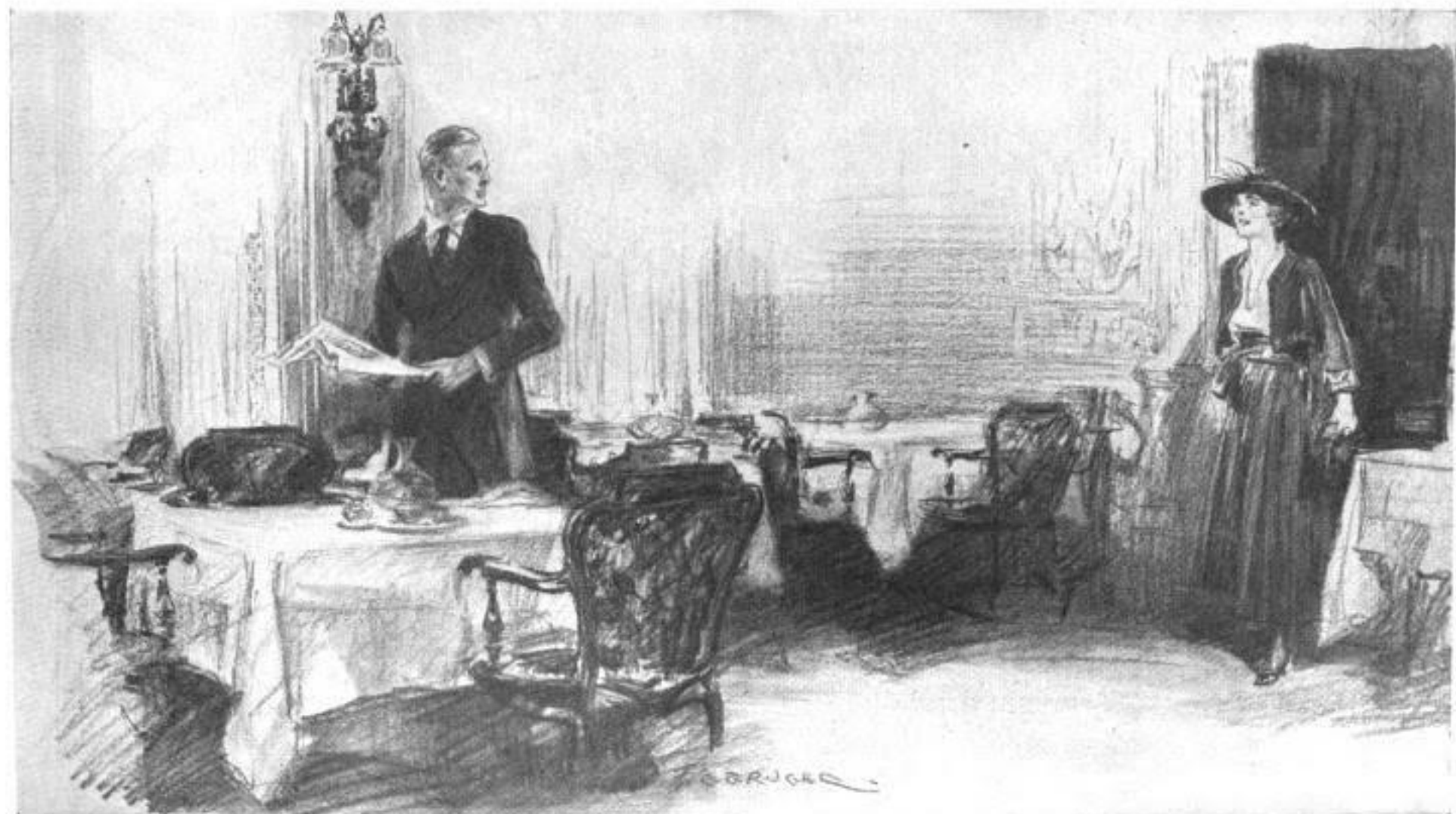
"My uncle, Mr. McCord, Mr. Hoban," said the girl. Endicott smiled ingratiatingly.

"I am afraid, Miss Kildare, that your uncle is not made happy in meeting me. Unfortunately—"

McCord smiled. It was not a pleasant smile; it was a smile of the lips only. But his voice was less harsh than it had been, in the corridor opposite Room 421, as he interrupted Endicott.

"If there is any 'unfortunately,'" he said, "it is that my temper is not all that it should be in the morning. I was rude, Mr. Hoban, and I ask your pardon."

Youth is ever embarrassed when age craves forgiveness—generous youth. (Continued on page 24)



As though she had been waiting to catch his eye, her face lighted up. Smiling, she advanced down the room toward him

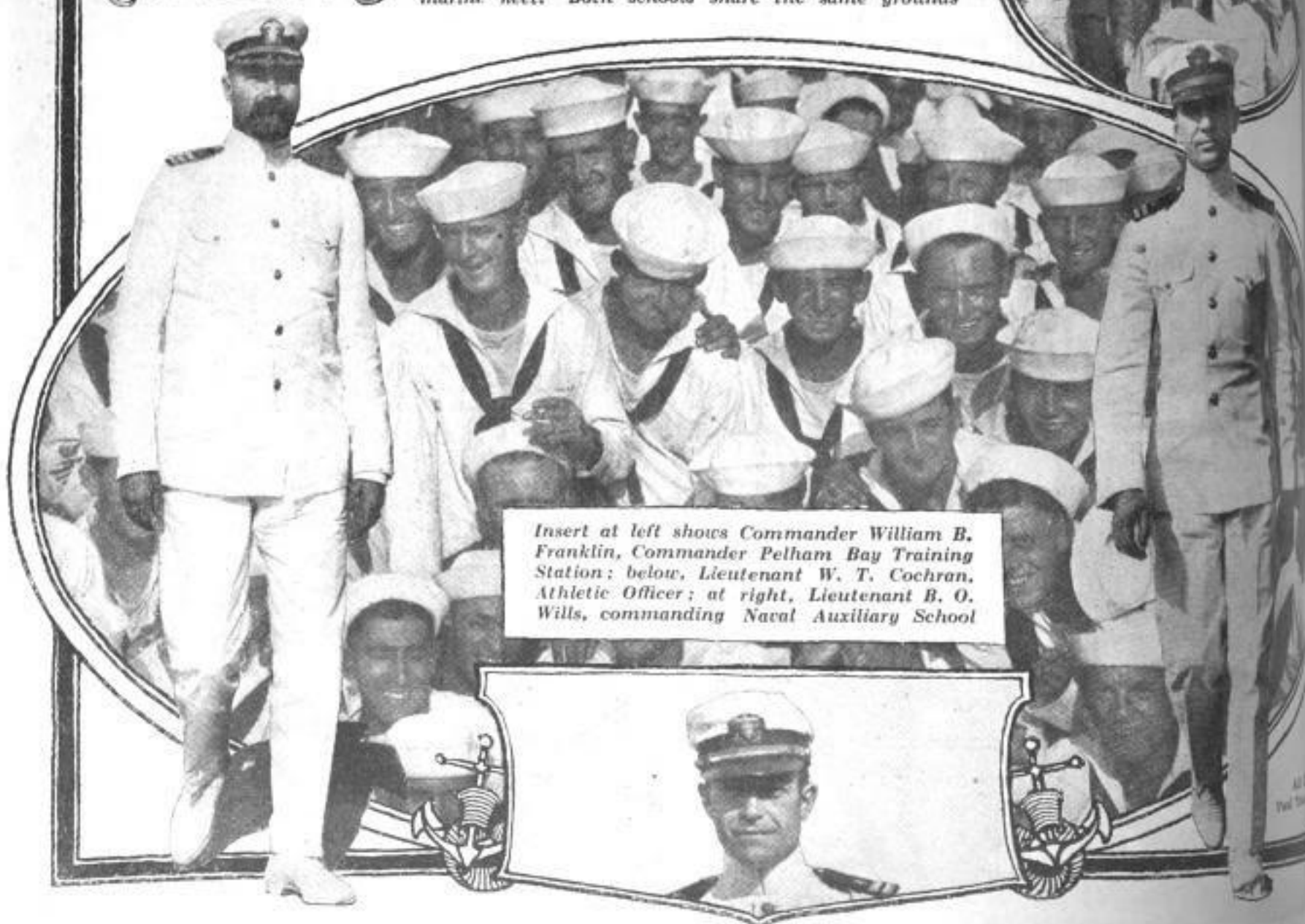


Athletics are a feature at Pelham Bay. Here's the "monkey drill," or setting-up exercise. Push ball, boxing, tug-of-war, and baseball are also widely popular



## TRAINING MARINERS AND MAKING MEN

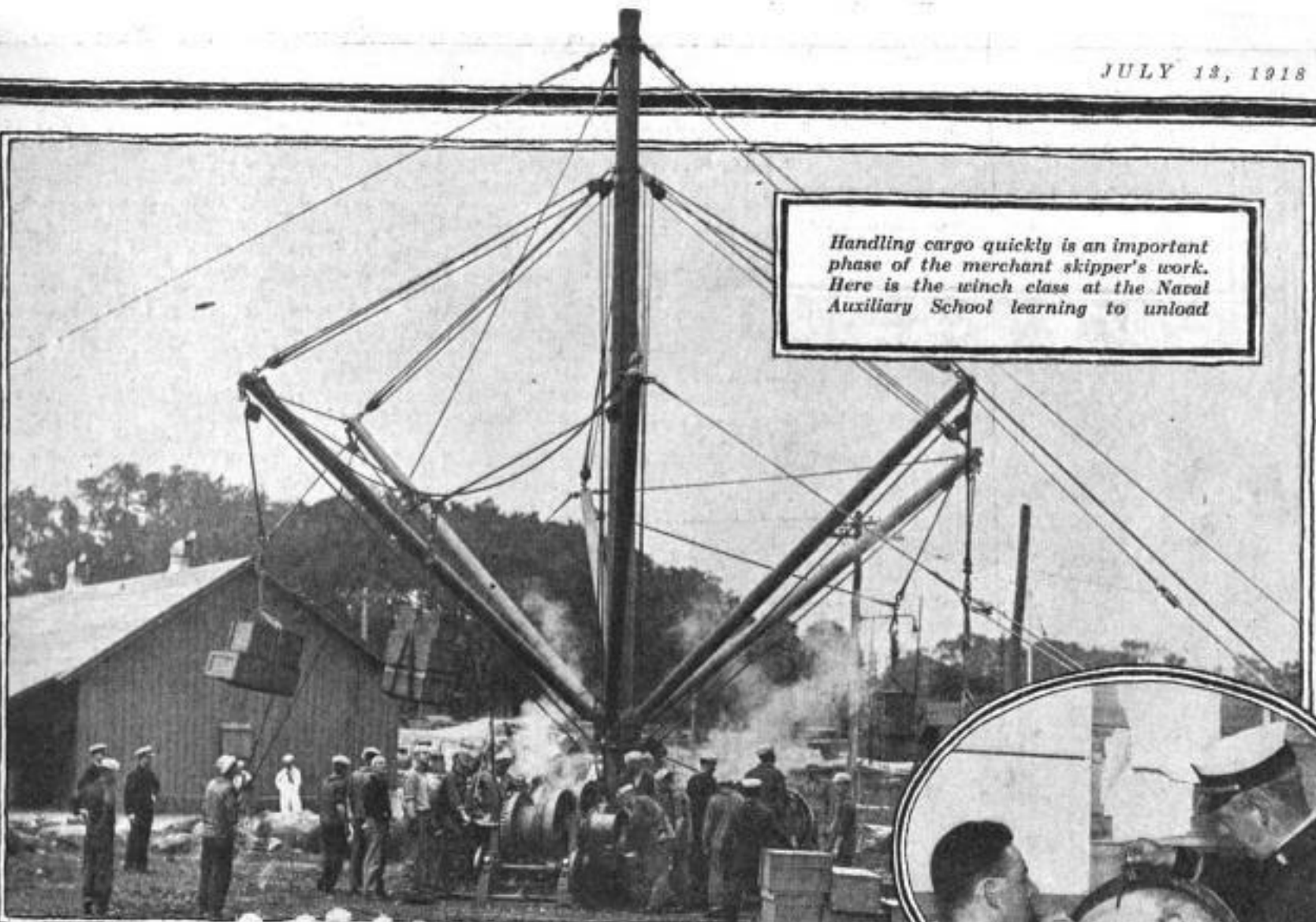
At Pelham Bay, N. Y., are two great naval schools—the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, which is making reserve officers for the Navy, and the U. S. Naval Auxiliary School, which trains deck officers for our new merchant marine fleet. Both schools share the same grounds



Insert at left shows Commander William B. Franklin, Commander Pelham Bay Training Station; below, Lieutenant W. T. Cochran, Athletic Officer; at right, Lieutenant B. O. Wills, commanding Naval Auxiliary School



Handling cargo quickly is an important phase of the merchant skipper's work. Here is the winch class at the Naval Auxiliary School learning to unload



At the spotting board the young marksman learns to call off the distance of a toy U-boat afloat upon a miniature ocean. He gets three tries at it

GMT. 21<sup>h</sup> 42<sup>m</sup> 50<sup>s</sup> MARCO ST. HILAIRE.  
 EQ. T. + 3<sup>m</sup> 46<sup>s</sup>  
 G. A. T. 21<sup>h</sup> 46<sup>m</sup> 36<sup>s</sup>  
 L. A. 2<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup> 35<sup>s</sup> (W-)  
 L. A. T. 17<sup>h</sup> 32<sup>m</sup> 01<sup>s</sup>  
 LAT. 41° 30' 00" N  
 DEC. 19° 24' 45" N  
 L. HAV. 7 48373  
 COS. 8 87746  
 COS. 1 77458  
 L. HAV. 9.33277  
 N. HAV. .21516  
 N. HAV. .03669  
 N. HAV. .25185  
 L. D. 22° 05' 15"  
 CAL. Z. D. 60° 14' 45"  
 CAL. ALT. 29° 45' 15"  
 T. C. A. 29° 50' 04"  
 ALT. DIFF. 4 49 (TOWARD) T. Z. N 90° E.  
 COURSE 70° DIST. 4.8 D. L. 0 DEP. 4.8 D. W. 6.5  
 DR. L. 41° 30' N DR. L. 33° 34' 45"  
 D. W. D. W. 6.3  
 W. IN 41° 30' N W. IN 33° 35'  
 LINE POSITION  
 AZIMUTH 90°

The theoretical side of navigation keeps the future deck officer from mental stagnation. Here he is, working out a ship's position by the Marcq St. Hilaire method of dead reckoning. You can see how childishly simple it all is by studying the blackboard



ALL ©  
Paul Thompson





# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—EIGHTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I have gone to work and shook the hand of no less than General Pershing. No doubt you have heard of him: he's the manager of the American team which is tryin' for the pennant over here in France. Joe, he's one regular guy if they ever was one! He looks like Rockefeller's income in his uneyform too, Joe, and the French people is wild over him and do everything for him outside of pronouncin' his name right. A few days after me and Slim White brung down that German arecplane whilst comin' back from Paris, they was rumors runnin' around wild that Gen. Pershing was comin' to visit our sector. Our captain, which same I will soon be pallin' around with, provided he's on the level with promisin' me a commission, sends for me and claims he has a surprise in store for me. He says can I guess what it is.

"I have no doubt been made deputy admiral in the aviation," I says, thinkin' a job like that would be about right for what I had did.

He gimme a laugh.

"No," he says. "But General Pershing will be here to-day and, having had a report from me of your activities since you've been in France, he has expressed a desire to see you. I am going to use my influence in an effort to have the general act favorably upon a recommendation that you be commissioned."

"Thank you, sir!" I says, with a bow I stole from Jeanne, my charmin' young bride. "If I can grab a chance, I'll put in a good word for you too!"

I figured I could be a good feller the same as him—heh, Joe?

Joe, he gets all red, prob'ly from simple embarrassment at my bein' so big-hearted, and he coughs a coupla times.

"Eh, that will not be necessary, Harmon!" he says. "Now, there is something I want to warn you about in advance, should the general speak to you. You must be most respectful in your answers, for the general might not understand that—eh—rather free-and-easy address of yours, and he is a great stickler for the strictest military etiquette at all times—do you understand?"

"That's all right, sir," I says. "If Gen. Pershing gets talkin' with me, I'll try and make him feel at ease."

Wasn't I right, Joe? Why should I put on airs

and get stuck up, simply because I massacred a couple dozen Germans—ain't that what I'm gettin' paid for?

Well, Joe, the captain must of thought of somethin' funny, because he begin to grin and waved his hands for me to leave.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I am sent for again, Joe, and this time when I get to the captain's dugout I see they is a lot of officers standin' around at attention. Also they is a couple second-hand automobiles with French soldiers in 'em, and from all signs, Joe, it looked like the Earl of Belgium or somethin' of the sort had come to look us over. I wait outside until the captain's orderly gimme the sign to enter, which same I did with firm and steady tread, as the papers always says of a guy which is on his way to get hung.

Sittin' at a table is Gen. Pershing and a couple other big leaguers, and standin' around is our captain and his staff of lieutenants. The captain salutes and says: "General, this is Sergeant Harmon, who you desired to see."

With that we had a salutin' spree all around, and I like to wore my arm out, Joe. The general looks me over till I felt as nervous as a guy awaitin' his first jail sentence and the judge known to be severe. Here I am up before the boss of the whole American army, Joe, and I ain't even got a clean collar on. Gen. Pershing is a stern-lookin' guy, and the way he's gazin' from me to a long piece of paper he's got in his hand, I can't figure out if he's friendly or is contemplatin' leapin' up and bustin' me one in the nose for luck!

Fin'ly, just when I'm ready to give way under the strain and make a crack of some kind, so's we can get the conversation goin' and he done with it, Gen. Pershing smiles.

"Sergeant," he says, "allow me to congratulate you. It appears from the report of your captain that you have done your bit with a vengeance. I wish I had a million men like you!"

Joe, with that he gets up and shakes my hand. He's a good guy, heh?

"Much obliged, sir!" I says and stands there like a boob, with my face as hot and red as a four-alarm fire.

They is another one of them pause things, Joe, and the captain hisses in my ear: "Say somethin'!"

Well, Joe, here they are lookin' at me and waitin',

and I like to bust my brains tryin' to think of somethin' to say to make the general feel at home. They is nothin' stirrin'. Fin'ly I took a chance.

"Ahumph!" I says. "I—ahh—I hear you are livin' in Paris for the time bein', general, and I know what a gloom burg that is for a American which don't know nobody and can't speak the French. I have grabbed off a lotta friends there now, and I'll give you a letter to them, tellin' 'em who you are. Any time you want you can go down there, sir, and if you mention my name they'll see that you don't yawn yourself to death, anyways!"

Well, Joe, Gen. Pershing straightens up and looks at me like he's overcome with the generosity of my offer. I thought all the other officers was gonna faint dead away, and our captain gimme a terrible look. I'll betcha they was all a bit sore because I didn't declare *them* in on it—heh, Joe? For almost a minute they wasn't a sound, outside of the rats doin' their daily marathon around the dugout. Gen. Pershing keeps lookin' straight at my eyes, and I must say, Joe, that I never received such a piercin' glance in my life from no man. I looked right back, grinnin' pleasantly, so's he could see I was on the level with my offer and simply wanted to do the right thing so's he wouldn't have to roam around Paris all by himself. Fin'ly, Joe, the general begins to grin and all the other officers lets down and does the same.

"Very well, sergeant," says Gen. Pershing, "I am sure I would be very glad to take advantage of your kindness—but I'm afraid I'll be too busy for quite some time yet!" He looks around, smilin' at the other guys.

"This here war sure does cut into a guy's afternoons, don't it, sir?" I says, very respectful like the captain told me and noddin' my head with sympathy.

Joe, they was two young lieutenants developed coughin' fits and a major excused himself and went outside. You oughta seen the way the rest of them birds looked at me. You'd think I was a new kind of fish or somethin', Joe.

"Are you the former ball player named Harmon?" asks the general.

Look, Joe, when a guy is famous he's knowed everywhere! I'll betcha to this day they's plenty of people which has heard about Napoleon and Columbus—heh, Joe?

"Yes, sir," I says, "I'm no less than Marvelous



Ed Harmon, form'ly knowed as the Speed King! When I was good I had more curves than a cork-screw, and when it come to control, I could hit a gnat in the right eye with a pea at forty yards. As for speed, oh, boy! Well, my fast one would make a bullet lay down and quit!"

I could of told him more, Joe, like what a good pitcher I was, and the like, but I hate a guy that blows about himself! They's nothin' like a little modesty, especially before strangers—hey, Joe?

"I often saw you pitch when I was in Washington," says the general. "It's quite a change from the diamond to the trenches, eh?"

"I ain't kickin', sir," I says. "I'm gettin' well took care of at no expense to me, and I don't have to stand for a lot of abuse from a mob of boneheads in the bleachers—all I gotta duck here is bullets! And they's another thing, sir. When I go in a trench here and get busy with a machine gun, they's one thing I used to hear when I was a pitcher that nobody yells at me now!"

"What is that?" asks the general.

"Take him out!" I says.

Well, Joe, we all partook of a good laugh, and then the general asks me if I am satisfied with the way I am treated, or do I want anything.

"Well, sir," I says, "if it's all the same to you, I'd like to get a job as assistant colonel or somethin', because since comin' here I'd wed the champion girl of the world, and the dough I'm draggin' down now wouldn't keep her in nail files!"

He taps the table with his fingers for a minute and then he looks up at me.

"You have been recommended for a commission, sergeant," he says, "but it will be necessary for you to pass a rather rigid technical examination to try for it. What would you say if I appointed you an aid to the American Military Headquarters in Paris? You would be out of the trenches for a while, and perhaps your wife could take a home in Paris temporarily. The pay would be much higher than your present remuneration."

"The Germans ain't in Paris, are they?" I says.

"Certainly not!" he tells me.

"Then, sir, I'm much obliged, but it's all off!" I says. "I don't want to be nowhere except where they's scrappin'. I could of had manys the office job before I got in the infantry, but I guess I can't stand the smell of ink, or somethin'. If that's the best I can do, I'll have to worry along as a sergeant till one of the rear admirals quits, or somethin', sir. I made up my mind to give them Germans the trimmin' of their lives after what I seen 'em do, and I can have twice as much fun with a bayonet, sir, as I can with a fountain pen!"

"But how about your wife?" he says. "Don't you think she'd prefer to have you out of danger?"

"Not this dame; no, sir!" I says. "Jeanne would never of married me if she thought I was yella, and if I produced a streak now the bonds of matrimony is twelve feet too thin to hold her to me! Believe me, sir, this Jeanne is considerable girl. If she'd of been in the Garden of Eden, Adam wouldn't of knowed Eve from a giraffe!"

The general smiles and remarks that I got the right stuff in me and he is proud of the kind of guys America is sendin' over to him. Then he picks up his gloves, which is the signal that the party is all broke up for the day. He claims he hopes to hear more of me and that I got an Al chance of bein' an officer. Before I went out I heard him tell our captain to see that I got fitted with a set of books to study to help me over the examination and to put me wise to the dope I gotta know.

The captain is as tickled as I am, because he was afraid I would get in dutch with Gen. Pershing, instead of which I turned out to be a riot.

Joe, as I was goin' back to where our outfit is they was a thing happened that gimme a laugh, so I will pass it on to you. The only thing is, Joe, I'm afraid that immediately on readin' it you'll go

to work and tell it around the cantonment where they are tryin' to make a doughboy outa you as one of your own jokes. You know, Joe, you always had a bad habit of forgettin' to state plainly in talkin' just where you read or heard any particular thing which broke up your usually stupid line of chatter. Not meanin' nothin' wrong, Joe. I remember they was one funny thing you said once which was no doubt original and which gimme the hystericals. Remember the time you says to me: "Ed, lend me twenty-bucks for a week?"

Well, anyways, I had to go back through the trenches which is occupied by them colored troops which I told you was here. It was pretty quiet at the time, as the German artillery had laid off to get shaved, or somethin', and a bunch of these babies is shootin' crap. Joe, the air is full of: "Baby needs shoes!"—"Come on, little fever!"—"Ha, Big Dick from Boston!" and "Ten of them franc things he don't seven!" Well, Joe, they was one little sawed-off colored guy which couldn't of been five feet high, but carried a pair of shoulders on him like walkin' beams and had a chest like a barrel. He's standin' off to one side, and when he seen me he saluted and stepped aside so's I could pass.

"Why ain't you in that crap tourney?" I asks him.

"Boss," he says, "Ah been in it! Them niggers has took me for all I got but mah color! Ah not only completely and absolutely lost all this yere trick French money Ah had on me, but for the next two months mah salary has got to be split between four different men—and Ah ain't one of them!"

"Cheer up!" I says. "Them squareheads is liable to pull off a raid to-night, and maybe you won't have to pay off at all!"

"Poof!" he says. "Them Germans can't hurt nobody! I thought this yere was a real wah, instead of that Ah been in this yere little ole trench three days and it's as quiet as a cemetery on a rainy Sunday. Ah don't believe there's been four bullets breezed back and forth between us. Sergeant, Ah seen more complete excitement in a Mobile poker game than Ah seen since Ah been in France! Ah craves action, Ah does—Ah come ovah yere to fight, and, believe me, Ah'm gonna git in a muss if Ah has to go out and do a clog dance in No Man's Land to git it!"

With that, in order to show off in front of me, Joe, he starts climbin' up to the top of the trench, hand over hand. I hollered after him to come down, and a lot of other guys starts runnin' toward him, but he keeps on goin' up and talkin' all the time to himself. Fin'ly he gets to the top and stands right on the parapet of the trench, a mark for a square-head sharpshooter.

"Come on!" he hollers, wavin' his hat in the air. "Come on ovah yere, you German quitters! Come on, show me somethin'. Ah ain't afraid of nothin' or

and about forty feet of trench give way and buried him under it. It took about three minutes to dig him out, and he's almost suffocated with dirt and dust. He sits up and looks around kinda dazed, and one of the crap shooters is standin' over him, doubled up with the hystericals.

"Ha, ha!" hollers the crap shooter. "Look at this yere man eater! Bring on them bullets, Ah eats 'em, hey? Bring on them shells, hey? Ha, ha! Bring on—"

"Well, Ah must say one thing!" butts in the little guy, droppin' a tooth which was of no more use to him, "a man sure do git service ovah yere, anyways!"

Yours truly, ED HARMON, Sergt.

(Joe, I hear a officer has got to buy his own uney-form, so now I hardly know what to do. They ain't no percentage in that, is they?)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, they ain't no travelin' salesman or advance agent in the world which has got a thing on me. Before I get through I will of seen more places and met more different kinds of people than a opium fiend ever did on the biggest night he had! That simply goes to show you what joinin' the war will do for a guy. If I hadn't enlisted, Joe, I never would of seen Paris, London, or Berlin, because the American League has got enough cities in it as it is and jumps like that would make a bum outa the profits—heh, Joe? Of course I ain't been to Berlin yet, but I'm in the American army, Joe, and I leave it to you whether I'll get there or not, hey?

I have been to London, Joe, since the last time I dashed off a billy doo to you, and, believe me, after what I went through in that burg I was glad to get back to the trenches again, where it ain't so noisy and a guy's got a chance for his life! Them German rats must of heard I was goin' over, or somethin', because what do they do but pull off a air raid on me and Jeanne, not to say the population of London.

I suppose no doubt you are wonderin' what I was doin' in London, when the last you heard the war was in France. Well, I'll tell you how it come off. You no doubt remember that our captain sent me to Paris with a letter from Gen. Pershing. Well, Joe, I turned out to be such a knockout as a postman that when they get another important letter to deliver somewhere, it's only natural that they pick me out for the job, ain't it? Of course I could of stayed right in New York if I wanted to be a letter carrier, and they would even of give me a whistle to play with, but that ain't neither here or there. It seems they has been a leak somewhere in the mail between the base camps in France and American Headquarters in London, and they is some important orders and the like that they wish delivered by hand. So our captain elects me to take 'em over.

"Harmon," he says, "I have another important mission for you which will give you an opportunity to see London. I may add that you made a very favorable impression upon General Pershing."

"He ain't a bad guy himself when you get to know him, sir, heh?" I says.

"No comment is necessary, sergeant!" he says, very sharp and coughin' for a minute. He hands me a long envelope. "You will deliver this to Colonel — at the American Headquarters in Grosvenor Gardens, London, and report back immediately. Your passage there and back will be facilitated, and you are allowed but one week for the trip."

"That ain't givin' me much of a chance for a flash at the King, is it, sir?" I says. "I ain't never seen a king, except

one time when I held a pair of aces and was lookin' for another one. However, a guy can't get everything. Captain, they is one favor I would like to ask before I set forth for sweet old Great Britain and Ireland."

"Well, what is it?" he says.

"I would like to take (Continued on page 32)



I had tried him with "Yes," so now I hollers at the top of my voice: "No—you little stiff!"

nobody! Ah eats bullets and Ah cleans mah teeth wiff baynets! Come on and cut loose! Bring on them bullets, bring on them guns, bring on them shells, bring on that shrapnel, bring on—"

Zam!!!!!!

Joe, just then they was a shell hit about ten yards from where this bird is standin' yellin' for action.





# Collier's

## ON JULY FOURTEENTH

WHEN a mob sacked the Tuileries, it found in an iron chest a diary kept by the King of France from 1766 to 1792. LOUIS's journal entry for July 14, 1789, is the one word *Rien*—"Nothing."

And yet that was one of the great days in proving France's thirst for liberty. On that day men eager to destroy the outward evidences of tyranny in France marched upon the Bastille, shot down its pensioners and Swiss mercenaries, and wrecked the whole unholy monument to outgrown medievalism. Only seven prisoners were found there, so that the taking of the Bastille was not in itself important, but it was read by observers keener than LOUIS the King as a symbol of popular regeneration. Since 1789 the Fourteenth of July has been freedom's birthday—and not in France alone.

EVEN before the French Revolution, France was the light bearer among nations. In spite of the royal form of her government, in spite of periods of bigotry and reaction, French letters and French ideas were everywhere in the van. In FRANKLIN's time French was the international language, as Latin had been. Our forefathers, in writing the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution by which we have lived ever since, were in a measure only adapting to the New World principles laid down by France's "radicals" of the eighteenth century. But though long before the present war we knew something of America's debt to France for MONTESQUIEU and VOLTAIRE and ROUSSEAU no less than for LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU and DE GRASSE, it was not till the first Battle of the Marne—not till the war which wrote the name "Verdun" upon world history, that our consciousness of that debt became a glowing reality. France, under JOFFRE and PETAIN, in once more saving civilization from the barbarian as, centuries before, under CHARLES the Hammer, she had saved Europe from the African, brought home to us the full measure of her greatness, the richness of her being as a source of life, of ideas, and of world service.

This fourth July 14 since the beginning of the world struggle finds France still strong to suffer, in spite of weariness, of disillusion, of martyrdom. France has seen a whole decade of her young manhood mowed down; she has borne the maiming of men by the hundred thousand; she has mobilized her men up to the age of forty-eight. Even now graybeards of France are fighting for freedom beside the men of Britain and the Dominions, beside the champions of Portugal and Italy—and our own young men. No one in France pretends any longer that war is other than a painful, tedious, and heart-rending obligation. All the more honor to France—intelligent enough to loathe the war and to stick it out!

ON this, the 129th birthday of French liberty, and the fourth of those birthdays since Germany invaded France by overrunning the neutral soil of Belgium, one is not content merely to salute France—merely to wish the sister republic such joy as a nation in mourning can hope for. The American heart goes farther—since it feels, not only the beauty of French deeds, but the necessity that those deeds be crowned with just fruits. "No annexations, no indemnities!" Germany's Russian dupes have cried out in betraying their allies and their nationality. No, there must, indeed, be no conquests: but the return of Alsace-Lorraine to the French Republic will be no annexation. Rather, it must be viewed as an act of justice and a pledge of peace: as one of the essential "restorations, reparations, and guaranties" seen by LLOYD GEORGE and BARTHOU as the bases of the coming peace.

"I consider France as the natural ally of my country: to say the truth, I love France," wrote GOUVERNEUR MORRIS from Paris in 1789. To-day we are proving the truth of that word. And there is no better way than standing by President WILSON's solemn statement that "the wrong done France by Prussia in 1871, in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all."

When, in 1913, VON JAGOW said that "We Germans are obliged in Alsace to behave ourselves as if we were in an enemy country," he expressed, not only a historical truth, but a fair commentary on Germany's capacity for government and for making friends.

July 13, 1918

Alsations chose for France at Mulhouse in the days of the Revolution, and again at Bordeaux in 1871, when the deputies of both provinces signed the solemn protest against BISMARCK's treaty and declared: "Alsace and Lorraine cannot be alienated. Before all the world they proclaim to-day that *they want to remain French*. Europe cannot allow or ratify the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. Europe cannot allow its people to be seized like a flock of sheep. . . . We will eternally revindicate the right of disposing of ourselves, and of remaining French."

There is no peace in Europe or in the world till Alsace-Lorraine—"the Belgium of 1871," as Rabbi WISE has called it—is again French—openly and unafraid. Till then there is no justice. It doesn't matter that Alsace-Lorraine is a province smaller than Massachusetts and hardly larger than Connecticut. Men of Wisconsin and Michigan, fighting to-day on reconquered soil of Lorraine, must, with the men of other States, share in achieving the victory of the right.

### Machines—or Men?

WE'VE just been reading the list of names cited for gallantry in the capture and subsequent defense of Cantigny:

Private Brooks C. Bowles—He crept several hundred yards in daylight under a terrific machine-gun and rifle fire to rescue a wounded comrade lying in the open.

Private George Purcell—Cited for a similar action to that of Bowles.

Private Willard Felty—Exposed to enemy machine guns, he silenced with his automatic a German machine gun and reduced the fire of others until his own weapon was useless.

Private Fred M. Meyer—He shielded an automatic rifle firer with his body, enabling the rifleman to silence a German machine gun. Meyer was killed as the result of his action.

Private William L. Proup, machine gunner—He carried a wounded officer to safety through terrific shell fire.

Private Walter Stewart, machine gunner—He was wounded while helping to rescue a wounded officer who was lying on open ground swept by artillery and machine-gun fire.

Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.—Although gassed in the lungs and gassed in the eyes to blindness, he refused to be removed and retained the command of his battalion under a heavy bombardment throughout the engagement.

Private Andrew Charles, machine gunner—His corporal and another comrade killed, he manned a machine gun for three days without relief while constantly under artillery and machine-gun fire.

Captain Emil Frey—Mortally wounded by a shell, he led his company to the front line; wounded twice more by machine gun, but continued to direct the operation. Died.

Lieutenant Wesley Fremi, Jr.—Thrice wounded by artillery fire, he refused to quit and led his men in three successful counterattacks.

Corporal William Robbins—With shrapnel wound in lungs, he remained busy under a heavy fire; walked a kilometer and a half to a dressing station to help other wounded. Died.

Corporal Winslow Corbett, machine gunner—His entire gun crew wiped out, he was severely wounded by a large shell; he crawled to the company commander and asked for two men to operate the gun; crawled 200 yards to the trenches to turn in parts of guns in his pockets.

Private Frank D. Ward—He asked permission to go into action and advanced sixty yards and killed a German sniper who had caused great casualties. He was buried twice by shell fire, but not wounded.

And so on, for three columns in our morning paper. Of course it is an officer's job to show initiative under fire. But who was it said last year, when the Selective Draft Bill was under debate, that military training made the private into a machine—an unthinking mechanical entity?

### The Kaiser's Battle Song

THIS war has been rather too tragic, not to say cosmic, to admit of the writing, as yet, of much adequate war poetry or war humor—but occasionally poetry and satire get into the same package, and then we are cheered up! What follows is from the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger" and is by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY who calls it "Battle Hymn of the Kaiser":

I, I in the midst of battle	I, I in the midst of fighting,
In my motor carnage rode,	Where the field kitchen stands at bay
Where the deadly telephones rattle	And the staff their nails are biting,
And the bulletins explode.	I faced the communiqué.

This sounds to us like some of the translations of poor old HEINE and the lyrics in WAGNER's operas. Also it proves again that one doesn't have to lose one's temper to get ahead of the Kaiser, and that one can smile even in war time. We like it!

...



# Editorials



## American Atrocities

ONE of our special writers visited the camp of interned sailors at Atlanta last week.

"Oh, boy!" he writes, "you never saw such a husky bunch. Every one of them in the pink of condition: running, jumping, loafing, playing tennis in white flannels, excellent food and plenty of it. I've a great idea. These fellows are the only able-bodied men of military age in the country who aren't subject to draft, don't have to worry about Liberty Bond payments or excess-profits tax or the high cost of living or anything else. I am going to write 'em up as 'The Freest Men in the World.' It'll be a peach of an article."

Now it is evident that our friend had on his rose-colored spectacles. We get a quite different report of conditions at American internment camps in an article in the Cologne "Gazette," entitled "American Atrocities." This paper complains that the interned German officers are getting exactly the same food as the men, that no leave is granted even on parole, and that walks are not permitted. Most of the charges might pass unnoticed, but this last is a damning indictment. Why don't we allow our German prisoners to take "walks"? Let the Department of Justice investigate!

## The Spirit of Italy

THE magnificent spirit with which the Italian army leaped forward to meet the Austrian onset on the Piave and in the Alps was gratifying in more ways than one: for the sake of Italy herself; for the sake of the effect which Austrian defeat must have exercised on the military situation in France; and for the prospect it offers for the recovery of the British army from the heavy blow which fell upon it last March. The Kaiser's easy habit of referring to the British army as permanently out of the game has had its effect on the timid. On this side of the water it was recently stated, on the supposed authority of an eminent French general, that it would take HAIG's army a year at least to get on its feet again. Which suggests a comparison with Italy.

The disaster of last October on the Isonzo need not be rehearsed in detail. At Caporetto the Italian army went to pieces, physically and morally. The means employed by the Teutons to undermine Italian steadfastness do not matter. The battle began with panic, continued for some days as a rout, and ended only with the rush of Allied reinforcements to the Piave and the Alps. The enemy plunged forward sixty miles into Italy and harvested a quarter of a million prisoners. It was a shock under which any nation would have reeled. It carried a peculiar menace for Italy which from the beginning has sheltered a very powerful Teutophile faction in high places. Could Italy "come back" after such a trial; could the pro-German element be prevented from infecting the whole nation with defeatism? Even in the anxious days of the German offensive in France, Allied consideration turned to the Piave and the imminent Austrian offensive with profoundest anxiety. The Austrian attack came within six months, and Italy had found herself completely.

The losses of the British army in Picardy were less than half, in prisoners, the losses of the Italian army on the Isonzo. Losses in guns and material were proportionally smaller. Without derogation to Italy, British resources and the British spirit have a greater recuperative quality. If the Italian army found its regeneration in six months, the British army—well, it will be almost four months since the great stroke of March 21 when these lines appear in print; and when these lines appear in print the answer may have already been given.

## "My Name Is Ozymandias"

EDMUND GOSSE spreads in the London "Times" the grandiloquent titles assumed by a certain great potentate. What child, even, would fail to enjoy their cheek-filling rotundities?

The husband of good fortune, the God of great Provinces, King of the greatest Kings, and God of Kings, the Lord of horsemen, the Master of them who cannot speak, Emperor of Three Emperors, Conqueror of all he sees, and Keeper of all he conquers, dreadful to the eight coasts of the World, vanquisher of the Mahometans, Lord of the East, West, North, and South, and of the Sea.

The titles of WILHELM II? No—those of the Emperor of Bisnagar, chronicled in "Purchas, His Pilgrimage." And in the year of our Lord 1567 Bisnagar was sacked by four allied kings whose titles ran much less metrically, and became "a habitation for Tygers and wild Beasts."

## Asking Two Philosophic Questions

IN rehearsing for possible air raids, New York City actually turned down its more superfluous lights so that sleep was easy and coal was saved. Why wait for a raid to do that? And why confine the good work to New York?

## The Age of Glass

THE Y. M. C. A. reports that saloons appeal much less powerfully to youths between seventeen and twenty-four years of age than to older men. Should these tidings raise our spirits or lower them?

Among the young men reported on, young men from seventeen to twenty-four years old, 17.8 per cent patronize the saloon; of men between twenty-five and thirty-five, 32.6 per cent are customers; of men from thirty-six up to forty-five, 42 per cent use the saloon. Now, considering the unattractiveness of the ordinary American barroom, these figures are rather striking. A still more damaging criticism of our social order is, however, to be found in the Y. M. C. A. addendum, that "twice as many married men go to the saloon as single men." Our uplifters make a bad matter worse by attributing this fact to "the higher idealism of the young men"—for what cures our young men of their idealism? Happily, the Y. M. C. A. adds as an afterthought that "unmarried men spend a good deal of time in the company of their sweethearts, who naturally would not visit the saloon with them. The saloon seems to be most popular in the years between thirty-five and forty-five, the dull drab years of middle age."

If this report is worth very much, its value lies in the omitted suggestion that something is wrong about the woman whose appeal to her mate comes to be weaker than the appeal of the man in a white coat—whose ministrations Provost Marshal CROWDER refuses to classify as "useful work." It is up to the wives of these men "between thirty-five and forty-five, the dull drab years," to make home as attractive as the place on the corner, where there's sawdust on the floor and a shiny brass rail. Scolding won't help—whether editorial or conjugal—but how about good cooking (quite within Mr. HOOVER's recommendations) and good table talk to make the corn cakes even more succulent?

## Of Patriotic Hating

IS hatred essential to the waging of a war? Obviously it was not so in the olden times, when, except perhaps in civil wars, there was a knightly side to conflicts, and the French at Fontenoy could invite their enemies, "Messieurs les Anglais," to fire the first shot. NAPOLEON, who was so hated by those of his enemies who did not secretly admire or openly favor him, changed all that, not so much by parvenu disregard of certain amenities as by making war the business of the nation—not the concern of a mere class or profession. And in a national war popular passions are far more likely to be aroused than in a war partaking of the nature of sport or adventure. In our own time extreme idealists plead that we should not hate the German people, but only the German militarism of which they are the tools and victims; but, except when a Wilson speaks, the editors and mufti patriots have little patience with this "academic" view that hate harms the hater. He is a poet, not a politician, who exclaims:

Love, the magician, and the wizard Hate,  
Though one be like white fire, and one dark flame,  
Work the same miracle, and all are wrought  
Into the image that they contemplate.  
None ever hated in the world but came  
To every baseness of the foe he fought.

What is worst about war, writes Lord MORLEY, is that "it ostracizes, demoralizes, brutalizes reason. Even NELSON, our glorious and most lovable of heroes, swore that he would like to hang every Frenchman who came near him, Royalist and Republican alike. Hate takes root as a tradition, and lasts."

Possibly women are the best haters, as well as the best menders, in this, as every, war. And it has been noted by war-time travelers that the hottest hatred is expressed, and that the most cruel histories are oftenest repeated, the farther you are from the fighting front and the less actual fighting the orator has engaged in; "for PISTOL hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword." Battle furnishes the best discharge for these emotions, when all is said and done. Naturally, it is those who cannot, or do not, serve a gun who spend most energy firing the guns of verbal war.

July 1,



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

In order to eliminate any confusion in the minds of readers that Collier's is eventually planning to prove the "Business as Usual" theory, we take the liberty of stating our position frankly: Business cannot be as usual due to the shortage of Man Power. These pages will voice the simplest truths of the position advertising holds in saving man power and eliminating lost motion.

*Talk No. 2 on the Shortage of Man Power*

## The Voice of a Million Tongues

IN the same issue of Collier's that contained Mark Sullivan's article on the shortage of man power, there appeared an advertisement which was an excellent example of the value of advertising in these days when labor must be conserved.

The product advertised was a conveyor—a machine which superficially seemed drab and prosaic, a thing of steel and iron; but beneath the surface it revealed the most amazing and romantic possibilities.

For here was a magic apparatus which released men from the dull routine of carrying boxes, parts of machinery, all sorts of things from one point to another, and enabled them to do vital work for their country at this time when the shortage of man power amounts to a famine.

And as we studied the remarkable capabilities of this conveyor it came to us what a splendid vehicle national advertising offered the manufacturer of this product.



For it enabled him to perform a great service during these crucial days; it enabled him to spread, from one end of the country to another, wherever a wheel of industry turns and a fac-

tory whistle blows, his message of labor conservation.

And from that point we got to thinking of the way advertising is justifying itself in these days of necessity.

Advertising speaks with a million tongues! Have you ever thought of it in that way before? Have you ever considered how advertising, just like those conveyors, releases men so that they can give the strength of their bodies and the skill of their hands to making guns or airplanes or ships or any of the hundred and one things which must be sent overseas to the American Expeditionary Forces?

Understand this: advertising does not take the place of the skilled and trained salesman.

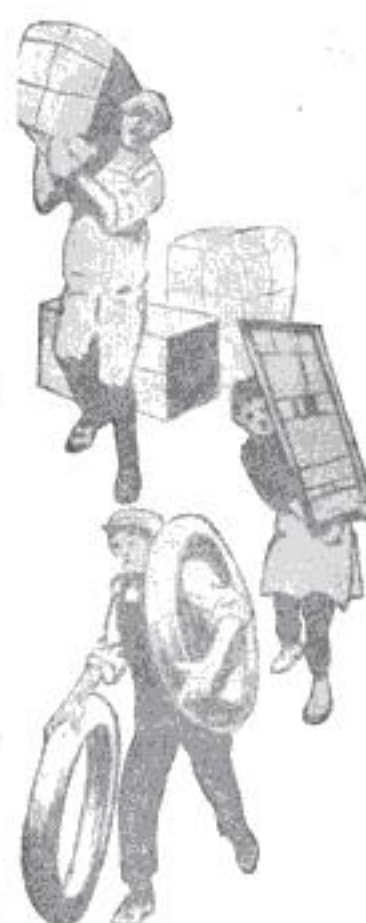
But advertising does conserve his time and supplement his efforts. Advertising eliminates the lost motion.

Advertising, as never before, works wonders in filling the gaps which exist in the salesman's ranks because their fellows in one capacity or another are serving their country.

Advertising introduces and guarantees the merits of a worthy product to a million readers so that the salesman when he follows along need not spend time in explaining and arguing. That lost motion is saved.

Advertising is active simultaneously in a thousand cities so that the salesman, traveling slowly from city to city, finds wherever he goes his goods known and recognized.

It is in these ways that advertising is supplementing the



efforts of those salesmen, fewer in number than before, who are traveling around the country—supplementing their efforts, conserving their time, eliminating the lost motion.

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The man who invents a device that will make a machine

part half a second faster is helping to conserve man power.

The man who originates a method of packing and wrapping oatmeal or sugar or anything of the kind at greater speed than it has been done before is helping.

And the man or woman who buys these standardized advertised goods—at a saving of his own time and the time of the clerk—is helping.

Advertising is essential, then, for two reasons:

It eliminates the lost motion in buying and selling—

And it spreads through every nook and corner of the nation the vital message of time-saving and labor conservation.

To-day marks advertising's supreme opportunity. For it speaks with the voice of a million tongues.





# SOMETHING—!

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

ILLUSTRATED WITH LITHOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BELLOWES

IN a dugout of the front-line trenches, in what was called a "quiet" sector, three British officers squatted around the glowing cylinder of a stove extemporized from a petrol tin. Two of them were mud-caked to the top of their hip boots, and their lean faces were unlovely with a stubble of beard. The third, albeit his uniform showed marks that came only from long service, had yet a certain air of freshness which bespoke a more recent arrival.

Captain Heathcote bent and fed the stove with some bits of brush.

"You might tell us the whole yarn when you've done swearing," he suggested mildly.

The man whose uniform bore less mud was ramming tobacco into his pipe with a vindictive thumb.

"I'm not a fluent person," he confessed. "I have to swear where other men would think of more words. I shall probably swear all the way through, but I'll tell you the whole business fast enough. Why, you must have known the girl, Dick! She was that pink-and-white slip who used to laugh so at your French."

"Not Lucette?" Wallace asked.

"That's it."

Wallace's face fell suddenly into new lines. He must have been conscious of the change himself, for he said slowly:

"Queer what a difference just knowing people makes. Get along, Bobby!"

So Duncan, junior subaltern of B Company, told them a sorry tale, and the only interruptions were the scratching of matches and the snapping of twigs in the stove.

It was an ordinary enough business, ugly, and losing nothing of its ugliness in Duncan's bald narrative. A pretty little French girl assaulted by a Russian soldier—from one of the few Slav regiments serving in the west.

"No, she wasn't killed," Duncan said in answer to a quick question from Captain Heathcote. "Better if she had been," he added, for Robert Duncan senior was a vicar.

THE thing had taken place toward evening back in the rest billets. It had created a great stir of sorts, for the girl was known to hundreds of the men. But nothing had come of the investigations. It had been almost dark. She knew only that her as-

sailant was dressed in green, was bearded, and smelled of drink. Any one of a hundred Russians would have answered this description. There had been much show of keeping the men better in hand, some narrow escapes from clashes between the green-clad soldiers and the enraged Tommies—and that was all.

"And yet that isn't all!" Duncan said, setting his teeth hard on the stem of his pipe. "The worst of it all was that fellow Letsch." He named a Russian captain who had been a frequent visitor at the battalion mess. "He was there the night it happened."

"An evil, scented, womanish beast!" Wallace said, spacing his words.

"Rather!" Duncan agreed heartily, with a grateful look. "Sat there with his beard and his long cigarette holder, and those infernal slim, white hands that are always playing with things and making gestures, and talked. He knew and we knew. The thing was between us. You'd have thought he'd either have kept still or made a straight apology. But no! That isn't the Russian of it. He skirted around the edges, playing with the story as a cat does with a mouse, but not saying a straight word, until some bally idiot blurted out a question, and then the fat was in the fire."

"It couldn't have been pleasant," observed Heathcote.

"Pleasant!" snorted Duncan. "It was hell. It was that ass Fredericks started things, although I marked his shin with the sole of my boot trying to keep him quiet. We were all on pins and needles. It was like scratching matches in a magazine, you know. But that beast Letsch liked it. So help me God, he liked it! He can talk, you know. He can do things with the English language that we three shan't learn in a million years. He pinned Fredericks to the wall and cut him to bits with words. And then when some of the rest of us galloped in he served us the same way. It was sporting of him, in a sense, because he knew that most of us would like to get our fingers on his throat. It took nerve, but it was rotten bad taste."

"I should rather like to have heard him," Wallace said thoughtfully. "What did he say, Bobby?"

"Lord, I can't tell you!" confessed Duncan. "But the first thing we knew, in some devilish fashion,

he very near had us admitting that the thing was all right, that rape wasn't anything more than an incident of war, wasn't even deplorable—not very, anyhow—and that any man who wanted to kick up a row over such a trifle was not much better than a prude. He'd have floored the lot of us but for the Old Man."

HEATHCOTE and Wallace sat up very straight, for the major of the battalion was loved by his officers and men, and depended upon in emergencies to acquit himself well.

"Ah!" they said together.

"He'd sat there smoking and saying nothing all through it," Duncan went on, "and Letsch made the mistake of trying to net him."

"Just suppose, Major Watts, that it had been one of your own men," he said.

"The Old Man knocked the ash off his cigar and sat looking at the end of it."

"I don't think there's any use discussing that utterly improbable event, Captain Letsch. Where did you get these cigars anyhow, Porlock, if I'm not too personal?" Rather neat, eh?"

"Lovely!" murmured Wallace. "And then Letsch?"

"He had the sense to shut up," admitted Duncan, then continued after a pause: "And those chaps are up here with us, only a few traverses away. I don't like the feel of their nearness. I can't make out what they're for and what goes on inside 'em. They go against my grain. They produce cattle like those privates—great staring things with no more intelligence than so many blocks of wood, and they also produce men like Letsch. And the devil of it is"—and Duncan paused to knock out his pipe against the stove—"there isn't any real difference between Letsch and the most bovine of his men!"

Captain Heathcote straightened himself with a jerk and regarded his junior subaltern wonderingly.

"Young man," he said, "do you know that you have just made an extremely profound observation?"

"The deuce I have!" Duncan exclaimed blankly. "What was it?"

The company commander drew a sigh of mock relief.

"Your unconsciousness relieves me," he said, buckling his belt. "Come on, the pair of you." And



they went out into the raw night and the unpleasant monotony of their duties.

Heathcote went his rounds that night with a shade less than his usual thoroughness. Opposite him, not more than three hundred yards away, was the Bulge, a convexity of the German line which was a sore thorn in the flesh of the battalion. For weary weeks of almost stagnant warfare they had faced the tiny salient, which was a constant offense in their sight. Half a mile beyond the Bulge was a hill which was the present goal of their ambitions. One day, they said, they would dig their own trenches on that hill, and the Bulge would be a thing of the past. They pretended a vast scorn of the little salient which faced them. The smashing of it, they held, was a thing which hung solely upon their pleasure.

But it pleased the powers which controlled their destinies and those of millions of other men along the vast front to concentrate forces elsewhere and to thin the line facing the Bulge to that minimum consistent with safety. The battalion knew that it could hold such ground as it had, it was pleased to think that it could take more at pleasure, and it was forced to spend its days in comparative inaction, while its animus against the Bulge grew with the passing hours.

**B**UT Heathcote, as he leaned against the parapet of the trench, vaguely conscious that the nearest sentry was watching him uneasily, was not thinking of the hostile trenches, their inmates, or the probable events of the morrow. He was thinking of Duncan's story, of the slip of a peasant girl he vaguely remembered about the village back of the line, the ugly tale of assault, and Letsch's white hands hovering among the salt cellars as his glib tongue played casually with matters that were deadly serious to the Britons who surrounded him.

That single sentence of Duncan's—born largely of a boyish inability to express himself—had caught in a corner of his mind and stuck fast. Here was Duncan, whose brain had lately been concerned only with such matters as cricket scores, grouse, and the tying of trout flies, running headlong into something that had shocked him to the core, burned him with a vast and incoherent anger, and set him to finding strange parallels between the uncanny intelligence of Captain Letsch and the most thick-witted and clodlike of his men.

"And it's true, you know!" Heathcote muttered beneath his breath. "It's there, in every Russian, something baffling and incomprehensible and terrible, because we Anglo-Saxons don't fathom it at all."

"What is it, Marks? See something?"

The sentry shifted uneasily.

"No, sir. Thought you were speaking to me, sir."

"Do you like Russians, Marks?" the captain asked abruptly.

"Roosians?" The soldier was evidently speechless at the suddenness of the question. "Why, no, sir; can't say as I do. There's something, sir—" and he fell into depths beyond him.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Heathcote. "Good night, Marks!" and he walked thoughtfully away.

The next day, because they were busy men and because the things with which they had to do were matters of extreme objectivity, neither Heathcote nor either of his subalterns gave thought to the green uniforms farther down the zigzag line of trenches, nor to the tale which Duncan had brought back on his belated return from the rest camp at the rear. They were concerned with a sudden unexplained outpouring of water in a traverse, the repairing of certain stretches of barbed wire planned for the next night, and an uncomfortable increase of sniping on the part of the boche.

But at night, when they had a short time to themselves free from duty, they returned to the mat-

ter because Wallace, who had been down the trenches a bit during the afternoon, had come back with strange rumors.

"I didn't get the straight of it," he confessed. "It's some sort of a wild tale from Russia. The buzzers were trying to get some of it through from H. Q., but it was all garbled up with orders and some fathead's burblings about a lost consignment of bully beef, and no man could make sense of it. But Cockerill of the Hotspurs—he's down close to the first of the Russian bays, you know—says those chaps have got some inkling of something and are chattering away twenty to the dozen."

"What sort of tale?" demanded Heathcote.

"Don't know," answered Wallace, busy with a jagged tear in his trousers. "Revolution or bombs or some rot of that sort."

And then abruptly the door of their dugout was opened, and the bent figure of Captain Letsch was

the fashion of their race the Englishmen could not reply: their embarrassment kept them silent.

Finally Heathcote said: "Means a frightful amount of messing about and confusion and getting nowhere, I should think."

Letsch paid no attention to the remark. He was staring at the opposite wall of the dugout, his eyes wide, his face set.

"It means the end of seven hundred years of darkness," he said in a low voice; "the first shaft of light in seven centuries! A real parliament in Petrograd, newspapers telling the truth unafraid, school-houses in the Caucasus, three trunk lines across Siberia, all the dreams of the men who have plotted their lives away in garrets and cellars, the death of all the old, unclean things, the birth—"

His eyes, narrowing a little, caught their faces, unresponsive, self-conscious, heavy. He made a quick gesture of half-angry protest.

"Mille tonnerres, you English!" he exclaimed. "Suppose you had been on top of one of your misty cliffs when Drake's ships came back from smashing the Armada! Suppose you had stood on the bank at Runnymede and heard the shout from the barons go up from that little island in the Thames when John signed the Charter. Name of God, can't you feel?" He did not give them a chance to answer, but flung out his arms. "And I have to stay here in all this squalor while those glorious events are marching at home!" he exclaimed.

**W**ALLACE looked up from the bowl of his pipe which he had been polishing between his palms.

"Isn't this your job just the same no matter what happens in Russia?" he asked.

"This?" Letsch flung out his arm in a gesture which seemed to sweep the whole line from Switzerland to the

sea. "This? What does all this squabbling over torn treaties matter compared to that miracle behind me? I stay here in this filth because I am a soldier, not because I am a Russian. If I could make you understand!"

And then he set his elbows on his knees and tried to make them understand. He talked, as Wallace said afterward, "like Tolstoy and a soap-box arm finger rolled into one."

He talked until the candles flickered, the un-stoked stove grew cold, and the burly Duncan snored in his corner.

Then he went out as abruptly as he had come, leaving Heathcote and Wallace staring at each other and feeling as though a whirlwind had passed. For a little they said nothing, then Wallace, tugging at a refractory boot lace, said thoughtfully:

"Now which is the essential *him*?"

Heathcote frowned; then he nodded as he understood.

"Exactly," he said. "And the worst of it is, both of them are *him*. Let's turn in. My head spins."

They crawled into their bunks, but Wallace's mind would not let go, and once Heathcote heard him say:

"Round and round in circles, you know, all that talk. He'd do it: he'd leave the trenches to-morrow and go waving a flag to glory! And it doesn't get things done!"

And Heathcote, wondering if it did get things done, went to sleep and awoke in the morning with the smash of shell fire in his ears and the knowledge that more immediate concerns were at his hand.

The outburst was a mere bit of morning ill nature on the part of Fritz.

It petered out, and the day lapsed into the usual monotony familiar to the weary men who watched and waited and divided (Continued on page 29)



Under the parapet of the German trench they found Letsch. . . in his arms was the red flag

framed in it. Had it been possible to rise, all three of the Englishmen would have done so in response to a certain tightening of the nerves and stiffening of the muscles along their spines. But the roof of the dugout was a scant five feet above the floor, and they could not yield to their common impulse. They merely stopped what they were doing and received their guest with a certain hardening of the features.

In the light from the oil-tin stove and two guttering candles, Letsch did not look precisely the figure Duncan had described. The carefully brushed clothes of the mess table had been exchanged for the soiled garments of the fighting line, beard and mustache were unkempt, the cigarette holder was missing, and the slim white hands were covered by a pair of cheap canvas gloves. Letsch paused near the door and stood looking at them, breathing hard.

"Do you know what has happened?" he demanded.

They shook their heads. The Russian squatted down and lit a cigarette with fingers which trembled, and when he spoke it was with a complete absence of the exaggerated gestures which had seemed part of him. Duncan, watching the visitor's face in the flickering light, could hardly believe him the same man he had watched two nights before.

**T**HERE has been a revolution in Petrograd," Letsch said slowly; "something more than a few haphazard bombs and the crowds flying from the Cossacks, leaving a little blood on the snow. Everything has changed in a moment. The Czar is a prisoner!" He paused and passed one hand across his forehead. "The Czar," he repeated, "is a prisoner! Do you realize what that means?"

The three Englishmen stirred uneasily in their seats. The Russian's voice was vibrant with emotion, emotion which he was not striving to hide but endeavoring to express, so powerful in its grip upon him that it stripped him of all his carefully acquired mannerisms, leaving him blunt and direct. After





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# READING FOR WAR TIME

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

THIS is a year of prodigious events, military, industrial, social, and political. Every intelligent boy or girl, man or woman, ought to be trying to understand them and to appreciate their significance. To keep up with the rapid course of events every sensible reader must give part of his free time each day to newspapers and magazines, but in that reading he should exercise sharp discrimination between official documents and descriptions of accomplished facts and the multivarious speculations, vague reports, and prophecies. The frugal reader will omit every paragraph or column which begins "It is said," "It is reported," "It is expected," or "We learn from a well-informed source that," etc. As a rule, it is better to read the actual news items in the papers and magazines than to read the editorials or the comments of reporters on the news. It saves time also to give attention chiefly to the broad effects or happenings rather than to strictly local matters.

Taking it for granted, then, that some time every day must be given to the daily, weekly, and monthly press, to what sort of reading should an intelligent reader devote the greater portion of his free time each day or each week?

## Strange Countries

THE war has inevitably interested every thoughtful person in nations and countries of which few Americans previously knew anything to speak of: such, for instance, as Russia, the Balkan Peninsula, Poland, Mesopotamia, Syria, and the German colonies in Africa and the Far East. One needs to read, therefore, good books of travel in those countries, written by competent observers. All clear accounts of the soils, industries, social customs, and historical background of nations which the war has made interesting are good reading for this year.

The war has brought into strong relief the differences in the forms of government which coexist in Europe and Asia at the present day. The student of current events needs to understand these differences, to see clearly wherein a democratic government differs from an autocratic, an elected executive from a hereditary executive, a government which is a legitimate offspring of the feudal system from a government set up by people who were never affected by it. To learn these things requires much reading, partly in treatises on government, but more in histories and biographies. Among treatises on government the shortest and least detailed, if accurate, are to be preferred; among histories those which deal with short periods, like the Thirty Years' War or the French Revolution, or with special achievements, like the unification of Italy or of Germany, are to be preferred to histories which cover many centuries or are of the kind called universal.

Because of the great importance likely to be attached in any settlement of the war to the idea of nationality, special attention may well be paid in reading history to the historical grounds for the national units recognized on the map of Europe in 1914, and for the new units which are demanding recognition. Nationality is a very difficult conception to define, although it is obvious that common language, common religion, and common social customs help in the establishment and continuance of any nation. Nevertheless, the cantons of federated Switzerland have four languages, affiliations with four different neighboring nations, and two sharply divided religions. On the other hand, the Poles, who for a century and a half have been divided among three powerful neighbors, still feel strongly the ties of race and of their common religion, the Roman Catholic. So does the Scandinavian people, now divided into three separate kingdoms.

Part of the appropriate historical reading for today relates to the injustices and grievances in Europe which are in large measure responsible for the present catastrophe, and therefore need to be remedied in the settlement of the present war—such as the partition of Poland, the cutting of Alsace-Lorraine from France in 1870-71, the discords and enmities bred in the Balkan States by the long Turkish domination, the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, the First and Second Balkan Wars, and the awful sufferings of Armenia and Syria under Turkish rule.

It is indispensable to read much biography in

order to understand the various governmental situations of yesterday and to-day, especially the biographies of men who directed large public affairs in their day and generation, such as Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Franklin, Washington, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, and Cavour—to mention only men whose work is still telling in the present struggles and sufferings of mankind.

To read much in such histories and biographies is by no means a hard or dull task, even during the present keen excitements. On the contrary,



"A profitable study," says Dr. Eliot, "is the development of internationalism as a practical aid toward durable peace"

in the light of present events, such reading becomes so interesting that it will tempt the reader to neglect his proper work and to go without needed sleep. Thus, the opinions and character of Bismarck, and indeed his whole career, cannot but interest deeply any young American who sees to-day with his own eyes to what a fearful catastrophe Bismarck's diplomacy and political philosophy led his country and the world within a single generation.

No one can ever arrive at a real understanding of any nation, his own or another, if he is ignorant of that nation's literature. One might as well try to understand the Jewish people without reading the Old Testament and the New, as to try to understand the present Russian people without reading "Anna Karenina" or knowing anything about the Russian church and its music.

Another very instructive topic for wide reading this year is the effect of commerce on peace and good will among men. Free exchange of goods, governed only by mutual interest, surely promotes international peace and the common welfare. To appreciate this principle requires much reading on national and international economics, and this year is the fit time, because the stopping of the present shedding of blood and tears cannot be accomplished without the exercise of much economic wisdom and good will on the part, not only of rulers, but also of democratic masses.

Closely connected with these economic questions is the labor question—national and international. In the field of human productive labor the war has already wrought changes of immense importance, and promises to produce further changes. In the first place, the hasty making of war munitions and means of war transportation on land and sea has called for an unheard-of amount of labor—skilled, half-skilled, and unskilled—in new directions and

under terrible stress, the armies in the field depending absolutely on the supplies this multitudinous labor yields. Certain clear results have already been produced. It has been proved that the trade-union doctrine of limited output is inapplicable when the safety of the great manufacturing nations and their success in war require a maximum productivity in their industries. The doctrine of the closed shop is also inapplicable under such circumstances. On the other hand, wages in most trades have soared to heights never before reached.

The new conditions under which human labor is performed the world over, and the discontent and turbulence which accompany these new conditions, present to human society its gravest problems for the future. Hence the urgent need that the rising generation should read about and understand this formidable problem. There enter into it some other social problems of much significance: such, for example, as the general provision of insurance against accident, poverty, and the disabilities of old age; universal instruction in social hygiene for the defense of the community against the evils of alcoholism and venereal disease, and in general the exercise of the collective right to interfere with individual rights in the interest of the community.

Another profitable study for diligent readers this year is the development of internationalism both as a sentiment and as a practical aid toward durable peace. As a sentiment, it is an extension of the sense of brotherhood beyond the neighborhood and the nation, limits which Christian brotherhood has heretofore seldom transcended. The war has shown very plainly that the material and moral interests of mankind do, as a fact, transcend the limits of any separate race, nation, or community. The production and distribution of the food supply of the world in 1917-18 is clearly an international problem. The most desirable distribution in the future of the products of the temperate zones and the tropics is not a national but an international problem.

For minds which naturally dwell in the region of feeling, emotion, and abstract thought, rather than in the region of fact, daily work, and concrete results, the changes in the religious conceptions and practices of multitudes of men and women which the war has brought about should form the best topic for reading this year. The conduct of the soldiers in

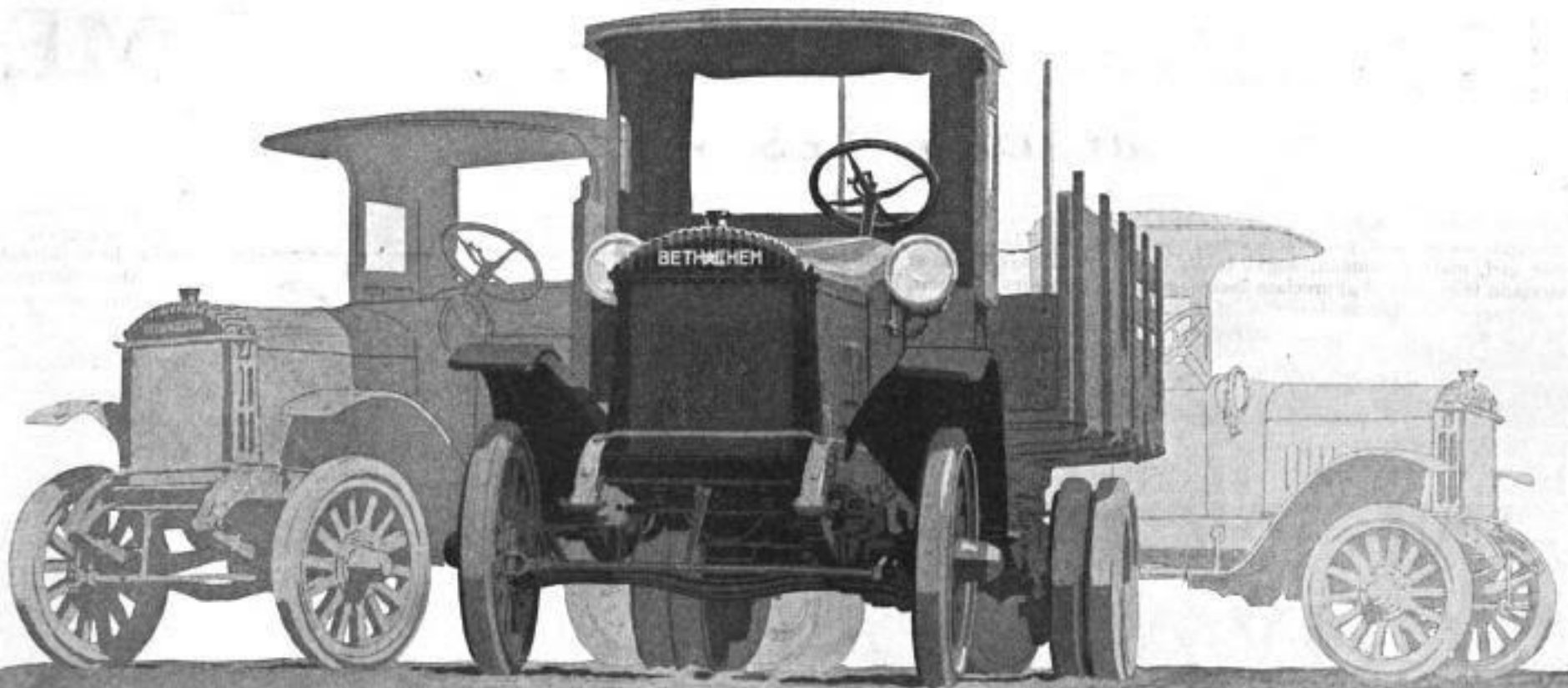
the field testifies that multitudes of common men, who in their ordinary lives seem to pay no attention to religion in general or to any church, are nevertheless capable of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty, and of looking far beyond their own sufferings and losses to the interest and welfare of coming generations. Soldiers by the million suffer, fight, and die for their country, or for their wives and children, or in the hope that the world may be a better and happier place for coming generations to live in than it has been for their own.

The sympathetic reader will rejoice in the many public and private evidences of this religious development, as it appears in soldiers' letters and journals, in the published sketches of dead heroes and broken families, in the immense efforts to relieve suffering and revive hope, and in some recent fiction, both French and English.

## Follow Your Bent

NO single reader should expect to deal with all these great topics. He should select two or three which interest him most. For guidance toward the books on the subjects he selects he should look to some neighboring librarian or scholar whose aid he can appropriately ask; to the lists of war reading which many public libraries are posting; to the many compilations of important documents and narratives which some newspapers and publishing houses are issuing under the title of "The Story of the War," or some similar title; and to the notices of current books which appear in the periodical press. The indicated field of reading is so vast that the individual reader will have no difficulty in following his bent in selecting his reading. That is the way to accumulate knowledge which will hold and later serve as material to strengthen the memory and develop the reasoning powers.





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# LINKING UP THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

IN the State of Utah there is a dry sea. As you come down toward it, through a mountain pass, you may think, the first time you see it, that it isn't dry at all. You see a beach, running down to what looks like water. But it isn't water; it's the Great Salt Lake Desert, and the bed of Lake Bonneville—which hasn't been a wet lake since prehistoric times, though it was about 1,000 feet deep. This desert has been as great a barrier to those seeking to travel across it as a real lake, fathoms deep, could have been. Indeed, a lake would have been much easier to dispose of. You can put boats on a lake; you can ferry motor cars across. But you can't drive across this desert.

It looks as if you could. It looks smooth and inviting; when you first see it you are likely to chortle, if you are fond of fast driving, and to think of the time when all the great automobile speed records were made on the sands of Florida. But once you drive off the road you'll be lucky to go a hundred feet without being mired to the tops of your wheels! There is a surface of salt that is hard enough and smooth enough. But underneath there is a sort of volcanic mud, as sticky as wet clay. It is wet, indeed, because the seepage from the mountains that ring the lake makes it so, and keeps it so, all the year round. And the surface crust soon lets you down into the mire below. That bit of desert has a tragic history. It forced detours, always, in the old Overland Trail; it added to the hardships of the Forty-niners. You may turn up the bones of some of its victims even now. There is romance in every acre of it; romance not only of the past.

## A National Asset

TO-DAY men are at work in the fierce heat that beats down upon that desolate country. They are building and grading a road that cuts across it, straight as an arrow, from shore to shore, as one might say—remembering that old lake of prehistoric times. When their task is finished, this autumn, the Lincoln Highway—the first great transcontinental highway, running between New York and San Francisco as straight as a road may run—will have passed from the list of things of which men dream to the list of things which men have achieved.

The Lincoln Highway is a national institution of prime importance; in this time of war it is a national asset. That is because, so far as we in America are concerned, this is a transportation war. The measure of our contribution to victory over Germany will be determined by the degree to which we solve our transportation problem. Ships, guns, munitions, airplanes, all the multitudinous war products of American industry—whenever a crisis develops in connection with any of them, the thought of transportation comes up.

Inevitably thought has turned toward other means than railroads for moving freight. We have canals and navigable rivers, and these inland waterways will be used to their full capacity. Mr. McAdoo has taken over their control; they are being linked up to the railroad system of the country. There remains just one other way of diverting traffic from the railroads. Freight can be moved along the highways, in motor trucks. Trucks are available. But they require good roads; sturdy roads.

It isn't any exaggeration to say that the thousand miles of the Lincoln Highway in the eastern part of the country were worth half a dozen divisions of soldiers last winter. Motor trucks were started from the factories in the Middle West, first, to make the journey to the seaboard and the ships

that were to carry them to France under their own power. Almost at once some one thought of the next step. Why send trucks, each of which could carry three or five or ten tons of freight, unloaded?

Between New York and Philadelphia regular motor-truck lines were established. The most spectacular trucking lines were between Detroit and Baltimore and Akron and Boston.

## The Long Way Round

HENRY B. JOY, the real pioneer of the highway, who is now in the army, had always insisted that if the United States went to war the vital importance of good roads would be one of the first things to be revealed, and the Lincoln Highway has helped the cause of good roads enormously. He was one of the men responsible for the amplification of the original scheme of the Lincoln Highway into one that called for a complete network of national highways covering the entire country in a strategic way. We don't, in this land, think of military invasion as a possibility. And yet—this war has forced a good many things into the realm of the possible! However—there is enough use for national highways to meet our present needs, without suggesting even more vital reasons for having them.

The men behind the Lincoln Highway didn't have to wait for war. They saw the need of their enterprise in advance. But it took the war to make certain things possible.

In one sense, and that very real, the Lincoln Highway is, absolutely, a national institution. But control over it, in fact, is divided up among States, counties, townships, cities, villages. Although on the map a continuous line of road, it is a series of local roads, State highways, trails, paths. So, from the beginning, the task of the Lincoln Highway Association has been, primarily, to educate local road-building authorities and to persuade them of the value and the necessity of the great road.

Our entrance into the war didn't stimulate road building, as you might have thought it would. Indeed, when Judge Lovett issued the famous—or notorious!—Priority Order No. 2, one of the clauses specifically denied priority to road-making materials. The Council of National Defense saw a light early, but it is only lately that the sympathy of the Administration has been enlisted.

For the Lincoln Highway the war threatened to be disastrous, at first. It wasn't as easy as it had been to get people interested in a transcontinental automobile highway. Even people who saw what use was being made of the roads in the East refused to be impressed by the need of bridging the gap in Utah. And yet, even though the day of trains of motor trucks running on a regular schedule between San Francisco and New York may be a long way off, there is a distinct relation between the completed Lincoln Highway and railroad congestion. If you can divert even short-haul traffic, and intermountain traffic, from the transcontinental roads to the highways, you will release freight cars and engines. West of the Mississippi the railroads, of course, aren't as crowded as they are in the East. But they have been stripped of equipment and rolling stock; the less work they have to do the better it will be for the whole overworked system.

That is just one of the arguments for a completed Lincoln Highway. The men who were at the head of the Lincoln Highway Association used it: they used every other argument they knew. And, by keeping everlastingly at work, they cleared away most of the obstacles that arose last year. But the

great big one, the obstacle of the stretch between Garfield and Ibapah remained.

Any time since 1914, if you went westward along the Lincoln way, you swung from Garfield to a gap in a mountain ridge, and then turned due south, making a long detour around the desert, the bed of old Lake Bonneville, before you got on to the straight road west again through Overland Cañon, which took you into Nevada. You did more than take the long way around; you traveled over about the worst going between New York and San Francisco. What water you found, in a stretch of over 150 miles, was brackish; you couldn't get decent accommodations if you wanted to rest; the heat was terrific. You had the satisfaction of driving over historic ground; ground of which Mark Twain wrote in "Roughing It"; ground watered by the blood of the victims of Indian massacres. And that was about all. If you drove along with the thought of motor trucks in the back of your mind, as the Lincoln Highway Association officials always did, you would have been pretty thoroughly discouraged. The situation looked hopeless.

It wasn't the fault of the State of Utah. Utah has a good Highway Department; the State has built some excellent roads. But it had no money to do anything about this desert section. The engineers and field parties of the association, however, worked out a way to mend matters, even to run the road through Johnson's Pass (pass in name only!), and some one grew so enthusiastic that he planned a lighthouse for Granite Point, which is a hill that juts out into the desert now, and was once a promontory on the shores of the prehistoric lake. That lighthouse is going to be built!

Now, in a country that had to consider the possibilities of invasion, such a road would probably have been regarded as a strategic highway. The central government would have built it, without question. That stretch of road was of national importance, because it was a necessary approach to Ely, a little way across the Nevada line, which, since the days of the Argonauts, has been the point where overland traffic divided to move down the Pacific slope in two streams, northward and southward. There was no real reason why Utah should bear the whole cost of such an improvement; you might just as reasonably—more reasonably, indeed—ask New York City to pay the entire cost of keeping its harbor in condition to handle the vast volume of sea-borne traffic that comes to it.

## "We Had to Raise the Money"

A. F. BEMENT, secretary of the Lincoln Highway Association, can tell, better than anyone else, how the problem was solved.

"We had to raise the money," he says. "We went to Mr. Seiberling—F. A. Seiberling, president of the association. And we sold him the idea of bridging that last gap—whatever it might cost. He did the rest—he got the directors of his company to vote us \$75,000, which was what we thought, then, the whole project would cost.

"But there was still trouble. We couldn't even get the State of Utah, at first, to agree to handle the money we raised, and use its road-building equipment and its Highway Department. And costs were going up all the time. Mr. Seiberling and I went out there, and Mr. Seiberling spent nine hours in the desert when our car was mired. That settled him! He gave us \$25,000 more, out of his own pocket. And Carl G. Fisher, vice president of the association, gave us still another

(Continued on page 32)



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## THE FLYING FISH

Continued from page 9

that is, and Endicott was generous. He forgot Leila Kildare's alarms, forgot everything but that an old man was apologizing to him. He stammered something, and himself got a chair for McCord.

As he turned back with it, though, he again glanced in the mirror. And what he saw there made him forget embarrassment. For McCord had the girl's wrist in his withered fingers, and that there was strength in them Endicott could tell by the girl's shrinking from the grip. But her eyes caught his a fleeting moment, and the warning that he read in hers made him lower his own lest McCord see his anger.

"You have met before, then?" queried the girl as Endicott resumed his seat. "But you didn't tell me so, Mr. Hoban." Endicott marveled, considering the stress that he knew she labored under, at the playful reproach of her voice.

"But I didn't know that Mr. McCord was your uncle, Miss Kildare. And, besides, the meeting did not redound to my credit."

"Mr. Hoban encountered my waiter a while ago," said McCord. "My breakfast was scattered on the floor. But that is past," he added as Endicott would have again berated his clumsiness. "After all, there were other eggs downstairs, and for once I could try the hotel's supply. An invalid, Mr. Hoban, is upset by little things."

He turned to his niece. "You did not tell me that you had a friend in the Birmingham, Leila," he said.

**S**UBTLY Endicott was aware of threat, of menace, in the old man's voice. But if the girl felt it also, she gave no sign.

"I was not aware of it myself, uncle,"

she answered, "until ten minutes ago, when I saw Mr. Hoban here. I am not altogether sure that Mr. Hoban remembered me, but a face from one's own home town—and Gallipolis is such a little town."

"You are from Gallipolis recently?" asked McCord.

Endicott stiffened. The waiter, arriving with the girl's breakfast, gave him excuse not to reply, for McCord asked for a menu. Quickly the old man gave an order—a remarkably generous order even for an elderly man in the best of health, Endicott noted. And the girl, who had lost a bit of her color at her uncle's question, answered for Endicott: "No, indeed. Not unless Mr. Hoban has paid a flying visit quite recently. For the Gallipolis paper would have mentioned his arrival, and—it's years and years since you've been there, isn't it, Mr. Hoban?"

"So long ago that I remember at your remembering me, Miss Kildare," he replied.

Leila Kildare! Gallipolis! He could find, in memory, no link connecting the two. He had been in Gallipolis, that little Ohio town, seven—no, eight—years ago. A sophomore at college, he had visited his friend Odd McIntyre there. A brief visit, but—evidently he had met, or at least been seen there by Miss Kildare. It made him feel quite comfortable that the girl had remembered him eight years.

"It is some time," she acquiesced.

"And you live now—here in New York? You are stopping at the hotel?" queried McCord. "You have been here some time?"

"Only—only since last evening," stammered Endicott. He wondered if McCord noted his hesitation. The envelope in his pocket seemed to burn his flesh. He wished that he could get away. And, by the nervous fashion in which the girl toyed with her spoon, the half-hearted fashion in which she ate, he knew that she too would welcome his departure. If McCord began questioning him, the girl could not forever answer for him. And McCord, despite his apologies, despite his forced cordiality, radiated menace. Had Endicott been inclined to consider the girl,

if not joking, the victim of some aberration, two minutes' companionship with her uncle would have prepared him to believe any evil of McCord.

"And you are here for long?"

McCord was looking toward the entrance as he spoke. Glancing into the mirror, Endicott observed him make an almost imperceptible signal with his hand. As though in response to that signal, a man who was apparently about to enter the breakfast room turned away.

"That—that is not yet quite settled." Endicott wondered what the signal—if indeed there had been one—meant. Then he stiffened in his seat.

"Mist-ah Fah-ley En-di-cott! Mist-ah Fah-ley

He trusted that his pause would seem merely the necessary pause of one hastily departing, but pausing to pay his check. But he dared trust himself no backward glance.

All of which was quite silly, but—if that girl lied, if her eyes lied, then there was no God in His Heaven. And Endicott quite simply held a creed in which there was a God.

In the lobby he paused. He had been compelled to say that he was stopping in the hotel, for McCord had seen him on the fourth floor that morning. But if McCord was suspicious? Endicott could not forget the look of angry suspicion that had been on McCord's face when first he discovered his niece in the breakfast room. It was essential that Endicott register again, this time as Arnold Hoban.

**H**E walked to the desk. The same clerk with whom he had conversed half an hour ago greeted him.

"Is there any room, near to mine, vacant?" asked Endicott.

"418 is unoccupied. Why, are you dissatisfied, Mr. Endicott?"

Deliberately Endicott drew out his wallet. He opened it. He drew from it a hundred-dollar bill.

"Mr. Farley Endicott left the hotel yesterday," he said quietly. "Mr. Arnold Hoban registered last night."

The clerk eyed the bill. "You know who I am," said Endicott. "I would not be asking this if it were not all right."

"But quite irregular," breathed the clerk. He was not overpaid. A hundred-dollar bill awed him.

"But an irregularity that can do no harm," insisted Endicott.

The clerk breathed heavily. "I would have to speak to

the night clerk," he suggested.

Endicott drew another bill, of the same denomination as the first, from his pocket. The clerk reached for them. He pocketed them. He whirled the register around and flipped back the pages. Endicott wrote, under yesterday's date, the name of Arnold Hoban; residence, Gallipolis.

"Transfer my things to 418," he ordered. "And—er—a page was just calling me. Find out who wanted me."

The clerk sent another page to the telephone desk. The boy returned in a moment.

"A Mr. Whitney wanted Mr. Endicott. Said to call him up when Mr. Endicott came in," he told the clerk.

Endicott listened quietly. "To any other calls," he said, "just reply that Mr. Endicott has left the hotel."

"But—have you signed any checks, Mr. Endicott?"

"Paid my dinner and breakfast with cash. Only Raoul, the head waiter, who used to know me at another hotel, knows my name, and I have attended to him."

The clerk looked down at the pocket where reposed two hundred dollars of Endicott's money. "I'll bet you have, sir," he breathed.

Endicott smiled. He sauntered away from the desk. Out in the street he walked briskly. But as he turned a corner he glanced back. There was a drug store in the middle of the block, and inside was a telephone booth. Endicott shut himself securely inside the booth and asked for a number.

"Whitney? That you, Sam? Listen. This is Earl Endicott. I'm in a drug store on Sixth Avenue—near the Hippodrome. There's a man following me; chap in a soft, gray hat, brown suit, tan shoes. Can't miss him. I'll stall around here a few minutes and give you time to get here. Don't recognize me. But interfere with him somehow when I enter the subway, or a building, or something. Then follow him. Let me know what



She would pretend not to notice. "I have not your envelope," she told him

En-di-cott!" The page, droning his name, appeared in the doorway. He came down toward their table. He repeated his call. He hesitated a second, eying Endicott doubtfully. He cried the name once again: "Mist-ah Fah-ley En-di-cott. Telephone foh Mist-ah Fah-ley En-di-cott."

**R**AOUL, the head waiter, appeared. He bore down upon the trio at the table. In another moment McCord would know that the man whom he had found breakfasting with his niece was a masquerader. Endicott, as casually as he could, looked at his watch. "George!" he ejaculated. "I'm late, and—I wonder—"

Once again there was approval in the girl's eyes. "Most certainly," she said, graciously. And as she spoke her eyes seemed to flash some message. But Endicott could not read it. That it conveyed warning was all he knew.

McCord's waiter had brought breakfast. The old man looked up from his fruit. "Let us see you again, Mr. Hoban," he said.

Endicott bowed. Out of the corner of his eye he noted that the colored page had been stopped by Raoul, and that Raoul was looking inquiringly toward him. Before Raoul could come over to the table he must get away. He managed to do so, though he felt that he had done it clumsily.

Raoul advanced to meet him. "The page was calling—"

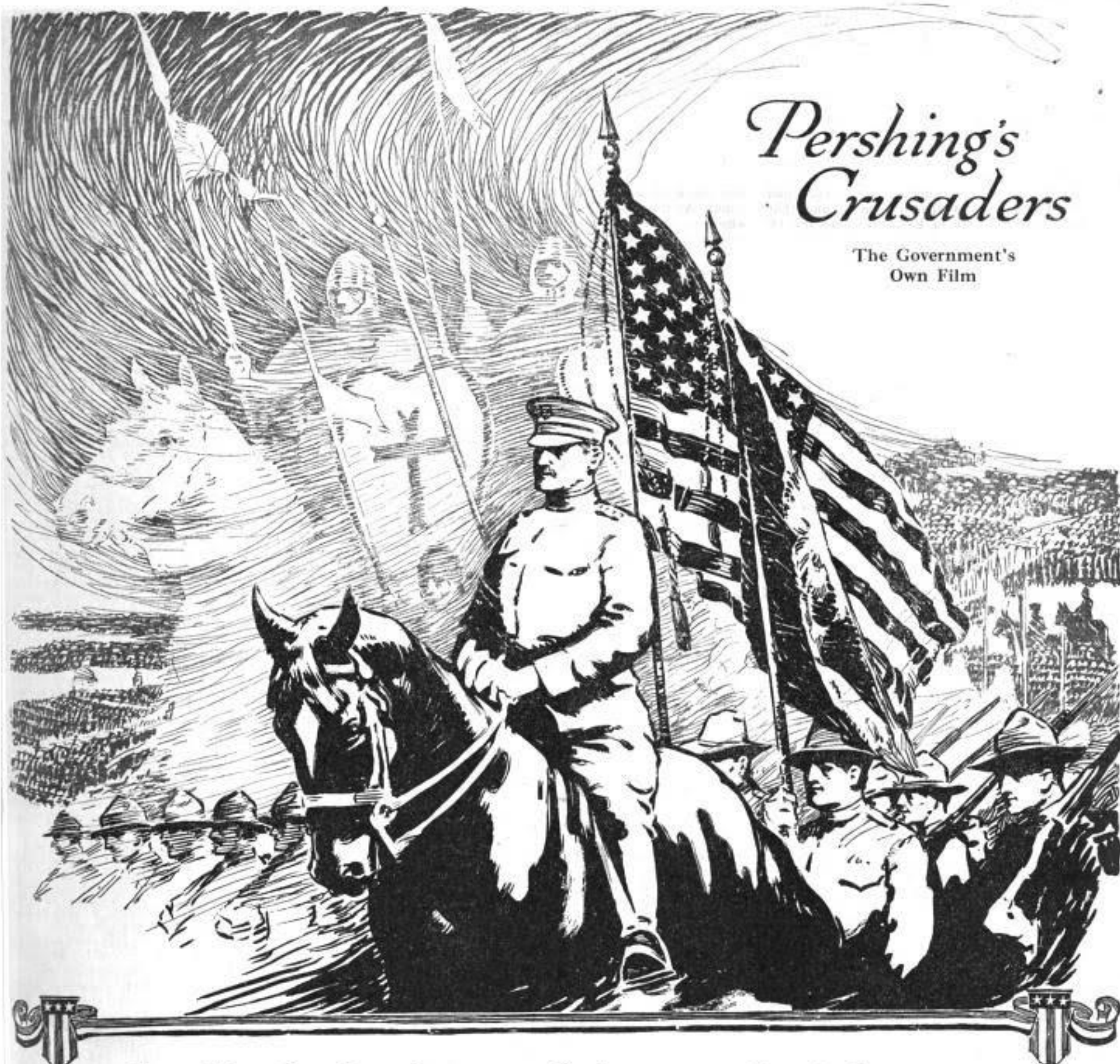
Into Raoul's palm was crushed a bill. "My name," breathed Endicott, "is Hoban. Arnold Hoban. Not Endicott. Do you thoroughly understand?"

Raoul's eyes twinkled. "The lady is most charming, m'sieu. I understand."

"I'm afraid, Raoul"—and Endicott's eyes were hard—"that you do not understand. In fact, Raoul, you are not expected to understand anything beyond the fact that my name is Hoban."

Rebuked, Raoul fell back a step. "Yes, m'sieu." "Very well," said Endicott.





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you can find out about <sup>to-night</sup> at my—

"You listen, Far! Endicott! What sort of melodrama is this anyway? I haven't heard a thing from you in four months, and you suddenly call me up, and—"

"Scold me by-and-by, Sam, will you, old top? Just now—"

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Far? Had this war—"

"Will you do it, Sam?"

"All right. If I have to lick him, will you pay my fine?"

"Sure thing. But don't let him suspect—right."

Through the door of the booth he saw the brown-suited man making some purchases at the cigar counter. There was no question about it. He was the man who had backed away from the breakfast room at the Birmingham when McCord had signaled. And now he was following Endicott. Well, Sam Whitney would attend to him.

Pretending to be talking to some one, to gain time for Whitney to arrive, Endicott smiled at good-natured Sam's wrath. His face grew quickly sober, however. He might be asking Sam to risk his neck. Still, Sam would never forgive Endicott did he discover that there had been adventure in the wind and he had been left out. Sam loved to risk his neck. Farley Endicott had had proof enough of that. And the Croix de Guerre that Sam Whitney could wear if he chose was proof that a nation had recognized Sam's valor. No, Endicott would waste no fears on Sam. He could think, just now, of nothing save the violet-eyed Leila Kildare.

What, in the name of all improbabilities, was terrorizing the girl? And why should Curzon McCord have Endicott followed? Within the narrow confines of the booth Endicott shrugged his broad shoulders. Adventure called. For four months the voice of adventure had been silent. Now—

But Whitney's lounging figure was visible outside the drug store. Endicott hung up the receiver. He walked out of the store and headed directly for the Claridge. He entered by the Forty-fourth Street entrance. He descended a flight of stairs, passed through the grill and tap room, and found himself on Broadway. At the Knickerbocker cab stand he looked back. He could see neither the man who had been following nor Whitney. Good old Sam! Evidently in that revolving door of the Claridge—Well, he would know the details later. Meantime—

He took a taxi to the Manhattan. Dismissing the machine, he took another to his apartment on University Place.

### Chapter III: An Envelope

"A PLEASANT young man," observed McCord. "You seemed to be getting on quite famously with him."

The girl avoided his eyes. "He is pleasant," she replied in a curiously stifled voice.

"And I suppose that, after a prolonged companionship with me, youth calls to youth, eh?"

Fleeting she glanced at him. Of late, within the past week or so, she had noted little things. Each was trivial in itself, but taken together—

Now it seemed that there was a note of jealousy, of suspicious jealousy, in McCord's voice.

"One greets an acquaintance," she remarked coldly.

"And that is all he is?" insisted McCord.

"You heard us talking," was all that she vouchsafed.

McCord's eyes flashed. But he evidently thought better of the angry speech on his tongue's tip.

"Shall we go upstairs, then?" he asked. "There is much to be done."

"As you wish," she said listlessly.

She accompanied McCord to his room. From a desk McCord took a bundle of manuscript, typed, but badly typed. He placed it in the girl's hands.

"As much as you can, my dear. You must not tire yourself."

"I am paid for it, Mr. McCord," she reminded him.

"Mr. McCord," he said. "Do you know, Leila, that avuncular relationship that we decided would be best—I almost prefer your public addressing of me, 'Uncle,' to Mr. McCord."

She made no reply.

"I am old, in years, yes," went on McCord. "But in the things that count—in mind, in heart—But I ramble, my dear, I ramble." He noted the steadily mounting color in her cheeks, and the smoldering wrath in the eyes that now met his. "An old man,

dreams aloud, my dear, he dreams aloud. As little or as much as you please." He indicated the manuscript. "Recently, I wonder if, after all, work is as important as—But run along, my dear." He patted her wrist, the same wrist that he had gripped so savagely half an hour before, down stairs in the breakfast room.

THE girl turned on her heel. She entered her own room, a few doors down the corridor, and closed the door behind her. She placed the manuscript on a table that also held a typewriter. Then she entered her bathroom. Very deliberately she washed her wrist, where McCord had patted it. Looking at herself in the mirror above the washstand, she did not smile. The washing was symbolic, and so, absurd action though it was, not subject to levity.

She entered her room again. She stood in the middle of it, looking around her. Then suddenly she dropped into a chair, and her face was hidden in her hands. Not to hide tears, though; rather to shut out pictures—pictures of McCord attired in prison stripes, with shaven head that accentuated his large, dead-seeming ears. Before her closed eyes ran a group of men.

What a fool she had been! McCord was clever; more than that: he was brilliant. And a brilliant man would recognize his own limitations. No critic in the world would know, more surely than McCord, that McCord possessed the literary gift in not the slightest degree. McCord must know that the manuscript which he gave to Leila Kildare to type was puerile, absurd.

"An Economic History of Modern Times," he called it. A study of the labor problem, it was supposed to be. And the men who called upon McCord—those queer, mentally unclean persons as they seemed to her—it was from these that McCord pretended to be gaining much of his data.

Data! Ranting rot! That's what his data were! And she? A child could have known that McCord had been hastily preparing any sort of drivel that would cover space, that would give an excuse for her labors. Yet she hadn't known it. She, who thought herself clever, had been deceived. McCord undoubtedly believed that she had seen through his little scheme. But she hadn't. God in Heaven knew that she hadn't! Until this morning she had thought that McCord was, in all sincerity, a would-be writer on economics. But now there had been that in his voice, in his eyes, that told her—ugh! The nasty old, old, old man!

And McCord must have thought her receptive to his advances. McCord must think that she knew that McCord had not the literary gift. And a self-respecting girl does not permit herself to become engaged on silly work. She tells her employer that she cannot continue. But it had taken something more than the work itself to open her eyes. To tell the truth, she had never digested McCord's writings. They had been meaningless lines. She had been an automaton who typed them; that was all.

Funny how things will go along, serene but vague, until suddenly some one thing illuminates, as by a lightning flash, everything. McCord had come to her; he had offered her a secretarial position; she had accepted. She had worked for several weeks; she had questioned nothing. But now—

Yesterday he had given her some manuscript. This morning, before breakfast, turning the pages to be typed this morning, she had come upon a photograph. It was patently a recent copy of an old photograph. And it was a picture of a man in prison stripes—the picture of Curzon McCord! Not Curzon McCord of to-day, but Curzon McCord of perhaps twenty years ago. But he! Of that there was no question. And on the photograph's base was written, illiterately: "This goes to the police unless you declare me in."

And she had understood everything: McCord's mysterious visitors, odd, furtive men, outside of any previous experience of hers! McCord was a criminal, planning criminality. She might have known that the "book" was a blind. Well, she saw it clearly enough now. But up to now—the old friend of her father's, who had come to Gallipoli upon her father's recent death, had offered her a position, had said that he held her father's memory so dear that he considered himself an uncle, and wished to be known as such—why shouldn't she have believed implicitly?



She had been a young girl, inexperienced. But now—

Why McCord had sought her out—that did not matter. The only important thing now was that McCord was a criminal. She might go to him, demand an explanation, but—those men who visited him! Those evil-looking, cruel-looking men! She was under no debt of gratitude to McCord. She knew now that it had not been desire to help the daughter of an old friend that had made him engage her. It had been because, in his way, he loved her. And she felt dishonored by the love of such a man.

Her first generous impulse had been to show the picture to McCord. But when clouds are blown away one sees so clearly. Leila saw clearly now that McCord was dangerous. Some one was endeavoring to blackmail him. If she could get in touch with that some one, ascertain what McCord really was, she might make McCord stop his evil. There was no compromise about Leila. She either trusted implicitly or she did not trust at all. The haze that had surrounded her since her father's sudden death, a death that left her homeless and alone, was dissipated. She saw clearly, not faces alone, but the thoughts behind the faces.

McCord had engaged her that she might be near him. He wanted her. And a man who would invent authorship that he might have her near him—She must protect herself. And this photograph afforded a measure of protection.

But McCord would miss it. She had destroyed the envelope in which it had been contained, from which it had been protruding when she discovered it. She placed it in another envelope, and left her room. But to give it to the clerk—McCord might discover that she had done so. In a panic of indecision she had entered the breakfast room. And there she had seen Farley Endicott.

There had been a garden party in the little town of Gallipolis. There had been a little girl, too young to be invited, but who had slipped away from home to peek in at the festivities. And the little girl had caught her dress upon a fence. And a great man, a man who was in college, who rowed on the crew, and played football—that man, by name Farley Endicott, had unfastened the little girl's dress. Of course he had forgotten, but she—she read the papers; had seen his pictures many times since then. She had not forgotten. And Farley Endicott was a gentleman. She had given him the photograph of Curzon McCord.

She wished that she had told him everything. Now that McCord had spoken of his "dreams"—It was tantamount to open confession of his purpose in engaging her. She owed him nothing. If she could see Endicott now. She started for the telephone. A knock on her door made her pause.

"Come in," she called.

McCord entered. His lips were twitching. Something more than the malevolence which she now realized was always in his eyes gleamed from them now: fear, overmastering fear.

"An envelope, Leila. An envelope! Postmarked Madison Square yesterday! Have you seen it?"

She met his eyes fairly. "How should I see it?" she asked.

Evasion, but McCord had lied to her when he told her that he engaged her because he needed a secretary. He needed no secretary.

"No, of course not, but—"

"Was it important?" she asked.

"Important! My God, it would ruin—" He controlled himself. "Nothing is important, Leila, save that you should not be disturbed. No, no; it does not matter."

She turned her back upon him. There had been glances, intonations, that she had not clearly understood before this; that had made her unaccountably uncomfortable. But words, words almost direct, had come only to-day. She would pretend not to notice.

"I have not your envelope," she told him.

"Of course not, of course not! But—you will excuse me—"

HE was gone. Even the opportunity to speak to the girl who obsessed him must be foregone. For terror stalked behind McCord. In the hall he mastered himself. The photograph that had come to him yesterday, that he had locked in his desk, meant that not only was his past known, but that he had been recognized in the present, and that the things he planned to do were known to some outsider.

Fear, for many years, had been unknown to him. He had been the inspirer of fear in others. But now fear grinned at him. He did not see Emile, the waiter, until the latter was almost upon him. Then, drawing aside, he cursed the little Swiss.

"Are you blind? Would you drop the tray you carry now also?"

Emile flushed. "M'sieu was not looking. As for the other, M'sieu Endicott has said that it was his fault, m'sieu, not mine."

"Endicott?" McCord seized the waiter's shoulder. The tray that Emile bore to some later riser slanted dangerously.

"Pardon, m'sieu, but—careful. Yes, M'sieu Endicott. Pardon, m'sieu."

EMILE hurried down the hall. McCord looked after him. Endicott! But that same man had been introduced to him under the name of Hoban! Hoban had faced the mirror. McCord had looked into the mirror. Leila's hand had been stretched halfway across the table. Endicott's hand had been busied with his coat pocket. McCord had not thought of these things then. But he had not missed the photograph at that time. Could it be possible that Leila— But Leila Kildare was a young country girl. Passing through Gallipolis, he had read of her father's death, had seen her pictures in the daily paper, had been fascinated by the picture. And he had known Frank Kildare years and years before. He had made up a position for Leila on the spot. He, himself, had sought out the girl. She had not been "planted" in his employ by enemies who might— But to-day he had read aversion, horror, in her eyes. That was new to them.

He entered his own room. He opened the desk in which he had placed, yesterday, the photograph. In that desk had been a pile of manuscript, the drivel—he smiled contemptuously—that he had roughly dictated to a public stenographer in order that he might have some apparent reason for Leila's employment by him. He knew that it was drivel, and purposely dictated errors, in order that Leila might find them, that there might be justification, in Leila's eyes, for her accepting a salary from McCord. He smiled, contemptuously again. Women were lovely, were wonderful, but they had no brains. Had Leila a masculine brain, she would have understood his subterfuge. Ah, well, who wanted women to have brains? Not he, Curzon McCord!

But terror was too close for him to gloat over his deception of the girl. That picture had been in this desk. It might have been among the pages of manuscript that he had given her last night or this morning. And if it had been there, Leila had discovered it, and—

Endicott, Emile had said the young man's name was. And Leila had called him Hoban. And his hand—near his pocket; her hand—across the table! Even the page, calling the name of Endicott, had eyed "Hoban" closely, as though in indecision. And "Hoban" had left so suddenly, not even waiting for his waiter, but paying the head waiter as he left.

The broken eggs! McCord touched his pocket, where, oddly enough, he was carrying the egg that he had snatched from Endicott's hand. Could it be possible that the young man breakfasting with Leila had deliberately upset Emile? And that Leila too was planning?

He walked to his telephone and asked for a number.

"Stromberg? Come at once to the hotel. I shall send Miss Kildare on an errand. Follow her. And do not lose her! That is all."

Deliberately he sat down then and looked at his watch. He must give Stromberg time to reach the Birmingham. Then—if he had been deceived in Leila—well, he would search her room. But, until he was certain, not a breath of suspicion must be wafted Leila's way. He had will, had McCord. With every nerve tingling apprehensively, he schooled himself to wait. Exactly ten minutes after he had telephoned Stromberg, he entered Leila's room.

"I have a headache; a slight headache, my dear," he said. "Would you mind going to the nearest drug store and having this prescription filled?"

She managed to smile pleasantly and to inject sympathy also into the smile.

"Certainly not. Right away?"

"If you will."

She turned away to hide the sudden light in her eyes. McCord's arrival a



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few moments ago had presented her from telephoning Endicott at his club. And while he had been gone second thought had advised her not to telephone. McCord might come in upon her, she feared. But outside there would be no one to prevent or to listen. She put on her hat, picked up her hand bag, and, taking the prescription from McCord, left the room.

McCord waited until the elevator had returned from the street floor. Then he too descended. Straight to the desk, but quite casually, he made his way. Guests have a right to look at the hotel register. McCord looked at this one.

He found the name, Farley Endicott, Room 422. But Farley Endicott had "checked out" last night. McCord turned forward the pages. Arnold Hoban was registered in Room 418. He had arrived last night. But the handwriting of Endicott and the handwriting of Hoban were almost identical. Furthermore, Hoban had registered from Gallipoli, Ohio. Why? According to his own statement, he had not been there recently, did not live there, as McCord had understood it. Why register from there then?

Because he was not Arnold Hoban, but was Farley Endicott. And registering under a false name; the residence had been an afterthought. And the afterthought had been plain suggestion: Gallipoli had been mentioned as the place where he had known Leila—McCord understood it perfectly.

But why had Leila introduced the man under a false name? McCord smiled grimly. The name of Farley Endicott had been vaguely familiar when he had heard it called by the colored page. Now it came back to him clearly. Naturally, one as well known

as Farley Endicott, whose address could be found in any Blue Book, whose life's career must be intimately told in "Who's Who," could not pretend to be a native of a little Ohio town.

Deceit! Calculated deceit, as proved by this false registering. Only, Mr. Endicott was new at deceit. He did not disguise his handwriting; he did not think of the little things that count so much. Well, Larsen was following him, and Larsen was not easily shaken off the trail.

But if Endicott had that picture—Well, he had gambled with fate before. He must gamble again. He must search Leila's room, to find what evidence there might be of her knowledge of his affairs. Three minutes were enough. Leila's garments were not many, and her little strong box yielded to his first attack. And his search yielded him nothing. He entered his own room. He must leave the Birmingham. If Endicott went to the police, as, undoubtedly, he would do, certain things must be destroyed before the police came here. They were destroyed. McCord started for the door. His telephone rang. He answered it.

"Larsen talking, sir. I got in a mix-up with a guy, and I lost the man you had me follow. What'll I do now, sir?"

"Report to Benchley. I'll be there in ten minutes," replied McCord. He did not use strong language to Larsen. The man had failed. No matter that he might have been stupid in his failure, what counted was that he had failed, and that Arnold Hoban—or Farley Endicott—was clever; clever enough to elude a man like Larsen.

Very quietly McCord left the hotel.

(To be continued next week)

## ARTHUR ROCHE

THE distinguished Irish-American poet and journalist, James Jeffrey Roche—friend and biographer of John Boyle O'Reilly—once wrote a book entitled "The Story of the Filibusters," a thrilling narrative of the adventures of William Walker and those other dare-devil gun-runners who helped overthrow the Spanish power in Central and South America. James Jeffrey Roche's son, Arthur Somers Roche, writes about filibusters too. The only difference is that his stories are fiction and his characters, instead of operating in and around Caribbean bays and cays, brew their stratagems in Riverside Drive apartments or dark corners of hotel lobbies and cruise in taxicabs instead of rakish schooners. He brings you into a confab of blue-jowled magnates of modern business who, in the secrecy of a steel-and-stone skyscraper, plot the economic enslavement of the world. He traces the fortunes of reporters and beautiful girl detectives fighting single-handed through a net of German intrigue.

His stories seem mighty real too. In fact, when one of us editors gets hold of an Arthur Roche manuscript, he straightway becomes oblivious to jangling telephone and copy boys tugging at his sleeve for proofs and devours it through to the end, unless some other huskier member of the staff happens along. When an Arthur Roche story is coming out serially, readers phone and write and telegraph trying to bribe us into slipping them advance copies of the next installment. What with the H. C. L. and everything, it is sometimes terribly hard to hold out against these bribes. But we always do hold out. We warn our readers that they will have to take "The Flying Fish" as it comes.

THE other day when Roche was in the office we got him cornered and tried to get some information for use in this sketch.

"Where were you educated, Mr. Roche?" was the first question.

"I got the degree of LL. B. from Boston University School of Law at the tender age of twenty-one."

"Did you practice law?"

"Yes, and I lost only one case."

"How many cases did you have?"

"One," he answered modestly.

Then, questioning further, we gained some more equally significant information.

Quitting the law (reason not given), he struck Park Row for a job. He got it, and for four or five years Roche followed the turbulent career of a New York newspaper reporter, lacking a job as often as having one, piecing out his slender salary by marketing what he calls "alleged funny stuff" with the New York "Morning Telegraph," evening "Globe," and Boston "Herald." On one historic occasion, when he hadn't any job, any money, or

any breakfast, he sat down at his typewriter and dashed off two pieces of topical verse. There was an editor on Park Row who sometimes paid spot cash. But half an hour later Roche was quitting that editor's sanctum still without prospect of breakfast. By the time he had crossed City Hall Park, however, his spirits were perking up—already some new verses ran through his head. Hustling into the old Astor House, he got them down on paper and in a nearby newspaper office borrowed a typewriter. In twenty-five minutes he was back in the same editor's office and had exchanged his new "pome" for \$7 cash. Next day he landed a new job.

IT is queer how easily reporting on a New York newspaper leads to writing fiction. Or perhaps it isn't queer. Just when Roche was beginning to be recognized as a newspaper man, he decided on impulse to become a writer of fiction. He quit Park Row and found a garret in Washington Square. For some years he had the usual struggle of the beginner, then success came with a rush.

Here are some of the things that Arthur Roche believes: That Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Poole are the two comers in American Letters; that St. John Ervine's novel, "Changing Winds," is the best book published in a decade; that Lew Fields is the greatest American actor; and that "Huckleberry Finn" is the best popular song in years. He believes and knows and does a lot of other things which this is neither the time nor place to set down. Let him tell you all about them when you see him.



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## Something—!

Continued from page 18

their profanity between the Bulge and the lack of reserves which tied them to their trenches.

It was Cockerill of the Hotspurs, foraging hopelessly for his particular brand of tobacco (and making blood-curdling charges against a brother officer) who brought news of the Russians.

"Clean dotty!" he said. "Singing and that sort of thing. They don't realize how jumpy Fritz's nerves are. They'll have him heaving all sorts of things at us just as we've taught him to lie still most of the time." He glanced up from the business of filling his pipe with Heathcote's tobacco. "But they can sing!" he admitted. "That hymn of theirs, you know, is rather fine. Gets under your skin and crawls along your spine!"

That afternoon a German battery, either through Teutonic thoroughness or a piece of sheer luck, got the exact range on Heathcote's parapet and reduced some forty yards of it to heaps of rubble and twisted pieces of corrugated iron.

No attack followed—there were even no consequences graver than the wounding of four men who were late in seeking the dugouts—but B Company swore feelingly at the prospect of a night spent in labor which they would preferably have devoted to sleep.

Heathcote, Duncan, and Wallace were in the trenches with the work parties during the interminable night, and, hollow-eyed and spent, were viewing the result of their labors with surly satisfaction in the gray hours of dawn when the incredible thing happened.

The first intimation came in the sound of singing, measured, slow, compelling, which rose above the thud of picks and the rumble of some distant artillery fire. Men stopped work to listen.

"Those Russians!" exclaimed Wallace.

"Can't they let Fritz sleep?" protested Duncan. "Now they'll have him jumpy and irritable the rest of the day, and we shall pay for their music!"

Almost immediately there was a sporadic rattle of rifles, then a sudden meteor shower of star shells—and then pandemonium!

A LINE of trenches is controlled by a complex nervous system composed of wires, telephone instruments, and men who have forgotten how to sleep. Being a huge, ungainly creature, a line of trenches possesses a nervous system which must work with comparative slowness, and the vitality of trenches, like that of humans, is at its lowest in the grim hours of early morning.

Some time had to pass before battalion and regimental commanders could be roused and told that the Russians had run amuck and without orders flung themselves through the darkness against the Bulge, now edged with points of flame. More time had to pass before these hastily awakened officers could take stock of the situation and move to meet it.

They had not planned an assault upon the Bulge. They had been definitely and pungently told to be niggardly with life, to hang on, but to do no more than that—and here was the thing jerked out of their hands by some hundreds of singing, shouting madmen!

Company commanders did what they could. The men "stood to" in the faint light, waiting, helmeted, in the fire trenches for the next order. Reserves, rubbing their eyes as they staggered and stumbled, commenced trickling forward through the communication trenches. And out in the green glare of the flares the Russians shouted and died—but some of them did not die until they were inside the Bulge!

B Company got its orders and stared incredulously.

"They've gone and got themselves where nobody wanted 'em and where it isn't humanly possible to get!" protested Duncan, "and now we've got to go and keep 'em there!"

Heathcote, leading his men across in the increasing light, got his first real comprehension of what the first minutes had been like.

The green-clad dead lay thick, but they all lay like men struck down in full

course. Their heavy boots had been spurning the earth when the German storm caught them. They had swept over and engulfed the Bulge through a combination of complete surprise and the sheer power of their emotions!

Close under the parapet of the German trench they found Letsch. Clashed in his arms was the hastily made red flag of the revolution, and his face was that of an inspired child. In his breast were four bullet holes, and there were signs to prove that he had gone many yards with some of those holes pouring blood.

Two hours later Heathcote was in the Bulge again. All about him British picks and shovels were frantically busy connecting the captured salient with the British lines, striving desperately to make all ready against the counterattacks which were even now preparing.

Conspicuous among the Tommies were knots of Russians, their broad backs bent to the pick stroke. Heathcote looked at them, marveling. Their faces were wooden, their eyes dull; they worked apathetically, heavily, in silence.

THREE days passed ere there was time for any speech of what had taken place, three days strange to the life of the sector, days when the slim battalions hung on when hanging seemed no longer possible, when one German blow followed another like the inexorable thuds of a hammer, when sleep and food and rest and relaxation seemed the dreams of a previous life.

Then, at the heavy cost of disarranged plans, inevitable confusions, men and guns and stores were shifted through seas of mud, the spent regiments in the captured Bulge were stiffened by fresh troops, the attacks of the Hun grew feebler, feebler, ceased—and men in offices, poring over great maps, made the slightest of possible alterations in the long line which ran from the Swiss border to the North Sea.

"The papers," said Major Watts, "are calling us heroes. You and I know that we are merely overworked, tired, abused subjects of His Majesty—and that we wish they hadn't!"

The major took a swallow of coffee and the rest of the mess waited. It was seldom that the battalion commander spoke at length, and when he did they heard him in silence.

"Those Russians," he went on, "played the devil and all with everything. They broke every rule of the new war which Fritz has taught us to play. They made what was unquestionably one of the most brilliant charges in the history of war—and by all odds the most stupid! The public will think they succeeded hugely. We are now possessors of some meters of trench which previously belonged to Brother Boche.

"That's all the public sees or cares. You and I know that we've fallen heir to a position infinitely harder to hold than the one we had; that we've lost hundreds of men that might as well not have been lost; that plans beyond our knowing have been disarranged. Lord only knows what bigger chances lost. And yet"—he brushed back his grizzled mustache with a quick wave of the hand and glanced down the circle of his officers with a kindling eye—"and yet you know, gentlemen, those few minutes that morning were rather glorious!"

"But," came a hesitating voice from the foot of the table, "won't things in Russia go to rack and ruin?"

"They will!" the major agreed heartily. "They certainly will. They're beginning now. We shall have German troops as far into Russia as they care to go, Russian grain fattening German school children, Russian factions cutting each other's throats while Fritz marches on Petrograd. We shall have all that and worse. You and I will get so we'll swear at the very word Russia. They've knocked the props out from under everything. They've saddled us with at least two years more war. And yet—I don't know. A hundred years from now—who knows? They're hairy, impossible cattle—and yet, there's something—!"

He paused, shook his head and fingered the bare table top, while Captain Heathcote and Lieutenant Duncan and Wallace looked at each other quickly as the major paused, smiled the least bit, and were silent with him.

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Be as brave as he, and by every word you write let him know that his sacrifices shall not be in vain. Write him a letter of cheer today—and write him often. Remember the soldier who smiles is the soldier who wins—keep him smiling all the time.

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University of Illinois

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## Linking Up the Lincoln Highway

Continued from page 22

\$25,000, to be used for building the road through Johnson's Pass, which is going to be renamed Fisher Pass, officially, in his honor. The desert section is going to be called the Goodyear Section.

"Now—have you ever heard of such a thing? Have you ever heard of private individuals and a great corporation digging into their pockets that way to build a road in country they've never even seen—because they see it as a big, national proposition? There are Du Pont roads in Delaware, I know, but Mr. Du Pont lives there, and drives over those roads, all the time, and it's a different proposition. Anyway, Utah came through, after we got the money that way. Governor Bamberger, who sees this whole thing in a big way, helped us splendidly. The State will administer the money, and will supply equipment and labor. We all hope the Federal Government will let us have some of the interned Germans. It'll be good, healthy work for them!" (And poetic justice!)

Utah and Nevada are going to join in celebrating the opening of the new section. Fifty miles of travel will be saved. Simultaneously bad spots are to be ironed out in Wyoming and Nevada.

The Lincoln Highway won't keep the association busy much longer; won't keep it busy enough, that is. And so, already, it is sighing for new worlds to conquer. It has suggested a great Bor-

der Highway, to follow, roughly, the coast lines, east and west, and the north and south borders. The strategic value of such a highway speaks for itself. Across the continent, from New York to San Francisco, runs the great Lincoln Highway. The Santa Fe Trail, from Kansas City to San Bernardino; the Dixie Highway, from Chicago to Miami, Fla.; the Jefferson Highway, from Winnipeg to New Orleans; the Columbia Highway, from Portland to Salt Lake City, and the Yellowstone Trail, cutting across Wyoming and Montana, and connecting the Lincoln Highway with the northern Border Highway, would provide a principal system of strategic highways that would serve as the groundwork for a really coordinated system of roads.

And the beauty of such a highway system is that, though it would have military value, its value wouldn't be solely military. The Lincoln Highway has brought prosperity to the country through which it runs. In time of peace such a system of roads, covering the whole country, would be invaluable. It would make the great national parks available as they have never been for those whose taxes maintain them. And it would probably do more than anyone could do to make this one country, to abolish sectionalism—if this war leaves any traces of such a thing, which doesn't seem likely.

## From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 13

Jeanne, my newly made bride, with me," I says, "because she has just come back from Paris, and here I am goin' away almost the same day."

He gimme a frown.

"The United States army has nothing to do with your domestic arrangements," he says.

"No doubt," I says, "but, sir, if the United States army hadn't brung me over here, I prob'ly never would of gone to work and got wed!"

I seen all his front teeth.

"Harmon," he says, "you are irrepressible! I will see what can be done."

Well, Joe, with that I went over to place the case before Jeanne, which is livin' for the time bein' in this French burg where we are quartered.

"Jeanne," I says, "I got some more good news for you. I am goin' to nothin' less than dear old London!"

She throwed up her hands and commenced waggin' her head.

"C'est possible!" she says. "But why is it always you they send?"

"I don't know," I says. "I must be teacher's pet, I guess." I put my arms around her, and why not? "Listen!" I says, "don't go turnin' on the weeps, because I may be able to frame it so's you can go with me."

"But how then?" she says, nothin' but smiles. "I will be of the delight! I will wear my dress of the blue silk. Edouard, mon chéri, you are indeed of the charming!"

"Ain't I?" I says. "Believe me, it runs in the family. I got a brother back in the Etat Unis which has broke up many a home, and him not half as good-lookin' as me!"

"Edouard, what mean you?" she says, drawin' back. "I not like it this breakin' up of the home."

"You don't get me," I says. "My brother is a furniture mover!"

Joe, it went over her head like a areyoplane. Still, a girl can't have everything, and she's an awful good looker. Joe, believe me!

Well, Joe, the captain says I can take Jeanne with me for all of him, if only she can get a passport. He will stake me to a note that she's my wife and I am goin' to London on official business, but that lets him out. We get all packed for a long journey and go up to the passport office. Joe, we didn't have no more trouble gettin' Jeanne a passport than the Germans is havin' in gettin' to Paris. They was a little French guy in charge of the office, and I think he must of been the guy that invented insurance policies and applications for jobs with joints like the Standard Oil Company or somethin', because he knowed all the questions in the world and asked 'em twice for luck. We come near havin' a run in, Joe, when he demands a coupla photos of Jeanne.

"Nethin' stirrin'!" I says. "Where d'ye get that photo stuff?"

"That picture of madame, I must have it of a certain," he says, castin' a smile at Jeanne that abducted my goat. "It is of the most necessary to put on the passport. If not so, how will one know that madame is in truth herself who has the passport?"

"She can tell 'em, can't she?" I says. "Aha, but if they do not believe?" he says.

"Then they're outa luck," I says, "because I will of the most certain bust 'em in the nose!"

WELL, Joe, we fin'ly fixed it up without no bloodshed and grab the next train for Havre, where we get the boat for England. Joe, this Havre place is a steal on Coney Island, without the amusements, lights, and hot dogs. The connections with the train and the Channel boat is great, and we only had to wait seven hours. Before we could get on this burlesque of a ocean liner which expected to take us across, we had to go through all the customs and passport inspectors in Europe. By the time we had gone through three sets of 'em, Joe, Jeanne is all in and I am sore and don't care whether I ever see England or not, not that I ain't pro-Alley. They is one little guy with a mustache so sharp on the ends that he could of shaved the rest of his face with it, and he asks me thirty-four times to produce some papers showin' that Jeanne is actually my wife. Joe, I absolutely lost my goat!

"Listen, feller!" I says, leanin' over him, "I have give you a pass from General Pershing allowin' me to go anywhere. I have told you time and time again that this here girl is my lawful wedded wife—I ain't gonna tell you no more! If you don't quit askin' me that and pass us through to the boat, you'll wish to Heavens they had drafted you into the army instead of stakin' you to a desk job, believe me!"

Joe, to show how scared he was, he rubs his hands in his hair, throws what he prob'ly thought was a pleasant smile at Jeanne and says: "But of that I know not. I desire to know only this—madame—of the charming, she is la femme—what you say—your wife?"

JOE, I was furious with simple rage. I had tried him with "Yes," so now I hollers at the top of my voice:

"No—you little stiff!"

Everybody looked around, Joe, and he give a jump and O. K'd Jeanne's passport.

I asked them to show me my room on the boat, and the steward come back with the startlin' information that they is none reserved for me. I told him to get me one and he fin'ly come back and says he can get me a elegant stateroom for a pound.

"A pound of what?" I says, thinkin' he's trying to kid me.

(Continued on page 34)





## A Rude Awakening

THE Kaiser has again and again assured his people that they have nothing to fear from America—that all we will ever be able to get past his U-boats is a few divisions of troops and some shiploads of supplies—that all the tales of huge armies being formed, of mountains of munitions being manufactured, of flocks of aeroplanes and great fleets of ships, are just "American Bluff".

### What a Rude Awakening Is in Store for Him

Already our men are in the battle line by the hundred thousand; already our Navy has definitely checked the U-boat menace. Soon we will have more than a million men in France and two million more in training, and our shipbuilding alone will more than replace any future losses from submarines and mines.

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"A pound, sir," he says. "Just a pound, that's all, sir."

"I ain't got a pound of nothin' with me," I says. "How about a coupla ounces and a quart, will that do?"

They is a Canadian guy standin' there, Joe, and he says a pound is English money, worth about five bucks in ours. I had forgot to change my bank roll into English, so we fixed it up in French. It was easy, Joe. I simply give him all the loose francs I had and let it go at that.

Well, we get into this stateroom, which was the same as one on the night boat to Albany, Joe, with the exception that they was no towels, soap, water, heat, lookin'-glasses, air, or chairs. I am just layin' down Jeanne's suit case when a guy raps on the door. I opened it, and there's one of them boobs from the dock which has asked us all the questions. He grabs out a notebook.

"Why are you of the desire to proceed to England?" he asks me, settin' himself like that's only the first of a hundred questions he's got ready.

Joe, this here was the last straw! Jeanne grabbed my arm or I would of bounced him then and there.

"Because," I hollers, "they ain't no way I can figure of havin' it brought over here to me!"

With that I slammed the door and, after knockin' in vain for a few minutes, he beat it.

WELL, Joe, I ain't liable to forget that trip across for a long time. The boat didn't leave until eleven at night, and we had a coupla hours to wait. Jeanne went to sleep, and I went up on deck to chum around with our fellow passengers, as they say on the steamship companies' folders. They was pretty near all soldiers of one kind or another, mostly wounded English Tommies which was goin' home for a vacation, and so forth. You know how I mix, Joe, and in a few minutes we was all swappin' lies and cigarettes. Fin'ly we adjourned to the smokin' room.

We are all sittin' there talkin', Joe, with one of the stewards which from his actions was violently opposed to prohibition, when a civilian comes along and joins us. He's a big fat husky, with glasses and a trick whisker, and, Joe, he don't look good to me! They is no public demand for the information, but he claims he's an American named Brown which has come over on some war contracts and he asks what part of America I come from. I says North America, Joe, but that don't feaze him a bit. Then he remarks that the war is a terrible thing with everybody gettin' killed, and what's the use? The English guys get sore and beat it, and I says to him that it's the best war I ever been in and I ain't gonna stand for no noncombatant knockin' it! He laughs it off, Joe, and begins to talk to the steward, which by this time has tried out all the cracked ice in the place, givin' it the Scotch and soda test.

They get talkin' about German submarines, and the steward gives out the pleasin' information that the channel we are goin' across has got more U-boats than water in it. We gotta run all the way over in the middle of the night without lights and take a chance that they won't see us, in which event we would get slipped a torpedo. I says I don't see why we should get sunk goin' back to England, when they ain't nothin' on board but wounded soldiers and women. The steward says it don't make no difference to the Germans what's on board a ship, as long as they sink it. They get credit for every hit they make, whether it's a warship or a rowboat, because this big boob in Berlin thinks that kinda stuff if kept up long enough will scare the Alleys into makin' peace before we march into Berlin. Joe, he says they have been tryin' to get the boat we are on for a long time, and only a week before a torpedo missed 'em by three inches and dumb luck.

The big guy gets very much interested in all of this and begins buyin' more alcohol for the steward and askin' a lot of questions. I got up and grabbed a coupla life preservers and went down to turn in just as the boat is pullin' out.

Well, Joe, I stood at the rail outside for one flash at the well-known Channel. Oh, boy! Joe, it was some sight! They was a heavy fog bein' had and the night is as black as ten cents' worth of stove polish—the water is blacker. I looked down at it and all along the side of the ship is little things like lightnin' bugs, flickerin' here and there among the waves. Joe, them things is

some kind of jellyfish which is like Red Huggins which used to pick for the Cubs. In other words, they ain't no good in the daytime and get all lit up at night. Joe, I ain't yellish, but as I kept lookin' down there at that deep, black water which is rollin' past with a steady swish, swish, I felt little shivers runnin' up and down my back. You know, Joe, they is plenty of sharks and the like in the Channel, and if one of them U-boats come along— Well, Joe, Jeanne was with me too, and even you can imagine my feelin's.

They ain't a light showin' outside on the ship, and I like to broke my neck gettin' down to my stateroom, and there's Jeanne sleepin' like a very little and very pretty baby, Joe. You would think she didn't have a care in the world, which naturally she wouldn't, bein' married to me. I pulled over her suit case and sat on it and, Joe, for the next hour that's all I did. Just sit there and look at her and wonder how in Heaven's name she ever come to marry a big boob like me and what an awful thing it's gonna be if them German hellhounds slip us a torpedo on the way across. Then I commence to figure what I'll do if we get hit, and I try to kid myself that they ain't no danger and, Joe, all in all, I'm havin' one terrible night, now, believe me! I wasn't so much afraid of gettin' hurled into the ocean, Joe, but I knowed what salt water would do to my unction, and here I faced the prospect of goin' into London lookin' like a bum!

Well, Joe, I must of fell asleep on that suit case, and when I woke up I figured the captain had lost control of the steerin' wheel and we had left the ocean flat and was finishin' the trip over the mountains. I had fell or been pushed off of the suit case, Joe, and I'm layin' all doubled up under the bed. I got lots of company too, Joe. Everything which wasn't nailed has fell on the floor, and the English Channel is bangin' up against the portholes till I thought we was gettin' raided by some ocean-goin' cops, and every minute I expected to see axes and the like comin' through the walls. Oh, boy! This here boat was sure doin' a piece of rollin', now believe me! Comin' across the ocean was like a sail on Central Park lake alongside of this. Joe, I looked at my watch, and I seen it was half past four a. m., so I figured they was no use turnin' in then and made up my mind to go on deck where at least a man could get some air. Jeanne was still sleepin', so I got out as quiet as possible and started upstairs. Joe, if I could only repeat the funny falls I did on the way up, I could make my fortune in vaudeville when I come home. At the top of the stairs I met a steward.

"My word, but this is rippin', sir—what?" he says.

"Oh, elegant!" I says, wishin' I had denied myself supper and be done with it. "What d'ye mean rippin'?" I think it's rotten, if you ask me!

"But don't you know, sir," he says, "the more we pitch and toss, the harder it is for a submarine to score a hit!"

"No," I says, "I didn't. But if that's on the level, I'm willin' to go out on the rudder and help rock this thing some more myself!"

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class matter. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Copyright, 1918, by P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Volume 61 Number 18  
JULY 13, 1918

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be permitted, sir," he says, without a grin. "It's hardly within the rules. I shall speak to the captain if you awsk, though."

"Are you tryin' to kid me?" I says. "No, sir, thank you," he says. "Do you feel like a cup of tea?"

"No," I says. "Do I look like one?"

"Haw, haw!" he says. "Only fawncy, now!" He starts down the stairs. "I say," he says. "We are right in the war zone now, and you had best wear your life preserver. Shall I fetch you one?"

"Not right away," I says. "I got three on now under my coat, old dear!"

Well, Joe, I managed to bang open a door and get out on deck. Oh, lady! The waves is dyin' down a little, but the smallest one I seen would make the Woolworth Buildin' look like a cube of sugar and the decks is as wet as Lake Michigan. It's still pretty dark, and I'm feelin' my way along, they bein' no hurry, as unfortunately, Joe, I had no place to go. All at once I see a guy loomin' up in front of us. They is somethin' familiar about him, and in another second I know he's the bird which claimed he was an American contractor and was fillin' the steward with Red Eye. While I'm watchin' him, Joe, he takes a flashlight outa his pocket, faces the water and commences to wave it around. It was one of the biggest I ever seen, because it throwed a glow all around the deck where he was standin'. He'd hold it still for a minute and then shake it back and forth. I couldn't figure what the idea was for a minute and then it struck me so hard I liked to fell over the rail. Joe, this guy was signalin' to a submarine!

I give one jump along that deck and come down on him like a ton of bricks. He was a husky, Joe, and gimme quite a battle, even though his head hit the deck hard enough to have drove in a nail had there been one there, which unfortunately there wasn't. We rolled all over the deck with this guy tryin' hard to use a gun and a coupla times I thought to myself we was sure goin' over in the deep blue. Fin'ly, just as a lot of deck hands hearin' the noise, come runnin' up, I got a left hook on his chin and he resigned.

Joe, I'm still explainin' what happened when a dark shape looms up over the rail, and a guy with a megaphone hollers over, what the so and so do we mean by flashin' lights? It was a English destroyer, Joe, and the deck hands took me and this would-be assassin up to the bridge of our ship, and I give the captain the dope. He passed it along to the destroyer, and in a minute they got a searchlight sweepin' the water all around us.

JOE, that water looked bad enough in the dark, but with that blindin' light on it, it looked worse! They throwed the beams back and forth for a minute, and then all of a sudden we hear them shoutin' and runnin' around on the destroyer, and a lot of guys around me which was crowded to the rail hollers that they have picked up the periscope of a U-boat. Joe, I looked where the captain pointed, and sure enough right up outa the water quite some distance away is a black iron post movin' slowly along. I'll betcha that was the submarine this guy had signaled to, comin' up to get us. Anyhow, the destroyer cuts loose with a six-inch shell, and that periscope disappears. Whether they hit it or not, I don't know, Joe. All I know is that we got into Southampton without no further trouble. They took this other guy aboard the destroyer after searchin' him and findin' enough stuff on him to break up a dull day for a firin' squad. I was treated like I was George W. Hero, all the way over. The people on the boat couldn't do enough for me and says I had saved their lives and a lotto bunk like that. Jeanne was as proud as a infant with a new rattle, but made out she thought it was nothin'. One of the English officers' wives asked her if she didn't think it was wonderful the way we had escaped with our lives.

"Viola!" says Jeanne, shruggin' her shoulders and pullin' that U. S. Treasury smile. "How, then, could any danger befall us—was not Edouard with us?"

Joe, that's the way to stand with the wif, hey?

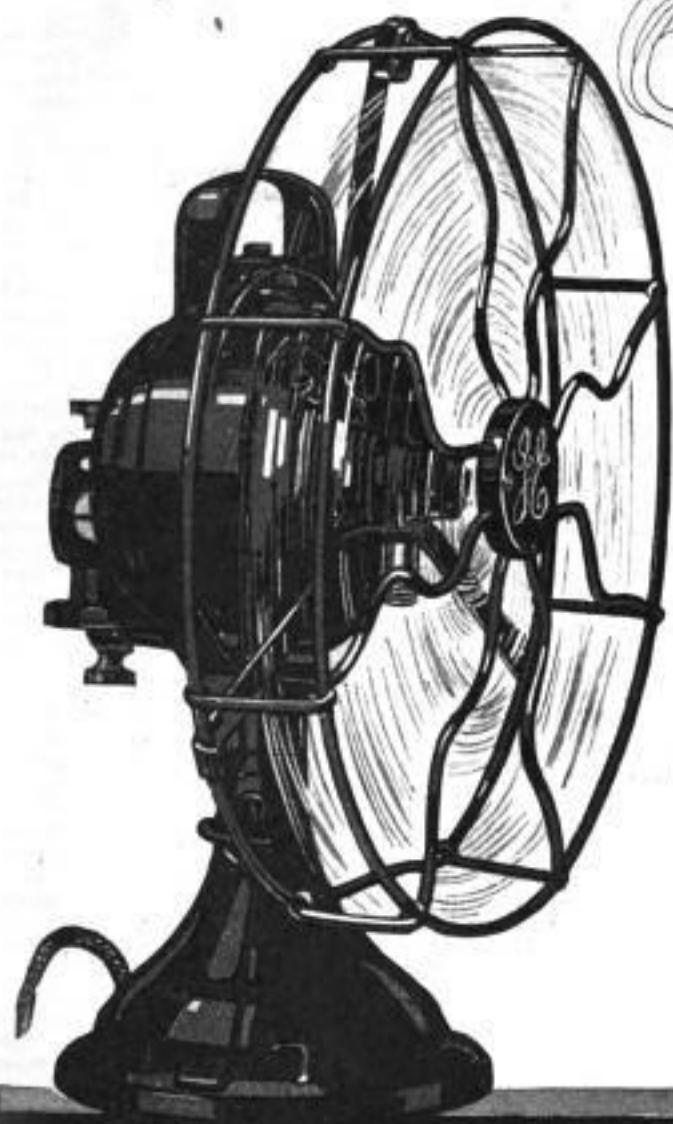
Still and all, the French is great kidders.

Yours truly, Sergt. ED HARMON.  
(In my next I will tell you all about my astoundin' adventures in dear old London, Joe.)

(To be continued in an early issue)



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

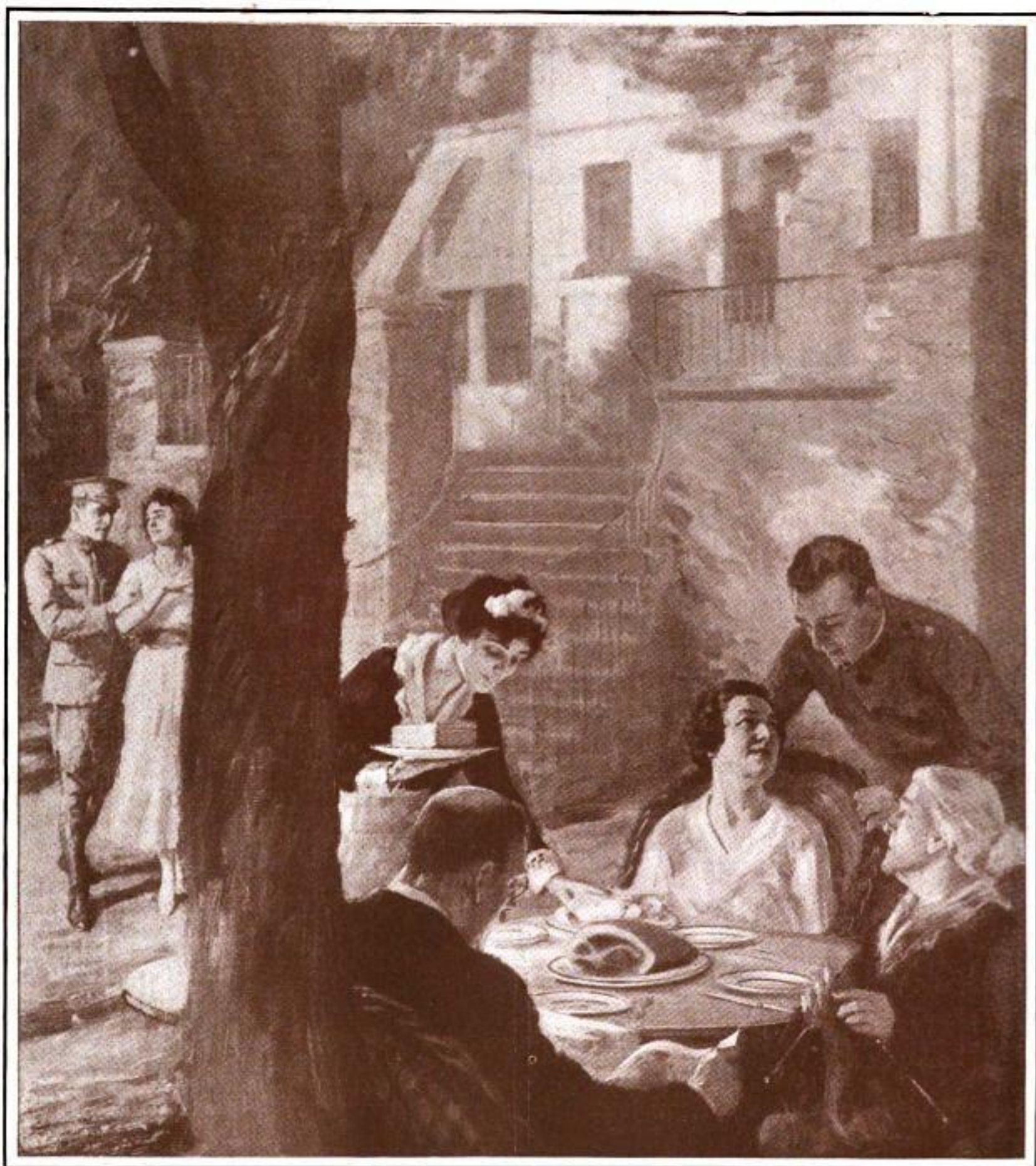
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Mackley Smith Building, Mason  
City, Iowa, Roofers, Mica Insu-  
lating Co., Mason City, Archi-  
tect, F. Brewster, Mason City.  
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Jefferson School, Mason City, Iowa.  
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# Barrett Specification Roofs

Y. W. C. A. Building, Mason City,  
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Co., Mason City, Architects, Strat-  
ford & Hanes, Chicago, Ill. Con-  
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At top: Modern Brotherhood of America Bldg.,  
Mason City, Iowa, Roofers, Mica Insulating Co.,  
Mason City, Architects, Bell & Bendig, Milwaukee.  
Coal, W. S. Kinsley, Fairbault, Minn. (In circle:  
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P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JULY 20, 1918  
VOLUME 41 NUMBER 19

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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## IN THE THICK OF IT

*Two French machine gunners facing a German attack near Hangard. In the middle distance is the artillery barrage laid down by the French through which the Germans must pass*





# SHORE LEAVE

BY EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

TYLER KAMPS was a tired boy. He was tired from his left great toe to that topmost spot at the crown of his head where six unruly hairs always persisted in sticking straight out in defiance of patient brushing, wetting, and greasing. Tyler Kamps was as tired as only a boy can be at 9.30 p. m. who has risen at 5.30 a. m. Yet he lay wide awake in his hammock eight feet above the ground, like a giant silkworm in an incredible cocoon, and listened to the sleep sounds that came from the depths of two hundred similar cocoons suspended at regular intervals down the long, dark room—a chorus of deep, regular breathing, with an occasional grunt or sigh, denoting complete relaxation. Tyler Kamps should have been part of this chorus himself. Instead he lay staring into the darkness, thinking mad thoughts of which this is a sample:

"Gosh! Wouldn't I like to sit up in my hammock and give one yell! The kind of a yell a movie cowboy gives on a Saturday night. Wake 'em up and stop that—that darned old breathing."

Nerves. He breathed deeply himself, once or twice, because it seemed somehow to relieve his feeling of irritation. And in that unguarded moment of unconscious relaxation Sleep, that had been lying in wait for him just around the corner, pounced on him and claimed him for her own. From his hammock came the deep, regular inhalation, exhalation, with an occasional grunt or sigh, the normal sleep sounds of a very tired boy.

THE trouble with Tyler Kamps was that he missed two things he hadn't expected to miss at all. And he missed not at all the things he had been prepared to miss most hideously.

First of all he had expected to miss his mother. If you had known Stella Kamps, you could readily have understood that. Stella Kamps was the kind of mother they sing about in the sentimental ballads; mother, pal, and sweetheart. Which was where she had made her big mistake. When one mother tries to be all those things to one son that son has a very fair chance of turning out a mollycoddle. The war was probably all that saved Tyler Kamps from such a fate.

In the way she handled this son of hers Stella Kamps had been as crafty and skillful and velvet-gloved as a girl with her beau. The proof of it is that Tyler had never known he was being handled. Some folks in Marvin, Tex., said she actually flirted with him, and they were almost justified. Certainly the way she glanced up at him from beneath her lashes was excused only by the way she scolded him if he tracked up the kitchen floor. But, then, Stella

Kamps and her boy were different, anyway. Marvin folks all agreed about that: Flowers on the table at meals; sitting over the supper things talking and laughing for an hour after they'd finished eating, as if they hadn't seen each other in years; reading out loud to each other, out of books, and then going on like mad about what they'd just read, and getting all het up about it! And sometimes chasing each other around the yard, spring evenings, like a couple of fool kids! Honestly, if a body didn't know Stella Kamps so well, and what a fight she had put up to earn a living for herself and the boy after that good-for-nothing Kamps up and left her, and what a housekeeper she was, and all, a person'd think—well—

So, then, Tyler had expected to miss her first of all; the way she talked; the way she fussed around him without in the least seeming to fuss; her special way of cooking things; her laugh which drew laughter in its wake; the funny way she had of saying things, vitalizing commonplace with the spark of her own electricity.

And now he missed her only as the average boy of twenty-one misses the mother he has been used to all his life. No more and no less. Which would indicate that Stella Kamps, in her protean endeavors, had overplayed the parts just a trifle.

He had expected to miss the boys at the bank. He had expected to miss the Mandolin Club. The Mandolin Club met, officially, every Thursday and spangled the Texas night with their tinkling. Five rather dreamy-eyed adolescents slumped in stoop-shouldered comfort over the instruments cradled in their arms, each right leg crossed limply over the left, each great foot that

dangled from the bony ankle keeping rhythmic time to the plunketty-plink-tinketty-plunk.

He had expected to miss the familiar faces on Main Street. He had even expected to miss the neighbors with whom he and his mother had so rarely mingled. All the hundred little, intimate, trivial, everyday things that had gone to make up his life back home in Marvin, Tex.—these he had expected to miss.

And he didn't.

AFTER ten weeks at the Great Central Naval Training Station so near Chicago, Ill., and so far from Marvin, Tex., there were two things he missed:

He wanted the decent privacy of his small quiet bedroom back home.

He wanted to talk to a girl.

He knew he wanted the first, definitely. He didn't know he wanted the second. The fact that he didn't know it was Stella Kamps's fault. She had kept his boyhood girlless, year on year, by sheer force of her own love for him, and need of him, and by the charm and magnetism that were hers. She had been deprived of a more legitimate outlet for these emotions. Concentrated on the boy, they had sufficed for him. The Marvin girls had long ago given him up as hopeless. They had fallen back, baffled, their keenest weapons dulled by the impenetrable armor of his impersonal gaze.

The room? It hadn't been much of a room, as rooms go. Bare, clean, aseptic, with a narrow, hard white bed and a maple dresser whose second drawer always stuck and came out zigzag when you pulled it; and a swimmey mirror that made one side of your face look sort of lumpy and higher than the other side. In one corner a bookshelf—he had made it himself at manual training. When he had finished it—the planing, the staining, the polishing—Chippendale himself, after he had designed and executed his first gracious, wide-seated, back-fitting chair, could have felt no finer creative glow. As for the books it held, just to run your eye over them was like watching Tyler Kamps grow up. Stella Kamps had been a Kansas school teacher in the days before she met and married Clint Kamps. And she had never quite got over it. So the bookcase contained certain things that a fond mother (with a teaching past) would think her small son ought to enjoy: things like "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Hans Brinker; or, the St-





ver Skates." He had read them, dutifully, but they were as good as new. No thumbed pages, no ragged edges, no creases and tatters where eager boy hands had turned a page overhastily. No, the thumb-marked, dog-eared, grimy ones were, as always, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and "Marching Against the Iroquois."

A hot enough little room in the Texas summers. A cold enough little room in the Texas winters. But his own. And quiet. He used to lie there at night, relaxed, just before sleep claimed him, and he could almost feel the soft Texas night enfold him like a great velvety, invisible blanket, soothing him, lulling him. In the morning it had been pleasant to wake up to its bare, clean whiteness, and to the tantalizing breakfast smells coming up from the kitchen below—his mother calling from the foot of the narrow wooden stairway: "Ty-ler!" rising inflection. "Ty-ler," falling inflection. "Get up, son! Breakfast'll be ready."

It was always a terrific struggle between a last delicious stolen five minutes between the covers and the scent of the coffee and bacon.

"Ty-ler! You'll be late!"

A mighty stretch. A gathering of his will forces. A swing of his long legs over the side of the bed so that they described an arc in the air.

"Been up years."

Breakfast had won.

UNTIL he came to the Great Central Naval Training Station Tyler's nearest approach to the nautical life had been when, at the age of six, he had sailed chips in the washtub in the back yard. Marvin, Tex., is five hundred miles inland. And yet he had enlisted in the navy as inevitably as though he had sprung from a long line of Vikings. In his boyhood his choice of games had always been pirate. You saw him, a red handkerchief binding his brow, one foot advanced, knee bent, scanning the horizon for the treasure island from the vantage point of the woodshed roof, while the crew, gone mad with thirst, snarled and shrieked all about him, and the dirt yard below became a hungry, roaring sea. His twelve-year-old vocabulary boasted such compound difficulties as mizzentopsail-yard and maintopgallantmast. He knew the intricate parts of a full-rigged ship from the mainsail to the deck, from the jib boom to the chart house. All this from pictures and books. It was the roving, restless spirit of his father in him, I suppose. Clint Kamps had never been meant for marriage. When the baby Tyler was one year old Clint had walked over to where his wife sat, the child in her lap, and had tilted her head back, kissed her on the lips, and had gently pinched the boy's rose-leaf cheek with a quizzical forefinger and thumb. Then, indolently, negligently, gracefully, he had strolled out of the house, down the steps, into the hot and dusty street and so on and on and out of their lives. Stella Kamps had never seen him again. Her letters back home to her folks in Kansas were triumphs of bravery and barefaced lying—the kind of bravery and the kind of lying that only a woman could understand. She managed to make out, somehow, at first; and later very well indeed. As the years went on she and the boy lived together in a sort of closed-corporation paradise of their own. At twenty-one Tyler, who had gone through grammar school, high school, and business college, had never kissed a girl or felt a love pang. Stella Kamps kept her age as a woman does whose brain and body are alert and busy. When Tyler first went to work in the Texas

might have gone on indefinitely thus if Tyler's country hadn't given him something more important to do than to change dollars into nickels and back again.

On the day he left for the far-away naval training station Stella Kamps, for the second time in her life, had a chance to show the stuff she was made of, and showed it. Not a whimper. Down at the train, standing at the car window, looking up at him and smiling, and saying futile, foolish, final things, and seeing only his blond head among the many out of the open window.

"... And, Tyler, remember what I said about your feet. You know. Dry. . . . And I'll send a box every week, only don't eat too many of the nut cookies. They're so rich. Give some to the others—yes, I know you will. I was just . . . Won't it be grand to be right there on the water all the time! My! . . . I'll write every night and then send it twice a week. . . . I don't suppose you . . . Well, once a week, won't you, dear? . . . You're moving. The train's going! Good-by—" she ran along with it for a few feet, awkwardly, as a woman runs. Stumblingly.

And suddenly, as she ran, his head always just ahead of her, she thought, with a great pang:

"Oh, my God, how young he is! How young he is, and he doesn't know anything. I should have told him. Things. He doesn't know anything about. And all those other men—"

She ran on, one arm outstretched as though to hold him a moment longer while the train gathered speed. "Tyler!" she called, through the din and shouting. "Tyler, be good! Be good!" He only saw her lips moving, and could not hear, so he nodded his head, and smiled, and waved, and was gone.

So Tyler Kamps had traveled up to Chicago. Whenever they passed a sizable town they had thrown open the windows and yelled: "Youp! Who-ee! Yow!"

People had rushed to the streets and had stood



"Hello, Sweetheart," the voice said. His nickname!

group and had called in glad surprise, at the top of a leathery pair of lungs:

"Why, hello, sweetheart!" The others had taken it up with the quick cruelty of their age. "Hello, sweetheart!" It had stuck. Sweetheart! In the hard years that followed—years in which the bloodthirsty and piratical games of his boyhood paled to the mildest of imaginings—the nickname still clung, long after he had ceased to resent it; long after he had medals and stripes and braid to refute it.

But in that Tyler Kamps we are not interested. It is the boy Tyler Kamps with whom we have to do. Bewildered, lonely, and a little resentful; wondering where the sea part of it came in; learning to say "on the station" instead of "at the station," the idea being that the great stretch of land on which the station was located was not really land but water, and the long wooden barracks not really barracks at all but ships; learning to sleep in a hammock (it took him a full week); learning to pin back his sailor collar to save soiling the white braid on it (that meant scrubbing); learning—but why go into detail? One sentence covers it.

Tyler met Gunner Moran. Moran, tattooed, hairy-armed, hairy-chested as a gorilla and with something of the sadness and humor of the gorilla in his long upper lip and short forehead. But his eyes did not bear out the resemblance. An Irish blue, bright, unravaged, clear beacon lights in a rough and storm-battered countenance, Gunner Moran wasn't a gunner at all, or even a gunner's mate, but just a seaman who knew the sea from Shanghai to New Orleans; from Liverpool to Barcelona. His knowledge of knots and sails and rifles and bayonets and fists was a thing to strike you dumb. He wasn't the stuff of which officers are made. But you should have seen him with a Springfield! Or a bayonet! A bare twenty-five, Moran, but with ten years' sea experience.

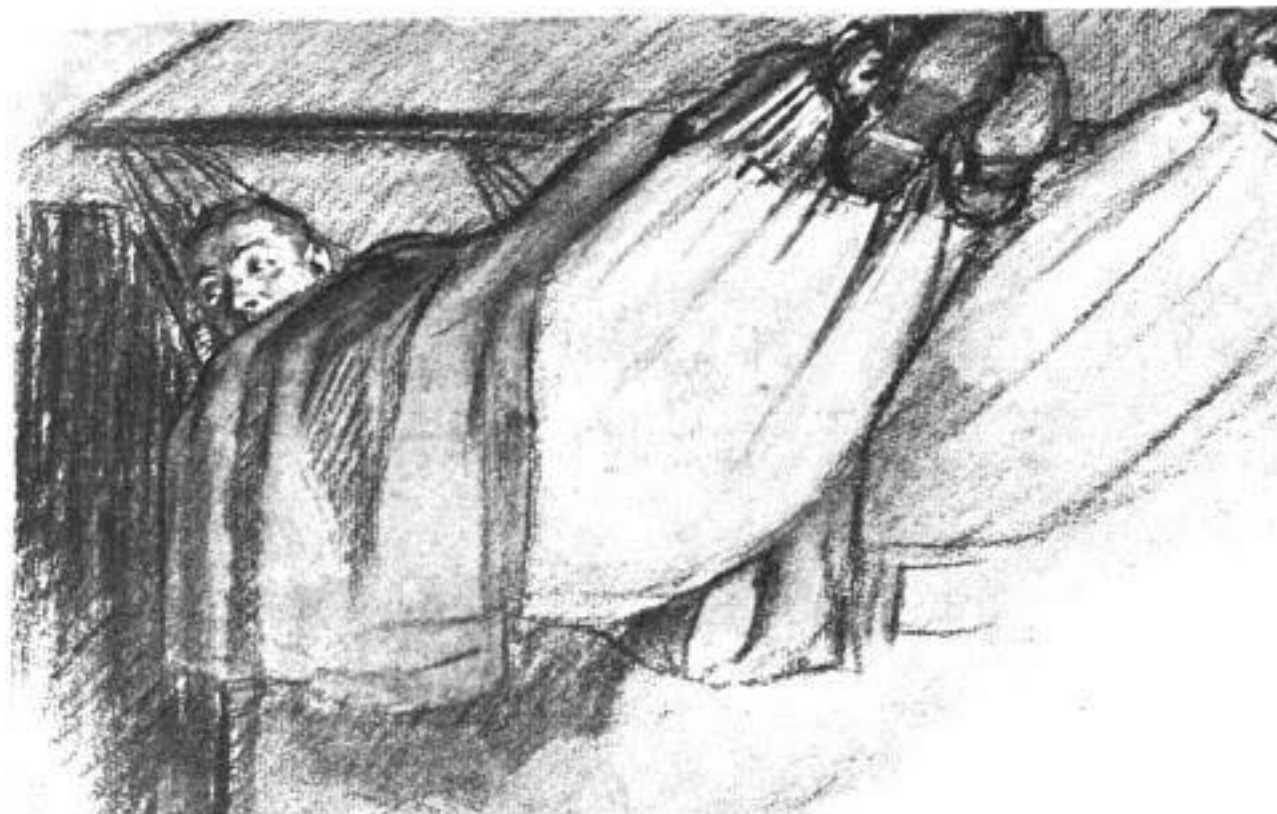
Into those ten years he had jammed a lifetime of adventure. And he could do expertly all the things that Tyler Kamps did amateurishly. In a barrack, or in a company street, the man who talks the loudest is the man who has the most influence. In Tyler's barrack Gunner Moran was that man.

Because of what he knew they gave him two hundred men at a time and made him company commander, without insignia or official position. In rank, he was only a "gob" like the rest of them; in influence a captain. Moran knew how to put the weight lunge behind the bayonet. It was a matter of balance, of poise, more than of muscle.

Up in front of his men, "G'wan," he would yell. "Whaddye think you're doin'! Tickling 'em with a straw! That's a bayonet you got there, not a tennis

racket. You couldn't scratch your initials on a Fritz that way. Put a little guts into it. Now then!"

He had been used to the old Krag, with a cam that you jerked out, and threw back, and fed one shell at a time. The new Springfield, that was a gloriously functioning thing in its simplicity, he regarded with a sort of reverence and ecstasy mingled. As his fingers slid lightly, caressingly along the shining barrel they were like a man's fingers lingering on the soft curves of a woman's throat. The sight of a rookie handling this metal sweetheart clumsily filled him with fury. "Whatcha think you got there, you lubber, you!" (Continued on page 17)



"Gosh. Wouldn't I like to sit up in my hammock and give one yell!"

there gazing after the train. Tyler hadn't done much youping at first, but in the later stages of the journey he joined in to keep his spirits up. He, who had never been more than a two hours' ride from home, was flashing past villages, towns, cities—hundreds of them.

THE first few days had been unbelievably bad, what with typhoid inoculations, smallpox vaccinations, and loneliness. The very first day, when he had entered his barracks, one of the other boys, older in experience, misled by Tyler's pink and white and gold coloring, had leaned forward from among a



*On duty in Africa, an Englishman still finds plenty of time to refute the old mother-in-law joke*  
All © International Film Service

**LETTER DAY**  
**WRITE to your future MOTHER-IN-LAW**  
**IT PAYS**  
*I have tried it*  
*Ted.*

*We who get soldiers' letters to read aloud and pass around among our friends—do we realize the conditions under which they have been written?*



## WRITING THAT LETTER HOME



*Left—The poilu drops his trench tools and takes his fountain pen in hand*

*Right—A ruined sewing machine makes a desk for social correspondence*



*The American, in training, seizes a minute to write and tell the folks back home all about it*



# FIGHTING-FIT

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

but not machine-punched personal record. As to the caliber of the medical volunteers, one of the most eminent general practitioners in the country, recently home on leave and wishing a consultation upon a complicated case in his private practice, thus delivered himself:

"Where am I to find consultants? Nine-tenths of the best men in every specialty are in the service, and the other tenth are overworking, trying to clear up and get in."

And another physician of national reputation,

Nor does Uncle Sam care to have it in his back yard. Therefore a couple of hundred brisk negro soldiers of the sanitary squad, selected, as I afterward learn from the men unfitted for actual fighting by minor defects of sight or hearing, or other impediments, are at work ditching and draining it. Later on the lady mosquito, with a beakful of malaria or yellow fever, when she comes that way, is going to be disappointed and indignant at finding no place to lay her eggs. That is my first glimpse of the protection thrown about the place like a seamless armor.

Across our route a company marches in rather slovenly style.

"New men from the draft," explains a medical officer of the cantonment who has joined us at the lines. "Going into company isolation camp."

"For infectious disease?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"We don't know yet."

This is puzzling. "How do you know it's infectious, then?"

"We don't. But we assume at least one case of communicable disease in every company. So we isolate for two weeks on suspicion."

Early in the preparations, I learn, the War Department, in its rush to get the cantonments built, neglected this matter of isolation quarters. The medical authorities protested and insisted, and several epidemics of measles followed by pneumonia gave point to their arguments. Moreover, the medical man is the army's expert on health regulations; and, as I have said, this is a professional war. The surgeon general's office carried its point. Since then the infectious-disease rate, which has been the most disturbing factor in camp hygiene, has been notably lowered.

Our car draws up before the depot brigade infirmary, which is not really an infirmary but

an inspection center, the selective starting point of making men fit to fight.

Hither come the men already passed by the civilian examining boards

(by no means a decisive test, as will presently appear) to go through a diagnosis

unequaled for thoroughness and technique in any clinic with which I am familiar.

Well or ill, every new entrant must pass through this mill. Outside

waits a long, wavering double line of soldiers in their working blue. Inside is presented

a multiform study in the nude. Everywhere, in the halls, in the examination

rooms, on the stairways, stand or sit or walk mother-naked men. Some are tenderly

protecting their fresh vaccination marks for typhoid, paratyphoid, and smallpox. Others are hopping

up and down to keep warm. One is shivering under a blanket; another is furtively feeling his own pulse.

So crowded is the place that it is difficult for us to make our way

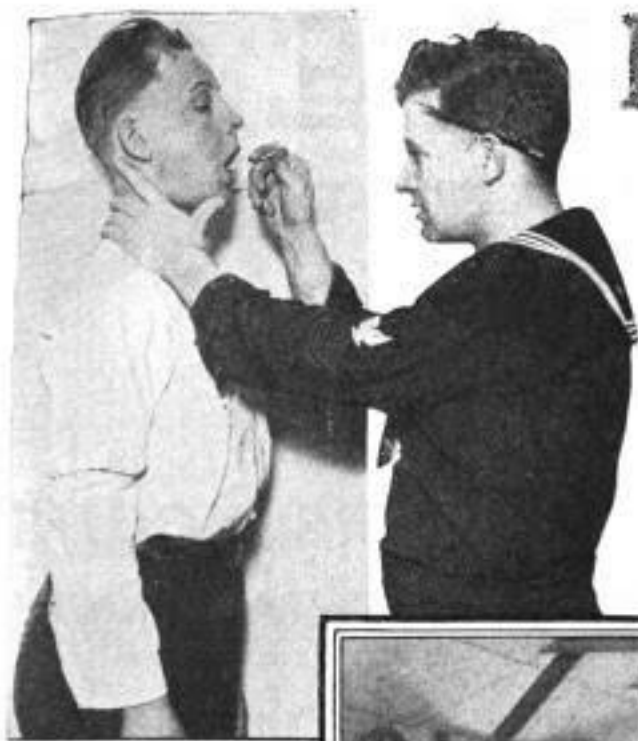
without treading on unprotected feet. More nudities are continually popping out of the various compartments where they have just been inspected for ailments of heart, lungs, and throat, eye and ear, mind,

feet, and external disorders, each division as named having a room and a medical and clerical staff to itself, the chief examiner being chosen for his aptitude and experience in special diagnosis. Upstairs

sit the higher courts of revision, the special boards of experts to which all doubtful and difficult cases are referred. Many of these are men whose minutes, in civil practice, are measured in gold coin.

The line nearest us

(Continued on page 24)



## A DISTINGUISHED

peace promoter boasted in our ante-war days that if America were threatened a million men would spring to arms overnight to defend her. In so far as his estimate was based upon the courage and patriotism of the nation, it was doubtless right. But between willingness to fight and fitness to fight is set a gulf, broad and deep. Ten thousand army medical experts can now look back and tell the prophetic enthusiast that if his million unsifted, flat defenders were put to the test of ordinary camp routine—let alone full military service—without long and painful preparation, the first fortnight would find half of them in hospital, half of the remainder disqualified for duty by minor ailments, and most of the residue discharged or dead. Five per cent, perhaps, might measure up, untrained, to the purely physical demands of soldier life.

It all comes down to this: This is a professional's, not an amateur's, war. Professional soldiers are not formed by natural aptitude alone and without arduous training, any more than professional violinists or professional boxers are. Upon this rigorous theory of professionalism down to the last detail our present army system is built. It aims to scour the country for the fittest men, and then make them twice as fit as they were. Such is the all-important job of our army cantonments, perhaps the finest, best-manned, and best-equipped human repair shops ever in operation.

The technique of preparing and keeping in repair the vast human organization is in the hands of the surgeon general of the army, who has reenforced his handful of medical regulars with the highest professional talent in the country. When war came, about 25 per cent of the total medical profession of America volunteered. The surgeon general's office took its pick. It sifted, selected, tested, and rejected. It is still testing and rejecting. Now the medical reserve officers ready for active service are so thoroughly classified that they are selected for special duty literally by machine. The surgeon general sends word to the Personnel Department:

"I want twenty specialists on nose and throat; between thirty-five and forty years of age; graduates of a Class A medical college, with at least one year of hospital experience, ready for immediate service."

## The Experts Know

FROM the personnel filing cabinet are taken the cards of the available men between the ages stated, each card being perforated with holes designating his specialty, his educational history, his hospital record, etc. These go through a series of machines, somewhat on the order of a player piano, which "select" for each special requirement until, at the finish, there is a heap corresponding to the call from the surgeon general. From that lot the final selection is made on the basis of more intimate, tabulated



An ingenious hygienist devised this system of using "shelter halves" as germ barriers

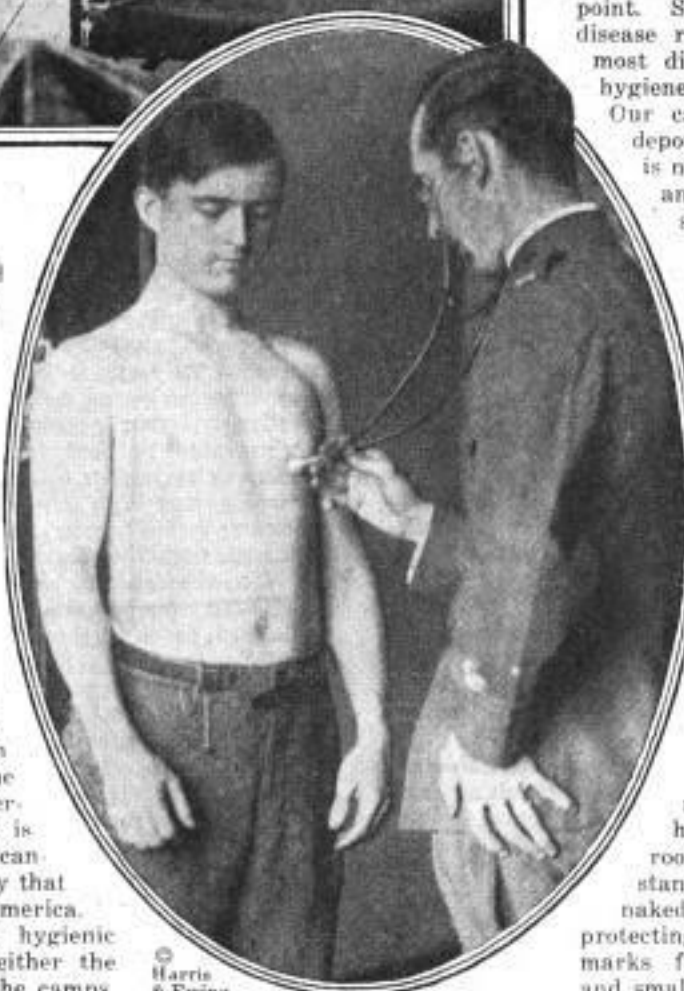
both as practitioner and educator, recently said to me:

"When you hear complaints about minor faults in the military hospitals, remember this: there isn't a cantonment of the lot where the common soldier not only can but must receive medical attention of a quality available only to a millionaire in civil life."

Not until I had visited one of the cantonments, and gone through the full detail of the medical side, did I understand that "must." It is enough, regarding this cantonment's locality, to say that it is Somewhere in America. From a sanitary and hygienic point of view, it is neither the best nor the worst of the camps, but about at the average. As our motor car approaches it, and the barracks rise into view, I find myself sniffing the breeze suspiciously. Subconscious memory has reverted to the last military camp with which I was on terms of intimacy, Camp Wyckoff, the "returned men's hospital" of the Spanish-American War, and I recall the not precisely rose-scented atmosphere of that place and the classic directions for finding one particularly insanitary regiment:

"Follow your nose till you have to hold it."

In this present cantonment such a regiment would be in a condition of permanent arrest. The breeze which blows to meet us here might have come across leagues of prairie, for all the taint there is in it. As we cross a bridge I catch a glimpse of a swampy area which I should not care to have in my back yard.



Harris & Ewing

Confident that the best possible thing will be done, the patient awaits the verdict with composure

without treading on unprotected feet. More nudities are continually popping out of the various compartments where they have just been inspected for ailments of heart, lungs, and throat, eye and ear, mind, feet, and external disorders, each division as named having a room and a medical and clerical staff to itself, the chief examiner being chosen for his aptitude and experience in special diagnosis. Upstairs sit the higher courts of revision, the special boards of experts to which all doubtful and difficult cases are referred. Many of these are men whose minutes, in civil practice, are measured in gold coin.

The line nearest us



# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

CHAPTER FOUR: "MISS TARRANT"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



FROM the same drug store at which Endicott had phoned his friend Sam Whitney, Leila called up the Wanderers' Club.

"Who wishes to speak with Mr. Endicott, please?"

"Miss Kildare."

"Oh, Miss Kildare. Just a moment. Mr. Endicott telephoned a few minutes ago, Miss Kildare, leaving word for you to ring him up at Chelsea 90,000 if you should call here."

Leila thanked the man and hung up. In another moment she was connected with Chelsea 90,000.

"Is Mr. Endicott there?"

"No'm, he ain't yere, 'm."

As plainly as though she could see him, Leila could describe the face and figure that went with that deep voice. Gallipolis is not in the South, but the Ohioan knows his negro almost as well as does the Virginian.

"Did he leave any word for me? This is Miss Kildare speaking."

"Miss Kildare? Yes'm, he did. Mist' Endicott he come in jes' a few minutes ago, Miss Kildare. And he took one look around this apahtment, and he says: 'Fabian,' he says, 'I can sleep in a trench if I has to, Fabian. I've done it, Fabian,' he says. 'But I don't do it from choice, Fabian,' he tells me. 'I does it beca'se I has to. And this yere apahtment,' he says, 'looks like a battle field,' he says."

"Well, seh, Mist' Endicott, I tol' him, 'you ain't sayin' nothin' when you leave yere about racin' back yere lookin' for a place to sleep. You say until I git the apahtment all reddeed up you goin' stop at the hotel. Whaffor you bawl me out thisaway, Mist' Endicott?"

"'Suhcumstances alteh cases, Fabian,' he says."

"'You ain't goin' stay at the hotel, then?' I asks him."

"'I dunno,' he says. 'It don't look it, Fabian, so I guess I'll go out and buy me a toothbrush and some other things. And if a lady calls me up, Fabian, and says her name is Miss Kildare, you tell her to please call me up later, or leave a number for me. Yes'm, that's what he says, 'm.'"

Strain, terror, uncertainty, all combined to render Leila impatient. But she listened eagerly to Fabian's long monologue. Years ago there had been a colored butler in the Kildare home, and he had been old and grizzled and ramblingly loquacious. It was pleasant to hear this darky's voice. Somehow this colored servitor stood for solidity, and the ground had been slipping from under Leila's feet this morning. There was unforced mirth in her voice as she said: "Tell Mr. Endicott that I will call him up in half an hour."

"Yes'm, thank you, 'm."

Endicott must be as decent as he looked, thought Leila. One can tell the master, often, by the man. Fabian's voice told her that he was an old and privileged servant. Men cannot retain old and privileged servants unless there is something decent in them selves. In his private life Endicott must be the same gallant gentleman that newspaper headlines had so many times proclaimed him to be in the past year or so. Leila suddenly felt confidence. With a man

like Endicott to advise her, to—if it came to that—protect her, what had she to fear from McCord?

Out in the spring sunlight her lips curled faintly in a smile—a smile at self. Was she not, after all, making a mountain out of a molehill?

Having lived down a black chapter in his past, who would not be anxious to keep it hidden? McCord had come to her when she had no way to turn. He had given her work. Did she not owe him a debt of gratitude? Was he not entitled to an opportunity to explain?

A clock before a jeweler's caught her eye. Unconsciously she glanced down at her own wrist watch to compare the two. Her eyes rested upon a faintly red spot, the spot that McCord had seized at the table when Endicott's back had been turned. Jealousy? She shook her head. McCord was not a fool. He would not have been jealous, immediately, of a man whom he had never seen before, and whose name she had never mentioned. It was fright: fright at finding her in the company of another man.

She paused undecidedly, and as she did so a man sidled away from her and began staring intently into the jeweler's window. But he had not turned quickly enough. Leila had glimpsed enough of his face for recognition. He was one of the men who came furtively to McCord's apartment in the Birmingham. And why should he avoid her eyes unless he was following her? And following her for McCord?

A SECOND ago Leila's intentions were all toward frankness. She meant to go to McCord and ask explanation. But now! There is something about being followed that will set panicky the stoutest heart. If McCord were having her followed, it was because he distrusted and feared her. And why couldn't McCord have been as frank as she had just now purposed to be? She remembered what had been written on the base of the photograph. Unless the writer were "declared in," he would go to the police!

McCord's terror became vivid to her again. A man actuated by that terror might do anything. And he was having her followed. The instinct of the followed person is to put the follower off the track.

Holding herself calm, Leila carefully compared her watch with the clock of the jeweler. Then she walked to the subway. As she descended the stairs she glanced over her shoulder. The burly henchman of McCord, so blond that he was almost albino, was still following her. She had read often of how people eluded other people by darting in and out of subway trains. But somehow her knees were weak. She knew herself incapable of such an escape. Fear-stricken, she stared about her. A dozen feet away stood a burly special policeman. The fear left Leila. She walked over to the officer.

"That man"—and she pointed quite openly—"has been following me; annoying me."

"Sure, ma'am; I'll pinch him this—"

"No, please, officer. I would not wish—if you will just detain him—"

"I'll do that," said the officer grimly.

He felt himself entirely rewarded by the flash she gave him from her violet eyes.

A moment later, from halfway up the opposite stairs, Leila saw a big blond man struggling futilely in the grip of a more brawny special officer. To her ears were wafted growling utterances.

"If ye want a train, a train will be along in a moment. But if it's followin' the lady ye're doin'— Listen, me bucko, I'd as soon pinch ye fer a masher as not. I'd rather, if it comes to that. Wud ye like me to fan ye wid me stick?"

Well—and Leila shrugged her shoulders—if a man is following a woman for a reason that he does not care to explain, then he must expect to be treated as a male flirt. Fear left her as she reached the street.

She had met danger and had outwitted it. She entered a taxi. "Where to, ma'am?"

She thought a moment. She had done more than elude the blond adherent of McCord. She had definitely cut herself off from all intercourse with McCord. For the man would tell McCord. Explanations would mean the frank divulging of her suspicions, and—she had the little red bruise on her wrist.

"The Charlton," she told the chauffeur.

She arrived at the Hotel Charlton within an hour. She carried a small suit case which contained absolute necessities; little more.

"Room with bath?" The clerk whirled the register around for her to sign.

There was no hesitation in Leila's action. She had thought of a new name as she did her shopping. For it might all be something akin to a nightmare; a word or two from McCord might wipe away all the horrors and doubts of the past few hours. But, until that word or two were forthcoming, it behooved Miss Leila Kildare to use caution. She registered as Miss Josephine Tarrant of St. Louis.

Once in her room, she looked at her watch. The half hour within which she had been going to telephone Endicott had long since passed. She went to the room telephone before she removed her gloves.

"Mr. Endicott? This is Miss Kildare."

She could hear him sigh with relief, and his sigh plesurably excited her.

"I was afraid—"  
"Yes?"



The voice of Larsen! And Larsen was in the next room



"Why, my apartment was being renovated, and—I had to get some things, moving back a day or so ahead of time—and I was afraid I'd missed you. I didn't quite dare to telephone the Birmingham. You're not there now, Miss Kildare?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Endicott—that envelope I gave you. My uncle—but he isn't my uncle, Mr. Endicott. He—oh, I can't tell you over the telephone. I'm at the Charlton, Mr. Endicott. Will you ask for Miss Tarrant? And can you come right over?"

"Indeed I can," he assured her warmly.

"And you don't think I'm a silly, hysterical— Mr. Endicott, have you that envelope with you?"

"Yes."

"Open it, please."

She heard the faint rasp of torn paper. Then she heard a smothered exclamation.

"You recognize it?"

"Why—er—it's your uncle who isn't your uncle, isn't it?"

"It is," she told him. "And—and—Mr. Endicott, I'm not silly, and I don't know anyone, and I've been followed—"

"Not to where you are now?"

"No. I got rid of the man who followed me."

"So did I," he said.

"You too? Oh, then, you'll come over, please?"

"Immediately."

She hung up the receiver with a sigh. She was nervous, frightened, but she spent the next twelve minutes before her mirror, a thing that she would not have done could she have heard a conversation, one end of which was taking place downstairs in the Charlton telephone booth. For Stromberg was calling up McCord.

"The girl shook me; clever stunt," he said. "But I got on her trail again. Fat-witted policeman thought I was a masher . . . Yes, she's on; she told him that I was. He held me until he thought she'd had time to make a get-away. She had time too, only she didn't know how to use it. Hired a taxi right by the subway entrance, and another driver heard her give the address. She's given me some chase, but she's safe now. She's at the Charlton, registered as Miss Josephine Tarrant of St. Louis. What'll I do?" asked Stromberg anxiously.

McCord's voice came shakingly back to him. "She knows you; keep out of her sight. I'm sending Larsen over. He'll take a room as near her as can be. And he'll watch for the man she talked with this morning—Endicott. He'll be there."

"You don't think there's any danger of her spilling the beans?" queried Stromberg anxiously.

"Good God, can't you do your own thinking?" cried McCord. "I don't know how much she knows, or has told this Endicott, but keep out of sight, and wait for Larsen."

### Chapter V: Threats

THE voice was familiar. And it could not be by chance that a friend of McCord was occupying the next room to Leila Kildare, in the Hotel Charlton! The same sort of chance, then, that had made the burly blond man, another friend of McCord, trail Leila Kildare when she had left the Birmingham. It was the voice of Larsen. Larsen had the next room! It didn't matter how he happened to be there! There was no time, now, to wonder how she had been traced to the Charlton. Only one thing counted: Farley Endicott was downstairs; his name had just been sent up to her, and if she joined him—

It was not fortuitous that this man—Larsen, as McCord called him—was at the Charlton. He, or some one else, had followed her here. Girlish fears, imaginings, had played no part in the actions of Leila Kildare to-day. She had ample justification for all her suspicions, all her dread. Larsen was in the next room to hers! That meant that others of McCord's men were downstairs. Having eluded McCord's spies once—or attempted to elude them—McCord would not be so foolish as to set but one man on her trail now. And there was no knowing at what point these men would stop.

Leila could not make out what Larsen was saying. The door muffled his words, though not his tones. But it didn't matter what he was saying, nor to whom he was saying it. His being there—that was what counted!

Leila, leaving her room for the hotel parlor where Endicott was awaiting her, had stopped as she passed the door next her own. Ahead of her was the elevator, but behind her, as she had noticed on enter-

ing the room assigned to her, were stairs. They must lead, of course, to the ground floor and the street. Hastily she walked to these stairs. It would not do to reenter her room. Larsen might enter her room at any moment.

She could, of course, telephone from her room, warning Endicott. But it would take a minute or two to summon Endicott from the hotel parlor to a telephone, and—minutes might mean— She re-



"If I were to tell you that I intend marrying Miss Kildare myself, what then?" asked McCord

fused to think what they might mean. Swiftly she descended the stairs.

At the top of the first landing she hesitated. Two flights of stairs were before her. One led, as she could see, directly to a doorway that opened upon the street. The other led to the hotel offices and reception rooms. She had had time to think upon her way down three flights of stairs. Larsen could not be alone in this hotel. Doubtless there were others of McCord's followers in the hotel. Men who knew her, who had seen her with McCord. And if they should see her join Endicott, it would identify the man who was offering to aid her, who had responded so gallantly to a stranger's request.

That recognition, identification, of Endicott would mean open violence in a public place? She did not know. But it might! Anything might be credible of McCord. A man who had a small army of spies at his call, who had had her followed as closely as it was evident that she had been followed, who also had had Endicott followed, might go farther than that. McCord feared them. And McCord— She remembered the look in his eyes. She took the stairs that branched to the street.

She was not followed this time. She was certain of that. Larsen had not yet discovered her absence from her room. At least he had not discovered it in time to have her followed from the Charlton. She did not assume this. She made certain of it by doubling upon her tracks, by stopping as she rounded corners, and watching closely those who followed around the corners. But none took interest in her. Yet it was ten minutes before, certain that she was not under surveillance, she dared step into a store and telephone the Charlton.

She asked that Mr. Endicott be paged. For there had seemed no need for Endicott to pose as Hoban at the Charlton. Under his own name he had been announced, and it was for Mr. Endicott that she asked. She had no reason to suspect that McCord, or his followers, knew Endicott's real name. And unless the very man who had followed Endicott from the Birmingham was at the Charlton, there was no danger in the crying by a page of Endicott's name. So she thought. She could arrange to meet Endicott elsewhere, where they could plan against the very real danger that menaced them.

Trembling, her ear glued to the receiver, she

waited for Endicott to be summoned to answer her call. She was on edge; her nerves were infinitely more sensitive than ever they had been in her life before. And she gasped with relief as a click told her that some one had lifted a receiver from its hook, doubtless in one of the Charlton's public booths. "Mr. Endicott?" She spoke without waiting for him to utter a word.

"No, this is not Endicott." She recognized the

voice. It was Larsen speaking. "This is Miss Kildare, isn't it? Now, listen, Miss Kildare. We've got your friend Endicott—where we want him. But we want you! McCord wants you. You hear me?"

"Y-yes, I hear you," she said.

Fight for control though she did, her voice shook. Larsen noted it; she heard him chuckle.

"Beginning to find out what you're bucking, are you, Miss Kildare? Now take a friend's advice. McCord don't mean you no harm. He don't mean no one no harm. But he's—mixed up in—big business, Miss Kildare, and he thinks you got a sort of wrong slant on matters, and—well, he wants a little talk with you. That's all."

"Business?" She had mastered her voice now. "Is it business that makes him have me followed, that makes him—"

"I say it's business. You let it go at that. You will, if you got sense, Miss Kildare. He's got your friend Endicott. Listen. You believe anything else you want, but believe this: if you don't come to McCord this minute, things will begin to happen to your friend Endicott that—"

"Where is Mr. McCord?"

"Never mind where he is. You just tell me where you are. I'll take you to McCord quick enough."

"And suppose that I don't choose—"

"You'd better choose. Does this Endicott guy mean anything to you? If he does, you'd better see McCord quick, or there won't be enough of Endicott left to—"

Her little cry of horror stopped him. He went on, less menacingly: "Well, you see, Miss Kildare, this is important business. I don't want to scare you, but—"

"I'll go to the police," she cried.

"What'll you tell 'em?" he jeered. "And just remember that the police won't be able to do anything for your friend Endicott. Be reasonable, now, Miss Kildare. Ain't Mr. McCord been kind to you? Ain't he been friendly and kind? Why, I want to tell you—just a minute, please."

Above his voice had sounded something like the opening of a door. Leila could guess what it meant. Some one had come to the booth to speak to Larsen. And the silence that followed meant that Larsen's hand was over the transmitter. How easy, on some specious plea, for Larsen to (Continued on page 31)





# Collier's

## The Army of Labor

OUR great war-work corporations have "Benefit Societies" and sometimes their statistics tell us something about them that doesn't appear in the dividend reports. Since 1914 one such corporation has grown, in the number of its employees, from about 8,000 to about 28,000. Capital deduces that working conditions at the company's plants must be satisfactory, or the plants couldn't have got together all those employees. But Labor counters with the charge that the labor turnover at those plants is "the largest in the United States." During a single year 55,859 employees were hired, while 49,540 were discharged or quit work (it is still Benefit Society statistics, accessible to anyone who is curious, that we're quoting); the net gain in employees was, therefore, after the hiring of nearly 56,000 new hands, only 6,319. During another year the same corporation hired 57,423 men, and lost (or fired) 56,771—a net gain of only 652! Now, we often hear the phrase used, "the army of labor," and we are told that this war must be won by two armies: the army of fighters and the army of artisans. A newspaper headline, above a report of a recent draft, tells of

744,500 ASSIGNED  
TO PLACE IN WAR  
ON PRUSSIAN FOE  
Numbers Drawn from Big Glass Bowl in Presence of  
High Government Officials

Suppose that after hiring 744,500 men as fighters the corporation called the United States army lost nearly 99 per cent of those recruits within a year. That would mean there would be about 8,000 men left out of the 744,500. It would be bad business. Isn't it bad business for a war corporation to be conducting its affairs on the same lines? We don't say, please remark, that the fault is entirely with the corporation. Only it is idle to suppose that the generalship of the Army of American Labor is up to the generalship of the armies of FOCH and LUDENDORFF so long as anything like these figures can be developed out of the reports of Benefit Societies. The turnover is too big—whatever the reasons may be. We look to the War Labor Board which the President created by his proclamation of April 8—the board of which ex-President TAFT and Mr. FRANK P. WALSH are joint chairmen—to better things. There must be army leadership here no less than on the firing line—for this (as has been occasionally observed) is a national war—not just a West Point problem.

## Not Booty at All

NEWSPAPER correspondents have referred to the "booty" taken by our Italian allies in their counterattacks against the Austro-Huns. Now, we don't like that word, somehow or other. It savors too much of the ranting Kaiser. Slipping from his lips so often, it has come to be almost a synonym for looted churches, ruined villages, defiled homes, and all the Teuton brands of diabolic devastation. We find it hard to apply this befouled word to the stores of munitions and war materials which the Allied forces in Italy have taken from the baffled invaders.

## Our Town of Twenty Sieges

OPENING Dumas at random—it happened to be his "Forty-five Guardsmen"—the name of Château-Thierry flashed from the page. It seems we ought to have known all about the town on the Marne long before America made it a battle ground! In DUMAS's story the Duc d'ANJOU, favorite brother of MARGUERITE DE VALOIS and heir presumptive of HENRI III, had suffered defeat in Flanders, where the people opened the dikes and drowned his soldiers. He dreaded to return to court, and chose rather to retire to one of his castles. "It is a good distance from Paris, about twenty-eight leagues, and I can watch from thence MM. DE GUISE, who are half the year at Soissons." The duke went to his death, for it was at Château-Thierry that he was poisoned—as happened rather often in the sixteenth century.

Already the castle was very old; tradition says it was built in 720 by CHARLES MARTEL, to serve as palace and prison for THIERRY IV, the young king of the Franks. Perhaps there had once been a Roman camp there. A writer for the Société Historique et Archéologique du Château-Thierry suggests that the early town may have been destroyed by the original Huns in 451. Certainly Château-Thierry figured in nearly every important struggle in

July 29, 1918

France. It repelled the English in 1370, but in 1421 HENRY V captured it by surprise. Another conqueror, the Emperor CHARLES V, took the town in 1544. It suffered in civil wars, and in 1814 NAPOLEON defeated the Russo-Prussian forces near Château-Thierry.

When the Château-Thierry historical society meets after the war they will add a chapter to their records that will belong to New World histories too. For it was on May 30, 1918, that the Germans in their desperate offensive reached the Marne at Château-Thierry. The position is just as important to-day as it was a dozen centuries ago. So when the modern Huns seemed to be winning, American marines were rushed by motor from camps sixty miles away. They went straight into battle, and came in time to save the south bank of the Marne. We have not heard the last of Château-Thierry.

## They Cost 25 Cents

ON "War Savings Stamp Day" an editorial in Mr. HEARST'S New York "Evening Journal" exhorted its readers as follows:

Buy your Thrift Stamps, show them to the family. Point out the picture of George Washington in the middle of the stamp.

If the gifted author of those lines had only stopped writing about Thrift Stamps long enough to buy one—or at least to borrow some one else's—he would have found that it might puzzle even the owner of the "Journal" to discover a portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON in the middle, or anywhere else. It is a risky business, this describing objects we have never seen.

## "Catchup 5 Cents Extra"

SINCE we printed OCTAVUS ROY COHEN's report on restaurants and cantonment cities, we have had to read letters and newspaper editorials on the subject. For instance, the Decatur (Ill.) "Review" tells about the soldier from Decatur who wrote home he was glad to get away from Chicago, living was so high there; but "then he went to a camp in another place and discovered prices were higher than in Chicago. Naturally, he began to wonder. . . . The highest prices in the country are charged in these camp towns."

Some of our letters about Mr. COHEN's article come from representatives of the War Camp Community Service. One of them quotes an article in "The Blue and Gray," published at Anniston, Ala., one of the cantonment towns mentioned by Mr. COHEN:

The War Camp Community Service has made every effort to protect the men from overcharges. It has adjusted claims and in several instances secured cash refunds. Whenever a soldier will present his claim in writing, our Committee on Commercial Relations will promptly investigate, whether the claim be large or small.

Another letter tells about the Merchants' Association of San Diego, Cal., constituting itself a committee to investigate overcharges; and about the activity of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. We understand that committees have been organized in nearly all of the three hundred communities where the War Camp Community Service operates, and that hundreds of claims have been adjusted.

All of which seems to bear out the fact that the abuses Mr. COHEN's article complained of have been very real abuses. After all, it is a whole lot cheaper to print a thrift-stamp advertisement at the top of your menu than to charge soldiers fair prices.

## Into the Primitive

AT the head of the inlet our hostess and driver brings the car to a stop for two purposes: first, to let us catch a last glimpse of the waters of the Sound, slate gray in the evening mist; and, second, to call upon her fisherman. He is there, in a hut behind the respectable mountain of clam shells whose emanations suggest lemons in a damp earth cellar. Our hostess returns triumphant. Her fisherman has promised her a mess of fluke for Thursday, this being Tuesday. Had we been noticing the exquisite sunset?

In spite of all the classic satire about million-dollar Newport cottages and Babylonian camps in the Adirondacks, it is literally true that for the rich—for those sufficiently rich to own and administer a flivver—the way to the heart of Nature, or at least to the simple, primitive fresh things of life, lies open; whereas we ultrademocrats who trolley to the station are chained to an artificial, urban scheme. For observe:

We, of the ultrademocratic nongasoline classes, even when we have planted ourselves for the summer close to the sea, get our fish from under a glass case on a marble counter, and pay accordingly. But our hostess of the flivver runs down three miles to the head



# Editorials



of the inlet and sends out her own fisherman to catch her own fish. (On the way she gets a sunset from which we are debarred.)

We, of the etc., get our milk from Borden's, being roused early in the morning by the clank of our two Grade A's on porch steps; but our hostess runs out three-quarters of a mile and gets her children's milk from the still warm pail.

We buy our vegetables and fruits from the corner stand, and the vender thereof is of pure Hellenic strain. But our hostess scurries over the countryside and fills her car with potatoes and peaches direct from the hand of a direct descendant of the original settler, A. D. 1690, or thereabouts. Her strawberries she does not pay for at all. She knows the places where they grow for the picking.

We, of the etc., bathe with our offspring in front of the pavilion, where you get safety, but also crowds and the odor of roasted peanuts. But our hostess knows a little cove two miles out with a perfect sand beach, and the children dress in the car.

Give me a place to stand on, said old ARCHIMEDES, and I'll move the earth, if you have a lever handy. Give the modern housewife in the country anything that goes on wheels without a horse, and she will play a game with civilization. Verily, if all the factories and mills should close down, she will jump into her car and hunt up an old spinning wheel somewhere, and somewhere else a field of flax in a clearing, and snap her fingers at the whole factory system. And her mate, if need be, will run out twenty miles to some old iron mine and bring back enough ore to smelt spoons and egg poachers for his young.

## "A Letter from France"

NOTHING in the newspapers is nearly so interesting to us just now as what's inside the brown envelope with the round cancellation stamp of the American Expeditionary Force. Very often the letter is interesting to other people too. That's why the letters from John or Jim or Joe get so frayed before they've been read by all the family and friends we show them to. The letter from France is, to-day, America's most popular short story.

Let us exchange some of those letters. Part of one letter from France is printed on this page. We should like to print a letter, or part of a letter, in every issue of COLLIER'S. Sometimes a letter to us; sometimes a home letter that one of the home folks will be generous enough to pass on to us.

Address the letter to us like this: "Letter from France" Editor, COLLIER'S, New York. That is enough. We can't return unused letters—but we'll be just as grateful, even if we don't say so. If you don't send us the original letter, but only a copy, please don't forget to give the full name and address of the writer and the transmitter. Send us the whole letter—we'll pick out the part that seems to us most worth passing on. And don't forget to say whether the person who gets the letter is father or mother or sister or wife—or what. Neither his name nor yours need appear, if you'd rather not. But you must take us into the secret.

One letter a week—or part of one letter. We look forward to this "letter from France" generally being the best thing on the editorial page. And the fact that we shall be sharing one another's letters will be one more tie uniting us all—and that's worth while.

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a New York boy who went over in July, 1917)

DEAR BILLY:

Thanks, Billy, for your good letters that are always so welcome, especially up at Evacuation Hospital Number One where I have been for seven long weeks.

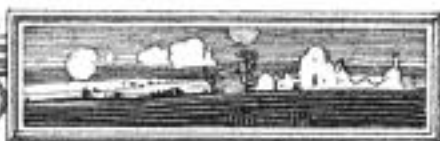
Things up here have been rather quiet of late, as there is little or no activity along this front at present. Most of our excitement consists of air battles, and to-day has been one long to be remembered, as we have had three directly over us—one resulting in the death of Major Lufbery. The boche hit his plane and also him. His plane came down in flames, and he jumped from it when it was about two hundred feet from the ground and, of course, was killed. He was the idol of everyone at the aviation field, which is about a mile from us.

You have no idea how beautiful an air battle really is. When a boche plane appears and all the forts back of us open fire on it, it sounds as though hell had broken loose. It is only a moment or two before you hear the hum of our planes and they swoop down on the enemy and the forts let up and the chase begins. The results are almost always in favor of the Allies.

Must stop. Send this to Pop, please. Lots of love to Mabel and yourself.

As ever,

HARRY



## Passports to Bookland

THE President of the Board of Education, one of the British ministers, says that there has been an increase in printing in spite of the war; that there is a good deal of what he calls "desultory reading" in the trenches, and "some serious study" behind them. He tells of a young Canadian soldier who has read GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and MACAULAY'S "History of England" from cover to cover. He tells of officers reading KEATS and MILTON to calm their nerves while under hot shell fire. Reading has become pretty much a necessity to the men in dug-

outs, even though they may have done very little reading at home in their civilian days. And General SMUTS says that during his raid into Cape Colony during the Boer War he took for evening reading KANT'S "Critique of Pure Reason."

From French officers and men we have the same report: there is a great deal of reading at the front and behind it. Newspapers and foreign grammars and foreign texts, the French classics, modern poetry and drama, economics and politics. And always, of course, fiction. There is a great deal of civilian reading in France also. French civilians do not go to the theatre nearly so much as they did before the war, and at Paris, what with families in mourning and air raids and the fire of the long-distance gun, there is less entertaining. Instead of spending your evening out, you read quietly till bedtime—or the *alerte*. So that the poetry of living writers like PAUL GÉRALDY, PAUL FORT, and PAUL CLAUDEL is counted to-day among the best sellers.

ROBERT BRIDGES, the British poet laureate, has something to add to this discussion of books in war time. Some weeks back there was a meeting at Oxford in behalf of the British Red Cross. Books were asked for the hospitals. "Any enforced cessation of life's routine, such as a long convalescence, is apt to produce an unusual activity of mind," said the poet laureate. "The condition seems to create a fertile soil for new and enduring impressions. It is the best seedtime that an adult mind can have."

And if the young men of our cantonments, or our men in hospital, ask for passports to Bookland, who will refuse them?

## Quiet Service

TO the soldier, the hero worship, the medals, the intoxication of the charge, and the monotony of the mire. For him councils of war chart and plan, scientists contrive, forges ring, and artisans labor, shift after shift. The whole world turns on—and round—him. But the day will come, some time, when the sweat and blood and breathlessness of battle are past, when the roar of artillery dwindles, and the gashed fields are once again at peace. And then the figure that will loom largest will be that pictured by MASEFIELD:

I've marked the May Hill plowman stay  
There on his hill, day after day  
Driving his team against the sky.  
While men and women live and die.

This figure may perch upon a tractor, instead of "driving his team"—but always he's "against the sky." His service never ends.

July 20, 1918



# SALESMANSHIP AND SUCCESS

## FIRST ARTICLE: APPROACH BY WILLIAM MAXWELL



Many salesmen smirk when they think they are smiling

"SIZING Up a Customer," which appeared in the March 2 issue of COLLIER'S, has brought me numerous interesting letters, together with all sorts of questions. I am going to quote in its entirety the letter of a New York retail salesman. First of all, this letter contributes the best tip on salesmanship that anyone can give you; second, it asks a question which every

thoughtful and ambitious salesman is continually submitting to himself: "How can I improve my approach?"

"Having read your article in this week's COLLIER'S, I take advantage of the invitation you give to write to you, in order to tell you that I've found, through my own experience, that what you say is very true.

"I've been a salesman in a retail store for the last five months. After about two months of my experience in this store I learned (using your expression) how to 'size up' a customer. Since then I practiced this 'sizing up' of customers and found that I sold to 30 per cent of the customers that I handled. At first I thought this pretty good, but I finally began to think that the increase in percentage of sales did not keep step with the experience I was gaining all the time. I gave the matter so much thought that in the end I decided my system of reading a customer's character was not as good as it possibly could be. Trying to find different systems did not help, and in the end it struck me that there were only two systems, either to 'size him up' or not to (size him up). This was about three days previous to the reading of your article. Having tried the first way for the last few months, I decided to try the other, and, coupled with the determination to sell to every customer, I've found it working splendidly. Within the last three days I've sold to eight out of the nine customers that I waited on. One of these eight admitted afterward that he had only come into the store with the intention of pricing the article, and to two of the remaining seven, not having what they asked for, I sold entirely different articles. On reading your article I thought it quite a coincidence to read about the things uppermost in my mind at the time, and I can't help expressing my admiration after reading it.

"There's one thing, though, which I don't understand, but would like to very much, and that is about developing a good approach. I would be very much obliged to you if you could in some way, so it can reach me (and I think it would interest many other readers of your articles), explain in detail exactly what you mean."

### Smile Like a Dog

THIS young man has mastered one of the most important truths of salesmanship. Speaking in an extremely broad sense, there are two systems of retail salesmanship. One is to "size up" each prospective customer and gauge your efforts accordingly; the other is to "size up" no one, but to do your utmost to sell everyone. The latter system gets the money in the long run. It took this young man only five months to discover that fact. I know of salesmen who have not learned as much in thirty years of sales experience.

He asks me to tell him how to develop a good approach. Approach is partly a salutation and partly an introduction of your goods in a way that will stimulate the interest of your prospect. As our New York friend has not told us what kind of goods he sells, it is necessary, in essaying an answer to his question, to speak chiefly of approach as a form of salutation, which, perhaps, is its most important aspect in those cases where the potential customer visits a store or sample room to look at goods.

The best approach a retail salesman can use, when an unknown visitor enters his store, consists of a pleasant smile and a courteous good morning, or good afternoon. But many salesmen smirk when

they think they are smiling, and others mistake servility for courtesy. There must be sincerity in your manner. If you are a retail salesman—or saleswoman—you are not properly tuned up to your job until you regard every visitor to your store as a welcome guest and habitually endeavor to make all shoppers realize that fact by your reception of them. You can't merely pretend to feel that way about the people who come to the store; you must actually feel it. In my opinion, one of the first things a retail salesman should do is to develop the right mental attitude toward the customers of his store. He should learn to think of them as friends, so that his greeting of each customer will instinctively be a genuinely friendly one. When you join a fraternal organization, you adopt toward its members a relationship based on the assumption of mutual tastes and interests. You feel at least a little closer to your lodge brethren than to the average member of the general public, and accordingly you put a little more friendliness into your salutation of a lodge brother. Every prospective customer who enters your store should mean more to you in a material sense than any of your fellow lodge members. Your lodge may help bury you, if necessary, but the customers of your store are helping to keep you alive and are offering you daily opportunities to improve your condition in life. The people who visit your store, even when they have no immediate intention of buying, are good friends of yours, although they may never have heard of you. Therefore you should think of them as friends, and you should greet them as friends.

Now how do you greet your friends? I know a man who has scarcely any close friends, for the simple reason that he doesn't know how to say "How do you do." The way he says it makes that friendly salutation sound almost like an insult. He appears to grudge the words and the effort of uttering them. He is entirely unconscious of this fault, and I am sure he could easily correct it. Have you a defect in the way you say "Good morning" to a prospective customer? Do you say it perfunctorily as a thing that has to be said, but doesn't mean anything? If so, your approach is bad, and it's up to you to put some real stuff into the words. I know a man who draws \$25,000 a year principally because he learned the right way to say "Good morning" and "Good afternoon." He would say it to J. P. Morgan in just the same way as he said it to Tony the bootblack. He wasn't afraid to say "Good morning" to Mr. Morgan, and he wasn't ashamed to say "Good morning" to Tony.

Do you know how to smile? Is your smile merely a muscular contortion, or do you make it mean something? Your eyes should smile. Do they? I wonder if you have a dog friend—a dog which really likes you? If you have, look at his eyes the next time he greets you, and you will know what I mean. It would seem that anyone could learn to smile as well as a dog, but lots of people don't do it. A dog, however, has an advantage over human beings in that his heart is always right toward his friends. He is almost never too busy, too tired, too hungry, or too ill to smile with his eyes at his friends. If we salesmen would cultivate that attitude toward all our customers, I am sure it would improve our approach.

I may not know you, and you may not know me, but if I say "Good morning" to you as if I really mean it, and smile at you as if I am truly glad to see you and intend to place myself entirely at your disposal, I am putting the emphasis on the *you*, where it always belongs in salesmanship. It doesn't matter whether you are a millionaire or a chimney sweep, you will appreciate the fact that I

am interested in you and anxious to do everything that I can for you. If I am a salesman and you come to my store, it would, of course, be unpardonable for me immediately to ask you what you want, just as it would be almost unforgivable in me to ask you that question if you were my friend and called at my home to pay me a social visit. Let me emphasize that the people who come to your store are your guests, and that they should be treated as guests. Don't ask a customer what he wants or what you can do for him. Show by your greeting that you are at his service, give him a chance to tell you what he wants and then demonstrate by your cheerful alacrity that it is a real pleasure to you to get the article for him.

### Customers Are Friends

IF you know a customer's name, you naturally have an advantage when you approach him. Do you try to remember names? Probably not; likely enough you are one of those who almost boast that they "can remember faces, but can't remember names." If you don't remember names, it doesn't do you much good to remember faces. You can learn to remember names—a good many names at least. I am acquainted with a hotel clerk who became the proprietor of a large hotel because he cultivated the faculty of remembering names.

But suppose you don't know a customer's name, is there anything you should say or do except to smile and say good morning or good afternoon? That depends on you, your customer, and the kind of store in which you work. I know a small shopkeeper who, on a rainy day, will take a customer's umbrella, shake it carefully and return it in such a way that he seems to have performed a very useful service. That, of course, would not work in a large store, but always there are ways of demonstrating your desire and readiness to be of service. If you are behind a counter, you can move something on the show case with an air which implies that everything has been dismissed from your thoughts except your desire to be of service to the customer who stands before you. While you are performing this operation be sure to look at your customer, else he may think you are "tidying up and" (Cont'd on page 21)



Traveling salesman (to clerk)—Good morning; I should like to see the proprietor. Clerk—That's him over by the desk



# PACKARD TWIN SIX

## *Announcement of Policy*



THE Third Series Twin Six will be continued in response to public demand. It is essentially unchanged. Our patrons shaped this decision by their approval of the latest Packard.

Packard cars of today are identified at once by the new *fuselage* line. Some of the best critics say this design has set the standard for body styles.

The smoothness and plus-power of the Twin Six engine are even more widely known. We believe the road ability of this engine is matched by what we now offer in lines, finish and appointments.

It is true that war has

cut down the number of good cars that can be built. And yet in war-time a good car is almost indispensable to the efficient man of affairs.

Every condition of the times sets a premium on cars of character and lasting worth.

20,000 Twin Six owners know the Packard as a mode of travel—assurance of swift and safe transportation over any road.

*Ask the man who owns one*

## PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

In order to eliminate any confusion in the minds of readers that Collier's is eventually planning to prove the "Business as Usual" theory, we take the liberty of stating our position frankly: Business cannot be as usual due to the shortage of Man Power. These pages will voice the simplest truths of the position advertising holds in saving man power and eliminating lost motion.

*Talk No. 3 on the Shortage of Man Power*

## The Vital Importance of a Coat Pocket

**A**T FIRST thought some of the necessary measures which must be taken to win this war of ours seem strange and trivial.

Next autumn, for instance, none of you men who read this can buy a suit with more than a certain number of pockets. And if you have a fancy for light overcoats of double-breasted style, dismiss that fancy now. Because you can't buy one.

The Government is conserving wool, conserving it so that the boys who face the winds of Flanders next winter will be amply protected against their cold. And an extra lapel saved here, a pocket there, on the clothes of civilians will count enormously.

But to appreciate this you've got to stop thinking, as we Americans are accustomed to think, in terms of the individual. You've got to think in terms of the million.

One pocket more or less doesn't mean much in conserving wool, but when you multiply that one pocket by a million, by five million, by ten million, you can begin to visualize bales and bales of wool saved.

It is a nation-wide standardization of many little economies that is going to help win the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

To focus more light on this subject, let us quote from the *Official Bulletin*—the daily newspaper of the United States Government.

The case in question now is the very homely one of stoves and furnaces. Representatives of the manufacturers of these commodities were summoned to Washington by the War

Industries Board. A meeting was held with the purpose of curtailing the industry—curtailing without disrupting it. And what was the first method of curtailment? Standardization! Says the *Official Bulletin*:

The furnace manufacturers have already suggested action which would mean a reduction of 75 per cent. of the styles and sizes of furnaces now on the market.

This is especially important as a means of saving iron and steel, so essential to the country at the present. It will also enable the stove and furnace manufacturers to adjust their business to war conditions and to prepare for any war emergency that may come. Such action taken now may make unnecessary more drastic steps or prevent any serious situation later.

Similar lines of conservation have been worked out in shoes, clothing, paints, etc., with others planned for the near future.

Now, having proved the vital importance of standardization, let us consider the value of advertising in this connection.

Advertising is the greatest force for standardization that has ever been employed in business. Advertising has brought about the standardization of many products long before this war was ever dreamed of.

It can be shown very simply how advertising tends towards standardization. We'll take men's clothes again as an example.

A manufacturer, in pre-war days, may have been perfectly willing to put out a hundred styles for the new season. But in his advertisements he is necessarily limited in the number he can show. In a magazine page such

as Collier's, for instance, he cannot adequately show more than three or, at best, four. What is the result? A million readers see these three or four styles. They want one of these few styles. A demand for these few styles is created.

Standardization is the result.

And standardization means an infinite saving. We have seen that it means an infinite saving of cloth. But it also means a saving of labor. It takes many less men to make a thousand suits of one style than a thousand suits of a thousand styles.

And advertising standardizes women's clothes as well as men's. All sorts of clothing—shoes, hats, hosiery. Also food. And the tools of industry and transportation. And furniture. And almost any class of product of which you can think.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we said before, advertising standardized many products before this war was ever considered possible. But now that we have this war to win, the standardizing power of advertising has gained in value a hundredfold. For standardization, as the quotation from the *Official Bulletin* so clearly showed, means conservation—of both material and labor.

National advertising can influence practically every man, woman, and child in this broad land of ours—influence them toward standardization of demand. And yet standardization is only one of the reasons why national advertising is proving itself a war-time essential.



OUR BOYS GOING INTO THE TRENCHES  
Standardization of commodities will help to keep them  
well-clothed, well-fed and thoroughly equipped



## SHORE LEAVE

Continued from page 7

A section o' lead pipe! You ought t' be back carryin' a shovel, where you belong. Here. Just a touch. Like that. See? Easy now."

He could box like a professional. They put him up against Slovatsky, the giant Russian, one day. Slovatsky put up his two huge hands, like hams, and his great arms, like iron beams, and looked down on this lithe, agile bantam that was hopping about at his feet. Suddenly the bantam crouched, sprang, and recoiled like a steel trap. Something had crashed up against Slovatsky's chin. Red rage shook him. He raised his sledge-hammer right for a slashing blow. Moran was directly in the path of it. It seemed that he could no more dodge it than he could hope to escape an onrushing locomotive, but it landed on empty air, with Moran around in back of the Russian, and peering impishly up under his arm. It was like an elephant worried by a mosquito. Then Moran's lightning right shot out again smartly and seemed just to tap the great hulk on the side of the chin. A ludicrous look of surprise on Slovatsky's face before he crumpled and crashed!

This man it was who had Tyler Kampa's admiration. It was more than admiration. It was nearer adoration. But there was nothing unnatural or unwholesome about the boy's worship of this man. It was a legitimate thing, born of all his fatherless years—years in which there had been no big man around the house who could throw farther than Tyler, and eat more, and wear larger shoes and offer more expert opinion. Moran accepted the boy's homage with a sort of surly graciousness.

IN Tyler's third week at the Naval Station mumps developed in his barracks and they were quarantined. Tyler escaped the epidemic, but he had to endure the boredom of weeks of quarantine. At first they took it as a lark, like schoolboys. Moran's hammock was just next Tyler's. On his other side was a young Kentuckian named Dabney Courtney. The barracks had dubbed him Monicker the very first day. Monicker had a rather surprising tenor voice, Moran a salty bass, and Tyler his mandolin. The trio did much to make life bearable, or unbearable, depending on one's musical knowledge and views. The boys all sang a great deal. They bawled everything they knew, from "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" and "Over There" to "The End of a Perfect Day." The latter ad nauseam. They even revived "Just Break the News to Mother" and seemed to take a sort of awful joy in singing its dreary words and mournful measures. They played everything from a saxophone to a harmonica. They read. They talked. And they grew so sick of the sight of one another that they began to snap and snarl.

Sometimes they gathered round Moran, and he told them tales they only half believed. He had been in places whose very names were exotic and Oriental, breathing of sandalwood and myrrh and spices and aloes. They were places over which a boy dreams in books of travel. Moran bared the vivid tattooing on hairy arms and chest—tattooing representing anchors and serpents and girls' heads and hearts with arrows stuck through them. Each mark had its story. A broad-swathed gentleman indeed, Gunner Moran. He had an easy way with him that made you feel provincial and ashamed. It made you ashamed of not knowing the sort of thing you used to be ashamed of knowing.

Visiting day was the worst. They grew savage, somehow, watching the mothers and sisters and cousins and sweethearts go streaming by to the various barracks. One of the boys to whom Tyler had never even spoken suddenly took a picture out of his blouse pocket and showed it to Tyler. It was a cheap little picture—one of the kind they sell two for a quarter if one sitters; two for thirty-five if two. This was a twosome: the boy and a girl—a healthy, wide-awake, wholesome-looking small-town girl who has gone through high school and cuts out her own shirt waists.

"She's vice president of the Silver Star Pleasure Club back home," the boy confided to Tyler. "I'm president. We meet every other Saturday."

Tyler looked at the picture seriously and approvingly. Suddenly he wished that he had, tucked away in his blouse, a picture of a clear-eyed, round-cheeked vice president of a pleasure club. He took out his mother's picture and showed it.

"Oh, yeh," said the boy disinterestedly.

THE dragging weeks came to an end. The night of Tyler's restlessness was the last night of quarantine. To-morrow morning they would be free. At the end of the week they were to be given shore leave. Tyler had made up his mind to go to Chicago. He had never been there.

Five-thirty. Reveille. Tyler awoke with the feel-



"Well, it's got so I can't sleep in anything but a hammock. Yessir!"

ing that something was going to happen—something pleasant. Then he remembered, and smiled. Dabney Courtney, in the next hammock, was leaning far over the side of his perilous perch and delivering himself of his morning speech. Tyler did not quite understand this young Southern elegant. Monicker had two moods, both of which puzzled Tyler. When he awoke feeling gay he would lean over the extreme edge of his hammock and drawl, with an affected English accent: "If this is Venice, where are the canals?"

In his less cheerful moments he would groan heavily: "There ain't no Gawd!"

This last had been his morning observation during their many weeks of durance vile. But this morning he was, for the first time in many days, inquiring about Venetian waterways.

Tyler had no pal. His years of companionship with his mother had bred in him a sort of shyness, a diffidence. He heard the other boys making plans for shore leave. They all scorned Waukegan, which was the first sizable town beyond the station. Chicago was their goal. They were like a horde of play-hungry devils after their confinement. Six weeks of restricted freedom, six weeks of stored-up energy made them restive as colts.

"Goin' to Chicago, kid?" Moran asked him carelessly. It was Saturday morning.

Yes. Are you?" eagerly.

'Kin a duck swim?"

At the Y. M. C. A. they had given him tickets to various free amusements and entertainments. They told him about free canteens, and about other places where you could get a good meal, cheap. One of the tickets was for a dance. Tyler knew nothing of dancing. This dance was to be given at some kind of women's club on Michigan Boulevard. Tyler read the card glumly. A dance meant girls. He knew that. Why hadn't he learned to dance?

Tyler walked down to the station and waited for the train that would bring them to Chicago at about one o'clock. The other boys, in little groups, or in pairs, were smoking and talking. Tyler wanted to join them, but he did not. They seemed so sufficient unto themselves, with their plans and their glib knowledge of places and amusements and girls. On the train they all bought sweets from the train butcher—chocolate maraschinos and nut bars and molasses kisses—and ate them as greedily as children, until their hunger for sweets was surfeited.

Tyler found himself in the same car with Moran. He edged over to a seat near him, watching him narrowly. Moran was not mingling with the other boys. He kept aloof, his sea-blue eyes gazing out at the flat Illinois prairie. All about him swept and eddied the currents and counter-currents of talk.

"They say there's a swell supper in the Tower Building for fifty cents."

"Fifty nothing. Get all you want in the Library canteen for nix."

"Where's this dance, huh?"

"Search me."

"Heh, Murph! I'll shoot you a game of pool at the club."

"Naw; I gotta date."

TYLER'S glance encountered Moran's and rested there. Scorn curled the Irishman's broad upper lip. "Navy! This ain't no navy no more. It's a Sunday school, that's what! Phonographs and church suppers and pool and dances! It's enough t' turn a fella's stomach. Lot of Sunday-school kids don't know a sail from a tablecloth when they see it."

He relapsed into contemptuous silence.

Tyler, who but a moment before had been envying them their familiarity with these very things, now nodded and smiled understandingly at Moran. "That's right," he said. Moran regarded him a moment curiously. Then he resumed his staring out of the window. You would never have guessed that in that bullethead there was bewilderment and resentment almost equaling Tyler's, but for a much different reason. Gunner Moran was of the old navy—the navy that had been despised and spat upon. In those days his uniform alone had barred him from decent theatres, decent halls, decent dances, contact with decent people. They had forced him to a knowledge of the burlesque houses, the cheap theatres, the shooting galleries, the saloons, the dives. And now, bewilderingly, the public had right-about-faced. It opened its doors to him. It closed its saloons to him. It sought him out. It offered him amusement. It invited him to its home, and sat him down at its table, and introduced him to its daughter.

"Nix!" said Gunner Moran, and spat between his teeth. "Not f'r me. I pick me own lady friends."

Gunner Moran was used to picking his own lady friends. He had picked them in wicked Port Said and in Fiume, in Yokohama and Naples. He had picked them unerringly, and to his taste, in Cardiff and Hamburg and Vladivostok.

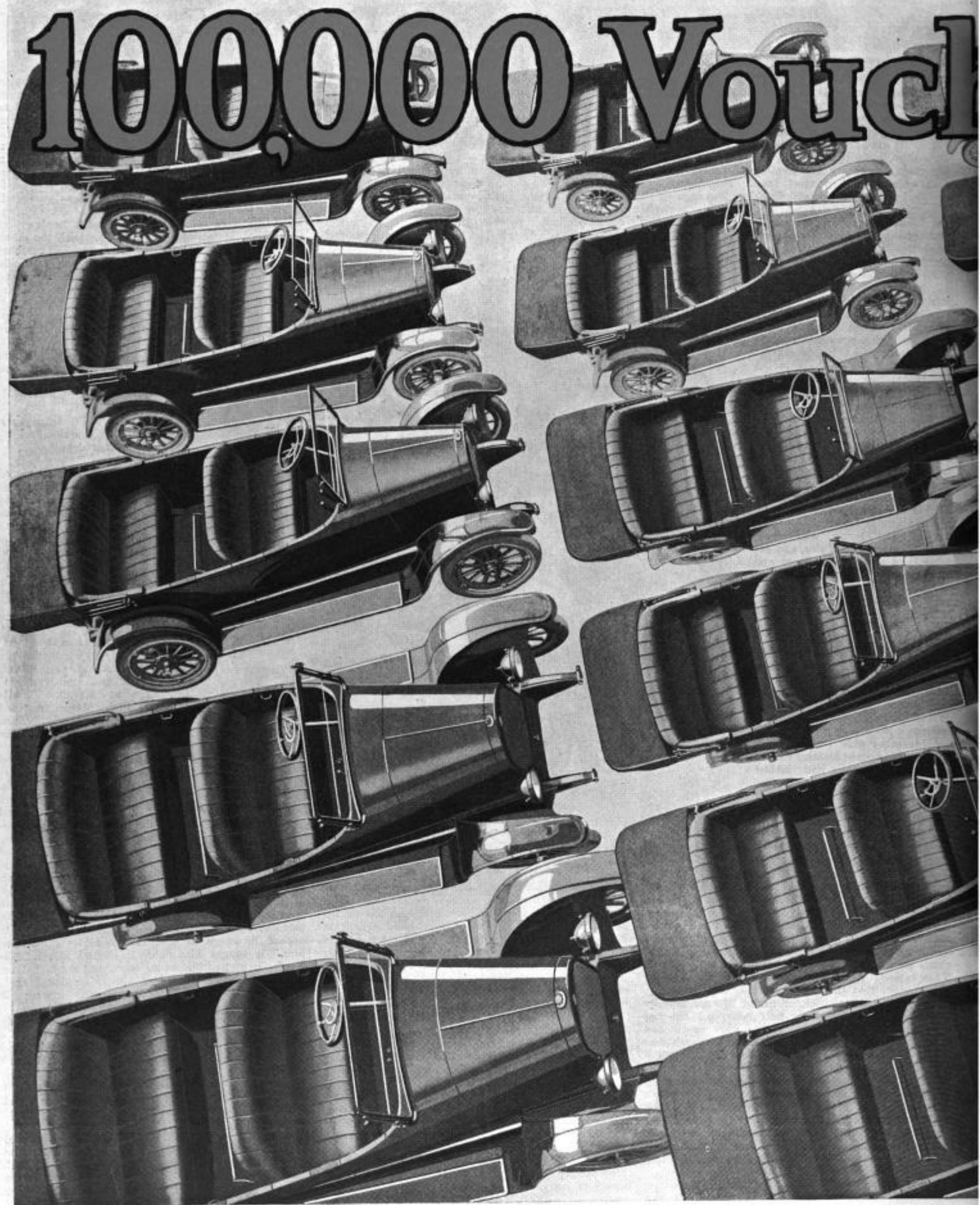
When the train drew in at the great Northwestern station shed he was down the steps and up the long platform before the wheels had ceased revolving.

TYLER came down the steps slowly. Blue uniforms were streaming past him—a flood of them. White leggings twinkled with the haste of their wearers. Caps, white or blue, flowed like a succession of rippling waves and broke against the great doorway, and were gone.

In Tyler's town, back home in Marvin, Tex., you knew the train numbers and their schedules, and you spoke of them by name, familiarly and affectionately, as Number Eleven and Number Fifty-five. "I reckon Fifty-five'll be late to-day, on account of the storm."

Now he saw half a dozen trains lined up at once, and a dozen more tracks waiting, empty. The great train shed awed him. The vast columned waiting room, the hurrying people, the uniformed guards gave him a feeling of personal unimportance. He felt very negligible and useless and alone. He stood a rather dazed blue figure, (Continued on page 28)





Five Points of

**Appearance - Performance**



# for Model 90



# Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

## The Thrift Car

### Economical Because of What You Get And Save

DO NOT let the increasing need of and demand for cars stampede you into an unwise purchase.

The wisdom of getting a Model 90—which means the complete satisfaction and economy of this beautiful passenger car, is proved 100,000 times.

What better guarantee of value could you ask? There are five main reasons for this car's tremendous success:

Its appearance is completely in its class.

Its big-car stylish design and proper color scheme command admiration.

Its capacity for continued performance makes it efficient while its manner of performance makes it easy and enjoyable to drive.

In ability and usefulness it gets you over the hills-of-work as merrily as it takes the hills of the roads.

It affords maximum comfort; wide seats, ample leg room, deep upholstery, spacious interior, rear cantilever springs and large tires.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio  
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars  
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

Always available, no matter where you drive, is expert Overland service. This advantage alone is invaluable.

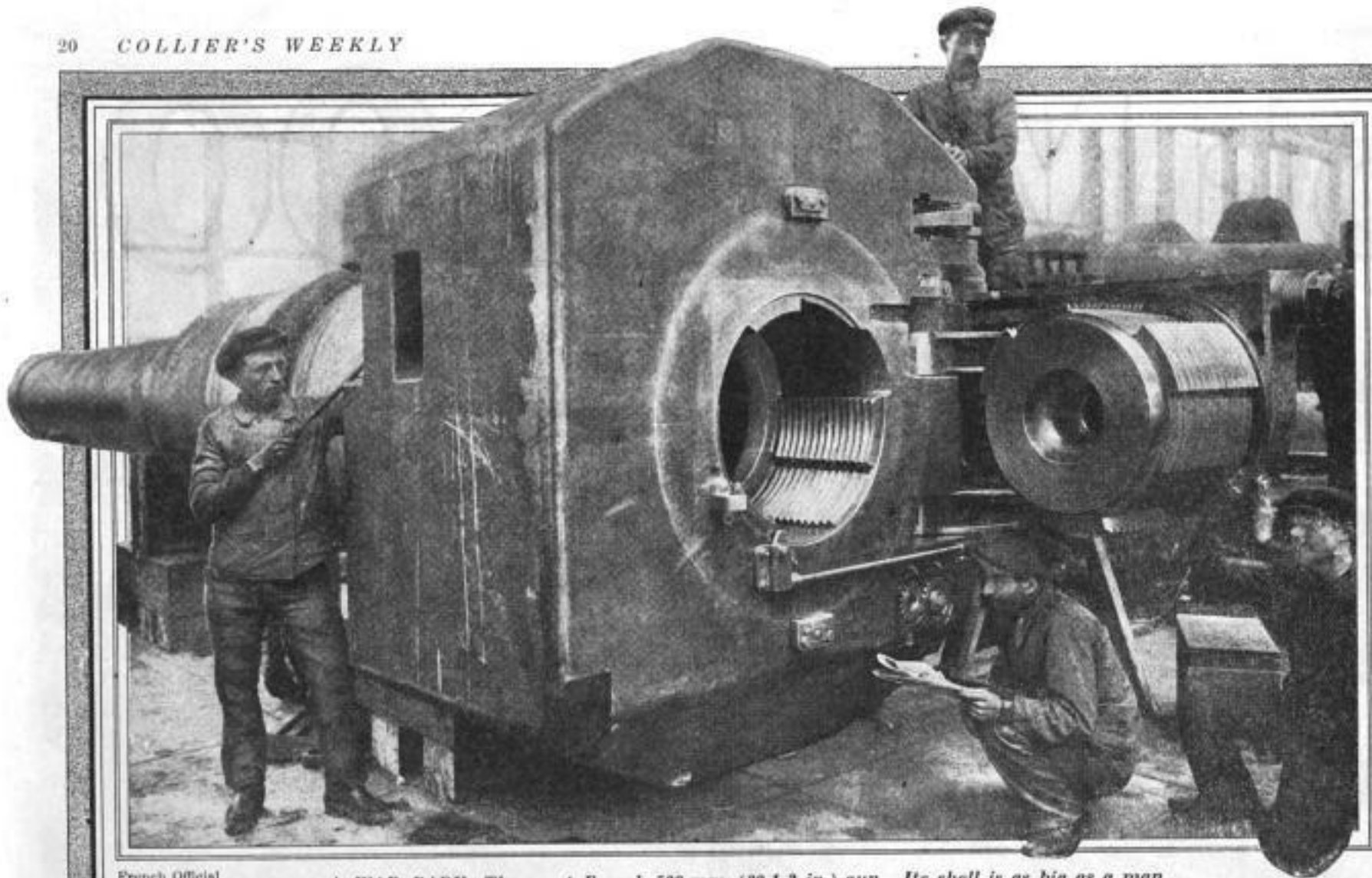
With electric Auto-Lite starting and lighting, convenient and simple control, easy operating clutch, vacuum fuel system, and rear non-skid tires, Model 90 represents completeness in every respect.

Viewed in the light of what you get and what you save, its price is remarkably moderate.

and Superiority:

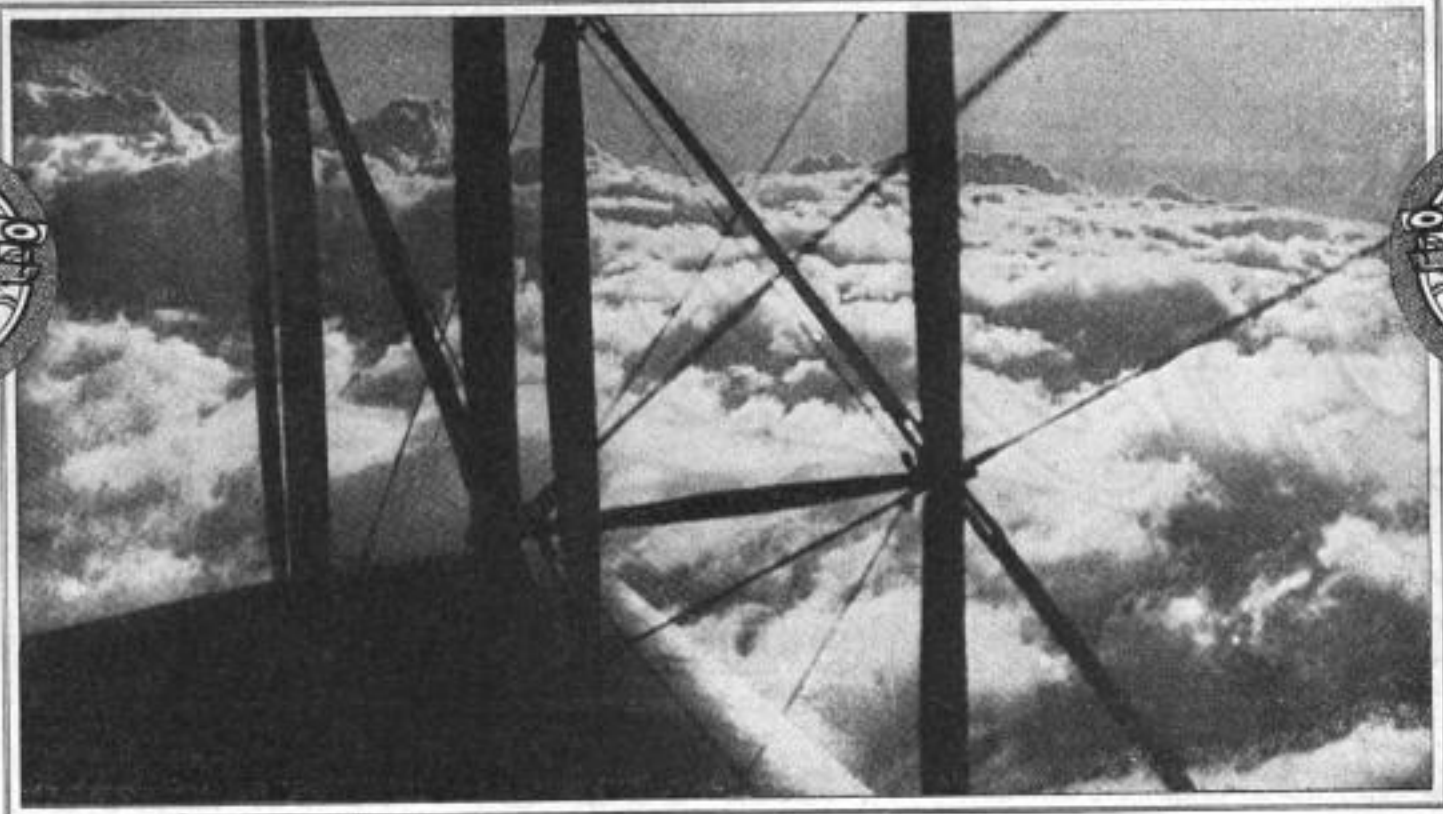
# Comfort - Service - Price





French Official

*A WAR BABY—The great French 520 mm. (20 1-2 in.) gun. Its shell is as big as a man*



*THE OCEANS OF THE SKY—What an aviator sees when he flies above the cloud level*



*HATS!—A London crowd uncovering to the American colors*



British Official © Western Newspaper Union



## Salesmanship and Success

Continued from page 14

neglecting him. Don't prolong the operation. It should be instantaneous and preferably while you are smiling and saying good morning or good afternoon.

If you are in a department where chairs are provided for customers, you should offer a chair to your prospective customer, unless he manifests great haste. Most salesmen seem to take it for granted that people know what chairs are for and that it is not necessary to offer a particular chair when plenty are in sight. Here again we must remember that a customer is a guest and that the good host offers a particular seat to his guest and may even recommend its comfort.

It is needless for me to go on multiplying examples of how to develop effective touches of hospitable courtesy in your approach of visitors to your store. You can do the thing easily enough, if you feel real friendliness for the customers.

### "You're Just in Time"

I AM moved to touch on one very common fault of retail salesmen and saleswomen. The average salesman, if waiting on one customer, when a second approaches, seems disposed either to ignore the second customer entirely or else greet him in a way that makes the first customer feel that he is being hurried. For such situations the salesman should have a smiling but silent salutation, to be followed later—when the first customer is disposed of—by the usual spoken salutation. Girls are ordinarily better at this than men. They can put more significance into a look or a nod than a man can—unless he happens to be an actor. I think this is probably due to the fact that girls and actors use their mirrors a good deal. Perhaps it wouldn't harm salesmen if they used their mirrors to see how they look when they nod and smile.

When the customer comes to the salesman it is not always necessary that the approach be more than an effective salutation, but usually it is desirable to make some comment about the goods the very instant the shopper has told you what kind of article he desires to inspect.

This comment should make him feel that his visit has been well timed, or that his inquiry denotes discrimination, or that you have something out of the ordinary to show him. For example, such remarks as these, when truthful and appropriate, help to round out your approach:

"You're just in time; there's still a good selection, but they're going fast," or "We've just received a brand-new lot," or "Those are wonderful goods, aren't they?" or "I think I have a pleasant surprise in store for you; let us see if I haven't."

When the salesman goes to his prospective customer, as distinguished from his customer coming to him, it is absolutely necessary that his approach, in addition to embodying the essentials of a good salutation, should also intrigue the interest of the customer in the salesman's firm, or goods—or both.

This subject was covered at considerable length in the articles "Salesmanship—Rule of Thumb Science," which appeared in COLIER's for July, 1913, and are now available in book form. Therefore, at this time I shall not indulge in any general discussion of that interesting phase of salesmanship, but occasionally I shall undertake to make suggestions in respect to specific cases that are submitted by COLIER's readers.

### How Not to Do It

I AM indebted to a gentleman from Elkhart, Ind., for an excellent example of the approach a traveling salesman should not use. I quote his letter entire:

"I have never had any experience in salesmanship, but as my regular occu-

pation is likely to come to an end owing to war conditions, and as I am thinking of taking up the position of a traveling salesman, I can appreciate the importance of a good approach and think it would be very helpful if you would give me a few specimen dialogues, varied to suit different kinds of merchandise and prospective buyers. My idea of it is something like this:

TRAVELING SALESMAN (to clerk)—Good morning; I should like to see the proprietor.

CLERK—That's him over by the desk. T. S. (to hardware merchant, a stocky-looking fellow in shirt sleeves)—Good morning, Mr. —, I am representing —. We carry all lines of goods of such and such nature. If you are not too busy, I should like to show you a few of the special things we have.

H. M.—Well, let's see what you have got.

T. S.—We have been selling a good many of these lately.

H. M.—Got a gross of them on the shelf—no call for them at all.

T. S.—Well, it is sometimes hard to introduce them at first. Now, here is another tool. It does—

H. M.—We have very little call for anything except the regular staple lines.

T. S.—We carry everything. We know your rating, Mr. —, and we would like to do a little business with you. You must be always wanting —. If you could give us a trial order, I am sure it won't be our fault if we can't satisfy you, etc., etc.

"I have no doubt that with your experience you could give a better line of talk than the above, and it would be interesting to have some samples of the kind of rejoinders best calculated to overcome the nothing-doing attitude which is, I suppose, the greatest difficulty to be anticipated."

### Try This

IN the first place, it is a mistake to treat a clerk as if he were an office boy. When you enter a small store, such as our Elkhart reader evidently had in mind, and you are approached by a clerk, engage him in conversation and try to make a friend of him. On your way back to the boss's desk endeavor to leave a trail of friends and, incidentally, gather some useful information as you go. In a big store, if there is no house rule or prejudice against the practice, pay your respects to the sales people in the department where your class of goods is sold before you go to the buyer's office. The information you gain from the sales people may enable you to avoid the catastrophe of offering as your attention getter a type of merchandise on which the buyer is already overstocked. Don't start in by telling him about your house. Smile, shake hands, and say something pleasant; then hand him the article you have selected to use in making your approach. Be sure to get him to take and hold the thing in his hands. Then say to him something like this: "What do you think of that? Isn't that a peach? You know how to sell a good thing; we know how to make it. Is there any reason why your sales force couldn't make a killing with that piece of goods?"

Keep after the buyer with this last question until a sense of pride makes him admit—or assert—that his sales people could sell the article if he wanted them to do so. When he has admitted that much, you have an opening. I believe that the philosophy of this character of approach will be clear to any salesman, and I am sure the Elkhart gentleman will have no difficulty in adapting it to whatever line of goods he undertakes to sell. Here's hoping that he may have much success.

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Mr. Maxwell's next article will be entitled "Getting the Order."



Have you a defect in the way you say "Good morning"?

## TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

THE MAIL SERVICE  
GIVES PROMPT ATTENTION  
TO ALL INQUIRIES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

### If Children Kept Store

—they would surely sell their favorite cereal, Grape-Nuts, to every customer.

And it is very fortunate that this ready-cooked, delicious food which appeals so strongly to the children's taste, is also best for their healthful development.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts







Photograph of the pneumatic-tired Goodyear transports which made the record Akron-to-Chicago-to-Baltimore run on Goodyear Cord Tires

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR  
AKRON



# *Goodyear Transports Make Another Record Run*

**F**IVE heavily laden and travel-stained motor trucks, shod with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires, rolled into Chicago recently on the first lap of a memorable journey.

They were part of Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston freight fleet, and thirty-six hours earlier had been dispatched from the factory in Akron loaded with materials needed by the company's Chicago branch.

Traveling night and day, over unfamiliar roads, the trucks covered the 440-mile distance in an actual running time of 22 hours, maintaining an average hourly speed of 20 miles.

Not only does this record break all standing marks for motor truck travel but it is a feat unheard of in any of the prevailing railway schedules.

Two days after their arrival in Chicago, the trucks were loaded with Red Cross supplies urgently wanted in France, and under military escort were dispatched for Baltimore.

Four days later they reached their destination, having covered the 820 miles

in 101¼ hours' elapsed time, with an actual running time of 53 hours.

The Akron-to-Chicago-to-Baltimore trip totaled 1,260 miles, made in 75 hours' actual running time, or at an average speed of nearly 17 miles an hour.

Important as it is as an indication of the possibilities of the motor truck, it is an even more important demonstration of the qualities of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires.

The speed, the cushioning power and the tractive efficiency of these pneumatic tires open up to the motor truck entirely new fields of usefulness.

They allow faster travel over enormously increased areas, with greater returns from oil and fuel and less truck depreciation than otherwise is possible.

In more than 250 cities, as well as in our Akron-to-Boston highway transport service, Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks have convincingly proved their worth.

Their relation to the future of motor transportation is so immediate and vital that it cannot safely be disregarded.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# CORD TIRES



## FIGHTING - FIT

Continued from page 3

shifts, and we follow it into the "heart room." Here the subjects are being handled with what appears to be an almost unseemly speed. But the experts know what they are doing. The very color and bearing and expression of a man may practically certify him free of any heart disorder; and what might seem a cursory listening to the beat will suffice. Anything abnormal is swiftly detected, and the man, often quite ignorant that there is anything wrong with him, is set aside for a thorough going over, with a little blue chalk mark crossed on his breast.

**"Put Out Your Tongue"**

ONE of the boys, certified by his draft board as sound, but set aside by the more thorough or perhaps only more expert examination of the depot brigade expert, has just found out what that little blue chalk means, and is openly "sore" over it.

"I'm husky as a wild cat," he insists. "I've been in athletics since I was a kid" (which, very likely, accounts for the little cross mark athlete's heart). "I wanta fight."

"Nobody doubts that you could fight," says the doctor. "But you couldn't stand up under the training."

The boy's anxious eyes rove the room and fall upon a classically perfect young nude, some twenty pounds heavier than himself.

"See that guy?" says the cross-marked one. "He's a lot bigger than me. Put me up against him. I'll

will make those toes over, so you can play the piano with them."

To the hospital goes the reluctant and protesting conscript, to be X-rayed and carpentered, under the supervision of a distinguished orthopedist, into a fully equipped biped. Early in the draft he would have been turned down. Not now. Having waked up to the exigencies of a professional war, your Uncle Sam is not wasting good material for want of a little patching.

The routine of inspection in this external-disorders department strongly suggests a live-stock sale. Here is seen the expert going over the subject with hand and eye, lifting the feet for examination, passing an exploratory hand over shoulders and ribs, flexing the knees in true horse-coper style; for these are the Government's man copers, concerned with securing the best possible bargains for their principal. Swift though their processes are, they lose nothing of accuracy, as I note in the instance of a fleshy but powerful fellow in his late twenties, who is mournfully protesting, under the exploratory hands of the examiner: "Aw, that ain't nothin', doctor!"

But it is a very reckonable something. In his eagerness to fight, the

experts. Their decision is unanimous and prompt. "Hospital."

"What's comin' to me now?" inquires the subject ruefully.

"You'll be fixed up as good as new under the direction of one of the best abdominal operators in the country," some one informs him.

"And do I get to fight?" he asks hopefully.

"Certainly. That's what we're fixing you up for."

In civil life that man would probably not have undergone repairs until the damage had become too great for remedy. [By a recent ruling of the surgeon general's office, however, hernia will hereafter be recognized as a cause for rejection, rather to the disappointment of many of the cantonment surgeons, who regard their repair cases in this department of surgery as showing a high ratio of success.]

What few malingerers still come through the draft boards usually try their wiles on the eye-and-ear inspection. In the early days simulating deafness or blindness was a popular pastime. Now there is a general and well-founded belief, born of sad experience and widely circulated among draft eligibles, that it doesn't pay to try tricks on the Government. For obvious reasons, I may not detail the nature of the deceptions attempted. But a case may be cited here as showing how unexpectedly enemy trails are sometimes picked up. A conscript complaining of serious and disabling eye trouble and affording the correct symptoms, nevertheless aroused the suspicions of the oculist that he had caused those symptoms by the use of

drugs under skilled direction. The examiner sent the man up to the higher court of experts with the suggestion that a certain test, psychological rather than medical, be tried. It was tried with success. After a brief examination the head of the board said to the suspect: "My man, you're in bad shape. In fact, you're going blind." Naturally the conscript was appalled. "Can't you do anything for me?" he asked. "Not one of us understands your case. It looks as if some drug had been put in the eyes and was slowly destroying the nerve. If we knew what it was—"

"I'll tell, doctor; I'll tell," wailed the fellow, quite broken down with terror. "Don't let me go blind! The doctor that gave it to me said it wouldn't hurt me."

Little pressure was required to get the name of the physician (in a Middle-Western, strongly Germanized city) who had been providing malingerers with "symptoms" at a price. The conscript, whose eyes were actually quite uninjured, was sent to duty. The Middle West physician not long after quietly vanished. He

also is in uniform now, though not of the military kind. With good-behavior allowance he may get out in about three years.

**The Court of Appeals**

A FEW steps from the eye-and-ear division the court of appeals on heart disorders is going over a subject. The man has on trousers and shoes, for his is a border-line case, and the discussion of it takes times. The moot point is whether a slight goiter, with its attendant heart irregularities, should disqualify the man. As the argument proceeds I amuse myself by computing roughly what it would cost this youth to secure the services of that particular group of specialists in consultation. I reckon that it might be done for five hundred dollars, at a minimum. But it would be only a life-and-death case which would call together such a galaxy of technical achievement; and one can imagine with what dire misgivings the patient—a rather nervous-appearing fellow—would contemplate such a court of high resort on his case were it in civil life. But this is the army. There doctors are in the uniform of officers. An officer's first interest is to look after his men; such is the conviction—invaluable to morale—that now prevails even among the newest men. So the patient, confident that the best



Practically, typhoid is nonexistent in our present army. Vaccination has solved that problem

run him a mile or ten miles. I'll give him a handicap and beat him in the broad or high jump. Then I'll lick him. If I can't, I'll quit without a holler."

An honorable offer, but of no avail. The doctor explains to him briefly and gently. They are very considerate, these medical officers, toward the man who really wants to fight. "Keep in good condition when you get home, and later we'll find a useful job for you somewhere." Chill comfort for the scrappy applicant, but the best available for his kind of case.

For the man who prefers not to fight, the "external disorders" examination is a graveyard of blasted hopes. Bad feet, for example, if widespread rumor among men of draft age were to be believed, may be relied upon to bear the fortunate slacker down the primrose path which leads back to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. Rumor is wrong. Almost any kind of a foot that isn't wooden can be made fit to march upon, which is all that the army expects of a foot. As I enter the place, a hopeful husky is confidently exhibiting to the expert two distorted and stiff-jointed toes. "Can't walk a mile on them without laming up," he informs the examiner.

"No, I suppose not," concedes that officer.

"I told that draft-board doctor they wouldn't let me in," says the youth triumphantly.

"Oh, cheer up," returns the other. "The hospital

conscript has been deceiving himself with the hope that a small rupture high on the abdomen will pass unnoted. He is duly checked up and set aside, volubly asseverating that "it's never made me no trouble—not a bit." In the temporary discard with him are a couple of "flat-footers," a subject with a misplaced rib, and a boy with legs of unequal length. These will probably go to the repair shop, though the possessor of the mismatched legs may be destined for the "junk heap"—i. e., discharge. Meantime an apparently perfect specimen of manhood steps up: "Have you been sick?" "No, sir." "Feel all right?" "Not extra good." "Put out your tongue."

The tongue is considerably furred. The officer examines the man's eyes, goes over his body for possible rash, and dismisses him to an isolation cot.

"What's the matter with him?" I ask, "and how did you know there was anything?"

"By the feel of his skin. Fever. I can't tell what. He'll be quarantined until the trouble manifests itself. We assume that any fever means some infectious disease until it proves otherwise."

This is another phase of the barriers erected against the spread of camp infections. Now let us return to our hernia case, still muttering protests, and follow him before the special board upstairs. His case, of course, goes to the surgical





Y  
YA  
YAI  
-YALE-

## There is every reason for "Yale"

You want certain security and protection *right now*, in your locks and hardware. That's reason enough for getting "Yale".

You want highest standards in materials and making. That's reason enough for insisting upon "Yale".

You want mechanical superiority and convenience, and simplicity and artistic designing. That's reason enough for buying "Yale".

For every quality you want in locks and hardware, you will find a reason for buying products bearing the trade-mark "Yale".

Millions of people are daily proving the soundness of the reasons for buying "Yale"—Yale Cylinder Night Latches, Padlocks, Door Closers, Trunk Locks, and Cabinet Locks and Chain Blocks.

**The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.**  
9 East 40th Street  
New York City

Chicago Office: 27 East Lake Street  
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.  
54, Catharines, Ont.

YALE



possible thing will be done for him, awaits the verdict with composure.

Not in body alone, but in mind as well, a man must measure up to the standard. There is a separate "mental examination" room, through which all the new soldiers pass. At first it might seem that the cut-and-dried queries are such as any man could answer and are of little indicative value, but the manner and bearing of the men, their eyes, their carriage, the reaction to the questions—all these have a vital significance to the expert. As the line passes through I am struck with the general alertness and briskness of the men; a certain indefinable expectancy of bearing, as if they felt that they were addressed to an enterprise of high and significant adventure. Here and there a man looks morose or melancholy, and once I descry what appears to be fear, furtive, uneasy, and helpless, in the expression of a great, overgrown country boy. Apart from the moving line, drooping upon a cot, there awaits his turn with the higher authorities one of those tragicomic cases which are caught and whirled to indeterminable fates by the current of war. He is tall, broad, thin, and bony, with a blue-black jaw and cheeks and a high, intellectual forehead. His garb might justly be described by that adjective, dear to fashion writers, "diaphanous," for he has nothing on but a pair of eyeglasses, and small ones at that. The cause of his being held up is a specification on his record of two brief terms in insane asylums. Catching my eye, he addresses himself to me in argumentative and slightly foreign accents.

"What if I was crazy? I ain't crazy now. I'm cured. I can be as good a soldier as any of 'em. But s'posen I am crazy now. I ain't. But s'posen I am. I ain't any crazier than the Kaiser, am I?"

Which appeals to me as essentially sound logic. I hope the Experts Board decided to accept him.

### "Fifty-fifty"

EACH time I reenter the hallway from any room, I have been aware of a persistent sound of choral coughing at one end of the building. Now we follow this up and enter a large apartment full of young fellows bent over and hollowly coughing, while the doctors work on them. The first shocked suggestion is that all these fine specimens of young manhood are doomed to the ravages of tuberculosis. The fact is that they are coughing to order for the doctors. A somewhat disquieting percentage of them do show traces of the white plague; and here again the beneficent effect of thorough medical inspection is exemplified. For on the slightest suspicion of the disease the subject is sent to the X-ray clinic, equipped with complete and perfected apparatus, where any lesion in the lung larger than a pinhead can be discovered. Such cases, just because the disease is detected early, have at least twice as good a chance of recovery as if they had remained in civil life and had not shown symptoms until the wasting of the lung was well advanced. Further, it not infrequently happens that the patient under suspicion is free from consumption, but exhibits the signs of an undeveloped pneumonia, and so is hustled off to the hospital before this dreaded disease, the chief cause of mortality in our cantonments, reaches a serious stage. The "lung room" is a real life-saving station.

Occasionally there comes to this department a poor wretch who, even to the most inexperienced eye, is evidently far advanced in consumption. The question naturally arises: how did he ever get so far along in the military system? What was the draft-board physician thinking of when he passed such a wreck of humanity? And indeed some of the instances cited against the draft boards by the cantonment experts are almost incredible. Before one of the oculists there appeared, in a recent inspection, a newcomer who started in by volunteering the information that, in the words of the song, his right eye was a good little eye, but— Suspecting a malingerer, the medical man, before investigating for himself, inquired:

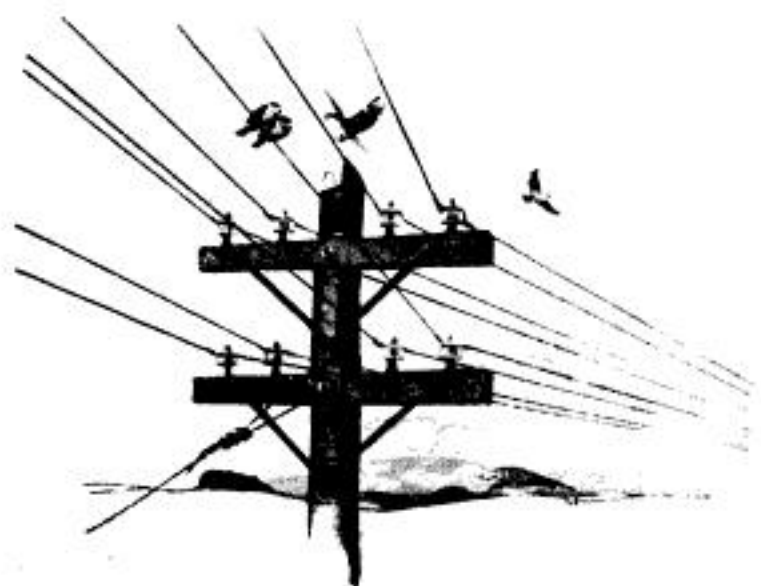
"What's the matter with your left eye?"

"I can't see with it."

"Why not?"

"It's glass," explained the youth bashfully.

It was. Hastily referring to the conscript's record card, the examiner discovered that some humorist had set down, under the heading of Vision, "50-



# WIRE

The nation's business is transacted over millions of miles of wire. The New Jersey Zinc Company plays its part in maintaining this wonderful equipment for it is Zinc that protects these wires from rusting and breaking and prevents a prohibitive replacement cost.

This form of Zinc, known as spelter, is but one of this company's many products. All are vitally essential to many of the nation's greatest industries.

The New Jersey Zinc Company by reason of the location of its zinc deposits, the quality of its ore, the modern equipment of its many plants, and the extent of its resources, can be depended upon for exceptional service and unvarying quality in every one of its products.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

55 Wall Street, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone,  
Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates,  
Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey  
**Zinc**





VISITORS passing through the Heinz establishment [there are over fifty thousand every year] are always interested in this scene—the bottling of pickles. The neat, white caps and uniforms of the girls, the daintiness and cleanliness of the tables, the skill and quickness displayed, and the delicious appearance of the foods—all bring forth smiles and nods of approval.

57



# HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the HEINZ establishment

All vinegar is sour. Most vinegars are sour and nothing else. Some, however, possess an exquisite delicacy of flavor and aroma that give distinction to every dish on which they are used. Good vinegar is a matter of good materials, skill in making and proper aging. All Heinz Vinegars are made of the choicest materials and aged in wood for at least one year.

The excellence of Heinz Pickles and Sauces—recognized by everyone—is largely due to the use of Heinz Pure Vinegars. You can now buy these same vinegars in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment, which guarantees their purity and quality.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons

**HEINZ**  
Imported Olive Oil  
In bottles and cans

ARTHEINZ goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



50," which, happy though it was as a descriptive effort, was not satisfactory to Uncle Sam.

Another classical case was discovered by a drill officer before the conscript ever got to medical inspection. As the man came to attention, the officer discerned a flagrant bulge in the breast of his coat. "Take that thing out of your pocket," he ordered.

"Haven't got anything in my pocket, sir."

"Fall out!"

Stripping for examination, the man exhibited a pyramidal bulge on the right side of his chest as big as a small fist.

"What's that?" asked the astounded officer.

"Ribs, sir."

"What happened to them?"

"Steam roller, sir."

"Didn't your draft board notice 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"Said they'd pass me anyway, and maybe the medical cracks up here could roll me out flat again."

But the mental division claims to have the prize case. From a board not a hundred miles away from the national capital there arrived a soldier under escort of his older brother.

"We couldn't let him come alone," explained the escort.

"Why not?" demanded the officer.

"He don't know enough. He couldn't take care of himself."

This was literally true. The conscript was an imbecile. Set it down to the credit of the army that, despite its rigid regulations, place was found for the brother in camp and he was allowed to care for the helpless conscript until the necessary formalities could be completed for discharge. Almost all the complaints that I heard against the draft boards were that they err on the side of the Government, not of the individual. Which, of course, is a fault of the right kind even though it does entail unnecessary work and expense. Clearly, however, the draft boards cannot be looked to for expert selection.

## Not an Amateur's War

UP to this point we have followed the new men through the sifting process, which sends the bulk of them to drill and routine, a small percentage back to civil life, either before or after hospital treatment which is afforded in all cases that need it, and a larger number to the repair shop to be "fixed up as good as new." Now, how is this cantonment equipped and prepared to maintain the physical condition of men in training for the greatest professional fight of history?

First to suggest itself is the question of food. We stop for luncheon. Again my mind goes back to the Spanish-American War camps; the "embalmed beef," the meals served under a cloud of flies whose bacteriological opportunities in the immediate neighborhood I will considerably leave to the imagination; in particular, one breakfast at Camp Wyckoff, only 116 miles from the great supply station of New York, at which the hungry soldiers ate canned salmon and ice cream. Did they yearn for canned salmon and ice cream? Not if their remarks were a correct representation of their feelings. What they wanted was eggs, flapjacks, and coffee. They took what they could get, and if the percentage of stomach ache rose that day, nobody cared, for the Spanish-American fiasco was strictly an amateur's war. Well, canned salmon and ice cream may be had in this our present cantonment (though stomach ache therefrom may not, without an inquiry), but it is not an exclusive diet. And it is inspected, carefully inspected by real experts. Not an article of food or drink goes down a soldier's throat within camp limits that has not passed rigid muster. Furthermore, what you get at the enlisted men's mess is prepared by cooks—not by bank clerks, chiropractors, instructors in integral calculus, or steeple jacks, but by genuine cooks—and it tastes that way. As I may have mentioned before, this is a professional war. As such, it calls for professionally prepared food. As for flies, I suppose that if a fly got into mess somebody would be put on the carpet, and if enough flies got in there would be an inquiry with an unpleasant sequel for those responsible. For flies kill men. They killed more men in the Spanish-American War than did the Spaniards. Five to one, at least. Maybe ten to one. The figures, though not the details, appear in dull-looking vital statistics columns under the heading of Typhoid and Dysentery. As we leave the mess hall, I observe the evidences

of guardianship against the small but important enemy: garbage cans protected; refuse being removed before the female fly can use it for egg laying; stables and picket lines, her favorite breeding places, oiled and poisoned against her. Furthermore, if she did raise a family, they couldn't achieve much harm, for in this cantonment all indoors is screened against all outdoors. Against the fly and mosquito season, the War Department has bought a little more than 2,500 square miles of screening. An expensive investment—but it was screens that made possible the building of the Panama Canal, and the man who screened the isthmus, William C. Gorgas, is now the supreme guardian of the health of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Surgeon General Gorgas is no amateur.

Another detail of importance is noticeable as we return to the car and swing into a dirt road. There is no dust. The road has been thoroughly oiled. Uncle Sam officially disapproves of dust. He issues orders against its propagation outdoors and its dissemination indoors through dry sweeping. For dust is an ally of disability. It gets into a man's eye and sets up an inflammation, and the man goes on the noneffective list for a week, which is expensive. Or it gets into a man's throat, and predisposes him to grippe, which in turn lays him open to pneumonia.

We are bound, now, for the cantonment hospital. On all sides of us, as we go, are men being hardened to fighting conditions; men drilling, men going through their setting-up exercises, men digging or setting posts or putting up wires, men practicing the long, cricket-bowl swing of hand-grenade throwing; hard, muscle-demanding work all of it, two hours of which, back in the days of civil life, would probably have worn a quarter of these men to the point of exhaustion. On a near-by hilltop a detachment is going through some evolutions, the men moving with that easy, swinging precision which comes only of long habitude. These, I learn, are the finished troops, under orders for "over there" on the following week.

Before they can embark, however, every man must undergo rigid physical examination daily for a week. A man can take out a million-dollar life insurance policy on a less exhaustive test than that which certifies him fit to fight the boches. At a crossroad we halt to watch a special drill of stretcher bearers. This is the real "hero service." For these are the men who go into action with no chance of fighting back, and whose special path of duty is marked out for them by the messengers of death. The maximum of risk and the minimum of glory is their allotment in the Great Game. But among their fellow soldiers the "pick-me-up squad" commands a special quality of regard.

## Complete Hospital Service

CONCERNING the great hospital, far larger than any similar establishment in civil life, I must deal only in the broadest generalities. Anything like an adequate description of it would require the space of a book. From without it is a bald and unprepossessing edifice in appearance. Nor would the inexperienced eye find much to attract about its interior except the spotless cleanliness and the up-to-date sanitary appliances. It is not ornamental. But in equipment, from operating room to diet kitchen, from X-ray outfit to bacteriological laboratory, it is—I won't challenge the meticulous mind by saying perfect, but I will say—complete. And the personnel is worthy of the equipment. Every corner of the map is represented under this collection of roofs, in every department and sub-department of practice, by the highest type of medical skill. And the nurses, attendants, and cooks are the best to be had anywhere. In years of medical investigation, I have visited many of the great hospitals of the world, including the largest existing public and the largest existing private institutions. Were I to require medical or surgical attention for any serious disorder (barring one or two special and rare ailments), I would take my chance in this rough-boarded cantonment hospital rather than any other establishment that I have yet seen.

On this point a word to the families and friends of the boys in the cantonments who have been disturbed by reports of bad hospital conditions. Such conditions did exist, though not in the degree claimed by certain hot-headed congressional "investigators." There has been no attempt on the part of the





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army medical authorities either to evade or palliate the facts. On the contrary, the surgeon general's report on camp conditions is a document of refreshing frankness. The high death rate from certain causes, notably pneumonia and actively infectious diseases, is indicated in that report as due to overcrowding, lack of isolation camps for new arrivals, want of early sanitary and hospital facilities, and insufficient clothing. The publication of the findings brought about swift improvement and eventual reform, and to-day no such faulty conditions are reported from any cantonment. Still the total death rate of the army remains high. True, it is lower than the rate of any city in the country. But this is not a fair comparison, for the army is made up of men in the most vigorous years of life, and on the basis of age its mortality is higher than that of the nation at large. This is due to two causes, apparent in the records, and two others inherent but not apparent. The obvious causes are pneumonia and meningitis; the obscure causes, measles and influenza. "Frank" pneumonia—that is, the type which begins and ends as pneumonia—probably represents only about 25 per cent of all pneumonias. Its spread, like that of meningitis—also a respiratory disease—has been largely due to men coming in with the infection from the new drafts and communicating it to other men. The immediate isolation of the new drafts, as indicated above, has already shown a marked effect in the diminution of both these diseases. Moreover, a system of inspection and quarantine for all men exposed to infection, as soon as a case manifests itself, has done a great deal to help.

Much is expected also from one of those simple but often highly effective hygienic devices, whose inventor is too often unknown and unrecognized. Some ingenious hygienist has devised a system of using the shelter half of the ordinary tent which every soldier carries to form a germ-proof barrier on his cot in barracks, at no expense to the Government, the only extra apparatus being a piece of stick and a nail to hold it in place. Then, if the sleeping man in the early stages of a respiratory disease coughs or sneezes, the other men in the room are protected against the bacilli by their individual semi-isolation. A general order for this use of the shelter halves has been issued.

The real scourge of the camps is measles. Probably upward of 45 per cent of the pneumonia deaths follow upon this lightly regarded disease. As all epidemiologists know, it is the most difficult of all infections to control, but the new isolation measures will undoubtedly prove to be effective against this disease and also against influenza, which is estimated to be responsible for 25 per cent of the pneumonias.

It is always to be remembered that the sick rate and death rate of the cantonments go down steadily as the men get into the swing of the life and training, but rise again when the new drafts come in, bearing disease and infection with them. But for this necessarily repeating factor the United States army in cantonment would be far and away the healthiest aggregation of young men in the nation, with much the lowest death rate.

### The Wailers

IN respect to one phase of disease, many well-meaning persons have lent themselves to the uses of German propaganda by hush-voiced talk of the dreadful immorality of our camps as reflected in the hospital figures. This is no time for the hushed voice. If these critics be not too delicate to face the facts as well as the name of venereal disease, they will discover that the "scandalous army rate" of 380 cases per 1,000 men represents the period of highest report just after the new recruits came in from the draft boards. That is, it is not, in the main, an army rate but a civil-life rate. From the time that each new draft is absorbed, the venereal figures steadily descend. On the basis of nation-wide examination of statistics and estimates, I believe that no State or municipal figures on these diseases are really trustworthy. But, accepting them at their lowest figure, I am convinced that the average rate of venereal disease in our cantonments is far below the rate for men of the same age in our cities; my own opinion is that it is less than half the civil rate. So much for the wailers over "army immorality."

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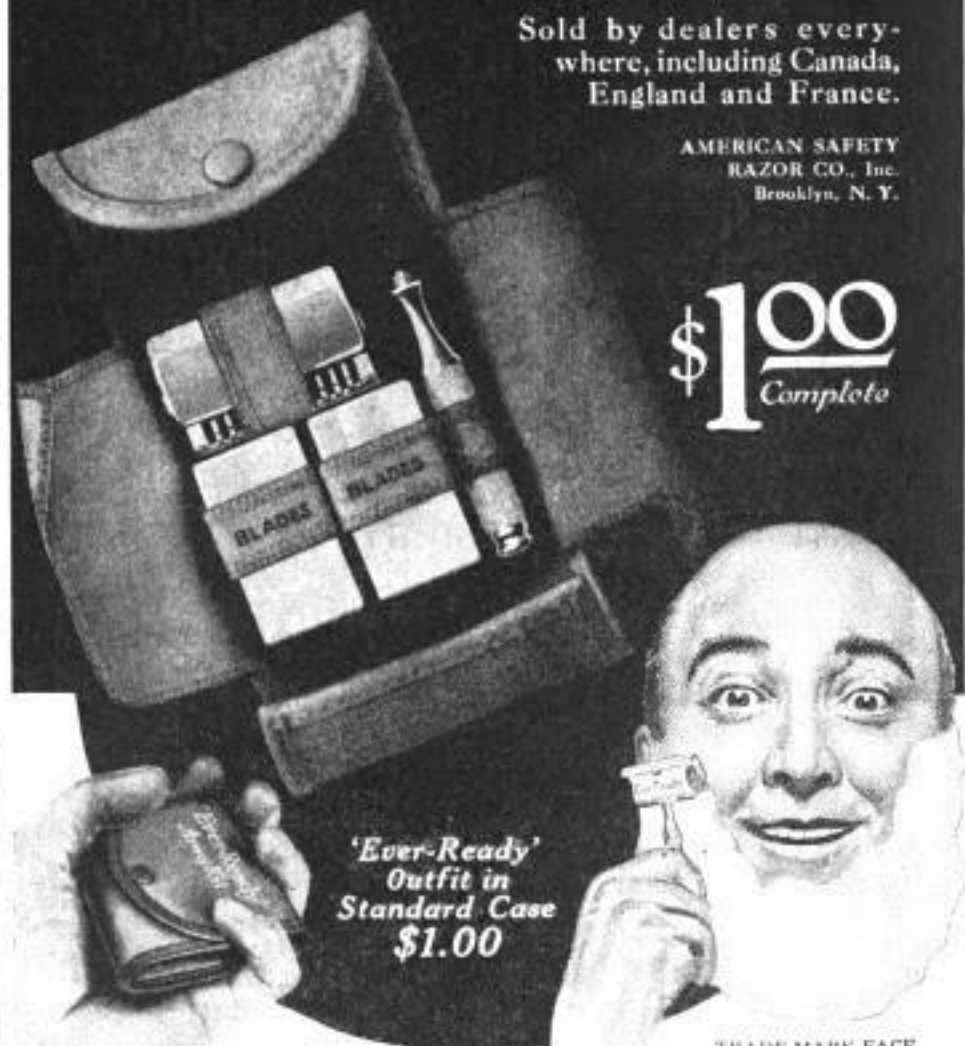
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major importance in camp life, have been reduced to a practically negligible status. Camp dysentery was the scandal of the Civil War. It doesn't reach the dignity of being listed among the principal causes of death and disability in our present army. Camp typhoid was the scandal of the Spanish-American War. Practically, typhoid is nonexistent in our present army. Vaccination has solved that problem. True, there have been deaths (less than a dozen total for all camps), but these have been cases contracted before the men entered the service. There is not on the records a single death traceable to any polluted water supply in the cantonments, and the amount of disease attributable to bad food is so small as to be almost negligible. Bad water in a camp would be stigmatized as unprofessional in the highest degree; tainted or infected food, only less so. Fly and mosquito-borne infections would also be regarded, by the medical authorities, as bearing with them the taint of amateurism. "Put only professionals on guard" is the rule which obtains in all these phases of protection.

But if Uncle Sam's fighting men are rigidly protected, they are by no means coddled. The camp life is exacting enough for the most Spartan standards. There is still a somewhat prevalent opinion that all an American of suitable age and physique needs to do to become a soldier is to put on a uniform and get a gun. Probably you,

Mr. Paterfamilias, believe that of your boy. Well, let us inquire into the matter a little. Could your young hopeful get up to-morrow morning and tramp fifteen miles over variegated country, and come back fit to do a stint of chores? If he could, he's an exceptional youth. But assume that he could. Could he get up on the following morning, springy and fit, and do the same thing over again? A bit doubtful about that, are you? Well, that's not all, by any means. Could he do that two days of foot slogging under the weight of a pack and equipment weighing sixty pounds? He could not; not unless he's a freak, or a trained soldier. Yet recently 10,000 men went out of the cantonment which I visited, in heavy marching order, tramped nearer twenty miles than fifteen, covered the same ground on the following day, and got back with only 1 per cent of defections, all of which rejoined the column before the end of the march! One regiment had only one man drop out in the two days. How would your young amateur measure up to that standard, Mr. Paterfamilias? And yet this was only a halfway station on the route to final condition. For later those same men may be called upon to march not fifteen, or twenty, but thirty miles a day, and to fight on top of it all.

Such is the test of a professional war. For this our men are to be made, in every detail which skill, untiring effort, and infinite care can cover, fighting-fit.

## Shore Leave

Continued from page 17

in the vastness of that shining place. A voice—the soft, cadenced voice of the negro—addressed him.

"Lookin' fo' de sailors' clubrooms?" Tyler turned. A toothy, middle-aged, kindly negro in a uniform and red cap. Tyler smiled friendly. Here was a human he could feel at ease with. Texas was full of just such faithful, friendly types of negro.

"Reckon I am, uncle. Show me the way?"

Red Cap chuckled and led the way. "Knew you was f'om de South minute Ah see you. Cain't fool me. Le's see now. You-all f'om—?"

"I'm from the finest State in the Union. The most glorious State in the—"

"H'm—Texas," grinned Red Cap.

"How did you know?"

"Ah done heah 'em talk befoh, son. Ah done heah 'em talk be-foh."

IT was a long journey through the great building to the section that had been set aside for Tyler and boys like him. Tyler wondered how anyone could ever find it alone. When the Red Cap left him, after showing him the wash rooms, the tubs for scrubbing clothes, the steam dryers, the bathtubs, the lunchroom, Tyler looked after him regretfully. Then he sped after him and touched him on the arm.

"Listen. Could I—would they—do you mean I could clean up in there—as much as I wanted? And wash my things? And take a bath in a bathtub, with all the hot water I want?"

"Yo' sho' kin. On'y things look mighty grabby now. Always is Sat'-days. Jes' wait aroun' an' grab yo' tu'n."

Tyler waited. And while he waited he watched to see how the other boys did things. He saw how they scrubbed their uniforms with scrubbing brushes and plenty of hot water and soap. He saw how they hung them carefully, so that they might not wrinkle, in the dryers. He saw them emerge, glowing, from the tub rooms. And he waited, the fever of cleanliness burning in his eye.

Now he saw his chance, and seized it. And then he went through a ceremony that was almost a ritual. Stella Kamps, could she have seen it, would have felt repaid for all her years of soap-and-water insistence.

First he washed out the stationary tub with soap and brush and scalding water. Then he scalded the brush; then the tub again. Then, deliberately, and with the utter unconcern of the male biped, he divested himself, piece by piece, of every stitch of covering where-with his body was clothed. And he scrubbed them all. His face, as he bent over the steamy tub, was very red and moist and earnest. His yellow hair curled in little damp ringlets about his brow. Then he hung his trousers and blouse in the dryer without wringing them. He rinsed and wrung and flapped the underclothes, though, and shaped

his cap carefully. And finally, with a deep sigh of accomplishment, he filled one of the bathtubs in the adjoining room to the slopping-over point with the luxurious hot water, and he splashed about in this gloriously until the waiting ones threatened to pull him out. Then he dried himself and issued forth all flushed and rosy. He wrapped himself in a clean coarse sheet, for his clothes would not be dry for another half hour. Swathed in the sheet like a Roman senator, he lay down on one of the green velvet couches, relics of past Pullman glories, and there, with the rumble and roar of steel trains overhead, with the smart click of the billiard balls sounding in his ears, with the phonograph and the electric piano going full blast, with the boys dancing and larking all about the big room, he fell sound asleep as only a boy cub can sleep.

When he awoke an hour later his clothes were folded in a neat pile by the deft hand of some jacky impatient to use the drying space for his own garments. Tyler put them on. He stood before a mirror and brushed his hair until it glittered. He drew himself up with the instinctive pride and self-respect that come of fresh clean clothes against the skin. Then he placed his absurd round hat on his head at what he considered a fetching angle, though precarious, and sallied forth on the streets of Chicago in search of amusement and adventure.

He found them.

MADISON and Canal Streets, west, had little to offer him. He sensed that the center of things lay to the east, so he struck out along Madison, trying not to show the terror with which the grim, roaring, clamorous city filled him. He jingled the small coins in his pocket and strode along; on the surface a blithe and care-free jacky on shore leave; a forlorn and lonely Texas boy beneath.

It was late afternoon. His laundering, his ablutions, and his nap had taken more time than he had realized. It was a mild spring day, with just a Lake Michigan evening snap in the air. Tyler, glancing about alertly, nevertheless felt dreamy and restless and sort of melting, like a snow heap in the sun. He wished he had some one to talk to. He thought of the man on the train who had said, with such easy confidence: "I got a date." Tyler wished that he too had a date—he who had never had a rendezvous in his life. He loitered a moment on the bridge. Then he went on, looking about him interestedly, and comparing Chicago, Ill., with Marvin, Tex., and finding the former sadly lacking. He passed La Salle, Clark. The streets were packed. The noise and rush tired him and bewildered him. He came to a moving-picture theatre—one of the many that dot the district. A girl occupied the little ticket kiosk. She was rather a frowzy girl, not too





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young, and with a certain look about the jaw. Tyler walked up to the window and shoved his money through the little aperture. The girl fed him a pink ticket without looking up. He stood there looking at her. Then he asked her a question: "How long does the show last?" He wanted to see the color of her eyes. He wanted her to talk to him.

"Bout a hour," said the girl, and raised wise eyes to his.

"Thanks," said Tyler fervently, and smiled. No answering smile curved the lady's lips. Tyler turned and went in. There was an alleged comic film. Tyler was not amused. It was followed by a war picture. He left before the show was over. He was very hungry by now. In his blouse pocket were the various information and entertainment tickets with which the Y. M. C. A. man had provided him. He had taken them out carefully before he had done his washing. Now he looked them over. But a dairy lunchroom invited him, with its white tiling and its pans of baked apples, its browned beans, and its coffee tank. He went in and ate a solitary supper that was heavy on pie and cake.

When he came out to the street again it was evening. He walked over to State Street (the wrong side). He took the dance card out of his pocket and looked at it again. If only he had learned to dance. There'd be girls. There'd have to be girls at a dance. He stood staring into the red and tin-foil window display of a cigar store, turning the ticket over in his fingers, and the problem over in his mind.

SUDDENLY, in his ear, a woman's voice, very soft and low: "Hello, Sweetheart," the voice said. His nickname! He whirled around eagerly.

The girl was a stranger to him. But she was smiling friendly, and she was pretty too, sort of. "Hello, Sweetheart," she said again.

"Why, how-do, ma'am?" said Tyler, Texas fashion.

"Where you going, kid?" she asked.

Tyler blushed a little. "Well, nowhere in particular, ma'am. Just kind of milling around."

"Come on along with me," she said, and linked her arm in his.

"Why—why—thanks, but—"

And yet Texas people were always saying Easterners weren't friendly. He felt a little uneasy, though, as he looked down into her smiling face. Something—

"Hello, Sweetheart!" said a voice again—a man's voice this time. Out of the cigar store came Gunner Moran, the yellow string of a tobacco bag sticking out of his blouse pocket, a freshly rolled cigarette between his lips.

A queer feeling of relief and gladness swept over Tyler. And then Moran looked sharply at the girl and said: "Why, hello, Blanche!"

"Hello, yourself," answered the girl sullenly.

"Thought you was in Frisco."

"Well, I ain't."

Moran shifted his attention from the girl to Tyler. "Friend o' yours?"

Before Tyler could open his lips to answer the girl put in: "Sure he is. Sure I am. We been around together all afternoon."

Tyler jerked away. "Why, ma'am, I guess you've made a mistake. I never saw you before in my life. I kind of thought when you up and spoke to me you must be taking me for somebody else. Well, now, isn't that funny—"

The smile faded from the girl's face, and it became twisted with fury. She glared at Moran, her lips drawn back in a snarl. "Who're you to go buttin' into my business! This guy's a friend of mine, I tell yuh!"

"Yeh? Well, he's a friend of mine too. Me an' him had a date to meet here right now, an' we're goin' over to a swell little dance on Michigan Avenue. So it's you who's buttin' in, Blanche, me girl."

The girl stood twisting her handkerchief savagely. She was panting a little. "I'll get you for this."

"Beat it!" said Moran. He tucked his arm through Tyler's, with a little impelling movement, and Tyler found himself walking up the street at a smart gait, leaving the girl staring after them.

TYLER KAMPS was an innocent, but he was not a fool. At what he had vaguely guessed a moment before he now knew. They walked along in silence, the most ill-assorted pair that



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you might hope to find in all that higgledy-piggledy city. And yet with a new, strong bond between them. It was more than fraternal. It had something of the character of the feeling that exists between a father and son who understand each other.

Manlike, they did not talk of that which they were thinking.

Tyler broke the silence. "Do you dance?"

"Me! Dance! Well, I've mixed with everything from hula dancers to geisha girls, not forgettin' the Barbary Coast in the old days, but—well, I ain't what you'd rightly call a dancer. Why you askin'?"

"Because I can't dance either. But we'll just go up and see what it's like, anyway."

"See wot wot's like?"

Tyler took out his card again patiently. "This dance we're going to."

THEY had reached the Michigan Avenue address given on the card, and Tyler stopped to look up at the great, brightly lighted building. Moran stopped too, but for a different reason. He was staring, open-mouthed, at Tyler Kamps.

"You mean t' say you thought I was goin'—?" He choked. "Oh, my Gawd!" Tyler smiled at him sweetly. "I'm kind of scared too. But Monicker goes to these dances, and he says they're right nice. And lots of—of pretty girls. Nice girls. I wouldn't go alone. But you—you're used to dancing and parties and—girls."

He linked his arm through the other man's. Moran allowed himself to be propelled along dazedly. Still protesting, he found himself in the elevator with a dozen red-cheeked, scrubbed-looking jackies. At which point Moran, game in the face of horror, accepted the inevitable. He gave a characteristic jerk from the belt.

"Me, I'll try anything once. Lead me to it."

The elevator stopped at the ninth floor. "Out here for the jackies' dance," said the elevator boy.

The two stepped out with the others—stepped out gingerly, caps in hand: A corridor full of women; a corridor afflutter with girls; talk, laughter; animation. In another moment the two would have turned and fled, terrified. But in their half moment of hesitation and bewilderment they were lost.

A woman approached them, hand outstretched—a tall, slim, friendly-looking woman, low-voiced, silk-gowned, inquiring. "Good evening!" she said, as if she had been haunting the halls in the hope of their coming. "I'm glad to see you. You can check your caps right there. Do you dance?"

Two scarlet faces. Four great hands twisting at white caps in an agony of embarrassment. "Why, no, ma'am."

"That's fine. We'll teach you. Then you'll go into the ballroom and have a wonderful time."

"But—" in choked accents from Moran.

"Just a minute. Miss Hall!" She beckoned a diminutive blonde in blue. "Miss Hall, this is Mr.—ah—Mr. Moran. Thanks. And Mr.—yes—Mr. Kamps. Tyler Kamps. They want to learn to dance. I'll turn them right over to you. When does your class begin?"

Miss Hall glanced at a toy watch on the tiny wrist. Instinctively and helplessly Moran and Tyler focused their gaze on the dials that bound their red wrists. "Starting right now," said Miss Hall crisply. She eyed the two men with calm, appraising gaze. "I'm sure you'll both make wonderful dancers. Follow me."

She turned. There was something confident, dauntless, irresistible about the straight little back. The two men stared at it; then at each other. Panic was writ large on the face of each—panic and mutiny. Flight was in the mind of both. Miss Hall turned, smiled, held out a small white hand. "Come on," she said. "Follow me."

And the two, as though hypnotized, followed into a fair-sized room, with a piano in one corner and groups of fidgeting jackies in every other corner. Moran and Tyler sighed with relief at sight of them. At least they were not to be alone in their agony.

Miss Hall wasted no time. Slim ankles close together, head held high, she stood in the center of the room. "Now, then, form a circle, please!"

Twenty six-foot, well-built specimens of manhood suddenly became shambling hulks. They clumped forward, breathing hard, and smiling mirthlessly, with an assumption of ease that deceived no one, least of all themselves.

"A little lively, please. Don't look so scared. I'm not a bit vicious. Now, then, Miss Weeks, a foxtrot."

Miss Weeks, at the piano, broke into spirited strains. The first faltering steps in the social career of Gunner Moran and Tyler Kamps had begun.

To an onlooker it might have been mirth-provoking if it hadn't been, somehow, tear-compelling. The thing that little Miss Hall was doing might have seemed trivial to one who did not know that it was magnificent. It wasn't dancing merely that she was teaching these awkward, serious, frightened boys. She was handing them a key that would unlock the social graces. She was presenting them with a magic something that would later act as an open sesame to a hundred legitimate delights.

She was strictly business, was Miss Hall. No nonsense about her. "One-two-three-four! And a one-two three-four. One-two-three-four! And a turn-two, turn-four! Now, then, all together. Just four straight steps as if you were walking down the street. That's it! One-two-three-four! Don't look at me. Look at my feet. And a one-two three-four."

Red-faced, they were; very earnest; pathetically eager and docile. Weeks of drilling had taught them to obey commands. To them the little dancing teacher, whose white spats twinkled so expertly in the tangle of their own clumsy clumping boots, was more than a pretty girl. She was knowledge. She was power. She was the commanding officer. And like children they obeyed.

Moran's Barbary Coast experience stood him in good stead now, though the stern and watchful Miss Hall put a quick stop to a certain tendency toward shoulder work. Tyler possessed what is known as a rhythm sense. An expert whistler is generally a natural dancer. Stella Kamps had always waited for the sound of his cheerful whistle as he turned the corner of Vernon Street. High, clear, sweet, true, he would approach his top note like a Tetraxini until, just when you thought he could not possibly reach that dizzy eminence, he did reach it, and held it, and trilled it, birdlike, in defiance of the laws of vocal equilibrium.

His dancing was much like that—never a half beat behind the indefatigable Miss Weeks. It was a bit labored at first, but it was true. Little Miss Hall, with the skilled eye of the specialist, picked him at a glance.

"You've danced before?"

"No, ma'am."

"Take the head of the line, please. Watch Mr. Kamps. Now, then, all together, please."

And they were off again.

AT 9.45 Tyler Kamps and Gunner Moran were standing in the crowded doorway of the ballroom upstairs, in a panic lest some girl should ask them to dance, fearful lest they be passed by. Little Miss Hall had brought them to the very door, had left them there with a stern injunction not to move, and had sped away in search of partners for them.

Gunner Moran's great scarlet hands were knotted into fists. His Adam's apple worked convulsively.

"Le's duck," he whispered hoarsely. The jacksy band in the corner crashed into the opening bars of a foxtrot.

"Oh, it don't seem—" But it was plain that Tyler was weakening. Another moment and they would have turned and fled. But coming toward them was little Miss Hall, her blond head bobbing in and out among the swaying couples. At her right and left was a girl. Her bright eyes held her two victims in the doorway. They watched her approach, and were helpless to flee. They seemed to be gripped by a horrible fascination. Their limbs were fluid.

A sort of groan rent Moran. Miss Hall and the two girls stood before them, cool, smiling, unruffled.

"Miss Cunningham, this is Mr. Tyler Kamps. Mr. Moran, Miss Cunningham. Miss Drew—Mr. Moran, Mr. Kamps."

The boy and the man gulped, bowed, mumbled something.

"Would you like to dance?" said Miss Cunningham, and raised limpid eyes to Tyler's.

"Why—I—you see I don't know how. I just started to—"

"Oh, that's all right," Miss Cunningham interrupted cheerfully. "We'll try it." She stood in position, and then seemed to radiate from her a certain friendliness, a certain assurance, at

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understanding that was as calming as it was stimulating. In a sort of daze Tyler found himself moving over the floor in time to the music. He didn't know that he was being led, but he was. She didn't try to talk. He breathed a prayer of thanks for that. She seemed to know, somehow, about those four straight steps and two to the right and two to the left, and four again, and turn-two turn-four. He didn't know that he was counting aloud, desperately. He didn't even know, just then, that this was a girl he was dancing with. He seemed to move automatically, like a marionette. He never was quite clear about those first ten minutes of his ballroom experience.

THE music ceased. A spat of applause. Tyler mopped his head and his hands, and applauded too, like one in a dream. They were off again for the encore.

Five minutes later he found himself seated next Miss Cunningham in a chair against the wall. And for the first time since their meeting the mists of agony cleared before his gaze and he saw Miss Cunningham as a tall, slim, dark-haired girl, with a glint of mischief in her eye, and a mouth that looked as if she was trying to keep from smiling.

"Why don't you?" Tyler asked, and was aghast.

"Why don't I what?"

"Smile if you want to."

At which the glint in her eye and the hidden smile on her lips sort of met and sparked, and she laughed. Tyler laughed too, and then they laughed together and were friends.

Miss Cunningham's conversation was the kind of conversation that a nice girl invariably uses in putting at ease a jacky whom she has just met at a war-recreation dance. Nothing could have been more commonplace or unoriginal, but to Tyler Kamps the brilliance of a Madame de Staël would have sounded trivial and uninteresting in comparison.

They danced again. Miss Cunningham introduced him to some other girls, and he danced with them, and they in turn asked him about the station, and Texas, and when he thought the war would end. And altogether he had a beautiful time of it, and forgot completely and entirely about Gunner Moran. It was not until he gallantly escorted Miss Cunningham downstairs for refreshments that he remembered his friend. He had procured hot chocolate for himself and Miss Cunningham, and sandwiches and delectable chunks of caramel cake. And they were talking and eating and laughing and enjoying themselves hugely, and Tyler had gone back for more cake at the urgent invitation of the white-haired, pink-cheeked woman presiding at the great white-clothed table in the center of the charming room. And then he had remembered. A look of horror settled down over his face. He gasped.

"W-what's the matter?" demanded Miss Cunningham.

"My—my friend. I forgot all about him." He regarded her with stricken eyes.

"Oh, that's all right," Miss Cunningham assured him for the second time that evening. "We'll just go and find him. He's probably forgotten all about you too."

And for the second time she was

right. They started on their quest. It was a short one. Off the refreshment room was a great, gracious comfortable room, all deep chairs and soft rugs and hangings and pictures and shaded lights. All about sat pairs and groups of sailors and girls, talking and laughing and consuming vast quantities of cake. And in the center of just such a group sat Gunner Moran, lolling at his ease in a rosy velvet-upholstered chair. His little finger was crooked elegantly over his cup. A large and imposing square of chocolate cake in the other hand did not seem to cramp his gestures as he talked. Neither did the huge bites with which he was rapidly demolishing it seem in the least to stifle his conversation. Four particularly pretty girls and two matrons surrounded him. And as Tyler and Miss Cunningham approached him he was saying: "Well, it's got so I can't sleep in anything but a hammock. Yessir! Why, when I was fifteen years old I was—" He caught Tyler's eye. "Hello!" he called genially. "Meet me friend." This to the bevy surrounding him. "I was just tellin' these ladies here—"

And he was off again. All the tales that he told were not necessarily true. But that did not detract from their thrill. Moran's audience grew as he talked. And he talked until he and Tyler had to run all the way to the Northwestern station for the last train that would get them on the Station before shore leave expired. Moran, on leaving, shook hands like a presidential candidate.

"I never met up with a finer bunch of ladies," he assured them, again and again. "Sure I'm comin' again. Ask me. I've had a elegant time. Elegant. I never met a finer bunch of ladies."

THEY did not talk much in the train. He and Tyler. It was a sleepy lot of boys that that train carried back to the Great Central Naval Station. Tyler was undressed and in his hammock even before Moran, the expert. He would not have to woo sleep to-night. Finally Moran too had swung himself up to his precarious nest and relaxed with a tired, happy grunt.

Quiet again brooded over the great dim barracks. Tyler felt himself slipping off to sleep deliciously. She would be there next Saturday. Her first name, she had said, was Myrtle. An awful pretty name for a girl. Just about the prettiest he had ever heard. Her folks invited jackies to dinner at the house nearly every Sunday. Maybe, if they gave him thirty-six hours' leave next time—

"Heh, Sweetheart!" sounded in a hissing whisper from Moran's hammock. "What?"

"Say, was that four steps and then turn-turn, or four and two steps t' the side? I kinda forgot."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Monicker from the other side. "Let a fellow sleep, can't you! What do you think this is? A boarding school!"

"Shut up yourself!" retorted Tyler happily. "It's four steps, and two to the right and two to the left, and four again, and turn two, turn two."

"I was pretty sure," said Moran humbly, and relaxed again.

Quiet settled down upon the great room. There were only the sounds of deep regular breathing, with an occasional grunt or sigh—the normal sleep sounds of very tired boys.

## The Flying Fish

(Continued from page 11)

obtain from Central the location of the store from which she telephoned, to hold her in talk until another of McCord's henchmen arrived on the scene!

"There, Miss Kildare?" Larsen spoke again. "Well, as I was sayin'—"

She interrupted him. "I won't stay here talking to you. Tell me where Mr. McCord is—"

"I'll tell you nothing!" he snarled. "You listen to me. And mind, if you go to the police, we'll know it, and I give my word for it, Miss Kildare, Endicott will be bumped off so quick—"

She heard no more. Even now some one might be racing toward where she stood, and if she were going to rescue Endicott, it behooved her to guard her own safety. She hung up the receiver and walked swiftly into the street.

### Chapter VI: A Cigarette

"YOU are waiting for Miss Tarrant?" Endicott wheeled from the window through which he had been dreamily staring. He had not been observing the

street outside. The window had simply served as a frame for the face of Leila Kildare. As clearly as though she had been present in the flesh, Endicott had been gazing at the dimple at the left corner of her mouth, at the wavy, bluish-black hair, into the deep violet eyes. His tanned cheeks colored as he met the inquiring gaze of a bell boy.

"Miss Tarrant, yes," he stammered. "She wants you to come upstairs, sir." "Upstairs?" Endicott was puzzled.

"Yes, sir." After all, thought Endicott, conventions are merely conventions. Undoubtedly Leila had a suite of rooms, and it was no time, when some fearful danger menaced her—himself too, for that matter—to consider the petty rules of ordinary living. Leila had reconsidered her intention to meet him in this parlor; that was all. The girl was nervous, naturally enough. She would feel safer in her own rooms. Unhesitatingly Endicott followed the boy to a door on an upper floor.

"Here, sir!" The boy knocked.



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thing is youth. Miss Kildare is young also. I think that she would deeply regret taking any action that would result in your—let us call it, departure. Oh, no, Mr. Endicott, dismiss from your mind any thought of the police. Miss Kildare has been informed that if she goes to the police you will go to—shall we say Heaven?"

THE smile left his lips. It had never been in his eyes.

"Listen, Mr. Endicott: you have meddled in important matters. The penalty for such meddling ordinarily— But these are extraordinary circumstances. Procure that envelope for me, give me your promise that you will forget the events of the past few hours, and—you will be at liberty, Mr. Endicott."

"And Miss Kildare?"

"What about her?"

"She will be at liberty too?"

"You take a deep interest in my niece."

"A very deep interest in Miss Kildare—who is *not* your niece," retorted Endicott.

"Miss Kildare is in my charge. Her affairs need in no way concern you, Mr. Endicott."

"But suppose that they do concern me—vitality?"

"In that case you will have to forget, Mr. Endicott. And, as I remarked a moment ago, you are young. Youth forgets quickly. Miss Kildare is not for you."

"Still, I am—one hesitates to relate his good qualities, Mr. McCord, but—"

"If I were to tell you that I intend marrying Miss Kildare myself, what then?" asked McCord.

"I should be very frank, Mr. McCord. I should reply that you are a silly, presumptuous old man."

Beneath his dressing gown McCord's thin limbs shook. He rose. "It is quite unnecessary to tell you, Mr. Endicott, that I have sufficient men in this house to prevent your making your escape."

Endicott nodded. "I've been aware of that."

"And I know that it is quite useless to talk further with you, Mr. Endicott. It is only a matter of a few hours before we find Miss Kildare. After that, Mr. Endicott— Do you believe in God, Mr. Endicott?"

Endicott bowed assent.

"I should advise you to make your peace with Him, Mr. Endicott."

He moved to the door. "Oh, Mr. McCord," said Endicott.

The gray old man turned. "Well?"

"These cigarettes. Could I have some fresh ones?"

McCord's answer was to slam the door. But even as the key turned in the lock Endicott's lips lost their impertinent, somewhat quizzical smile. Supposing that Leila Kildare was afraid to go to the police. McCord was insane, yes, but—many a murder has been committed by an insane person. McCord's insanity rendered him, if anything, the more dangerous. Endicott paced thoughtfully up and down the shabby room.

(To be continued next week)

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Volume 61 Number 19  
JULY 20, 1918





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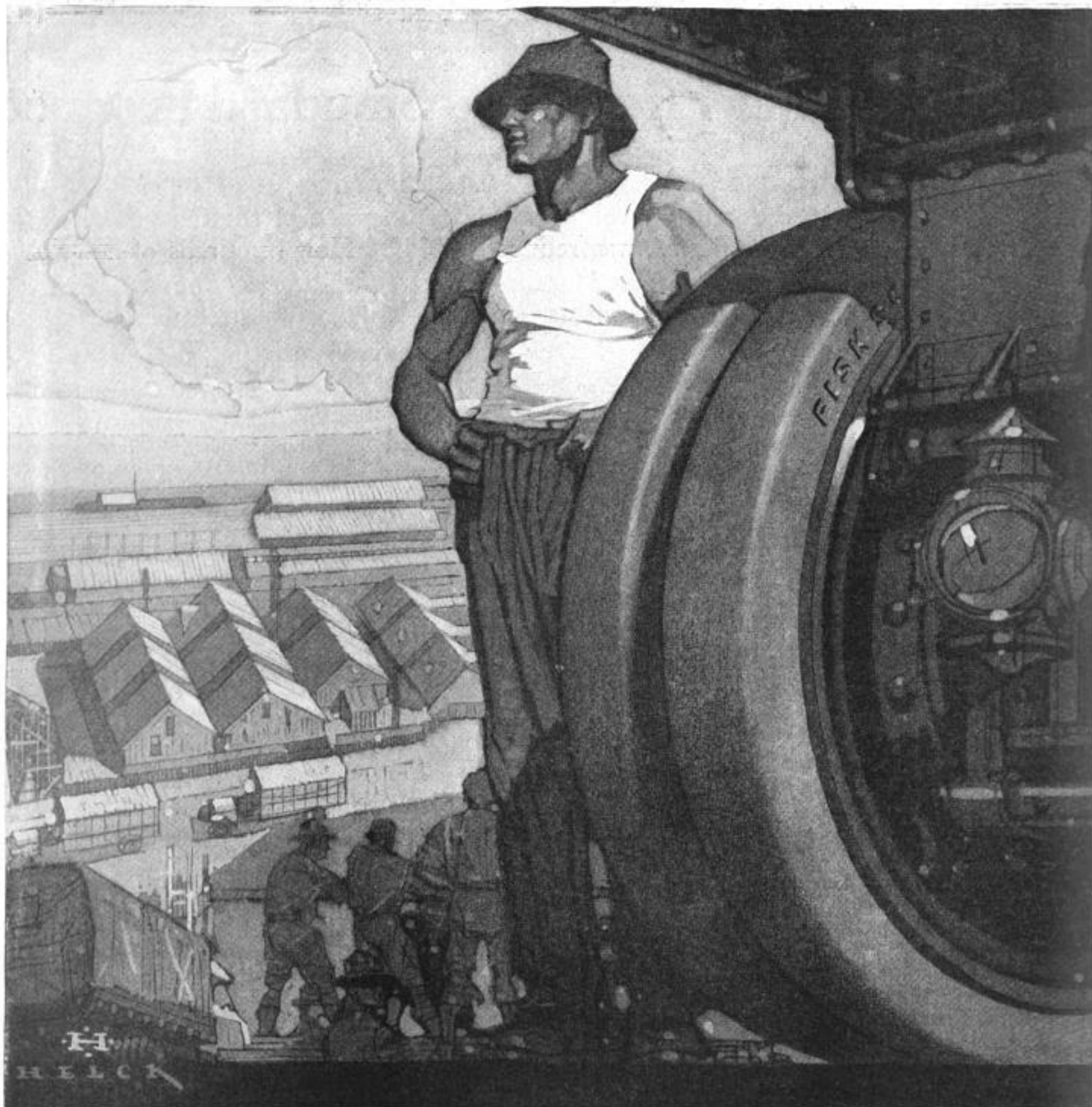
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NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JULY 27, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 20

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

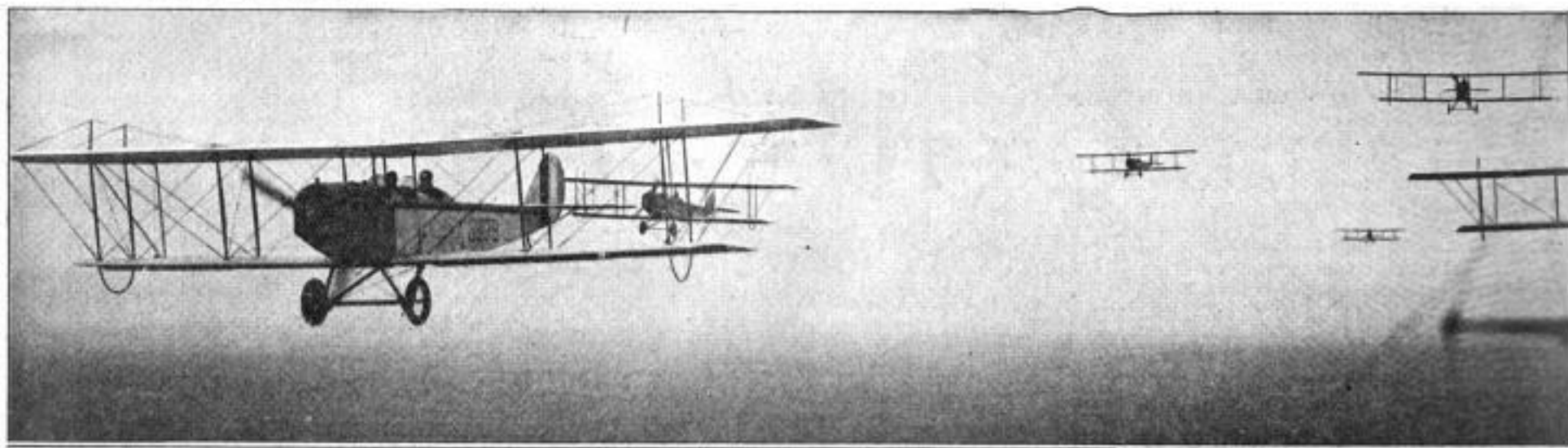


Canadian Official © Western Newspaper Union

## THE INTERRUPTED POKER GAME

*The crew of a Canadian motor-mounted anti-aircraft gun, on duty beside a French road, are hastily roused from a quiet game of cards by the appearance of an enemy airplane*





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# OUR BATTLE PLANES ARE COMING

BY LUCIAN CARY

COLLIER'S once printed an article by Arthur Ruhl that he called "Up in the Air with Orville." It was the story of his first flight in an airplane, a flight conducted by Mr. Orville Wright. This article ought, in all justice, to be called "On Solid Earth with Orville."

This is the story of an attempt to get down to the facts about battleplanes. And though Mr. Wright did not conduct the expedition, he was the first island of fact I struck in all the wild seas of rumor and suspicion, of charges and of investigations, of mysterious tips and far-flung boasts, of first-page-or-die committees, and sculptors run amuck.

Orville Wright is one of those rare men for whom the late William James invented his famous phrase: tough-minded. Most of us are tender-minded—creatures who run with the crowd, think what everybody else thinks, and subsist on illusions. Orville Wright thinks his own thoughts and thrives on facts. Other men like to believe that the bass they caught weighed five pounds, that the car they are selling will do twenty miles to the gallon, that they're going to build twenty thousand airplanes in six months. They like to believe and so they do believe. Imagine how hard it is for a true-hearted Englishman to admit that the Liberty motor is as good as a Rolls-Royce. Why, your Englishman speaks the word "Rolls" in the tone of reverence. He speaks it as we Americans sometimes speak the name of Lincoln. The name "Rolls" is a symbol of national achievement; it is almost like the flag. Aren't we all like that?

Orville Wright isn't like that. He doesn't ask of facts that they be pleasant facts. He is queer. He likes to weigh his fish—on tested scales. He would rather know he has failed than guess he has succeeded.

One reason the Wright brothers solved the problem of mechanical flight was that they had an enthusiasm for the task. Another reason was that they were ingenious men, with imaginations equal to mechanical difficulties. But other men have been enthusiastic; and other men have been ingenious. The reason the Wrights succeeded where others had failed lies in their immense devotion to facts. The Wrights based their first gliders on the accepted tables of lift and thrust. The gliders refused to work. So the Wrights wanted to find out why. They built a wind tunnel—a wooden tube in which they artificially produced a blast of air—devised a scheme for measurement and proceeded to discover the facts. When they designed a new wing shape they made a miniature of it, placed it in the wind tunnel, and turned on their blast. The inexorable dial recorded the result and the Wrights accepted that result. Whether it was pleasing or not did not affect their judgment. They wanted nothing more than the truth. It is a rare quality among men: proverbially rare among fishermen; and apparently almost unknown among men who design, fly, and criticize airplanes. . . .

Everybody knows now that the original program of the Aircraft Production Board—that program of flying twenty thousand airplanes over the German lines within our first year—was a boy's dream. It was based on desire. It had no relation to facts; no foundation in possibilities. If we could have built fifty thousand airplanes in the year that has just passed—and it would have required more than fifty thousand to put twenty thousand in the German sky—we couldn't have shipped them. And if we could have shipped them we couldn't have flown them. And if we could have flown them we couldn't have landed them. Three squadrons of flyers—and there are eighteen machines to a squadron—require a field nearly a mile long in which to land safely. Allow sixty machines to a field, which is a good many, and a third of a square mile to a field. It would require more than three hundred fields to land twenty thousand machines—more than a hundred square miles of level space just behind the front lines. Perhaps you know something about leveling land by the square mile. Perhaps you can imagine the size of this job—the job of finding places for more than three hundred new landing fields in addition to those the Allies are now using in France, and leveling them off. But even if you don't know much about leveling land or the available terrain you can guess the truth. The truth is there is an ultimate check on darkening the sky with airplanes which is not the tonnage of our ships or the capacity of our shops or the supply of spruce but landing fields.

If it weren't for landing fields, we could eventually drop a bomb to every square yard of Germany. If it weren't for that, we could joyfully adopt the grandiose scheme presented to the extent of a column and a half in this morning's New York "Times," the scheme of W. H. Workman, American representative of the Handley-Page Company. The scheme is to build 10,000 giant Handley-Page bombing machines, each equipped with four Liberty motors, fly them across the Atlantic by way of the Azores, and blow the Germans out of Germany next spring. It is theoretically feasible to fly across the Atlantic—although producing, say, 20,000 pilots capable of making the trip is a large order. It is theoretically possible by spring to

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A Spad flown by an American in France

build 10,000 Handley-Page dreadnoughts and 40,000 Liberty motors to drive them—although we are pretty

full up now in the shops. And the cost—well, suppose it did cost another \$640,000,000, what does money matter? But after that it would be necessary to level off landing places in France for 10,000 giant four-motor, six-man machines, in addition to all the leveling we are now doing. And that's not possible—not this winter. It is a mean little fact to present in the face of so handsome a theory. But it is a fact. And it is facts we're after.

The trail of facts leads straight to Dayton, Ohio, where our first battle plane was built, where the experimenting is done, where Orville Wright has his laboratory, with a new wind tunnel in which he has got an air speed higher than anybody ever got before, a blast of 158 miles an hour.

## Speaking of the Liberty Motor

MR. WRIGHT took me out to the army training field named after his brother, Wilbur. We watched the cadets taking their afternoon flights in the usual ninety-horse Curtiss training machines, which is not very exciting when one has seen a great deal of it. And then we found two new De Havillands, American De Havillands, built in this country, with machine guns mounted—battle planes—battle planes with Liberty motors!

M. Justin Godart, until recently the assistant minister of war to the French, was there. M. Godart was not familiar with the American Civil War of 1917-18; he knew nothing of the great charge on our airplane experts by the famous sculptor, Gutzon Borglum; he had not heard, as you and I have, that the ignition system is all wrong, that the carburetor is a failure, that the cooling system boils, that the power melts away at an altitude of 1,000 feet . . . . M. Godart wanted a ride behind the Liberty motor.

They took the machine away from the mechanics; the pilot took his seat; M. Godart was strapped in. Three men in a chain—it takes three men to turn that motor over—caught the propeller and the pilot reached for the switch; the three men pulled; the

engine started. In another minute it was singing. And a moment later it roared down the field and jumped into the air. To me it seemed as if it were going up at a forty-five degree angle. But I had been looking at the slow gradual rise of training planes.

We all watched the De Havilland as long as we could see it. It went so fast, the motor roared so irresistibly. And when it disappeared in the blue we all smiled at each other. Really nothing had happened; the plane had not distinguished itself; no test had taken place. But one felt that the spectacle had a touch of magnificence even while one knew that it was only the expected performance. It was a battle plane—our battle plane, with our motor—and you know

what they've said about that motor. And then a Frenchman, young, but an old and famous flyer, spoke up. "Lots of power there," he said. "But it's a bit expensive, don't you think? That motor uses thirty-seven gallons of gas an hour."



"Thirty-seven gallons an hour!" I thought. "So this is the real secret. The Liberty motor has power. But thirty-seven gallons an hour!"

I looked to Mr. Wright for some comment, but he said nothing. Everybody talked about something else.

On the way back Mr. Wright did some figuring with a pencil and paper.

"Well," he said slowly, when he had checked his calculations, "that isn't so bad. Thirty-seven gallons an hour comes to a little more than half a pound per horsepower hour. That is a great deal better than they get with automobile motors and about as good as anybody gets with airplane motors."

"How about speed?" I asked. I had read in two ably conducted metropolitan dailies that the De Haviland equipped with the Liberty motor does more than 130 miles an hour; and I had been confidentially informed by a man who had been flying one that it did 139 miles an hour.

"The De Haviland is doing 123 to 125 miles an hour," Mr. Wright said.

I expressed my disappointment. I had read that week an article by a young American ace about a machine the French were using that did 145 miles an hour. I had heard that

the standard speed for Spads was 135 miles an hour. Why were we building a battle plane that did only 123 or 125 miles an hour? Wasn't that awfully slow?

Wright didn't think it was slow; he thought it was fast. And gradually it dawned on me that Wright did not credit the 145-mile story.

"Well," I said, "you mean that it's difficult for proud young men to tell the truth about how fast they've flown."

"Yes," he said. "It's so difficult to find out the truth about speed. It isn't easy to measure it accurately from the ground."

Later, Wright showed me his apparatus for testing the air-speed indicators the Government has been buying. He has found them from 10 to 40 per cent off. Which may explain why thoroughly honest newspaper men give the De Haviland battle plane eight or ten more miles an hour than Orville Wright does.

The machine ought to go a good deal faster than it does now. The model they are turning out in quantity at Dayton is equipped with wire cable between the struts. This crisscross of cable looks slim enough to the eye—it is the thickness of your little finger—but it is too thick for speed. An attempt is now being made to roll streamline wire in this country—wire, that is, so shaped that it offers the least resistance to the air in proportion to its strength. America has not manufactured this wire hitherto and it has been impossible to secure a supply from abroad. Wright has calculated that the difference between a machine equipped with the round wire cable and a machine equipped with streamline wire will be between six and eight miles an hour. If this calculation proves out, our De Havilands may eventually fly as fast as they are now currently reported to fly.

This matter of flying speed is a delicate one, but it's bound to come up again. One will do well to cut 10 per cent off any air-speed figures he hears unless he has excellent reason for thinking that the person speaking is talking actual accomplishment rather than wishes.

The De Haviland machine represents our final choice—or let us err on the side of safety—our present final choice—of a battle plane. It is the only fighting machine in quantity production at the present time.

### Choosing a Battle Plane

THE military commission which went abroad a year ago to study foreign planes landed in England. The members were promptly captured by the extraordinary merits of the Handley-Page bombing machine. The model then in use had two motors, developing nearly a thousand horsepower. It carried a ton or so of bombs in addition to its crew and a supply of gasoline sufficient for a long flight. The commission listened, observed, and cabled home that Handley-Page was the answer.

And having settled the matter beyond peradven-

ture they went to France. There they discovered the Spad. It was about the time the Spad succeeded the Nieuport as the avion de chasse, among such flyers as the famous Cygne squadron with whom Guynemer flew. The Spad was at the opposite extreme from the Handley-Page. The Spad was small, fast, quick to maneuver. It carried two fixed machine guns above the motor, synchronized to shoot through the propeller, and was flown and fought by a single man. Our military commission cabled home that Spads were the answer.

And having again settled the vexed question, they went to Italy. There they discovered the Caproni. The Caproni was even bigger than the Handley-Page. It also had records for long-distance flying. It could carry two tons of bombs—or anyway a ton. The commission wavered and was lost. They cabled home that Capronis were the answer.

The situation thus created required some little resolving. Three thousand Spads were ordered built at the Curtiss plant in Buffalo. One John J. Pershing afterward canceled the order. No Spads were built.

It was discovered that, however effective Spads might be in single combat with the German Albatros, Spads alone couldn't win the war. A Spad is perfectly good in combat with another machine of its own type, but very little good for anything else. It cannot carry bombs, it is unsuitable for observation or photography.

It was discovered, further, that big bombing machines like the Handley-Page and the Caproni were too slow to use in broad daylight. Except at night they were an easy prey to faster machines and to anti-aircraft guns. They were built for night bombing and they were good for nothing else.

The De Haviland four, a two-seater general-purpose fighting machine, developed in England, was finally chosen as a compromise.

This machine can be used for fighting, for bombing, for reconnaissance. It carries four machine guns—two fixed guns in front of the pilot, geared to shoot through the propeller, and two mounted on a circular track which surrounds the ob-

to which it can fly.) Barring one or two experimental machines, the De Haviland four, with a Rolls-Royce motor of 375 horsepower, beat them all.

On an average of the three significant items of speed, climb, and ceiling the De Haviland was supreme. There is no reason why our version of the De Haviland with a Liberty motor, turning up at least fifty more horsepower than the Rolls-Royce, should not eventually surpass the English De Haviland in some slight degree. Indeed, I heard a tale of an Englishman, a member of the Royal Flying Corps, now in this country with a Rolls-motored De Haviland, who has so far avoided anything like a scratch race with the Liberty-motored De Haviland. On one occasion, the story goes, he started up alone. Eager American mechanics immediately rolled out the Liberty engine. It left the ground two minutes behind the Englishman and caught him at 10,000 feet.

They tell you at Dayton that the De Haviland with our motor will climb to 10,000 feet in seven and a half minutes. They will tell you that they have done it in seven minutes flat. But seven and a half minutes is nearly four times as fast as a German Rumpeler the British recently tested will climb.

Not that the Germans have no machines capable of 10,000 feet in less than half an hour. But in general they have gone in for slower machines than the Allies. They prefer the sturdy six-cylinder Mercedes motor, relatively moderate in power, but wonderfully reliable, and depend on getting up very high before they fight and then diving to get speed.

### How Fast Can We Turn Them Out?

JUST what account of themselves our De Havilands will give in single fights with smaller, quicker-turning machines may perhaps be left to trial. Orville Wright, who learned to fly in machines that would turn in a smaller circle than anything now in use on the western front, told me he would rather fight in a Spad than in a De Haviland on this account. But our present theory is that there will not be very much single-handed fighting for the De Havilands to do. That work is already pretty well taken care of by the Allies, who have been building and fighting single-seaters these four years.

We are buying some single-seaters abroad, and an order for some British S. E. 5 speed scouts, single-seaters, was recently given the Curtiss plant.

In addition, we have ordered 1,000 Handley-Page bombing machines and 1,000 Capronis. And there



How fast is he going? Your guess is as good as his



The ultimate check on our campaign in the air is space for landing fields

server's seat. Its one apparent weakness as a fighting machine is that it cannot maneuver as quickly as a single-seater of less wing spread.

It carries 250 pounds in its bomb racks. That sounds like very little after the figures for the Handley-Page and the Caproni. But these big machines require three or four motors to drive them and large crews to operate them. We can build three or four De Havilands to one Handley-Page or Caproni. It is probable that hour for hour, dollar for dollar, and man for man the De Havilands will do as much damage with bombs as either of the big machines.

The De Haviland is better suited to reconnaissance than any other type. It is big enough to photograph from. It carries a wireless set. And finally—it is fast.

I examined with a great deal of interest the tabulated information about airplanes furnished our Government by the Allies. There on a single sheet were the records of more than twenty machines—records, among others, of their speed at three air levels, their carrying capacity, their rate of climb, their ceiling. (The ceiling of an airplane is the altitude

are a number of experiments with other types under way, including the two-seated Bristol.

And it is the De Haviland which looks best of them all. But it is the De Haviland on which we are banking. How many are we going to build in the next ten months?

There are now four large factories equipped to build them: the Dayton-Wright Company, the Fisher Body Corporation at Detroit, the Curtiss Company at Buffalo, and the Standard at Elizabeth, N. J. There are other plants building airplanes, and numerous shops turning out parts, but the four plants mentioned are the ones counted on for quantity production of De Havilands. The Dayton-Wright Company, being at the fountainhead of information, achieved quantity production more than two months ago. On June 15 they were turning out twelve a day. Their schedule calls eventually for twenty-five or thirty a day.

The Fisher Brothers at Detroit were later in getting started, through no fault of their own. The Five Fishers build about 30 per cent of all the automobile bodies used in the (Continued on page 30)



# THE BRIBER

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



PEACE and the balm of tobacco smoke had descended gratefully upon the troubled atmosphere of Draft Board No. 5. A hard day's work was over. Every shirker, slinker, and dodger in the district, I was ready to believe, had chosen that particular day to come and present a plea for exemption, which we had no power to grant even had we the will. Our confidence in the human race had sunk to its lowest ebb. Even Roberts, our secretary, gentlest and most charitable of men, was embittered.

"It's a rotten world!" he sighed.

Martindale, our chairman, stooped to pick up a crumpled questionnaire upon which a disappointed lady with a borrowed infant had wrought her resentment, and, rising, threw open the window to the night air.

"There is a smell of brimstone in here," said he.

"Human anger is said to have a poisonous exhalation," I suggested. Half of our visitors to-day went away yearning to kill us."

"Unfeeling brutes, prejudiced idiots, crooked political tools," murmured Roberts retrospectively.

"Is that what they call you?" smiled Kelsey. Kelsey, as our medical examiner, did most of his work in his own office, but liked to drop in after hours and talk over the day's experiences. We always felt the better for his coming. Kelsey had that quality.

"Part, only part," the chairman answered him. "They think the rest."

"Oh, well, it might be worse. It might be true—as it is of our neighbors across the canal."

"The Ellen Street board?" queried Martindale. "I've heard rumors. Have they got the proof?"

The young physician nodded. "Graft thoroughly systematized. Slackers certified unfit for as low as fifty dollars. The whole political underworld is in it, on commission. It'll be in the newspapers to-morrow or next day."

"We'll be involved in the scandal, then," prophesied Roberts. "We're the Allen Street board; they're the Ellen Street board. Sure to be confused."

"That'll help Baynes's political ambitions," observed the chairman, smiling maliciously at me. "By the way, Ned, why maintain the attitude and expression of a fox terrier at the mouth of a phonograph?"

"I've been thinking I heard some one outside."

"Spy fever. Take his temperature, doctor." Nevertheless, all listened—and heard nothing.

"Why isn't it possible to handle crooked draft boards as spies?" inquired the usually mild Roberts savagely. "Stand 'em up against a wall and shoot 'em. Shooting's too good for that Ellen Street gang."

"How do we know?" said Kelsey. "Perhaps there are mitigating circumstances. I understand the first case they let off as a favor. It was easy. So when a case with money came along they took that on. And pretty soon it was a system. That type of man, the Ellen Street appointees, can't stand against temptation. How can you expect it? It's just a question of how strong the temptation is, as with all of us."

"Walpole talks of a man and his price," quoted Martindale lightly. "What's your price, Dick?"

This was a safe joke. The young physician was an idealist who carried his idealism in his face for all to see. It was the face of a young Savonarola, humanized by profound brooding, deep-set eyes, a face at which women wondered. Kelsey moved across to the window, and leaned against the high sill, facing the door.

"How do I know?" he said thoughtfully. "Money wouldn't touch me. But, then, I don't need money. If I needed anything or craved anything very bitterly, as that poor devil of a doctor on the other board craved heroin—yes, he was a drug fiend—I suppose I'd adjust my conscience little by little, under the proper pressure. Better men than I have done it."

"But not your kind of man," said Roberts.

"Every kind of man," insisted the other. "Look at it scientifically. Properly it's a problem in the theory of statics. Take the resistant tensile strength of a conscience as one element—"

"He's off," murmured the chairman, settling back comfortably. "Dr. Kelsey has the floor."

We all listened contentedly. For Kelsey, in his moments of philosophizing, is a bewildering thinker, but an inspired talker. And so he went on to prove (to his own intellectual satisfaction) the limits of honor, faith, and loyalty—he, to whom any man in that room would have intrusted his dearest possession without a qualm. All through it I had the uneasy sense of a presence outside, something unheard or heard only by the inner ear, waiting and imminent. It got too strong for me. I made a noiseless progress to the door and threw it open.

HE stood there, a splendid and pitiable figure. He was very tall, very fair, and of a powerful and athletic spareness. The face was boyish, clean-cut, and pleasant, but beneath the eyes, which twitched, were the gray hollows of sleeplessness. His long, powerful fingers were closed on the lapels of his coat for something to clutch. As the flood of light illumined him he jerked his head back like a man hard hit. His eyes blinked in the dazzle. I saw his throat work, his shoulders quiver, and thought he would have turned and run. Instead he marched into the room. Not walked, you understand, but marched as a man might march, at word of command, to a supreme test.

"How long have you been there?" I asked.

"Five minutes."

"Listening?"

"I couldn't hear much," he muttered.

"What do you want?"

He struggled for command over his voice against a sort of hysteria of panic and some other emotion which I should have guessed to be disgust if I could have accounted for it in him. "Is this the—" he began, and put his hand to his throat. In a moment he had better command of himself, and I interpreted what he said as: "Is this the Allen Street draft office?"

Of course what he had said was not "Allen" but "Ellen." In my startled astonishment at the

intrusion I had forgotten the likelihood of confusion. I said: "Yes."

"But we are not open for business," added the chairman.

"N-n-no. I sup—I understand," stammered the visitor. "Not regular business. But my—that—the business that—that I came on. It—isn't regular business. It's—special."

"Who sent you here?" The question came from Dr. Kelsey in a curious tone.

"It was—I was to say that Big Ben recommended me."

Big Ben Kelleher was one of the more notorious of our petty bosses. The thing became clear to me instantly. Our visitor had been sent to the Ellen Street board to buy an exemption. True, he didn't look to be of that type, but his hollow eyes, his twitching hands, his quivering lips gave the dismal clue of cowardice. The man's spirit was out of control, his body hardly less so. I pushed a chair behind him, and he lapsed into it, dropped his head in his hands, and sat there, slouched and shaking.

Kelsey signaled to us, one after another: "Leave this to me," and, lest we should mistake the situation, he said to the boy: "You were to come to the Ellen Street [with a slight emphasis on the name] board and give Big Ben's name?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

The young giant rose slowly, thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket, clutched something there, hesitated, and looked up distrustfully at the physician. The query in his eyes changed as he studied the face before him, to astonishment, bewilderment, unbelief. His hand came out of his pocket empty.

"Who are you?" he asked shakenly.

"The medical examiner."

Still the boy—he was hardly more—eyed him doubtfully. "You don't look like the kind—"

"Neither do you."

"I'm not." The retort was swift and passionate. "Could I speak to you alone? Isn't that an inner room?"

"Oh, we're all in this together," Kelsey assured him.

The tremulous visitor took courage. "I suppose so." His hand went back to his pocket and transferred a roll of yellow-lined bills to his waistcoat, slowly and with intention.

"I see that Big Ben has advised you," remarked the doctor quietly.

Up to the moment of the shameful and convincing revelation of the money I had hardly been able to believe in his errand. It was irreconcilable with his face; with that type of face. Cowardice may be the merest accident, but corruption! Hope had persisted within me that there was some redeeming error somewhere. But now—well, I couldn't look at him. My eyes were abashed as before some outrageous exposure. I experienced a sort of sickness when he proceeded to lay out his plan of escape.

"It's—it's my heart. I've got a weak heart."

"Naturally," assented the doctor.

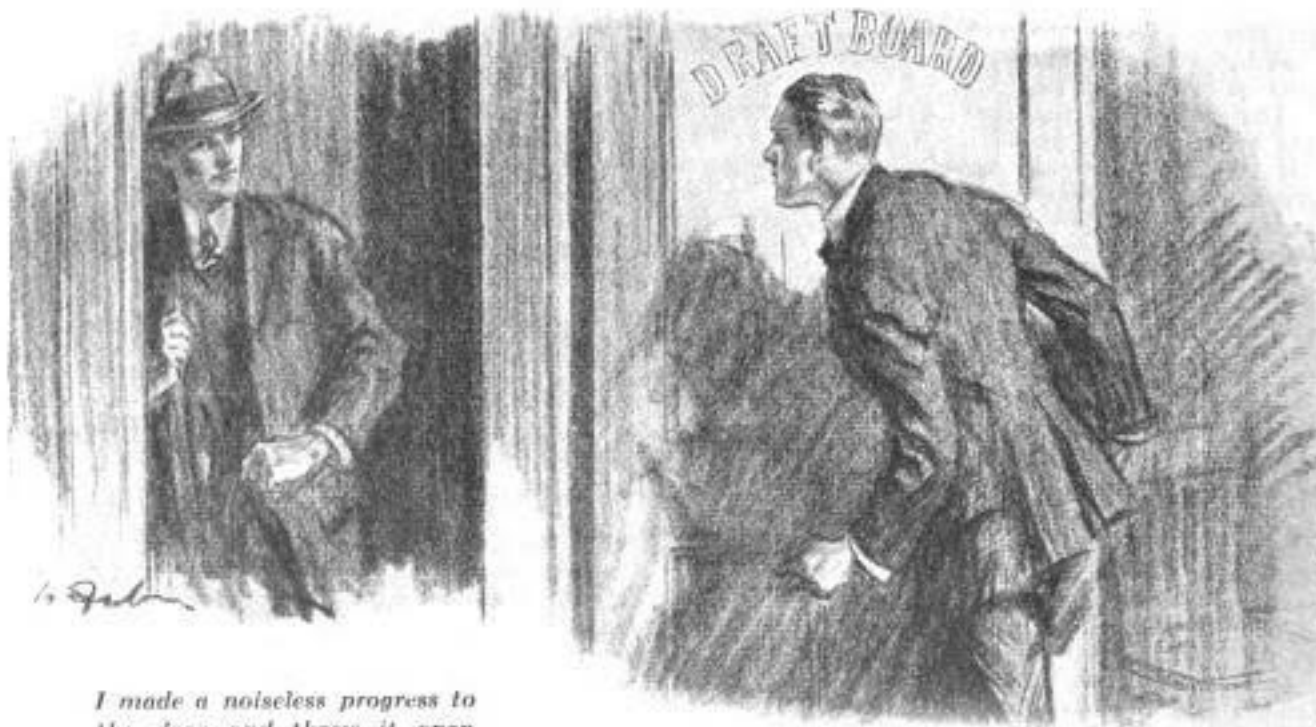
"I suppose you have to make an examination."

"Quite superfluous."

"Then—?" He paused, uncertain, questioning.

"Go on."

"I don't know what—what more there is to say."



I made a noiseless progress to the door and threw it open



"Nothing further to say, certainly," replied Kelsey with significance.

There was a long, sick silence through which I could hear the boy's labored breathing. I felt rather than saw the blighting flame of dishonor on his face. Tense as was the moment, my mind was only half enlisted. An impalpable something outside claimed the other half. The hall was haunted again, but this time it was something more fervid, more vital, than the boy's fear which, a few moments earlier, had projected itself through what we fondly term a solid door. And this time Kelsey, too, felt the pulsation of it. I saw his stern gaze waver and grow vague and troubled, then return with an effort to our visitor.

Once more that prey to inner torments sought to explain, to palliate. "The insurance people said—I can show you—that is, if—"

"You're wasting time."

How he could have failed to be warned

by the depth of quiet contempt in the medical examiner's voice, I cannot conceive, except that his own terror and agony of spirit wholly obscured his perceptions. He plunged his hand into his pocket, brought it out clasp the rolled money, advanced to the table, and flattened out the roll.

"How much?" he asked.

"How much were you told to bring?"

"All I could afford."

"You're the one that's buying."

At the word an accession of spiritual nausea wrung him. "Buying!" he echoed. "Buying—that's what I am doing." He struggled with himself for a moment. "My God, I can't bargain over a thing like this!" he cried, his voice strained to a breaking edge. "Take it all. Only get through with me."

"Count it, Mr. Chairman," said the physician. Through Martindale's measured counting—"Fifty; a hundred; hundred and fifty-two," and up to the thousand—I felt and subtly knew that Kelsey was feeling even more intensely the potent urgency of that influence outside in the black hallway: a spirit, infinitely anxious, tender, and protective, striving, striving to obtrude itself into our grim council. To what end? To withhold the boy? To encourage him? To save him? I could not tell. I felt only wings impalpably beating upon the air in which our purposes met and closed.

"Twelve hundred dollars," said the chairman. "Is that right?"

"Right," gulped the boy.

"Right," repeated the physician briskly. "For and in consideration of one thousand two hundred dollars cash to be equally divided among the members of this board, we agree to falsify—ahem—doctor certain documents in the case of— What name, please?"

The boy strangled on the name. It was as pitiful as it was shameful.

"For a briber you have a curiously sensitive temperament," observed Kelsey.

At this he burst out: "You may be used to this damnable kind of thing. I suppose you are. But I can't—" He broke off into childlike appeal. "It isn't really bribery, gentlemen. Is it? At least if it is—what difference? It's only one case. One case can't do any harm. Can it? Particularly with a heart like mine. And—and I'm sure they'll never find out."

I COULD see Kelsey and the chairman and even gentle-hearted Roberts quickening to a deadly disgust, a wrenching desire to fall on him and drag him out and cleanse the room of his taint; and all the time that tormented, yearning thing outside was pleading in wordless agony: "Help him! Be kind to him! He's mine." Against it Kelsey was holding himself in a bewildered restraint. His voice shook a little as he said to the boy: "We must have the name, you know, to do business."

"Acton Boyd Severance."

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

The catechism proceeded remorselessly. Between

answers he gaspingly sought to explain and exculpate. Broken fragments of it came to me while I struggled with the desire and against the profound and inexplicable dread of opening that door into the hallway—beyond which the spirit wrestled. He had made former attempts. Once in Pennsylvania he had thought it was all fixed. But a doctor had interfered at the last moment. So he babbled on, ashamed and shameful: "I heard of Big Ben. People said he could fix it. So I got a transfer out here. I didn't



She dropped a hand on his shoulder. "Why did you do it, Buddy?"

want to do it this way, God knows. But—well, what else could I do? If it hadn't been—heart—no use." And more that I didn't make out.

Then Kelsey's voice, after the confused, thickened utterance: "What was that about your brothers?"

"Both dead. Killed in the first six weeks. I'm the only one left."

So that explained, even palliated, his terror. Perhaps there was in it a sense of fatalism, the most difficult of all fear to conquer.

"You might almost make out a case—legitimately," observed Kelsey contemptuously. He took up the telephone receiver. "Hello. Main 2,181. Yes. Thank you. Hello. Endly there? Tell him to send a man up to the Allen Street draft board. Yes. Right away. Wait a minute. Might as well have him bring up a signed warrant: the name is A. B. Severance." He set the receiver down and faced Severance. "Now!" said he.

THE boy fell back a step, gasped, then straightened up. When he spoke it was in a different voice. "So you've trapped me."

"You've trapped yourself."

Severance nodded slowly and thoughtfully. "I see. At least I think I see. The graft game is played out. You want to make a showing, and you think I'm a good subject. You're wrong."

It was all very quiet. So is dynamite—until the action begins.

"No, I don't think I'm wrong," retorted Kelsey.

"You're wrong," the other repeated in that curiously still, obstinate voice, "because I'm going to kill you."

It was said with such calm that nobody moved except Kelsey, and his sole gesture was to raise his arm and point a long, unwavering finger at the young giant.

"No," he denied. "No. You will do nothing, because—and here his voice rang clear and brutal—"because you are a slacker and a coward!"

I was conscious of an impulse to cry out in protest: not in behalf of the youth—he deserved it all—but because of that haunting, yearning presence in the darkness outside. Even at that moment, as I saw the Berserker rage twist and distort the young giant's features and knew that we might instantly be plunged in a deadly struggle—for his groping

hand had closed on a formidable oak chair behind him—my deeper senses were concerned with the other struggle and crisis; that one going on in the hallway. I half turned to the door. It opened.

She walked in, and the grim room was flooded with glory.

"Gwen!" cried the boy. "Go away. You promised—"

"Hush!" she said. She reached up and set a hand on his breast, pushing him back with a touch infinitely tender, infinitely maternal, setting her splendid and lovely presence between him and his judges.

"Who called my brother a coward?"

It was less a query than a challenge. I felt the imperious sweetness of her eyes on me; then saw her put first Roberts, then the chairman to the question. Last she turned to Kelsey. "It was you," she accused.

He made no reply in words. The color had left his cheeks. He stared at her like one dazed, and as he stared wonder and worship grew in his eyes. Under that look she flushed, but her regard never wavered. Her gaze held and absorbed his and was absorbed by it, as the currents of the wireless interweave and respond in the upper ether. So we saw the miracle born, between these two splendid and beautiful human creatures, he with the stern beauty of the medieval saint, she with the flam-

ing loveliness of a young goddess.

"You," she repeated, but now there was a catch in the clear voice. "Why?"

"Do you know why he came here?"

"Yes."

"You were a party to it?"

"Yes."

"I can't believe it!" he cried passionately.

"It's true, and I would do it again. A thousand times."

"But, my dear young lady," put in Roberts, fluttering like a scandalized sparrow. "The law!"

"I care nothing for the law," she retorted with the sovereign contempt of loveliness which is a law unto itself. "It's my brother I'm thinking of. Nothing else matters."

"Bribery matters," said the chairman weightily.

"Oh, bribery," she deprecated. Her forehead puckered. The chairman contemplated the roll of bills with a reprobating glance. She now noticed them for the first time. They appeared to give her a shock. "Money," she exclaimed. She turned to her brother for explanation. But Severance was like a stunned man. After that one threatening flash, he had succumbed and now sat huddled, his head in his hands, oblivious to his surroundings.

"Cash is the usual medium, I believe, in these negotiations," I explained politely.

"You say that you were a party to this," said the chairman. "Surely you knew that money was to be offered."

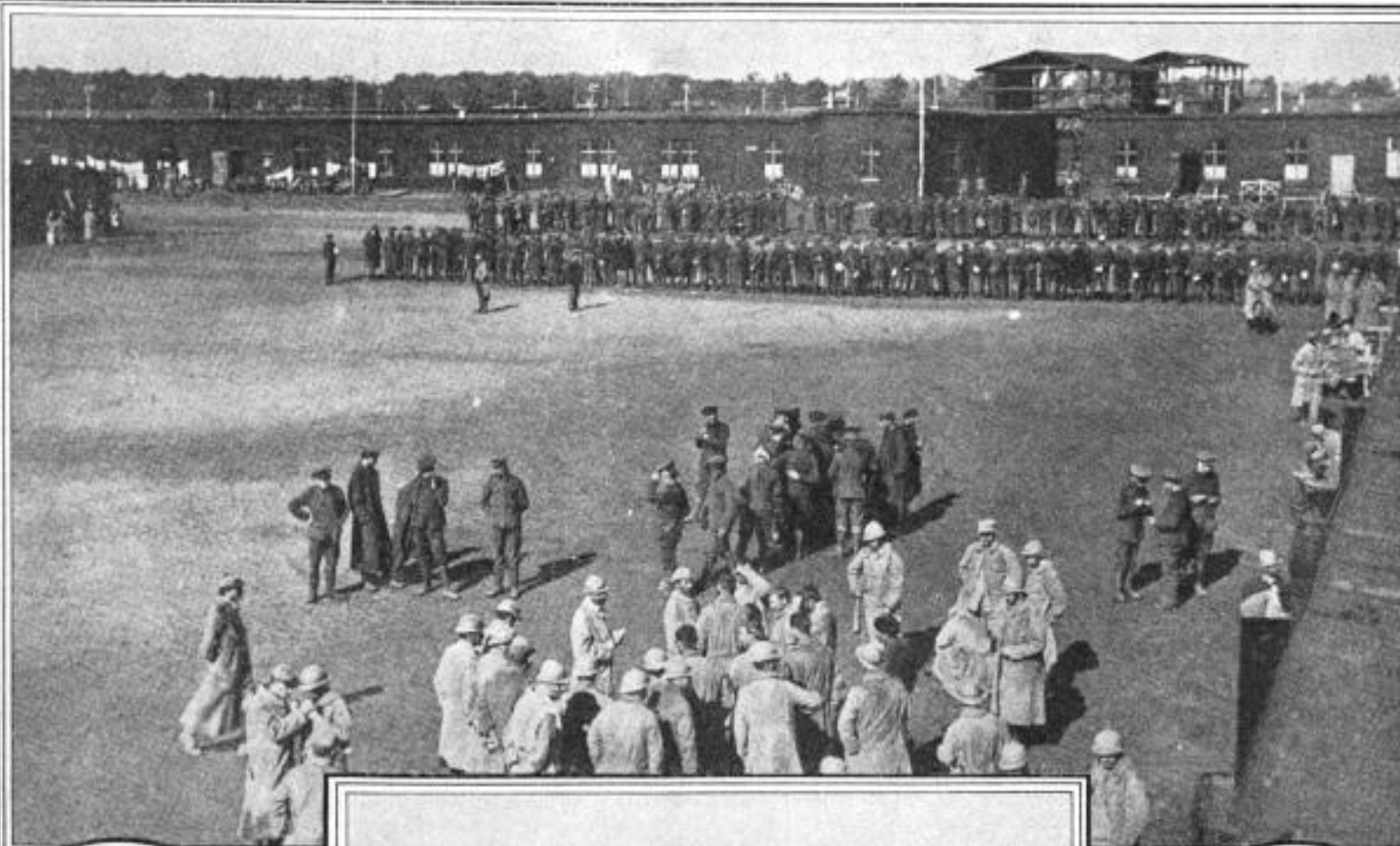
"If necessary," she admitted negligently.

ALL her attention, all her soul one might have said, was centered on the medical examiner. The rest of us might as well have been in another world. Indeed, I think we were in another world from that wherein those two breathed and moved—moved inevitably to each other! "But to you?" she queried with a quaint and lovely lift of the eyebrows. "He offered money to you?"

"He did."

"Oh, stupid!" With the words there flashed a dimpling smile. To gain any just notion of the effect of that smile in our surcharged atmosphere, you may try to imagine a thunderous sky opening wide to discharge, not a lightning bolt, but a rosebud. Instantly, by the potent charm (Continued on page 25)





#### "GEFANGENE"

Above is a remarkable photograph of the interior of a German prison camp, taken by one of the guards and given by him to a French prisoner. Later the prisoner escaped, taking the picture with him. In the foreground are French prisoners, while at the back is a double row of captured British soldiers.



#### FORE!

Many of England's golf courses have been converted into training grounds for British and American aviators. Here is a student airplane machine gunner "shooting from the first tee." On the fence in the distance two German airplanes are painted, and the gunner's task is to pepper them in vital spots.

Canadian Official  
Western Newspaper  
Union



*Dedicating the banners of the Czecho-Slav troops before the Victor Emmanuel Memorial in Rome. Czecho-Slav armies are operating in France and Italy, and a third is recruiting here to march against the Austrian oppressor.*



# UNDER FIRE WITH THE YANKS

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"WE'RE about two-thirds of the way across now," the line lieutenant guiding us informed me casually.

I wasn't interested. I didn't know what he was talking about and I was occupied otherwise than in paying attention to his idle words. We had been trailing about after him for some time along a front-line position in the woods, through a bewildering confusion of underbrush, barbed-wire entanglements, pits, trenches, shell holes, dugouts, fallen timber, and more underbrush. If you want an approximate miniature of that particular front position, fill a big box half full of slag and mud. Add one alley tomcat and one strange bulldog, both well snarled up in several balls of yarn. Cram and brush on top of the ensuing activity a quantity of blackberry bramble. Put on lid and let nature take its course for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time add three or four small bombs properly to mess things up. After the smoke has cleared away have a look. You'll have a fair miniature of the ground plan of that front-line position. After some time we had come out into more open country where the going was easier.

It was much easier to go forward, also down, side-

one plays duckboard is a mixed-breed contrivance, by Washboard out of Corduroy Road, to use the racing vernacular. It is made up of narrow, slippery strips of rounded wood laid cross-wise about two inches apart, and is supposed to keep one's feet out of the mud. It does! While playing duckboard one's feet are usually in the air. It is called duckboard, I suppose, because of some silly belief that a duck could walk it without falling. Even airplanes flying at a height of less than five thousand feet have been seen to wiggle and dip drunkenly while passing above trench lines floored with duckboard. And when it is laid upon the surface of the earth and there are no handy trench walls to help out—Well, it's lucky for Charlie Chaplin that the wide world didn't see me operate. Nothing could ever again be funny to a man who saw me play duckboard out there in the comparative open of that wood!

So I wasn't interested when the lieutenant informed us that we were about two-thirds of the way across. I knew that I was going to rack and ruin, but I didn't know where else and didn't care. I took it for granted that he meant we were two-thirds of the way across to some other front-line position or back toward a poste de secours. But a medical officer on his first trip up to that sector was more curious.

"No Man's Land," the lieutenant explained, stooping to pluck a flower growing at the edge of a shell hole.

Even an unexpected down-sitting upon a taut tangle of barbed wire failed to divert my interest from the lieutenant's statement.

"What?" said the medical officer. He just beat me to it. There must have been some telepathic force at work, for that's just what I meant to say.

"What?"

"You can get a good look at the German trenches from here," the lieutenant said, stepping up on a little hillock and standing with his head and shoul-



© Committee on Public Information

Starting across No Man's Land—life in one hand and grenades in the other

"Step right up here," the lieutenant invited us hospitably. "You can get a splendid view of the German trenches from here."

We stepped right up, and there, about, oh—well, I won't commit myself as to the distance, but plenty close enough—was the line of clay and sandbags marking the German trenches. I never was much interested in German products. Always, in fact, I have preferred the thing made in America. I took one peek at the German line and then looked elsewhere—eagerly. Believe me, I was patriotic right then. I didn't want to waste any eyesight in the German trenches; I wanted to see the American line.

"Where are, ah—now—our trenches?" I inquired.

"Back over there."

## A Snappy Little Scrap

I LOOKED, off right and to the rear in the direction the lieutenant was pointing, and there about, oh—well, again I won't commit myself, but plenty far enough—were our front-line positions. Beautiful works of architecture! I wondered that I hadn't appreciated their loveliness when I was in them. I looked again at the lieutenant. He was a nice-looking boy, and I hoped fervently that nothing had happened seriously to embitter him. I would have been glad to be sure that no unfortunate love affair, say, had sent him to France, contemptuously careless of consequences.

"This wandering around in No Man's Land in daytime is a new one on me," declared the recently arrived medical officer, who had been serving with the British up the line where the country is flat and timberless.

"Can't they see us from the German lines?" I inquired—just casually. Being a correspondent, I wanted to get the straight of things.

"Oh," he replied, "I suppose they can—if they should happen to be looking this way."

"Well, er—what about snipers?"

I just wanted to know. A man can't get an intelligent idea of a situation unless he asks questions.

"Ah, they can't shoot!" the lieutenant assured me scornfully. "You're safe in giving them half a dozen cracks before you duck. It takes 'em that many to get the range."

He was a nice boy, that lieutenant. I wish him all the luck in the world. I think he'll probably need it.

Of course it was reasonably quiet along there just then. Only an occasional shell whined overhead. A considerable distance

off to the right a German sniper was pecking away, doing his day's work of attempting to dispatch some rash American. A couple of days later a German sniper started in to earn his salary almost opposite to where we then were. The Americans knew about where he was, but

(Continued on page 22)



If he saw his chum picked off by a sniper, he might understand it's a life-and-death matter

wise, and backward. There were shell holes to the left of me, shell holes to the right of me, barbed wire everywhere, and duckboard underfoot. That is, it was under my feet whenever my feet were under me. At other times the duckboard was under various other portions of my anatomy, while my feet waved erratically about in the spring breeze or fluttered from an entangling strand of viciously toothed wire, muddy signals of distress. Do you know what duckboard is? It's a kind of a game first played in a primitive and mild sort of fashion by the Rocky Mountain goats and since modernized and made difficult by the American army. The apparatus on which



Photos © Committee on Public Information

When the German charge comes, "Bingo" goes this warning rocket

ders above a sheet of thin iron affixed there. I noticed—oh, just casually—that that sheet of iron was full of bullet holes. I also noticed that the underbrush, which had up to then seemed to be very, very dense, had suddenly thinned out. There was so little underbrush that I felt indecently naked.





"Oh! So you're the girl that I seen with McCord, eh? Well, what did he send you here for?"

# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SAM WHITNEY listened in amazement. "You say that your name is Kildare, Leila Kildare? You're at Farl Endicott's apartment? And you want me to come right over? Well, I'll do that little thing, Miss Kildare, this very minute. Right away."

He hung up the receiver, and started for his hat. He hesitated and turned back. Of course, a girl in Farl's apartment—well, she must be pretty chummy with Endicott to be there; and Endicott was a deuce of a good looker, and had a way with him; and the girl must be a nice girl, for Farl was a clean sort of chap, but still—a fresh collar and a neater tie doesn't mean that a man is trying to steal his friend's girl, does it? He grinned at his own round, pleasant face, and it grinned back at him from the mirror. Then he rushed out of his room and hailed a taxicab.

Fabian answered his ring at Endicott's University Place apartment.

"Somethin' gone wrong heah, Mist' Whitney," grumbled the old colored man. "Lawd, I neveh knows de like. Mist' Endicott comes rushin' home, afteh sayin' he's goneter stay at a hotel, and then he goes out, and a lady phones him, and then he comes back and the lady phones again, and then he goes out, and the lady comes—"

"Perhaps I can explain to Mr. Whitney," Leila's voice cut in quietly.

Abashed, Fabian withdrew, shuffling down the little hall, grumbling, though not ill-naturedly, to himself. A pampered servitor was Fabian.

Leila led Sam Whitney into the main room of Endicott's apartment, a room that was to be combination den, living room, and—if sundry boxes of chips and packs of cards were to be believed—poker room. "It seems quite odd, my being here, doesn't it?" she asked.

Whitney blushed. Leila liked him immensely at once.

"May I smoke, Miss Kildare?"

She nodded assent. Whitney did not get his cigar

rette alight until the third match. Then he answered her question: "Well, you see, Miss Kildare, what with Farl getting me to ball up a man who'd been following him—first word I'd had with him in four months, too—and then when I phone here to have you answer the call—what's it all about, Miss Kildare?"

"You're a friend of Mr. Endicott?"

He eyed her. Suddenly he seemed more than the round-faced boy he looked.

"We've been in the Lafayette Escadrille together, Miss Kildare," he said simply. "Farl landed behind the German lines once to pick me up, after settling with the German plane that had brought me down. We came home together four months ago. I went to my home in Montana, and we haven't seen each other. Wrote him that I'd be in town, and—friends? I think so, Miss Kildare."

"And you'll help him—and me?"

"Of course."

She much preferred the terse answer to any protestation of friendship that he might have offered.

"What's it all about, Miss Kildare?"

IT was the second time he had put the question, but once again she countered with another query. "You say he telephoned to have you stop some one following him?"

"Exactly. Told me where he was and described the man. Wouldn't explain any more. And I did it. He got away, and now—you're here."

This time he looked the question, and this time she answered it. Swiftly she told him all that had happened, and quietly Whitney listened.

"And he has a police record—this McCord? But, of course, that's proved by this photograph. It seems to me that the police—"

"And risk Mr. Endicott's life? But, don't you see, we can't do that. If he's to be helped, we must help him without the police knowing anything about it."

"What do you propose for us to do?" asked Whitney.

"They don't know you. I thought that you might go to the Charlton. You might, in some way, learn if Mr. Endicott is still there. Or if they have taken him away."

"And you?"

"I'm going to find out who sent this photograph to McCord."

"How?"

She shook her head despairingly. "I can only try various photographers, to see who made the copy. But we must do something."

"But this place—won't McCord know of it? Are you safe here?"

Leila rang the bell, summoning Fabian.

"Is this a new apartment or has Mr. Endicott lived here a long time, Fabian?" she asked.

The old colored man shook his head. "Ain't neveh lived yere at all, ma'am. He done give up his old place when he went to France, Miss Kildare. And him and Mist' Whitney too, I reckon, was pretty sick when they come home a few months ago. Both of 'em got kinda shot up, I reckon, Miss Kildare."

Leila looked at Whitney, who blushed.

"Anyway," Fabian went on, "Mist' Endicott went into the mountains with me, and a couple of weeks ago he sent me on to look up a place for him, and to git his things outa storage. I guess Mist' Whitney yere and the sehvants at his club are the only ones what knows this place."

"All right, Fabian, thank you," said the girl. She turned to Whitney. "McCord can hardly trace us here."

"Right enough," agreed Whitney. "And you—you'll stay here, Miss Kildare?"

"Why, I—" she paused, coloring.

"It's hardly the time to think of little conventions, Miss Kildare," Whitney reminded her.

"Of course not," she admitted. "I—if Fabian—"

But Whitney called in Fabian again. "You do whatever Miss Kildare asks you to do, Fabian," he commanded. "Mr. Endicott is in serious trouble, and—"

"I ain't deaf," said Fabian tartly. "I been hearin' a whole lot of what you two's been sayin'. And I'm askin' you, Mist' Whitney, are you goin' leave me outa all this? Wheah do I come in? I reckon, when you come right down to it, I been 'quainted with Mist' Endicott longer'n anyone else yere, and if you don't give me somethin' to do, I'm tellin' you, I'll go straight to the police station."

Even in the tenseness of the moment, Leila smiled. Fabian saw the smile and walked over to her. His face was beseeching.

"I'm just an ol' niggeh, Miss Kildare, but I done love dat Mist' Farl like he was my own boy, and I'm askin' you, does you let me help?"

"Most certainly," said Leila. She was right about Endicott. Only a true man, a gentleman, could have won a servant's heart so completely. "You go to the Birmingham, Fabian. You pretend that you're looking for work. You want to be body servant to an elderly invalid. Inquire among the porters."

"I know, Miss Kildare. That McCord man you speak of is sick and old—I gotcha, Miss Kildare."

"Find out where his trunks were sent—if they were sent anywhere. Get his address."

"And if I does, I got a old army gun that—"

But Leila quelled his rising enthusiasm. "Never mind that, Fabian. Come back and report to Mr. Whitney or myself."

"Yes'm, Miss Kildare. And I'll go right now."

He shuffled out. Whitney hesitated a moment.

"You're quite certain, Miss Kildare, about what they'd do to Farl if they thought the police knew?"

"Do you think I'd take any risk at all—for Mr. Endicott—that was not justified?" she demanded.

"Oh, Lord," breathed Whitney to himself. "If I could get a girl to look like that when she mentioned me! But she'd have to look like *that*!" Ambiguous, but Whitney knew what he meant. Aloud he said: "I'm trusting you, Miss Kildare. Do we go together?"

She assented. But at Fourteenth Street they parted, he to board the subway uptown, and she to take a surface car to Madison Square.

THE envelope containing the photograph of Curzon McCord had been postmarked Madison Square. The person who had mailed it might live in Brooklyn, but it was her only chance.

She began on Fourth Avenue. She ended on



Thirty-first Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues, just as the photographer, whose name was Lowell, was closing for the evening. She was really in despair. At least twenty photographers, shown the picture of Curzon McCord in prison garb, had professed no knowledge of the matter. But this man, the twenty-first, recognized, Leila could tell by his manner, the picture.

"What's the idea?" was his first question.

"I wanted to find out who engaged you to make this copy," said Leila.

"I ain't said I made it, have I?" rejoined the man surlily.

"No, but—" All the money she possessed in the world was in Leila's pocketbook now. She showed the photographer a yellow bill. His manner became less surly.

"What's the idea?" he asked again, but more gently.

"Does it matter? Did it matter to you when you were asked to make the copy?" she inquired.

"Fair enough," he grinned.

"And I'm offering you more than you received for making it," she told him.

"Do I get that twenty?"

She nodded.

"Man by the name of Breen. Lives on Third Avenue." He went to a desk and in a book looked up the exact address, which he gave to her. "Mind, this ain't regular, but—" He eyed greedily the twenty-dollar bill in her hand. He was not a very successful man. Twenty dollars was a lot of money.

But never had twenty dollars purchased so much for Leila, she felt. It might lead to nothing. The man who had sent the message to McCord might refuse to talk, but she was on the right road, anyway.

A NARROW, steep, dirty flight of stairs, wedged in between a shabby tobacconist's and a pool room, confronted Leila as she reached the address given her by the photographer. She cast a glance up and down the street. To be sure, a policeman was standing on the nearest corner, but there was no certainty that he would hear her cry, if cry she did. But she shrugged her shoulders and stepped through the door. The police could not help her, anyway.

There were letter boxes in the hall. Over one of them was the name of Samuel Breen. Leila mounted the stairs. A slatternly woman, a baby in her arms, was just emerging from a door on the first landing.

"Mr. Breen?" she echoed Leila's request. She looked curiously at the daintily dressed girl. "Next floor, in back."

Leila could feel the woman's eyes following her up the stairs. It was a strange place for her to be; a far cry from Gallipolis, this dingy tenement that seemed to speak aloud of poverty, of vice even. It took courage for her to knock upon the door that was Breen's, but—and she smiled to herself—what she had been risking all this day had needed courage too. She knocked, and a hoarse voice bade her enter. There was no hall. She found herself in a dirty kitchen. A stove, on which a kettle simmered, was on one side of the room, and on the other was a cot. On it, fully clothed, lay a man.

"Mr. Breen?" queried Leila.

The man sat up. He rose and turned higher the lamp that had been low. He bent over, peering at the girl.

"Oh! So you're the girl that I seen with McCord, eh? Well, what did he send you here for? And how did he find out I was here? Did he send any money? Or did he send you to beg him off? Fine chance he has. Me here, half dead with T. B., and him livin' like a lord at the Birmingham!"

Suddenly Leila was unafraid. Consumptive, the man said he was. His figure shook, not with anger, but with physical weakness, as he stood. She, a girl, could overpower him with ease.

"Sit down, Mr. Breen," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"McCord sent you, did he? Well, did he send money? Am I declared in?"

"Declared in on what?"

"He knows, all right."

"Do you?" she asked innocently.

"What difference does it make whether I do or not? No; I don't know just what he's planning now."

The girl's heart seemed to stop beating. She had been so near, it seemed, to discovery of McCord's plans. And that would have meant discovery of McCord's hiding place—that he must have. But this—this man had meant merely blackmail based on McCord's record, and that—But anything might help.

"Listen, Mr. Breen," she said. "I'm not a friend of Mr. McCord, as you think. I don't come from him. But if you can tell me anything about him, I'll pay you."

"What?" he sneered. "Ten dollars? I want a lot of money. And I can make McCord give it to me."

"Can you? Do you know where he is?"

"At his hotel, isn't he?"

She shook her head. "I doubt it very much, Mr. Breen. Listen: There is a policeman at the corner. Unless you tell me all that you know about McCord, I'm going to fetch that policeman here."

Bold in his written threats Breen might have been, but facing anyone, even a girl, he was a broken-down, feeble old man, without courage, either moral or physical.

"You got me where you want me, miss," he said. "But don't I get nothin' at all?"

"I'll pay you what your information is worth," she promised. "What do you know?"

Breen drew a long breath. His rat's brain urged him to leap at the girl, strike her down, but his rat's heart failed him.

"Me and McCord done time together twenty years ago," he said. "I was a trusty, and just when I was discharged I managed to cop me own photo. I didn't want it hangin' round to identify me, maybe, years later. And next to mine was McCord's. He was a slick guy. Not a yeggman like me, but a con man. And I take his too, thinkin' maybe it'll come in handy some day."

"Well, I ain't been very lucky these last twenty years. I come out, about a year ago, from 'stir.' I've lost me health and everything, and I'm just panhandlin' for enough to eat. And then, one day, I brace a swell gent in front of the Birmingham. So help me, if it ain't me old pal McCord. Though he wasn't known as McCord, then. He turns me down, and pretendin' I'm bawlin' him out, I follows him into the hotel. They throw me out, but I learn what they call him—McCord."

"So I gives Mister McCord a ring on the phone. I tells him I'm hep, and want to be declared in for a chunk of change. He gives me the laugh, and says I'm crazy. So I am—like a fox. Twenty years I'd carried his photo around, like I was his sweetheart. Well, I'd had a straight hunch years ago. I always knew this guy, McCord, would amount to something, and might come in handy for an old pal to know. So I has his photo copied, and I send it to him, thinkin' to ring him up in a day or so—and you say he's gone from the Birmingham!"

She nodded, intent on his story. "Go on," she said. "Why were you so sure that he'd give you money just because you knew his old record? If he had reformed—"

"Reformed? Say, ain't I seen you with him? Reformed? Quit your kiddin'. As if you didn't

know who he really is: the guy that the police of six countries has been lookin' for, the biggest gun in the game, Harmon Rayde!"

She stared at the wizened face of the tubercular old ex-convict. Harmon Rayde! The fabulous personage that very few people believed had any existence! The international crook who had been mentioned as go-between in the recent exposures of Teuton plotting in this country! And she had lived with this man, had called him uncle, had heard his voice say endearing things to her!

"But the police—the Secret Service—" Her own voice was far away as she spoke.

"Them guys don't know nothin'. They know there's a guy named Harmon Rayde. That's all they know. But us guns, what stick together, we follow people's careers, even if they don't ever mix with us no more. They know Harmon Rayde has a record, but they ain't a photo of him nowhere, except the one I got. How can they pinch him if they don't know what he looks like? The crook! He's worse than that. He's been sellin' out his own country."

"And yet you wanted money from him?"

Beneath her scorn the ex-convict lowered his eyes. "Lady, it ain't pleasant starvin'—and ailing too. If I had a chance—"

"I'll give it to you if you'll help me find Rayde."

Breen looked about his dingy quarters. For all his cowardice, his rottenness, he had a streak of humor.

"Well, let's be movin', then, lady. He ain't here."

### Chapter VIII: Woolgathering

FABIAN'S parents had been slaves. They had been two generations removed from the jungle. Fabian, then, should have been but ninety years, morally and mentally, from the mid-African swamps. In reality he was nine hundred years removed from his great-great-grandfather. For he was able to take orders, to obey, and that is the great secret of civilization.

His impulse was to go to the nearest policeman. But Miss Kildare had given him his orders, and those orders were not to be questioned by him. Deeply as he loved his master, galling as it was to his loyal old soul to do anything but the direct thing, he did the indirect thing. He went to the Hotel Birmingham.

At the hotel office he was brusquely directed to a steward, who informed him that the Birmingham was in no need of help at the moment, and that the hotel never recommended (Continued on page 27)



"Somethin' gone wrong heah, Mist' Whitney," grumbled the old colored man. "Lawd, I nerrh knows de like"





# Collier's

## The Fifth Year

**M**ERELY to sum up the strategic record of four years of a world war would call for the contents of several times the present page. And if we take strategy in the new sense enforced upon us by the experiences of four years, the strategy of nations rather than of armies, the strategy of endurance rather than of accomplishment, any adequate summation must be in terms of volumes rather than of pages.

Yet the temptation to put a cosmos into a nutshell is not to be resisted. If there must be an answer to the question, How does the war stand after four years of titanic effort on both sides? then the answer, in the very broadest generalization, would be that the military situation at the beginning of the fifth August is very much what it was at the beginning of the first August. Another BERNHARDI, writing of coming events as the original BERNHARDI wrote of the war which began in 1914, would recognize the similarity.

How did the German military leaders visualize their task when they forced the great conflict upon humanity? They prepared for a war upon two fronts—west against France, east against Russia, with a swift decision against the former followed by an automatic reckoning with the Slavs. And even when the schedule was upset the fundamental problem was the same, except that the first decision was to come against the Slavs—it has been attained—and then a slower but automatically certain reckoning with the enemy on the western front. This certain victory, the German people are now being told, is about to be liquidated.

But actually the war to-day is for Germany still a war upon two fronts. The Kaiser, to attain his ends, must still look to the west and to the east, only under a much more extensive horizon. For the western front has now stretched out to America, and the eastern front, if the necessity arises for the Allies, will stretch out to Japan. This is to leave out of account, for the sake of the picture, several million Franco-British in the west and possibilities in Russia: possibilities of to-day, formidable probabilities of six months from now.

Germany has pleaded as justification for her murderous assault upon humanity her isolation within a circle of enemies. Whether that circle of enemies was a real one four years ago, history will show. To-day the circle is real enough on a greater radius. Germany has still a Far West and a Far East to conquer. But with this difference as against four years ago: Then Germany faced west and east as fresh as her enemies, and much better prepared. To-day a Germany thin-drawn by four years of war must face a west and an east, America and Japan, whom the hand of war has as yet only brushed.

## From One of the Kaiser's Reporters

**G**EORG BARTHELME used to represent the "Cologne Gazette" at Washington. He was, we believe, shipped home at the same time as BERNSTORFF. Nowadays he is writing his reminiscences about America for the home paper, and has got as far as the seventeenth article. Here is a sample:

Will it still be possible to make the United States into a really independent American state? I do not know. Many of my German friends thought it possible; . . . one can only draw conclusions of which the premises lie in history and experience. These premises display Germanism in America not as hammer, but as anvil; they show that Germanism has been, not a bringer of Kultur, but a fertilizer; they say that Germanism may have a past, but has no future.

Never were truer words. There are some things in Herr BARTHELME'S articles that we do not find equally true, but we believe in giving him credit when he does hit the nail on the head. This sturdy German ex-propagandist in America ought to be capable of giving the German Emperor excellent private advice if he can report the facts so clearly in a newspaper article intended for mere burghers of Köln.

## Why?

**W**HAT'S the justification for the 20 per cent tax on all new works of art, proposed in the revenue bill? We see that the moving-picture people have been declared to be engaged in a "productive industry." Why has Congress a grudge against our painters and sculptors—who never were overpaid and who have certainly "come across" in propaganda art and in actual fighting, since April, 1917? We wish some one better informed than we would answer these questions—for certainly a 20 per cent tax on art is not going to help much toward winning the world war.

July 27, 1918

## One of Our Best

**JOHN PURROY MITCHEL** was grandson of the exiled Irish editor-revolutionist of the same first and last names, and son of a captain of the Confederacy. He won his spurs by uncovering and fighting bad city government. He succeeded GAYNOR—most picturesque of all New York's burgomasters and the supreme letter writer among all mayors anywhere—and at thirty-five himself became the best as well as the youngest of that city's chief executives. MITCHEL was defeated for reelection last fall in spite of all his services; not partisan prejudice alone, and foiled spoilsmanship, and organized little-mindedness defeated him, but also the hatred and untruth of that section of the New York press which seemed disloyal to the nation. Without the cant and pretenses of the "typical reformer," MITCHEL enjoyed life; was a liberal interpreter of the city's pettier laws; frankly enjoyed ice skating and the one-step, and rifle shooting at his camp in the hills. MITCHEL gave the greatest city in America a businesslike administration wherein experts (i. e., the best men he could find) played a prominent rôle; but to expertness was added common sense; nothing grimly academic about MITCHEL, in spite of Columbia University! JOHN MITCHEL believed in the justice and necessity of our war against Germany; he fitted himself at Plattsburg for an officership even while he was still mayor; later he made his convictions good by going into the most dangerous and most attractive branch of the army—service in the air. It was a soldier's death that MITCHEL died, early this month, on a flying field in Louisiana, and who shall say that that death does not crown a career which every American, and especially every American of the Irish breed, may envy him? MITCHEL rose to real heights; and now he is above the sneers of cynics and copperheads. The fall of the aviator in his country's service crushed his machine and broke the body of the man who administered his city wisely through years of crisis; but the inspiration of the public servant whose patriotism was of the act no less than of the word is proved to-day. Our world should be worthier of such a man.

## The A. E. F.

**T**HAT first million of Americans whose presence in France is now announced constitutes a small army as armies go nowadays. But it should prove one of the finest armies of its size the world has ever known. The average physique of its members is very high—much higher than any other nation could now produce. The officers who command it are new, but they have nothing to unlearn; and, chosen from our best, as they were, they should make up for their newness by their capacity for learning and doing. Finally, this army's equipment is as good as the best. We were slow about getting that equipment together. We stopped to debate the precise details of adapting the British rifle to our cartridge. We decided to wait for the Browning machine guns rather than manufacture immediately something inferior. And, of course, we spent money as no nation ever spent money before. We rushed our cantonments to completion under cost plus; we paid four prices for artillery bridles, and three prices for many another item. But we got the cantonments; we got the vast stores we needed, and we got the rifles. No soldiers in Europe have better guns or gas masks or grub.

## Battle Planes

**A**ND speaking of equipment—it begins to look as if the De Havilland battle planes with the Liberty motors were the equal of any machine on the western front. Much ink has been spilled over the Liberty motor—as if a motor were the only question up. We know now that we had no real choice between copying a foreign motor and developing one of our own. There was no foreign motor adapted to American quantity production. We had to trust to Yankee ingenuity to design a machine that would do the work and that could be manufactured of our materials in our shops. It is gratifying to know that we did not trust in vain. But if it took courage to go in for the Liberty motor, it took something more to decide on a plane. The experience of the military commission that went abroad to learn which plane we ought to build—see Mr. CARY'S article on battle planes in this issue—is amusing proof that salesmanship is not an American monopoly. Our allies sold that commission three different kinds of airplane in less than three months. But the commission came home, and out of the argument that followed emerged the De Havilland.



# Editorials



## Dead Men's Shoes

THE newspapers say that one Justizrat OTTO FEIG, a leading lawyer of Berlin (near Potsdam), is urging the immediate passage of a law by which all garments of deceased persons will be turned over to the Government for distribution among those who need them more. Now, as Admiral DEWEY used to say, clothing is but the outward and visible indication of an inward and spiritual state, and OTTO ought to consider whether the kaiserites are capable of administering the trust which his act would repose in them. Every State, being the inheritor and guardian of the nation's best achievement, has a task of the sort described, and it concerns commodities much more important than clothing. Honor, justice, liberty, and enlightenment are all from the past. Ordered civilization inherits these blessings from dead men and transmits them through the living to generations yet to come. The vice of the German Government for over thirty years has consisted in its skillful and wicked foisting of shoddy substitutes upon the German people. The world vision of GOETHE became a myopic fanaticism for Deutschtum; the love of Fatherland which LIST and his comrades taught was turned to a servile adoration of the HOHENZOLLERNS; the search for truth in which German science played a noble part was degraded to an eager scavenging for whatever vileness would serve the Kaiser's program of conquest; the patriotism of STEIN and HARDENBERG lives again as the Crown Prince's pinchbeck imitation of the Napoleonism which these men fought to overthrow. Germany's present rulers are in no way fitted to distribute the goods which the past confers.

## Rimes and Men

IN war days it is the part of the poet to glorify reality. We Americans have had much to say over here as to how we feel about France and the French, but the more important thing is the feeling that our men in France have on that subject. Any failure of soldierly comradeship because of differences in habit and language might have serious consequences. So we were rejoiced recently to get a copy of "The Spiker," a rampant journal published by the Eighteenth Railway Engineers, an aggregation of imperfectly domesticated citizens from Oregon, Washington, and California, which has been in France the better part of a year. "The Spiker" printed some prophetic verses a month or so before our boys began helping blunt that German wedge along the Marne. And this is how "The Spiker" addressed his French confrère:

If I could talk your lingo, I would tell you how I feel  
As regards this little mix-up over here.  
I would say I'm at your service from my hat cord to my heel,  
And I'll prove it ere the finish of the year.

Now, I don't know how to "parlez," but the folks all say I'm game  
When I'm called to face the music in the fight;  
And my trigger finger's limber and my spade arm is the same—  
I can pitch the slag and gravel out of sight.

If it's fighting or plain mucking, I will do my level best,  
For I'm doin' it for Texas, Maine, and Cal.,  
And France and Jersey City, San Francisco and the rest.  
So here's my hand; Kid Poilu, you're SOME pal!

July 27

## When France Fought All Europe

A SPY in the British service under the Reign of Terror rashly kept a diary. A century later it was published, and we are struck by the likeness of many of the facts noted of Paris in 1794 by this man who signed himself "RAOUL HESDIN," and contemporary facts about the war countries: bread tickets, meat shortage, hymns of hate, etc., etc. These times are not so different from our great-great-grandfathers', after all. Visiting Meudon, in the suburbs of Paris, "V—— had heard," notes the spy, "that there is maintained there a laboratory for all sorts of experiments in the manufacture of munitions of war; there are to be flying machines to cast shells into besieged towns, and the like. I neither accept nor reject such stories entirely." The difficulty in war science is, obviously, less to imagine a device than to conquer its technical difficulties. In 1794 there was talk of the airman COUTELLE crossing the Channel in his big balloon and doing dire things to the island enemy—no novelty, the air raiders of 1918! It was these same wars of France's first republic which saw the initial application of the "signal telegraph"—what HESDIN quaintly calls the "Aerial Telegraphes of the Messieurs Chapp." Is it chiefly in the more liberal application of war's cruelties to civilians that this conflict transcends its forerunners?

## Because We're Right

THE righteousness of the cause in which America is enlisted finds confirmation in the unlikely places. Thus the Socialist party's perpetual candidate for president gets up and declares, in effect: "Now I'm violating the Sedition Act. Just watch me and pinch me!" and, when prosecuted for just that, pleads "Not guilty!" Professional "radicals" naturally resent the rampant intolerance which goes with the war spirit of a country as big and unwieldy as ours—but when they think it over soberly, they find it pretty hard to line up definitely on the wrong side in this

war, in spite of little-mindedness. That's why the war is so slow in developing bona-fide martyrs. Our war is such a just one that it will be the fault of the Propagandists and the Prosecutors almost as much as that of the congenital hotheads if any real martyrs to pacifism are developed.

## The Gleam

PHILIP GIBBS, whose war dispatches seem to many of us the best now appearing in any daily newspapers, wrote a book about the war, back in 1915, and in it the sentence:

If, as some students of life hold, war will always happen because life itself is a continual warfare, then there is no hope—all the dreams of poets and the sacrifices of scientists are utterly vain and foolish, and pious men should pray God to touch this planet with a star and end the folly of it.

A cynic might say, isn't He, perhaps, doing just that? But the rest of us know that there must be a world after the war too. And for the sake of that New World we must keep untarnished some of the ideals we are fighting for; we must not lose sight of all the contrasts we used to note between the German mentality and method and the mind and method of France, or Britain, or our own country. If, as French citizens proudly proclaimed in its opening year, this is a war against war, let us not forget it.

July 27, 1918

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a La Grange, Illinois, boy, to his mother back home)

DEAR MOTHER: Gosh! I sure was glad to get the batch of mail that's just come. It makes me feel so darned glad that I'm over here that I wouldn't trade my place for anything.

And let me tell you right here, mother dear, that you or anybody else at home doesn't know what real patriotism, real love of country, is. You haven't any idea. Why, you can't imagine what a great, wonderful country the old United States is. You can't realize what she stands for and means to the human race until you get a good perspective.

When I am standing retreat at night and hear "The Star-Spangled Banner" played the first thing that comes to my mind is the Statue of Liberty; then our wonderful cities, New York, Chicago, San Francisco; then Washington and President Wilson and the wonderful cause that all our millions of Americans are willing to give up everything for. Mother, we're lucky merely to have been born Americans. Talk about waves up your spine! It's enough just to get over here in Europe and look back over miles of water at the biggest type of nation, based on liberty and justice, that can be conceived. Why, mother, that Statue of Liberty and the American flag stand for EVERYTHING that is worth while in life.

Since I've got over here I feel more pity than anything else for the birds that are still at home sporting silk shirts. I'd rather be hanged for murder than be in their shoes. I figure that I'm the luckiest fellow in the world to be able to stand up as a soldier here in France and be a part of the greatest country engaged in the most honorable thing a country ever undertook. We have all waked up to what the words "United States of America" mean.

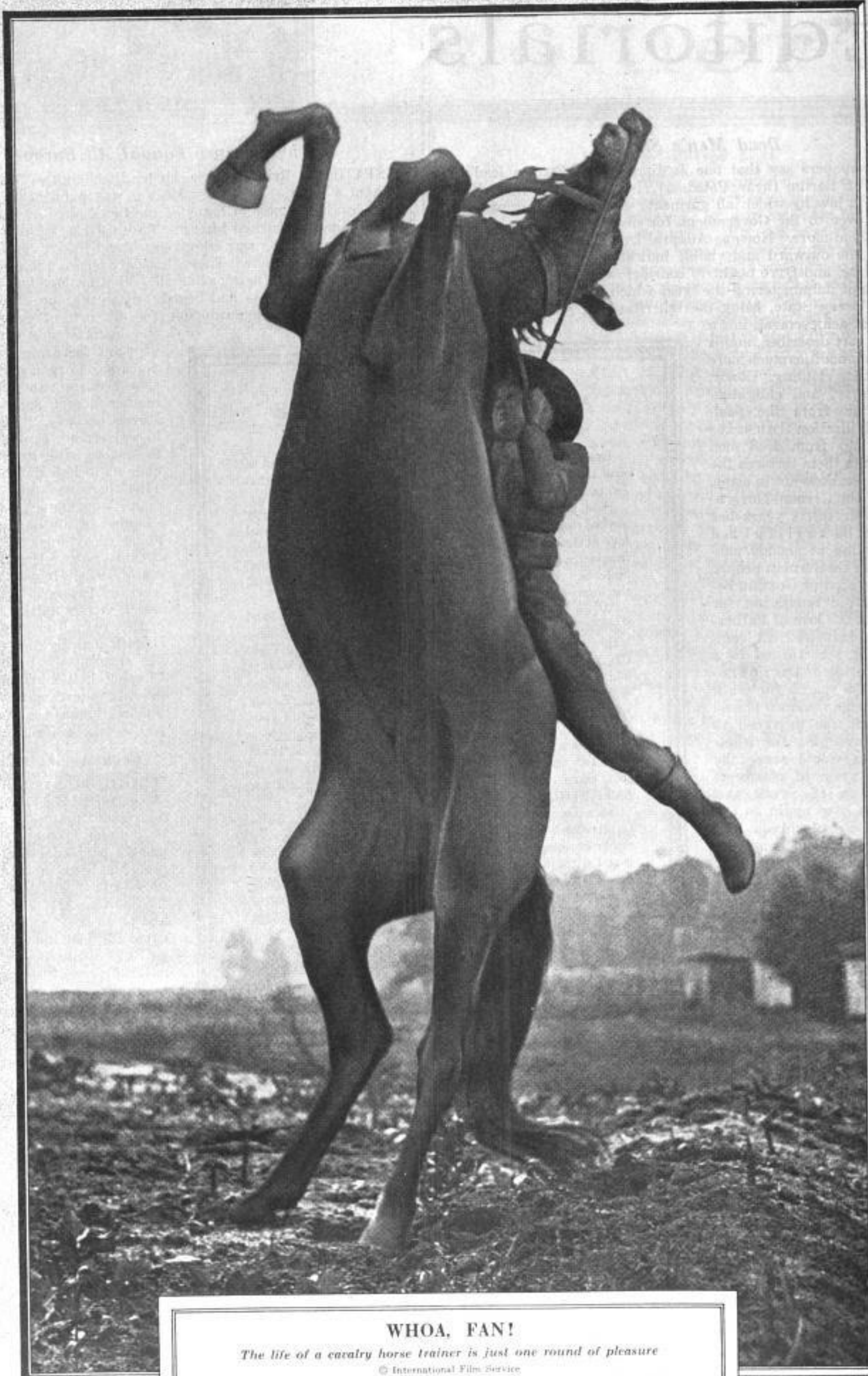
End of speech for to-night!

Lots of love,

DICK







**WHOA, FAN!**

*The life of a cavalry horse trainer is just one round of pleasure*

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# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—NINTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, you perfectly priceless old thing, as we remark in Piccadilly Circus, I have been to sweet old London and, believe me, Joe, it is some burg! For one thing, it's the first flag station I ever been in where I didn't feel like I was the original Stephen X. Wiseguy and everybody else was hicks, on account of me comin' from New York. They is more people in this London place than they is pennies in the U. S. Mint, and, speakin' of hustle, up to five o'clock in the afternoon London would make Manhattan look like Succotash Crossing, Iowa, in the midst of a rainy Sunday. From five o'clock on, Joe, it works the other way. Don't get the idea from this that I have gone to work and tossed my Broadway citizenship to the winds and turned English, Joe, because such is not the case. I would rather be a ash can, especially one of them trick new ones, on Broadway, than be undisputed emperor of any country in the world!

We got off this here boat which brung us across the Channel at a certain well-known English port. I can't tell you the name of it, Joe, on account of them censors, which crosses out every seventh word in a guy's letter on general principles and then throws stove polish over the rest of it for luck. I will say, though, that the place we landed at wasn't either Denver or Memphis, if that'll help you to guess it. Me and my charmin' bride, Jeanne, had no more trouble gettin' off this boat and through the English customs guys, spy hounds, and passport pests than a German band would have gettin' booked in Paris. Everybody on the dock looked over our papers once except the porter which carried our baggage to the train. He looked at 'em twice.

We fin'ly got on the train and arrived in London without bein' torpedoed or nothin', landin' at a place called Waterloo Station. Joe, you don't get no check for your baggage in England, and when the train pulls into the station a guy has got to hop off, pry open the door of the baggage car, and dig out his own trunks and the like. They is generally a hundred or more trunks all piled on top of each other, and I have found out they is one sure system of tellin' at a glance which is yours. It's always the one on the bottom, Joe.

Well, Joe, I fin'ly got out our trunks and, leavin' Jeanne in charge of the same, I went outside to try my luck at grabbin' a cab. Joe, the taxis here has all been drafted from the toy department of Wana-maker's, or the like, and they look like somethin'

little Jimmy made with his trick buildin' blocks which was give him for Xmas. The bodies is smaller than a cent's worth of gold dust, and the wheels look like a set of washers for the sink. They was two of them standin' together at the curb. One of them was drove by a dame that would make Jess Willard jump outa the ring, and the other was in charge of a old guy which had sworn a oath at birth never to darken a barber's door or lay hands on a razor, come what may. I tossed up a coin and fortune gimme the old guy.

"What's the best hotel in London, for all you know?" I says to him.

"Well," he says, takin' a squint at the sergeant's stripes on my sleeve and salutin'—"Well, major, I should sigh it was a matter of taste, thank you! Neither the Savoy or the Carlton 'as been 'it yet and—"

"Wait!" I butts in. "What d'ye mean they ain't been hit yet?"

"Why, sir, thank you!" he says, "The 'Uns 'ave been a bit active of late. We 'ave our air raids quite regular now, sir, quite regular—thank you!"

With that, Joe, he rubs his hands together and grins, like gettin' bombed by a flock of German areyoplanes was London's idea of havin' a good time!

"How much are you gonna try and get to take me and my wife to this Savoy place?"

I says.

"Two and six, colonel," he says. "Thank you!"

"What d'ye mean?" I asks. "Two bucks for me and six for the wife?"

He give a laugh like a maniac, Joe.

"Ow, no, sir!" he says. "Two shillings and sixpence for both, captain. Shall I fetch your luggage—thank you?"

"Yeh," I says. "You're welcome."

"Thank you!" he says.

I quit, Joe.

Well, we fin'ly get in this taxi, and we're off for the Savoy Hotel. We went through Piccadilly Circus, Joe, and I must say that Barnum & Bailey's got a better one. But I never seen so much traffic in my life and without nobody regulatin' it. Instead of turnin' to the right all the time, you turn to the left, and if you get tired of drivin' on one side of the street you simply cross over to the other, no matter how crowded it is or which way traffic is movin'. The sidewalks is so jammed with people, Joe, that they is enough walkin' along in the middle of the streets to elect Billy Sunday president of the bartenders' union, if they all voted the one way. The speed limit is higher than the price of ice-cream sodas in Hades, and the motors in these cars is all built so's they got to run about ninety-four miles a hour before they get turnin' over properly. With all of this, Joe, they is hardly anybody gets run over here, particularly if they stay indoors.

JOE, naturally on account of the war, they is a few things in London and Paris which they are shy of right now. But they is one necessity which has failed to become exhausted to date over here. That is—girls! I thought they was more in Paris than they is water in the Atlantic Ocean, but London's got Paris tied to the flagpole when it comes to dames! These here English queens is knock-outs too, Joe, and they ain't none of them would have to starve to death on account of not knowin' bookkeepin', or nothin', believe me! All I seen could make the front row of any chorus on Broadway the day they got off the boat. They all got complexions like the dames on the massage cream cans would like to have and more curves than a scenic railway. Joe, nearly every one of them is as big as a dollar's worth of boiled rice, not fat but husky, and they have pitched in and took all the jobs over here while the men is away assassinatin' the Germans. They do everything in Eng-

land from tendin' bar to runnin' munition plants, and them lords and dukes which didn't want to give them the vote before this brawl started is willin' to give them anything they want now, outside of livin' wages.

Well, Joe, we fin'ly arrived at the Savoy Hotel, which is a swell-lookin' joint at that, bein' a cross between Rector's and the Fifth Avenue Library from the outside. I paid off our darin' chauffeur, slippin' him a shillin' for himself and family, and he wished me all the luck in the world. He didn't say good or bad, Joe.

IMMEDIATELY on gettin' out of the cab a gang of Iguys which had ducked the draft comes runnin' outa the hotel and swoops down on us. They was all dressed like the ambassador from Flatbush or somethin', Joe, with enough gold lace and gewgaws on 'em to outfit the Knights of Pythias or Sousa's Band for a year. They turned out to be nothin' less than bell boys, the youngest of which was a gay old dog when Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden for a elevator apartment house. I seen right away they was a lot of tip hounds, and I beat 'em to it by carryin' in my own baggage. Not that I'm tight across the chest, Joe; you know I always been as loose as ashes with my dough. But on this here trip I'm carryin' a set of nonrefillable pockets as far as money is concerned, and once they was empty I was through.

The minute I get to the desk the clerk gimme a thing to fill out that looked like a application for a job as chauffeur on a submarine. About the only thing this paper didn't want to know was how my mother first come to meet my father. It might have asked this bit of information at that—I didn't look at the back of it, Joe. Then the clerk says I gotta report to the police station the first chance I get.

"What for?" I says. "Is the Queen's necklace missin' or has somebody been knockin' me?"

"I 'aven't 'eard, I'm suah," says this guy, with a deliberate yawn. "All aliens must register with the authorities. It's the law, thank you."

"I ain't no alien; I'm an American, you boob!" I says.

"Quite so, thank you," he says. "Therefore you're an alien."

Joe, I'm all set to let him have one on the chin when the head clerk butts in and tells him that a soldier don't have to register with the police and to lay off of me. Then he says what do I wish for.

"I come in this hotel to get fitted for a pair of ice skates," I says, very sarcastical, Joe, because I'm gettin' sore. "You didn't think I wanted a room, did you?"

"Quite so, thank you!" he says. "You require a bawth, I fancy?"

"Do I look as dirty as that?" I says.

"Beg pawdon?" he says.

"How do you know whether I need a bath or not, hey?" I hollers. Joe, I was enraged. "They ain't a mornin' goes by that I don't frolic under the cold shower, you big stiff!"

Joe, just then they was somebody gimme a wallop on the back, and I swung around to face no less than Shorty Nevins, which used to hang out with the rest of them pinochle hounds in McGregor's in Lenox Avenue. He's a corporal in the artillery now, Joe; can you imagine that?

"Well, well, well!" I yells. "What are you doin' over here, Shorty?"

"You heard tell of the draft, didn't you?" he says. "Who's that swell-lookin' dame standin' there lookin' at you?"

"That's my wife," I says, throwin' out my chest a couple of yards.

Shorty grins and lays his hand on my shoulder.

"Ed," he says, "you wanna cut out the booze! You know you never could handle it and—"

"D'ye think I'm lyin' to you?" I butts in.

"You could make a fortune as a mind reader," he says, "if only you tried your hand at it."

With that I called over Jeanne and introduced 'em. "I am verree glad to meet you of a certain!" purs Jeanne, pullin' her million-dollar smile.

"You ain't got nothin' on me!" says Shorty, lookin' like he was in a trance and turnin' the national colors. "I'm tickled silly myself. How did you come to fall for this guy?"

"What do you care?" I says.

"Lemme alone!" says Shorty. "I got a right to



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

In order to eliminate any confusion in the minds of readers that Collier's is eventually planning to prove the "Business as Usual" theory, we take the liberty of stating our position frankly: Business cannot be as usual due to the shortage of Man Power. These pages will voice the simplest truths of the position advertising holds in saving man power and eliminating lost motion.

## The Psychology of a Clean Shave

**T**HERE are many things that enter so intimately into the routine of our daily lives that we never give them a passing thought. Their significance, no matter how vital, is overlooked. Shaving, for instance.

And yet shaving as it is practiced in America to-day marks a step forward in civilization.

This statement may sound ridiculous, but it isn't. Here's proof: Each of our soldiers who goes abroad now takes as part of his regular equipment, and by order of his government, a safety razor.

There are two reasons, the military authorities say, why a soldier must be clean shaven. First, it enables the gas mask, which must be worn almost constantly at the front, to fit more tightly over the face. Second, a clean shave keeps up the morale of a soldier and of an army.

You know how it is yourself. You know the direct bearing a clean shave has on your personal morale. Compare the way you feel in making an important call or attending a special meeting when you are freshly shaved with the way you feel with a day's growth of stubble on your chin. There's all the difference in the world. It seems a trivial thing to have such an effect upon you, but for some psychological reason, it

does have that effect—and you know it.

\* \* \* \* \*

What has brought about this change in the habits of American men? It's not so long ago but that we can remember the beard in all its varying degrees of opulence. Every family album shows how prevalent it was.

There are two reasons—just two: the safety razor—and advertising.

The safety razor made shaving easy. It transformed shaving from a fairly long, decidedly unpleasant and slightly dangerous operation to one that was finished before the bath water had ceased running.

It saved time. Compared with the old style razor it saved several minutes. While individually these minutes may seem unimportant taken in the aggregate, multiplied by the number of days in the year, and again by the millions of men won over to the use of the safety razor, the amount of time saved is enormous.

And during these days of war, when the man-power shortage, as Mark Sullivan says, amounts to a famine, those millions and millions of minutes saved for productive work are extremely valuable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now you ask, what has adver-

tising to do with all this? A very great deal.

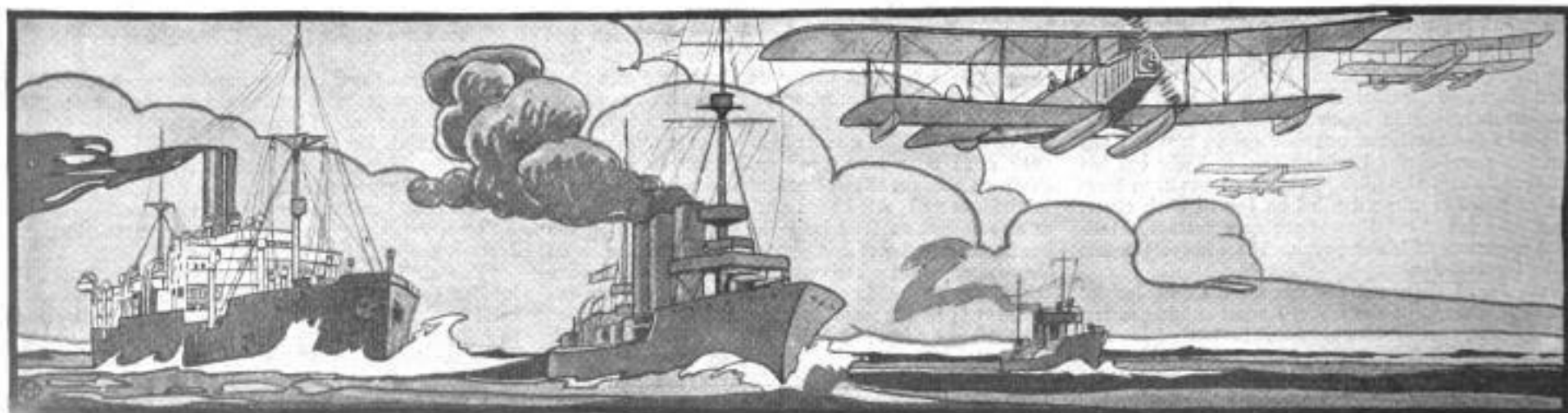
Ever since its invention advertising has been preaching to millions of men the merits of the safety razor and the psychology of the clean shave.

Advertising has popularized the safety razor. If it were not for advertising, safety razors would still be prohibitive in cost; they would still be a fad for the few instead of a necessity for the nation.

And what is true of safety razors is true of many other articles. Innumerable other articles—things you wear, and drink, and eat, and work with.

Advertising has popularized them, has enabled them to be made on a large-production scale so that not only a few rich people, but millions of people can take advantage of their use.

Advertising is a form of education. And it teaches quickly; it is a direct method of communication between the manufacturer of an article and the whole nation. And advertising in performing its function saves immensely in man power. It not only educates people in saving time, as in the case of the safety razor, but in itself it is a time-saving device. And because of these things it qualifies as a war-time essential.





find out how you done it. If you could get a girl like that to fall for you, think what I can grab when I get to France!"

"I thought you was gonna wed Annie McGuire," I says—"that there dame which claimed her old man was one of the biggest men in Wall Street."

"I thought so too," he says. "The only thing was I couldn't get her to think it! That's what beat me. She was on the level, though, Ed, about her father bein' one of the biggest men in Wall Street."

"Yeh?" I says. "What is he—one of them brokers?"

"Not quite," says Shorty. "He's a special policeman at the Equitable Buildin' and he stands six feet four without a hat on. That's big enough, ain't it?"

"Listen," I says. "Forget that Loew-time comedy and tell me somethin'. I'm only gonna be in London for a short time, and you might as well say I'm on my honeymoon. That bein' the case, I wanna do everything first cabin regardless of the cost, if it ain't too high. Is this the swellest hotel in London or ain't it?"

"What are you askin' me?" says Shorty. "I'm detailed to the American Headquarters here, and I gotta go where they send me. The only choice I get is, I can have two kinds of soup—hot or cold! The hotel I'm livin' in is a outright steal from a livery stable. They is five beds in my room alone."

"That ain't no hotel," I says. "It must be a hospital. Let's ask the clerk where all the wealthy millionaires from America and Pittsburgh goes when they come to London."

WITH that, Joe, we went up to the desk. "How much is a room and bath here for a American doughboy and wife?" I says, "and before answerin' remember that Rockefeller is a much older man than me and the only resemblance is that we both got two legs."

"Quite so, thank you!" he says, with what he prob'ly thought was a winnin' smile. "I have somethin' very nice left for a guinea."

"Do I look like a wop?" I says. "Where d'ye get that ginny stuff?"

"A ginny is English money, you boob!" hisses Shorty in my ear. "Don't make this here guy think that all Americans is ig'rant."

"That will be twenty-one shillings a day, sir, thank you," butts in the clerk. "Would you like to look at your quarters?"

"You said somethin'!" I says. "I'll take a good long look at my quarters before I slip you guys twenty-one of 'em a day. I think you must of got the price of the room and the telephone number balled up. What's the best you can do for a Alley of yours?"

"Well, sir," he says, bendin' over and talkin' low like look out for spies, "I might reduce it to an even pound as a special favor to our American brothers in arms. But, I say, you'll keep it quiet, will you?"

"You can bet the hotel on that part of it," I tells him. "D'ye think I want anybody to know I been sucker enough to give you guys five bucks a day for a place to sleep?"

"This ain't gettin' us nowheres!" butts in Shorty. "Lemme talk to this guy." He turns to the clerk. "Hey!" he says. "This guy here's a friend of mine from the U. S. He used to be a big-league ball player and was knowed throughout the country as the Hetty Green of baseball. When he was makin' it, he wouldn't give a thin dime to see Custer's Last Stand from a box seat! That bein' the case, he's got \$1.65 for every private in the German army, and what we want to know is where a guy can get a quick flash for his dough. What hotel does the King hang out in, for instance?"

Joe, this here clerk blinks his eyes and looks from me to Shorty for a minute without speakin'.

"His Majesty resides at Buckingham Palace," he says, very cold, Joe.

"Yeh?" says Shorty. "Buckin'ham Palace, hey? They used to be a apartment house on Seventh Avenue, near 110th Street, called that." He turns

back to the clerk. "What kind of a joint is that?" he says. "Maybe we can get fixed up there, hey?"

Joe, I thought the clerk was gonna become a victim of apoplexy, and a Canadian officer standin' near us busts out laughin'.

"I'm afraid," says the clerk, his face no redder than a fifteen-cent bottle of catchup—"I'm afraid His Majesty is not receiving at Buckingham Palace guests who—"

"Yeh?" butts in Shorty. "Say! Don't tell me nothin' about this here George V Gulp. He's a good guy and as level as they make 'em! We passed in review before him and the Missus when we first come over here, and he wasn't a bit upstage or nothin', simply on account of him bein' a king. Why, he even come over and talked to us and says he was glad to greet us, and a lotta stuff like that. I bet he'd know me again in a minute. Yes, sir, George V is a good guy!"

Well, Joe, Jeanne is gettin' impatient, so I called off the argyment and took the room. Joe, it was some room at that. In fact I can say without lyin' that it was the swellest room I ever been in, and it made a big hit with the wife.

All the furnishin's in it was big-league stuff, and beside the bed they was a little marble slab with buttons on it marked "Porter," "Maid," "Valet," and "Waiter."

When you want anything, Joe, all you gotta do is push one of them buttons, telephone down to the office, go out in the hall, and yell for service, and then go and get whatever you want yourself.

We went down and had dinner that night at a joint called Simpson's, which is on the Strand. All the Americans eat there because the guys which writes them high-society novels always claims that the hero dropped in Simpson's for a bite. Joe, they got the last part right, anyways, because a bite is about all a guy can grab over here now. They seems to be plenty of food, but they are dealin' it out very slow and careful because the bulk of it's goin' to feed the soldiers, and why not?

Joe, I hope you guys over in the U. S. is not wastin' the eats on us whilst we are over here fightin' for the Democrats. Remember, us doughboys is doin' without a lotta things, some of us goin' so far as to do without our lives, Joe, so you guys can live

"Kamerad!" and we brung back six Germans. Three of them was alive. But to get back to London: Me and Jeanne was so tired out with the journey from France, etc., that we went right to bed the first night we was there almost as soon as we eat. I ain't had the light lit in our room a minute before they's a knockin' at the door. I opened up, and there's a guy all dressed up like a Turkish admiral or a Fifth Avenue carriage caller. He claims he's the head porter.

"I'm sorry, sir," he says, "but it's against the regulations to show a light from your room, thank you!"

"Why?" I says. "It ain't shinin' in nobody's eye, is it?"

"It's on account of the beastly 'Uns, sir," he says. "Since they been coming over with their bloomin' baby killers we cawn't show no lights, sir. It might 'elp them to locate the 'otel and bomb it. We look for a raid to-night, sir, it bein' so bright and all."

"Oh, you look for a raid to-night, hey?" I says. "Well, don't stage none on my account; I'd just as soon do without it." However, I goes on, slippin' him a piece of silver which was either a sixpence, a shillin', a half-crown, or a florin, for all I knowed—"however, if them guys does come over, keep it quiet, will you? Don't come runnin' up here with no alarms or nothin'—I don't want my wife to know we're bein' raided. It might scare her."

"Quite so, thank you," he says, goin' south with the coin. "But I'm afraid, sir, if the 'Uns comes over it'll be 'ard to keep the fact from the lidy. They usually drop about twenty tons of 'igh explosives and then there's our antiaircraft guns. I assure you, sir, the din is terrific. Yes, sir, thank you!"

Twenty tons of high explosives, Joe. Oh, boy!

"Well?" says Jeanne when he had beat it. "What now, chéri?"

"Nothin'," I says. "That guy told me to-day was the King's favorite birthday, and naturally enough they're gonna shoot off a lotta Roman candles and the like to celebrate it to-night. He says if they is

undue noise not to pay no attention to it—that's all!"

"But, chéri!" says Jeanne, jumpin' up with her eyes dancin' like a kid's; "I will then not retire. I would be delight to see these Roman candle!"

"Listen!" I says. "Let's let it go at hearin' 'em to-night, heh? You don't wanna see no fireworks; wait till we get back to the dear old *Etats Unis*, and I'll show you Coney Island."

Joe, just then they is a lotta whistles begin blowin' in the streets, and we can hear guys yellin': "Take cover!" I put out the lights in the room, and we both looked out the window down into the Strand. Well, Joe, it was some sight! Taxis and busses is dashin' along, most of 'em drove by girls, and people is scurryin' in all directions. The streets is as black as pitch. They is a swell-lookin' dame in evenin' clothes talkin' to a English officer outside the hotel, and they is both about as much disturbed by the excitement all around them as a elephant would be if a moth lit on its back. "Stick to it!" hollers this dame to a girl drivin' a bus, and "Cheero!" the girl hollers back.

Pretty soon, Joe, they is hardly anybody in the street below except them which has crowded into doorways to watch the show. Joe, I didn't have to be no Sherlock Holmes to know what was comin', and I drew Jeanne away from the window because shrapnel cuts and tears like Hades. We had hardly sit down when they is a terrible crash that rocks the room, and all the glass in the windows comes tinklin' in on the floor. Then— Oh, boy!!! Joe, the front ain't got a thing on London, believe me! They was crash after crash and boom after boom, and in between that come the sharp, cracklin' hiss of machine guns. The explosions was so

(Continued on page 28)



"Yeh?" I says. "We win! Look what I got!" I held up the iron plate

in peace and quiet. Don't kick either, Joe, if you have to eat black bread—they're feedin' us bullets over here!

Yours truly,

Sergeant ED. HARMON.

(Where does the Giants stand now, Joe?)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I had to break my last letter off kinda short on account of bein' ordered to patrol duty. Me and ten other guys went out to do a piece of scoutin', and right off the reel we run into a bunch of squareheads doin' the same thing. In a minute the air was full of bullets and cries of



# THE FLYING SQUADRON

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

A FINE idea for building up patriotism and national unity has been worked out and put into practice by the National Security League in its corps of Flying Squadron speakers, several hundred of them, organized to combat seditious teachings of socialists, pacifists, pro-Germans of every description. The importance of this movement will be understood when it is remembered that millions of our foreign population never read loyal American newspapers or hear loyal American speakers. Yet these millions make up our army of soldiers and voters, and upon their acts and decisions, upon their loyalty to sound Americanism, will depend the issue of this war and the consequences that are to follow the war.

## Kaiserism Must Be Killed

IT must not be supposed that these more or less submerged millions of foreigners or near-foreigners are disloyal to the American flag. Not at all. They are simply ignorant of what the flag really stands for; they have no conception of the privileges and opportunities United States citizenship has given them. Therefore they are easy victims of the disloyal propaganda that is spread among them ceaselessly and insidiously by thousands of Teutonic agents, who constitute an actively hostile element in our population.

It is the purpose of the Flying Squadron to fight this enemy propaganda of lies and disunion with a propaganda of truth and patriotism.

"For a long time the soap-box orator has spread

million dollars to beat the Kaiser," shouts one of the speakers, a pale-faced Greek, "and that means more in sacrifice and self-denial than a billion dollars from Wall Street."

This is true. The East Side has discovered America since this war began! And it has shown its willingness to fight for—if need be, die for—the principles of liberty.

In these street talks there is neither grandiloquence nor condescension, but a sincere effort to tell the story of America and preach the gospel of Americanism truthfully and helpfully.

Here are sober-minded citizens who are familiar

"Why do we have to suffer in winter from a shortage of coal?" interrupts a fat, blond citizen, who says that his grandfather fought in the Civil War. "Isn't that a sign of inefficiency?"

"Possibly. These inevitable inefficiencies and delays will be relieved as the war goes on."

"Why is it that all the soft jobs at Washington are given to rich men or to dubs like Garfield?"

"That is not true," replies the Flying Squadron man, and proves it by a long list.

"Why is it that only the sons of rich men get military promotions?"

This is easily disproved. Finally the fat man shows the cloven hoof of his real Teuton allegiance.

"Isn't it true, sir," he asks smoothly, "that if our boys at the front ever really break loose, they will do about the same things in Germany that the German soldiers did in Belgium and France?"

The speaker's eyes flash and his voice rings out angrily: "If you say that, sir, you're a damned liar!" A stocky American soldier pushes forward and shouts: "Say that again and I'll knock your — yellow mustache off and make you eat it."

At which the crowd yells its approval, and the seditionist fades away.

One evening I had a talk with one of the Flying Squadron woman speakers, an actress who has starred in big successes.

"But I've made my biggest hit since I've worn this," she said, with shining eyes, and pointed to a little pin at her throat bearing four stars—her husband and her three brothers are at the front!

"I wrote to Washington that I too was going to fight for the flag somehow, and when they wouldn't let me drive a motor car at the front, as I wanted to, I resolved to use my voice, if I could, in rousing these East Side crowds to patriotism. And I've done it! One night I held five hundred men and women on Second Avenue in the rain while I talked patriotism. I was a prouder woman that night than if I had received a dozen curtain calls on Broadway!"

So much appreciated is the inspirational value of the Flying Squadron propaganda that many large New York business establishments have set apart regular periods in the day (paid for by employers) when the Flying Squadron speakers may address their employees on patriotic subjects. And all over New York City boys' clubs, girls' clubs, Y. M. C. A. branches, open forums, workmen's clubs, labor unions and other organizations are sending in their appeals to the National Security League for these speakers.

## The Squadron Signals You

ALL kinds of people, rich and poor, have volunteered for this Flying Squadron service, business men, lawyers, taxicab drivers, political campaigners, interior decorators, teachers, real-estate brokers, newspaper men, high-school boys (there is a Junior Flying Squadron of boys and girls rendering splendid service), and women from all walks of life. Once a week these volunteers are trained for their work by lectures from prominent public speakers and by observers of conditions overseas. This is a volunteer democratic citizens' movement to unify the heart and mind of America in support of the war through a campaign of persuasion and education. It is a pervasive national vigilance committee which will turn the light on Germany's underground propaganda. It will see that the work of the Hun in Italy and Russia is not repeated here.

I may say in conclusion that the Flying Squadron has immediate need of several hundred additional speakers in New York City, and that the organization will be copied by the National Security League in many other cities throughout the country. Men and women who are willing to receive instruction from experts that will fit them to do effectively this important patriotic work should communicate with the secretary of the Flying Squadron, National Security League, at headquarters, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.



Photographs from Edwin Levick

Making the best pulpit in the world—the soap box—loyal to the flag

disloyal propaganda through our cities," said Charles Alfred Bill, the organizer of the Flying Squadron, to me. "The Salvation Army says: 'Why should the devil have all the good tunes?' and the Army makes a religious hymn out of ja-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. We say why should the traitors have the best pulpit in the world—the soap box? We are going to make the soap box loyal to the flag. It is the quickest, straightest way to meet the people who have been poisoned with disloyal and radical talk. It is an emergency measure of Americanization. The first thing we drive home is that Kaiserism must be destroyed, and for that end the whole world must be united. After that we can preach loyalty, and our speakers are instructed to familiarize themselves with socialist and pacifist arguments, so that they may discuss these intelligently, admitting what is true and just, while exposing what is false and unjust. But, like the Roman orator, who in every speech on every topic cried 'Carthage must be destroyed,' so do we always begin with 'Kaiserism must be killed.'

"And it works. The mind of the Russian immigrant does not respond to Paul Revere and Bunker Hill as his traditional symbols of revolution and freedom, but his heart is devoted to liberty, and from the axiom that 'Kaiserism must be killed' we can lead him to loyalty to the American Government."

I recommend an evening stroll along Second Avenue from Tenth Street down, with pauses at various open-air meetings where Flying Squadron crowds gather and listen. This is the swarming East Side, once disloyal, hostile to war, bitterly socialistic, but now wonderfully changed, tingling with patriotism, unbelievably generous in support of the Liberty Loan.

"Out of its poverty the East Side has given ten

with socialists' and pacifists' arguments, and are now glad to hear the other side, but they insist that issues be met honestly without shams or evasions.

Flying Squadron speakers talk about everything that bears on patriotism: American history; our great wars; what the American flag stands for; what the American idea is—freedom, opportunity, education, happiness. And against this they present the German idea—tyranny, ruthlessness, treachery! And the tragic lesson of Russia's downfall!

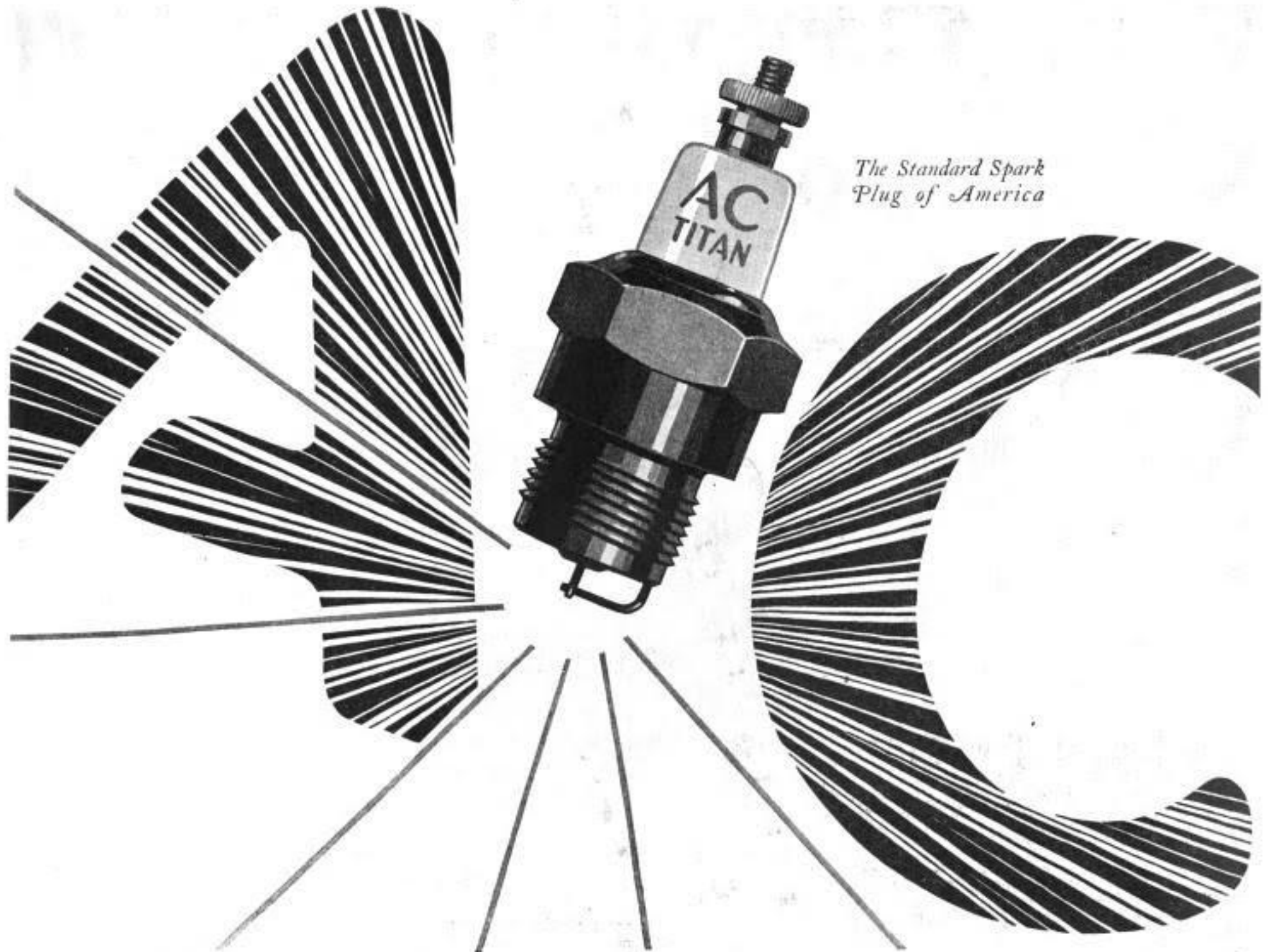
"Isn't it true that Germany has done more to relieve poverty and to improve labor conditions than America?" asks a man in the crowd who seems sincere, and the speaker meets his question in a friendly spirit, but overwhelms him with facts and statistics. "If life in Germany is so superior to life in America, why do so many millions of Germans leave Germany and live in America?" the Flying Squadron speaker concludes, while the crowd applauds.

After him a young Jewish orator, wearing eyeglasses, takes the soap box (really a well-constructed folding pulpit). "What are the motives of those who oppose the military policy of the United States?" he asks. "Why do some socialists attack the Liberty Loan? Why do pacifists try to thwart the President? There are only two possible reasons: either their intelligence has been destroyed by cranks, or they are paid German agents."

Farther down the avenue another speaker flings forth this challenge to the Friends of Irish Freedom: "I ask these people who are attacking our ally Great Britain, what kind of freedom Ireland would get if Germany won this war?"

How the crowd applauds! Presently occurs a lively incident that illustrates the clever way in which pro-Germans, masquerading as loyal Americans, try to lead the speakers into damaging admissions.





# A Symbol of Accomplishment

Perfection is a state of the infinite.

Human mind cannot conceive nor hand achieve it.

The most man may do is earnestly to strive to go farthest toward that visionary goal.

In so far as he accomplishes this his work shall live, be it bronzes, books, paintings, operas or—spark plugs.

AC glazed in the porcelain of a spark plug is a symbol of constant striving for perfection; it is a symbol of years of research by the man who pioneered this industry; it is a symbol of a lifetime devoted to the sciences of ceramics and ignition.

AC's are not perfect spark plugs. They never will be perfect.

Yet the true criterion has always judged them the best obtainable. And this much is true: from year to year AC Spark Plugs will be better and better spark plugs. For constantly in his

experimental laboratories their sponsor is striving to outdo that which is now deemed best.

Today AC has the concerted endorsement of the automotive industry. In all, 94 manufacturers plant-equip with AC Spark Plugs.

When you purchase AC Spark Plugs, you know you have purchased wisely. For your selection is supported by the exacting research of the nation's leading manufacturers.

There are AC Spark Plugs in various types, especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Look for the letters AC. They are the initials of the originator—glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

*Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion—also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.*

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, Michigan

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Tractors	Chalmers	Delco-Light	F-W-D Trucks	Hupmobile	Marmoon	Nash	Peterson	Sandow Trucks	Wheat	Wallis Tractors
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Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?



# UNDER FIRE WITH THE YANKS

Continued from page 11

they couldn't locate him definitely. So they went out over No Man's Land to look him up. In broad daylight, mind you! Three of them made their way across to within about sixty yards of the sniper and spotted a German officer. Another now has his command. Other Germans appeared, and the three Americans retreated. They retreated safely to their own lines, got fifteen more men, and went back again. They managed to stir up a snappy little scrap, and after a lively period of fighting found themselves surrounded on three sides. When they started to retreat one of their number dropped into a shell hole and held the enveloping Germans off while his comrades got away. The man who stayed in the shell hole? Ah, well, the boches will pay for him, many to one. His company will see to that.

## "Putting on a Party"

THE American in the line is keen for action—not only the occasional naturally adventurous man, but the lot of them. They are, almost without exception, keen for active, dangerous work. I suppose, of course, that statement will be misunderstood—misinterpreted. "Oh, do they like war?" some one will say in a shocked voice. "Is it possible that our boys can like war? Enjoy bloodshed?"

Only a fool or a savage likes war or enjoys bloodshed. The American in the line is neither a fool nor a savage. He hates war and bloodshed as nice, sensitive people who have never seen either can ever possibly hate the horrors they but sniff from afar. He hates war, but temporarily war is his proper business, and he attends to that business with a nationally characteristic whole-heartedness. He gave up his civilian identity, his home, the comforts and safety of peace, to come over here and fight. Having come for that specific purpose, he is keen to do that specific thing just as often as opportunity offers. He is keen to fight and ever ready with a courageous flippancy to camouflage the suffering and horrors attendant upon action. Not long ago I was speaking with an estimable gentleman over here investigating something or other—there seems to be about one investigator in France to every ten soldiers—who was much disturbed because the Y. M. C. A. was putting on light amusement in its huts.

"Our boys should be made to realize the seriousness of their situation," he declared ponderously. "They have no conception of it. They're facing death every minute of the time they are in the trenches, and they speak lightly of a terrible battle as 'a show' and talk of an attack in which many of them may be killed as 'putting on a party.' They should be made to realize that this is a life-and-death matter!"

I believe if that man went scouting about out in No Man's Land every night, his life in one hand and a grenade in the other, he'd get a crawful of realization of the seriousness of the situation. If he saw his chum pecked off by a sniper or blown to nothingness by a shell, he might understand—even more thoroughly than he now does—that it's a life-and-death matter. I can't help wondering if, under those circumstances, he'd have the grit to grin and carry on, as do the men he worries about. If the men of the American army refuse to gloom and groan and burden the air with doleful cries expressive of their

realization of the obvious—let the boche fret. He has cause!

And some critics say that the American soldier is reckless. To a certain extent he is. His motto is: "Let's go!" When things get hot he'd much rather go over the top and get 'em than go down in a dugout and wait for 'em. He wants to take a chance. A few nights previous a raiding party had started out from the American trenches just behind where I stood that morning. The lieutenant leading the party selected twenty men to accompany him. They were to go across No Man's Land, establish contact with the boche, and bring back prisoners. On a trip like that it's better than an even bet that

© Committee on Public Information



Most popular man on our front—the postman

some of the party are not coming back. Don't imagine that the men who go out on those trips don't know that. They know it better than anyone else. The lieutenant led his men over the top and out through the wire. It was inky black. A man couldn't see his hand held before his face. They crept through the wire single file, each man with one hand touching the foot of the man crawling in front of him. Outside the wire they stopped to take tally and make sure that all were present.

"One," whispered the lieutenant. "Two," said the man immediately behind him. The whispered count went down the line and then back again to the lieutenant, starting with number one at the rear of the line. "Twenty-

three," said the man in back of the lieutenant when the count came back. "Twenty-four," whispered the lieutenant. "What's wrong back there? There's only twenty-one of us. Try that count over again."

They tried it over, with the same result. Three men who might have stayed safely behind in the trench had surreptitiously added themselves to the raiding party. It was too late to go back, so they advanced. A few minutes later they took the count again, and the lieutenant was number twenty-six.

"We're doin' fine, sir," the man behind the lieutenant whispered, stifling a giggle. "We got five prisoners a'ready."

It means something—that spirit. It is a small thing as applied to that particular little raiding party, but it is typical of the American army. Being typical, it is important. The ultimate purpose of the American army is offense. And when that offensive begins the men will go eagerly, hunting for trouble, not because they are driven forward by merciless officers, but because trouble is temporarily their only business and they are rarin' to be about it!

After about fifteen minutes out there in No

Man's Land, we played duckboard back to the American front-line position. It is absolutely impossible for a man to make that trip in the dark. The woods are laced thick with barbed wire. Even if that were gone, the ground is made impassable by shell holes filled with water and cunningly placed pits. A series of barbed-wire gates guards the duckboard path over which one may pass with difficulty in the daytime. I know that no man can come through there at night and also I know that they do come through. The lieutenant showed me where a sentry had flushed a German patrol of three men the night before. This war has made physical impossibilities a commonplace part of the routine daily—and nightly

—work. We parted with the lieutenant at the door of his dugout.

"Nothing interesting out here just now," he explained apologetically. "We've tried every way to get the boche to come out and play, but he won't do it. I think maybe he's mad at us, or something. If you have a chance, get out some night when we're pullin' off a little party and I'll try to show you some fun."

With a captain and the visiting medical officer I started back. A few hundred yards to the rear we came upon a soldier sitting on a stump. From the waist up he was as naked as a skinned rabbit. In his hand he held his shirt turned inside out, and he was studying the surface of the garment as intently as a young son of one of the best families stealing a chapter of forbidden dime novel. But his expression was more that of a man digesting bad news.

"What are you doing, son?" the captain called out.

The soldier on the stump slowly raised his eyes and looked us over. His expres-

sion was that of a detached and world-weary man breaking under the burden of a secret sorrow. We didn't seem to ease his mind much, for he sighed deeply and returned to his intent inspection.

"I'm readin' over the personal column o' my shirt to see if there were any new arrivals las' night," he answered the captain's question finally. "I think I must be a convention, the way they're flockin' in on me. If I'd been a small town a week ago, I'd be a big city by now."

"Are you finding any?"

"Findin' any! I ain't lost any yet!"

He raised his tired eyes and studied me carefully.

"You're a newspaper reporter, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"You lookin' for news to print?"

"Sure."

"Well, listen. Did old General Misfortune ever billet a whole army corps o' starvin' cooties on your personality an' leave 'em there to fatten up an' multiply an' replenish your shirt?"

"I've had 'em."

The soldier immediately lost all interest in me and took up his duties anew.

"Goo'-by," he mumbled. "If you've had 'em, you know all the news there is to know around here."

In war as in peace it's the little things that count!

## "It's Up to You, Captain!"

WE went on back through the woods past a poste de secours and down an excellent road toward the open country in the rear. It had been foggy early in the morning when we came out, but the mist had cleared and the hot spring sun was shining from a cloudless sky. A little way in the rear of the wood we turned off to our left on a road that led down a valley and up over a low hill to a front skirting a shell-wrecked village. The captain in front of me stopped and swore.

"I thought there'd be something in the air when this — sun came out," he said disgustedly.

I followed the direction of his gaze and saw it. It was an observation balloon off on our left behind the German lines. It reminded me of a great gray sow up there in the sky, peering down with a mean, gluttonous eagerness, scanning the face of the land in search of food for its hungry brood of guns below. There was a thin fringe of camouflage along the left of the road, but the watching beast up there could easily see us over the top of it if we stood in the road. We hid ourselves, stooping near the camouflage, and considered the matter of going on. A hun-

He is ever ready to camouflage the suffering



dred yards away the camouflage ended altogether, and from there on to the top of the hill—a matter of perhaps four or five hundred yards—we would be in plain view of the watching eyes above us.

"They've absolutely got the range on this road," the captain said. "If they took a notion to pick us off while we were going over there, it's a ten to one bet they'd get us. Of course if we went across fifty or a hundred yards apart they'd probably let us by—but then again they might not. I don't know. It's a long, long trek to go back and go way around. What do you think?"

"It's up to you, captain," I said.

What I meant was this: If you insist on taking a chance and going across there, I'll trail after you as a matter of pride, but I'd a darn sight rather go a long, long way around!

The captain thought the matter over. "I'd hate to get knocked off without a chance to hit back," he mused. "It's a long hard walk the other way around, but—I don't know. How do you feel? Pretty tired?"

"Not a particle," I lied eagerly. "I'm good for any distance."

"Well, I expect we'd better have a little sense and go around," the captain said regretfully. "It's a lot shorter this way, and we might get across all right, but—"

"I'd just as soon go around," I confessed.

The captain looked at me and smiled. "So would I," he admitted. "And a little bit rather. Come on."

I'm strong for that captain. He's my idea of a gentleman.

A soldier on a motorcycle came down the hill toward us.

The captain halted him. "Seen what's in the air?"

"What, sir?"

"Balloon's up. Better go some if you're going to try to get across that open place."

"Thank you for telling me, sir," the soldier said as he turned his motorcycle around. "Hadn't noticed that balloon. I'm going to go some all right: some other direction."

He whirled away, and we walked after him. We walked and walked and walked.

"You're over a third of the way there now," the captain said in a tone evidently meant to be encouraging. Encouraging! I didn't suppose there was any place two-thirds as far away as the distance we had come.

"If you're feeling fresh, let's hit it up a little. We'll be late getting back."

I began to lose my taste for the captain. He seemed to be falling short of my idea of a gentleman.

We came at last to a narrow-gauge road running up a shallow open valley to the front-line position in the wrecked village which was our objective. The Germans were shelling that light railway line industriously. There were shell holes every few feet on either side of it.

"Better not walk the track," the captain advised me. "That's what they're shooting at."

"But it's not what they're hitting," I argued. "Shells have lit everywhere in the neighborhood except on this track."

"Precisely," the captain agreed. "But they've been missing it so long that by the law of averages they're due to hit it now. Better walk here on the path."

"The track for mine," I insisted.

The captain shook his head sadly and sighed as he started along the path parallel to the track.

And so we went our chosen separate though parallel ways, each predicting a speedy finish for the other, and so we came unharmed to the edge of the devastated village through the opposite side of which our front line runs.

### "It Only Takes One"

A MEDICAL lieutenant and a number of men were lounging about a table in the open beside a shell-wrecked house near which was the entrance to their dugout. The table was piled high with old and dilapidated magazines. Scattered about were a number of chairs in various stages of decrepitude and a large, red-plush sofa. They were a nice bunch of fellows, and I have no doubt that they would have invited me to occupy that sofa had I given them the opportunity. But I saw my friend, the captain, eyeing it covetously, and I dived into full-length possession.

"Tired?" the captain asked maliciously.

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"Not a bit," I lied feebly, sitting up perforce to back my false words with action.

"Then we'd better be getting along. The lieutenant's going to take us up to the G. C. Of course, if you're tired, why—"

Painfully I restored the responsibility of my weight to my trembling legs.

And then it came. There was the sound of the blue sky above us being viciously ripped apart and an explosion that shook the buildings about us. S-i-e-z-z-z-Bong! A little cloud of dust floated up over the tops of the gutted buildings on our left.

"There they go again!" the lieutenant sighed wearily. "They'll keep that up for twenty minutes or a half hour now. Wait a minute. Here comes another one. Hear it?"

"Sure, I hear it," I said. "What good does that do me?"

"Oh, you can tell pretty well where they're coming and duck," the lieutenant said as the second shell exploded in the village. "That one was off to our left."

"I know all about where it was going to light after it lit," I explained to him. "But how do you tell beforehand where they're going to light?"

"Oh, you learn to gauge 'em."

"I see. And what do you do while you're learning?"

The lieutenant grinned. "Wear some kind of a luck piece and stay out of range on Fridays, I reckon. Listen! All right. That's off to the left too. Come on."

We went on down the pitted street of that ruined village, down the street lined on either side with the indescribably desolate-looking irregular shells of gutted houses, toward the front line at the far end of the town. There were a number of soldiers to be seen. Some were standing in the doors of dugouts smoking. Others were walking along the street, keeping close to the walls. The shells were screaming into the village several to the minute. It was not furious fire—nothing faintly approaching a barrage, for example—but, as the gang at the Polo Grounds used to shout at Benny Kauff up at the plate with two strikes called: "It only takes one, old boy."

No man is normal under fire, no matter how calm he may be. I watched the soldiers in sight. Those walking alone were walking slowly, slouching a little, glancing briefly up at the sky in swift appraisal of the flight of some shell that whined near. One and all, they were defiantly deliberate in their movements and contemptuously sullen. Those who stood in groups laughed loudly at sallies that would ordinarily not have elicited a grin.

It was my first time under fire, and I transferred my attention from the men about me to myself. How did I feel about it? Was I scared? I didn't know. I examined my emotions carefully and failed of a certain analysis. There was a tingling sensation along my lower spine. Was it fear? It didn't seem so. There was a powerful emotion growing in me that was familiar, and yet I couldn't place it. We came to a gap in the row of houses, and the lieutenant stopped.

"Cross here one at a time," he said. "This space is swept by indirect machine-gun fire, and they're liable to cut loose most any time."

I was the last one to cross. As I went I looked off across the green meadow to the woods where the German machine guns were hidden. The emotion possessing me grew suddenly stronger, and I identified it. It was the most elemental form of anger. I was just plain, ordinary mad! I was as sore as a chained bull pup in a yardful of cats. At the whine and bang of each new shell dropping my anger grew. That anger—the anger that was aroused in me by the threat of those rumbling, booming shells—multiplied millions upon millions of times and strengthened by every offensive effort the Hun makes, is the world's instinctive answer to the German assertion that German force can conquer and rule the world. The boche cannot put it over! He can't make it stick! He's in the pan, and the fire's getting hot. There's a lot of fuel on the way and more where it came from! Plenty! He may flop around in the pan and do a lot of damage spattering people with the grease of his own frying. He's a tough old bullhead, and he's a long way from done, but he's cooking. He's on the stove. He can't get off, and he can't put out the fire. The worse he acts the hotter it gets.

We came at last to the far edge of

the town where a number of soldiers were loitering about sleepily under a wooden lean-to alongside a partially demolished building. It was an eating place to which the cans of hot food from the rear are brought. It was not clean. There were bits of bread and other refuse strewn about the ground, and there was a faint, nauseous odor unpleasantly in evidence.

I have said that men do not act normally under shell fire. I amend the statement. They do not act normally unless they have work to occupy them. The captain frowned at the sight of the refuse and the evil-smelling, soggy low spots.

"Looks bad, lieutenant."

"I know," admitted the medical lieutenant. "I've been trying to get this place cleaned up, but there's a lot of work to be done. You know we've just taken over the line here, and those guys ducked out and left this place in rotten shape."

A sleep-frowzy line lieutenant clambered up out of a near-by dugout. He passed the word to a sergeant. The men fell to work with broom and shovel.

The shells were still falling around us. To the death that the boche was throwing at them they paid no attention. They were busy guarding themselves from the death that filth might bring. They were busy and, being busy, they were normal—even under shell fire.

After a time we crawled cautiously over some debris, pulled back a burlap curtain, and stood crouching in the last American outpost. A loud word, a certain movement might bring a hurricane of shell fire.

A slender blue-eyed boy peering through glasses thrust in a tiny slit rose and greeted us, whispering.

"See anything?" the line lieutenant asked.

"Not a thing moving, sir."

"Sure?"

"You know my eyes, sir," the boy replied simply.

"He's got the best pair of eyes in the regiment," the lieutenant explained to us. "A toad couldn't hop over there in the woods without him seeing it."

I took the boy's place and searched the German line. Through the glasses it appeared right in front of me. It looked like a long-abandoned ditch having to do with some forgotten piece of construction work.

The captain was watching the young soldier curiously.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"I'm nineteen, sir."

"I don't mean how old are you on your service record. I mean really."

The boy blushed like a schoolgirl, but those wonderfully clear blue eyes of his were steady and steel-hard.

"Just old enough to fight like hell, sir."

### "That's Talking to 'im"

WE went back another way along a white road and through a wrecked and deserted village. The German guns had been silent for some time, and our artillery had subsided to an occasional growl. Then a gun spoke in a voice that was strange to me. It wasn't the sharp, vicious bark of a near-by 75, nor yet the stunning roar of a heavy. It was a crumpled, far-distant sort of threatening growl. The far, faint hum of a motor gave me a clue. A boche airplane was sailing high over the lines behind us, and the sullen growls I heard came from the throats of the antiaircraft dogs. The boche was winging directly toward us, and behind him there floated a tail of feathery smoke puffs, the bursts of shrapnel reaching out to help old man Gravity bring him down. There was only one dog growling at first, but others rapidly joined the chorus. From the shelter of wood and pit for miles around they rumbled their threatening chorus at the alien invading their domain. The hubbub reminded me of the action of a number of familiar small town dogs united in warning off a stranger. When all the big fellows were going strong and in good voice, the rapid-yipping terriers joined in. Ruppity-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup! The slim machine guns were in the racket.

The white puffs of shrapnel smoke burst all about Mr. Boche, some seemingly very close, but he apparently paid them not even the compliment of attention. He sat up there in the clear afternoon sky taking our pictures as calmly as an idler reading in a comfortable hammock on a lazy afternoon under his own shade trees. He sailed directly overhead, and we lamed our necks gawking up at him. By then we



were rooting for our guns, rooting wholeheartedly, unconsciously. Our rooting was a composite of the method of a baseball fan and a crap shooter. "Come on, get that guy!" (Business of snapping fingers.) "That's talking to 'em. That's got him! He's coming down. No! Missed him again. There they got him. No! That's coming close though! Ow, boy! Baby mine! That's it! That does it! Well, what do you know about that bird? Don't bullets bother him? They busted that one right in his ear! A little more to the right. Little bit higher. 'At's puttin' 'em over! Come on now—right on him!"

In the midst of my excitement it occurred to me to wonder what became of all the shells that went up. My unuttered question was answered from above. There was a whistling shriek, a flare of air on my face, and a thud near by that was sufficiently dull and sickening to justify the use of those poor old frazzled adjectives in describing it.

"Ouch!" the captain exclaimed. "Close! That was a dud—a shell that didn't explode. What's the matter with you?"

I took an inventory of myself and discovered the difficulty. My right shoulder is a coward. I must have leaned against some fresh yellow paint at some time in my life and got some on that right shoulder. When anything whistles unpleasantly close that right shoulder of mine betrays itself by a sudden, instinctive, and very pronounced dip. I mumbled some lying explanation to the captain and pulled myself erect just in time to have that accursed right shoulder pull me over again as some more messages from the blue came screaming down.

"I'm going to get under something besides six feet of France!" the captain declared. "That son of a gun's banked, and he's coming right back overhead again. Come on."

#### A Gentleman

I WISH I could describe how they finally got that boche, but I can't—because they didn't get him. When he had taken pictures of enough of us he sailed back over the lines, and the captain and I walked some more. We

walked and walked past groups of soldiers with their mess kits standing around savory, smoking kitchens, cussing and discussing army cooks and their ways; past weary fatigue details marching in after a hard day with pick and shovel; past lounging men lying about smoking and beginning to tune up their vocal chords for the rendition of the sad, sentimental ballads to which the American on camping trip or battle field must inevitably give voice at the approach of dusk. Frogs were croaking around the edges of the marsh and men were croaking around the edges of the kitchens, and I— I'd look at a spot ten yards in front of me and say: "Bill, you've got enough left in you to go that far, and right there's where they can erect the cross that marks the spot." When I got there I'd decide to wait and die ten yards farther on.

A shrapnel shell burst over a field just a little behind us and to our right. "That was close," said the captain. "Hear 'em?"

I heard 'em! They were shrapnel bullets, and they sounded like bees buzzing. I didn't care. I knew the Germans wouldn't hit me then. If they'd hit me I'd had to be put on a stretcher and carried, and I was perfectly sure that no such luck was coming to me via Germany. Some more shrapnel burst near by. I didn't even look around to see the smoke puffs. Fatigue is an anesthetic that is as effective on a battle field as elsewhere. One attains a certain degree of weariness, and after that nothing matters.

At last we reached the motor car that was waiting for us. Feebly I opened the door and sort of poured myself shapelessly in on to the seat.

"Are you tired?" the captain asked. "I'm so doggone tired I wouldn't walk across the street to see 'em hang the Kaiser!" I admitted. Even pride had left me.

"So am I," the captain admitted frankly. "I couldn't have walked another quarter of a mile to get a shot at Hindenburg! We had some day!"

I began to like that captain after all. He's my idea of a gentleman.

Mr. McNutt's fourth article from France will appear in an early issue.

## The Briber

Continued from page 9

of it, we were transported from the gloom of impending tragedy to the gleam of high comedy. But not the huddled figure in the chair. Nothing of the comic about him. She dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Why did you do it, Buddy?"

"They told me that—that—" The muffled voice struggled for coherence.

"That the proper way to approach the Ellen Street board was by bribery," I supplied.

"Then there is some mistake," she said simply, her eyes still searching Kelsey's soul.

"There is. This is not the Ellen Street board. It is the Allen Street board. Your brother was misdirected."

"Ah!" The simple, disastrous error seemingly made little impression upon this amazing girl-goddess. Nothing seemed to matter with her but the man whom she faced and the boy whom she protected. "Poor Acton! His nerves are gone. I ought to have managed it myself."

"And how would you have managed it, may I ask?"

The question was in the chairman's blandest voice, but she answered straight into Dick Kelsey's eyes that still held and cherished hers.

"I would have gone to you and I should have said: 'You are wise and fine and brave [no, it wasn't flattery—that would have been gross—but the assurance of a profound conviction, as if she had known him for a lifetime], and I ask you for once to go above the law—'"

"Which I am sworn to uphold."

"—Which is stupid and harsh and cowardly!" she went on in her thrilling voice, "and save him for me! And you would say—"

"No!"

There was an incredulous tremor in her voice as she said uncertainly: "You couldn't say no. How could you say no?"

"How can you say what you are saying?" he burst out upon her, his voice shaken with passion. "How can you do what you are doing? A door opened, and you came into my life. You made life over for me by your coming. You understand?"

"Yes."

She accepted his avowal as simply as that. And to the rest of us—silent, disregarded onlookers—it seemed natural enough that he should speak and she should listen thus. The surge and pressure of great emotions was swaying, impalpable, about us.

"And now—now you destroy it all!"

"I? Destroy it?"

"By destroying my faith in you—in everything. By trying to buy me, if not with money, with a worse bribe. By tempting me to betray my country. Oh, it's a little betrayal, I know. 'What does one man, more or less, matter?'—and that man a coward. But it's my honor."

"Do you think I would not cherish your honor as if it were my own?" Oh, the caressing pride of the voice!

"You bewilder me," he cried. "You come to me with the face and voice of an angel and lay a hellish bargain before me. You ask me to dishonor myself and my profession and my oath to my country to protect a coward."

"And now you bewilder me," she retorted. "How can you call him a coward? Buddy!" She turned in appeal to the boy behind her. No answer came. His figure had assumed a curious, sidelong posture. Now it sagged lumpily to the floor. The face was grayish blue, and there were strange hollows beneath the eyes.

Kelsey was beside him instantly, loosening his collar. "You've seen him this way before?" he asked the girl.

"Yes." She answered with a strange reluctance. "It—it doesn't occur often. It's his heart. Didn't he tell you?"

Kelsey's ear pressed down on the broad chest. He caught up the inert hand and swiftly examined the nails. "His heart!" he repeated. When he looked up it might have been his own heart that had checked, so altered were hue and expression.

"Yes, he told me," he muttered, recovering himself, and returned to the work of revival.

Terrifying though the event had been, it was over shortly. We got Severance on the lounge where he lay, breathing with constantly improved rhythm. There was a long silence in which I could almost hear two of my

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colleagues reconstructing the ruined structure of a theory. The third, our medical examiner, was intent upon the wonder and the glory of the girl.

Severance was the first to break the silence with a boyish apology, adding in quiet despair: "Well, I suppose this settles it; I'm dished."

"Well, I'm dashed!" said the chairman. "What does it all mean? I get no clue to it."

"I don't need to ask you whether he really has a weak heart?" said Kelsey to the sister.

"You've seen."

"Then why, in the name of Heaven, should he try to bribe me to get him exempted?"

"Exempted!" Brother and sister spoke in one voice of uttermost amazement. "When he'd surely be rejected on the first examination anyway?"

"I was," said the boy. "On the first, and the second, and the third. So I came here to buy my way in if I couldn't get in any other way. Oh, doctor, I can fight; I am strong. I don't have this kind of an attack once a year. Do I, Gwen? I can march all day. I can lift any weight. It's killing me to be left out of it when weaker men than I go in. For God's sake, doctor, pass me in. Give me my chance!"

I THINK Kelsey scarcely heard him. His face was turned to the girl, with a glow of shamed gladness. She read it right.

"You thought I was trying to get him off?" she accused incredulously.

"Forgive me!"

"You will pass him?"

"What good would it do? The examination at the cantonment would turn him back as surely as if he were blind or deaf."

"Is there nothing you can do? You must do something!" she cried imperiously.

He considered. The Severances, hand-clasped like two piteous children, waited with steady eyes but fluttering breath. "Yes," he said. "Mr. Chairman, I here and now tender my resignation." Then, to the girl: "From the moment my resignation is accepted I am at your service."

"How can you get me through it if you resign?" demanded Severance.

"Get your draft transferred. Before you go up for an examination I'll give you directions for a stimulant that will keep your heart up to normal long enough to get you through. The same for the final examination."

"Do you hear, Gwen!" cried the boy, exalted. "I'm to get in. I'm to have my chance."

She made no answer to his joyous outburst. She was intent upon Kelsey.

"Is it a very great thing I have asked of you, my friend?" she said pitifully.

"It is a crime; that's all," put in Martindale.

"Surely a white crime," said the gentle voice of Roberts.

"It doesn't matter," said Kelsey, very low. "Nothing matters." His eyes added: "But you."

"Walpole talks of a man and his price," quoted Martindale again, under his breath. "What's wrong now, Bayne?"

I had jumped for the telephone. The word "crime" had called up in my overcrowded brain its complement, punishment. I had suddenly remembered the call to the United States marshal's office. Before Central had answered my frantic ringing, heavy, deliberate footsteps sounded in the hallway. I hung up the receiver. The door opened to admit, not the expected official, but Judge Gordon Farnell, wisest and kindest of the humanists who have made our Federal bench famous for mercy as well as for justice.

"I happened to drop in at Endly's office," he explained. "He had no man there. As it was a draft case, I thought I might look into it myself. Did I understand it was a bribery case?" His eyes fell upon the flattened roll of money, and were fixed there.

"Whose is that?"

"Mine, sir," answered young Severance.

"What is it doing there?"

"I brought it—" the lad began. "There's been a mistake," broke in Kelsey; and then we were all talking at once. All but Miss Severance. She had moved to her brother's side and stood there silent, waiting. Kelsey's voice mastered the others.

"Whatever guilt there is, is mine," he said.

The girl left her brother and walked to his side. Still she did not speak. There was no need. All knew with

absolute surety that those two were fated to share thenceforth guilt, blame; whatever life might bring them.

From them the judge's keen old eyes reverted to the money. The judge's firm old mouth smiled. "I still grope," said he. "What have you done?"

"Resigned from the board. I've been—I'm unfit to serve."

"My dear Richard! Have you been overworking?"

"I've been overtempted. And I've—sold out."

"Oh, no!" denied the girl with soft vehemence. "It was because it was right. No; let me speak."

"Speak," said the judge.

"I had three brothers," said the girl very quietly. "Alvin died trying to save a child in Bruges. Don was killed bringing in wounded at Verdun. Then our country—my country—she flung her head up proudly—"declared war. It was Acton's turn to go."

"You were willing that he should go?" said Judge Farnell.

"He is all I have left. I was not willing. But I knew that he ought to go; that it was killing him not to go. No one who doesn't know and love him as I do could understand. He was rejected. Five times they rejected him. It is his heart. Then he fell to brooding. I could do nothing for him, until we heard that—that money could be used here to influence decisions. And he moved here. For the last week he's hardly been able to sleep or eat; he's almost beside himself with anxiety and dread. That is why he collapsed to-day. And if he had been himself, he would never have offered money—here. You see, it was the Ellen Street board we were sent to, to bribe him in."

"And we thought—Lord forgive us—that he was trying to bribe his way out." This from the chairman.

"Was it so wrong?" she pleaded. "You are a judge. You know the law. You know right and wrong and the hearts of men. Can you tell me that—that it is wrong for him to go out and fight—and die if need be, as his brothers died—because a stupid detail of law says no?"

The judge was murmuring something. I do not think it was exactly an answer. I seemed to catch vaguely the words "passing the love of women."

"You saw that it was right for him to go," she appealed to Kelsey.

The stubborn Puritan in him answered: "I did it for you. For nothing else but you. As I would give life and honor if you asked it. As I have given honor."

"Just what have you done, Richard?" said the judge.

"Agreed to get this man passed by trickery."

"That can be done?"

"Yes; with drugs."

"Wonderful! You've examined him?"

"Enough to form a judgment."

"No chance of his passing on his merits?"

"Not the slightest."

"But, once he got in, could he make a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Drill, march, fight, go through the rigors of a campaign?"

"Nine chances out of ten, yes."

"That's better than the infantry average." He took up the roll of bills and thrust it into the boy's hand. "Go in," said he. "And God go with you and bring you safely back to her. And you, Richard Kelsey, do you go back to your duty."

"I am—I was a sworn officer—"

"I too am a sworn officer of the law."

The great, gentle voice overbore him. "There is a law that man makes. There is a law that God makes. Who are you—who am I—that we should set our feeble and sightless judgments against His? Gentlemen!"—his smile was like a benediction—"the decision of the lower court is overruled."

THE girl drew in and exhaled one deep, pulsating breath of thanksgiving. She stretched out a hand to her brother. "Come," she said, and her voice was like the echo of a distant trumpet.

She stretched out the other hand to her lover. "Come," she bade, and her voice thrilled with a love that was beyond music.

So together they went forth into the sweetness of the dark, the temptress, the briber, and the bribed. Behind them the room, which all day long had been poisoned with anger, with cowardice, with falsehood, was purified and hallowed to our breathing. Roberts broke our long silence.

"It's a wonderful world!" he sighed.



## The Flying Fish

Continued from page 13

unknown applicants for positions to the guests of the hostelry. But Fabian was undismayed. His brief stay in the hotel had enabled him to locate the freight elevator, and it was the man who ran this that Fabian wished to see.

He shuffled out of the steward's office, his head hanging. But instead of leaving by the nearest door, he continued down a hall to the elevator. The kinky-haired operator of the freight elevator grinned at the white-haired old colored man.

"Whar you goin', uncle?" he asked. "Servants' elevator's back whar you come from."

"Yeh, yeh, I know, niggeh; I know," said Fabian. "Don't matter none wheah I go, though. I ain't wukkin' fo' no one. You save yo' money, boy. When a man gits old and he ain't got no job a dollah is his bes' friend."

The freight elevator was not in demand. The operator, garrulous as all his race, did not disdain the opportunity to talk even with a broken-down old man. "What's the matter, uncle? Luck bad?"

"I don't have no luck at all, boy. Heah I walks all the way from Brooklyn, and they tells me my man ain't yere."

"Who was you lookin' for?" asked the colored boy kindly.

"Man name of Waters. Benjamin Waters. You see, I been body sehvant to a Majah Pelham. He up and died, and I been out of a job. I heahs about Mist' Waters needin' a sehvant, so I comes oveh heah. Sickly old man, like the majah. Them's the kind I wants to work for. An' they tells me heah that they ain't neveh been no such pusson stoppin' at this hotel. Musta made a mistake somewheah, my friend must have. Don't happen to know of any old gentleman, sick, what needs a sorta valet and nurse, do you?"

The elevator boy scratched his kinky head.

"Dunno's I do, uncle. Sorry. They was a gemman here what kinda fills your bill, but he's gone. 'Name's McCord; Curzon McCord. Cranky old man, but when you wants a job dat don't matter, does it, uncle?"

"Lawd, no," agreed Fabian. "Mist' McCord, eh? And wheah'd you say he went to?"

"I dunno. I took his trunks down this mornin', but they was just checked to the Pennsylvania Station. You might find out at the desk wheah his mail is bein' sent, though."

"Thanks, boy," said Fabian. "I'll do that."

But he didn't. If it were as easy as all that to find out where McCord had gone, Miss Leila Kildare would have found it out long ago. Fabian went out to the street. There he engaged in conversation a porter. A fifty-cent tip loosened this gentleman's tongue.

Yes, he remembered Mr. McCord's trunks. He'd helped load them aboard a wagon. Checked to the Pennsylvania Station; that was all. How many? Only two. No, there weren't any names on them. But they were McCord's, because he'd lugged them out of McCord's rooms himself. One was a lady's trunk; leastwise, it was small, and it looked like the sort of a trunk a woman would own. The name of the transfer company? Foote's. Why the questions, anyway?

But Fabian did not bother to answer this. He was on his way to Foote's nearest office. But here he came to the end of the trail. A man had come to the office, had asked that his trunks be sent for and taken to the railroad station. He had been given a check wherewith to claim them, the trunks had been fetched, and that was all there was to it. All this none too graciously and proffered only because of a bill that Fabian produced from a shabby old wallet.

And Fabian shuffled gloomily back toward University Place.

SAM WHITNEY was one of the dearest chaps in the world. He was as charmingly ingenuous as a frank boy. Unfortunately, he was not much brighter than a boy. In France, where his courage had been recognized by the bestowal of the Croix de Guerre, his comrades, loving him, were wont to chuckle quietly over his mental clumsiness. Told what to do, he could be relied upon to carry out orders faithfully, exactly. But left to his own judgment—his superior officers rarely left him to his own judgment. They knew better.

Had Leila realized Whitney's lack of finesse, she would have given him minute instructions. But there had not been time to analyze Whitney. She had only time to know that she liked him and trusted him, and that he was devoted to Farley Endicott, before they had gone their separate ways.

One more subtle than Whitney would have entered the Charlton quietly, have selected, if possible, a room near to that which Leila had occupied, and have begun by deftly questioning the servants on that floor. Whitney did nothing of the sort. He walked up to the clerk.

"A friend of mine, Miss Tarrant," he began, "is registered here—"

"Certainly," said the busy clerk. "Your name, please?"

"She's not in at present," replied Whitney. "But another friend of mine, a Mr. Endicott, called here upon her, and—" He felt, himself, that he was blundering. "I—I was wondering if you had seen him go out."

THE clerk stared superciliously at the inquirer. Sam blushed. He was frequently blushing, from shyness, or from recognition of his own crassness.

"Haven't seen him," said the clerk shortly. He turned back to the books that had engrossed him when Whitney arrived. Whitney walked over to a leather-covered chair and sat down. Dismally he lighted a cigarette. Gloomily he puffed it.

Gosh! If he'd only had some sort of training in this sleuth work! If he only knew what the deuce to do next! But he didn't. Endicott wasn't there. But Endicott was a prisoner. He could hardly have been taken without a fight. Sam's eyes glistened. It must have been a peach of a fight! He'd seen Farl Endicott in a "jam" once. A bearcat, no less!

But there couldn't have been any fight. Otherwise the whole hotel would have been aroused. That was a moral cinch! Then if Endicott had been captured, he had been captured quietly. That meant a blow from behind, stealthily administered, or a drug.

Sam's brain worked very slowly, but it occasionally arrived. A fight; he could discount that. But a crafty overpowering of Farl— And Leila had said that the man Larsen had had the next room to hers! Sam walked over to the desk again and looked at the register. Following the name of Miss Josephine Tarrant was that of John Carney. And inasmuch as that "John Carney" had been assigned a room but two numbers away from Leila's! From a booth Sam called up Mr. Carney. The girl reported that the guest was evidently out. Sam went back to his leather armchair.

Farl might be a prisoner in this Carney-Larsen's room, but Sam preferred to do some thinking before acting. Suppose, for instance, that Farl had been taken away from this hotel. He wouldn't have gone willingly; to have taken him by force would have created a scene. His captors must have pretended that he was drunk or sick. Sam beamed at his own cleverness. After all, he wasn't such an awful dub. He rose eagerly to his feet, anxious to test his theories. He almost walked over a youth in the hotel livery.

"You looking for Mr. Endicott, sir?"

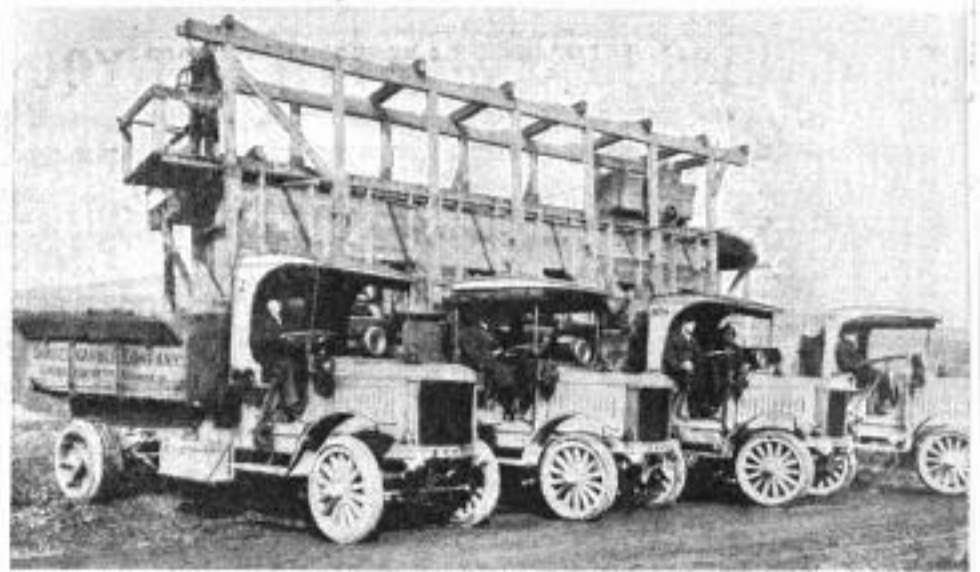
"Why, yes," Sam admitted.

"He's waiting in a taxi outside, sir," said the boy.

And Sam forgot all his elaborate theories, forgot that Leila had told him that Farley was a prisoner. He did not stop to think that the man whom he had thrown off Endicott's trail earlier in the day might have been in this hotel, might have seen him. He did not realize that there must be some explanation of a healthy normal man being carried out of a hotel a few minutes after his normal entrance; that some of the hotel staff must have been cognizant of Endicott's capture, and that it was a capture. Sam Whitney could think for a certain distance; after that he went woolgathering. Otherwise he would have questioned the page boy. But even if he had done so the boy would have outwitted him, doubtless. The boy was clever; also, he had received a hundred-dollar bribe.

Whitney followed the boy to the waiting taxi. He entered it. The next thing of which he was conscious was Farley Endicott's wry smile.

(To be continued next week)

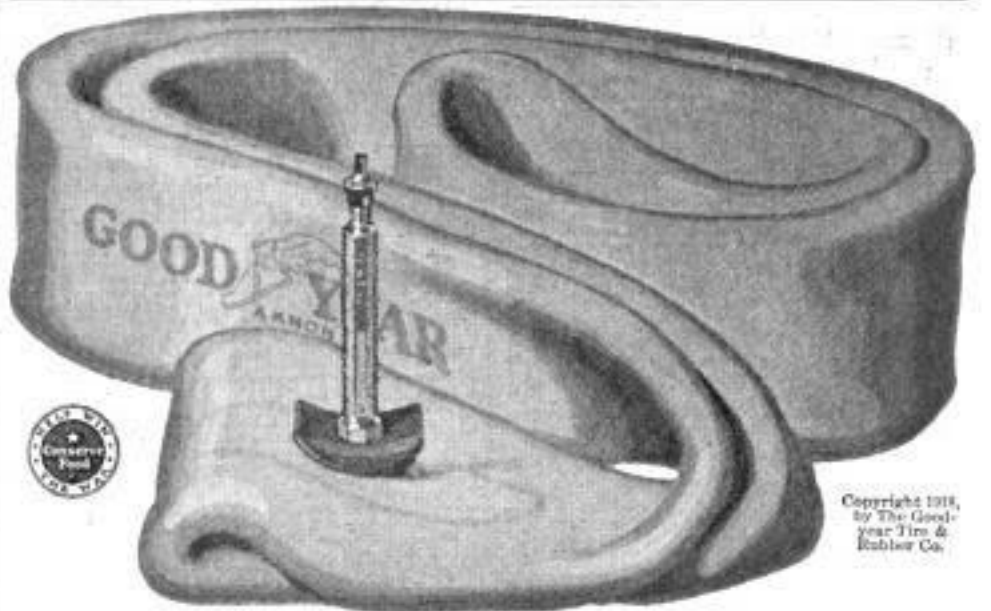


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## From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 19

close together that it was hard to say when one begun and the other left off, and they kept that up for over a hour. I made Jeanne sit in the middle of the room away from the windows, and, Joe, I prayed to the Lord that them square-head dogs wouldn't hit the hotel with a lucky shot. In the meanwhile I try and kid her into thinkin' that this ain't nothin' but a fireworks celebration. I had a fat chance!

"Well, honey," I says, pullin' what I thought was a pleasant grin. "It seems a shame to waste all that dough on fireworks to celebrate the King's birthday, with money so tight now, heh?"

Joe, she looked at me with that odd little smile of hers, and then she come over and sit on my lap.

"Chéri," she says, snugglin' up to me, and why not, "do not try me to deceive wiz that talk of the firework. That boooooom!!! I have hear too often not to know him. That is not for the what you say celebration—that is to kill! That is the boche, n'est-ce pas?"

"You win," I says. "But don't be scared now, kid; they ain't a thing gonna hurt you whilst I'm here. At the same time, let's beat it down to the cellar! they gotta bombproof down there, and—"

Joe, she jumps up off of my lap and her face turns as red as a rose, only prettier.

"Edouard!" she says, throwin' back her little shoulders. "You would then have me—une Française—flee from the boche cochon? Nevaire! I would of the certain die before the Allemande shall make me run!"

"But listen," I says as a bomb drops somewhere around the corner and four pictures and the chandelier comes down on the floor; "the Germans can't see you, honey. They won't know whether you run or not."

"Ah!" she says. "But I would know it—and it would kill me!"

Oh, boy! Some wife; hey, Joe? Well, they was nothin' I could do after that but stay there and hope we didn't get hit. Joe, it's a million times worse than the front-line trenches under bombardment, because there you would have a gun and could at least come back at them squareheads. In London all you can do is cuss and hope you don't get hit—that's all! Joe, it is tough on the nerves, and if you could even blow putty balls at 'em it would be a relief—get me?

WELL, after it was all over they was another knock at the door, and there is friend head porter again. Joe, he's as bright and smilin' as if he had just come from the races and had made the bookmakers holler for the cops.

"Well, sir," he says with a grin, "twas quite a lark, eh? I never 'eard such bloomin' noise in all me life. And did you see the star shells burst in the air? My eye, it beats Drury Lane to nothink, what?"

"Where was you," I says, "when them bombs was droppin'?"

"Me, sir?" he says. "I was up on the roof of the 'otel with the maids, awatchin' it. It's about all the pleasure I get now, sir. I can't go much to the music 'alls any more. I lost my boy at Ypres—and, well, I'm suppartin' 'is wife, sir."

Joe, can you imagine this bird goin' up on a roof to watch bombs drop around him instead of goin' to a show? And them squareheads in Berlin think they got England scared silly! Say, Joe, listen! Before I come over here I wasn't madly in love with the English myself, the same as a lot of us. But I've met 'em, lived with 'em, and fought with 'em since—and, Joe, I'm strong for 'em! They fight like Hades, share their last nickel with you, and they know every word in the dictionary except fear! Joe, you wanna remember that the Revolutionary War was pulled off several weeks before any of the present population of the U. S. was born, so let bygones be bygones and string along with the English. They're good, game guys and regular fellers from the toes up!

Well, Joe, the next mornin' who comes around to the hotel but Shorty Nevins again. He's as excited as a bush in his first big-league uneyform, and he claims he's gonna ask me a favor, which if I refuse it he's off of me for life.

"Shorty," I says, "I hate to turn down a friend, especially one which is so far from home and Times Square. I'll let you have ten bucks American money and that's the limit, if eleven

would save your aged parents from bein' dispossessed!"

"I wasn't even thinkin' of makin' a touch," he says. "But now that you mention it and bring it to my mind, I'll take the ten and much obliged. What I'm gonna ask of you is somethin' different."

"Well, what is it?" I says, slippin' him five. "You got me so worked up already that if you don't tell me in a minute I'll die from simple curiosity."

"I want you to pitch a game of ball," he says.

Joe, you could of knocked me over with a six-inch shell!

"You want me to pitch?" I gasps. "Where is they any baseball bein' had over here?"

"The main and first thing I wanna know," he says, "is, will you do it?"

Joe, here's a guy over in London askin' me, which was formly without no peers as a baseball pitcher, if I wanna pitch! Joe, I would of willin'ly give five hundred bucks to even hear Silk O'Loughlin or the like callin' burn decisions on me! I ain't seen a home plate since I blowed a farewell kiss to the Statue of Liberty. Do I wanna pitch? Oh, boy!!!!

"Well, what d'ye say?" says Shorty. "Come through—will you pitch or won't you?"

"Shorty," I says, "is it true the ocean is full of water, or ain't it? Look here, you little fathead, if you're kiddin' me about this I'll run you outa London and—"

"Lay off," he says, "and I'll give you the dope. Here's where I clean up a bank roll!"

Well, Joe, we sit down in the lobby, and he tells me they is a game arranged between a team representin' the navy and one representin' the army, to be played in London for the benefit of the Red Cross. All the Americans in London will be there, also all the swell English guys from the King down or up—whatever way they run now. All in all, he says, they will be more people there than they is in Chicago, and every nickel is to go to the Red Cross. The U. S. sailors in London has got everything but their uneyforms bet on their team, and the doughboys has mortgaged their wages for several years in advance to take the bets.

"They think we ain't got nobody to pitch but a guy named Wilkins," winds up Shorty; "and while this guy is a willin' feller, he ain't never hurled no professional ball, and if he's a pitcher I'm a plate of duck soup! Think of them sailors when we trot you out in the box, hey?"

"But, look here," I says, "that ain't fair, is it? Stackin' a lotta amateurs up against me and takin' their dough?"

"You been hangin' out in Sunday schools again, hey?" he sneers. "Well, don't worry about that part of it—you'll be pitchin' to a lot of your friends!"

"What d'ye mean?" I says.

"Listen!" he says, pullin' a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here's the line-up of the navy team you're gonna pitch against: Catcher, Joe Huggins, formly with the Giants; pitcher, Red O'Hara, which was the Cubs' \$10,000 beauty till along come the draft; first base, Slippers Higgins; second base, Joe Lait; third base, Ed Greer, all direct from the Pittsburgh Pirates by way of the recruitin' office; short stop, Willie Meehan, formly of the Braves. The outfield is made up of simon-pure sailors. They won't give you no trouble."

Joe, I liked to fell off of the chair! "D'ye expect me to go in and win a ball game against a team like that?" I hollers. "Why, them birds could win a world series. I ain't pitched no ball for months!"

"That's all right," he grins. "Some of them guys never played ball in their lives, and you know it. Simply because they drawed wages in the big leagues—don't make 'em ball players, does it?"

WELL, Joe, we argued back and forth for a hour, and fin'ly I fell. The main thing that decided me was that I wanted Jeanne to see just what her husband done for a livin' before the Kaiser went hughouse. I knowed that even if I was outa trainin' I could merely toy with these guys, and if we had even one more ball player on our team, we'd win on the bit.

Well, Joe, Jeanne gets all dolled up, and we grab a taxi out to the place they was usin' as a ball park. At-



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though they was almost two hours to come and go before the game started, the place was jammed tight with people. The most of them was soldiers and sailors, both English and American, but they was plenty of everything else too.

Well, Joe, they was a lotta English soldiers marched across the diamond headed by a band, and after that come a auto containin' no less than the King and Queen of England and some more of the royal family, no doubt the ace, jack, and ten. Everybody stood up and sang "God Help the King," the tune of which is a steal from "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and then they tried out "The Star-Spangled Banner." Havin' got that all over with, the umpire, a guy named Haines which used to call the balls in the Tri-State League and is now on a submarine chaser, give out the batteries. In order that the navy team wouldn't know who I was, my name was give out as Allen. They went to bat first.

The first guy up, Joe, is Joe Lait, the ex-Pirate. You remember how that baby could murder an inshoot, so I let him have my fast one with everything on it but the park. He missed it from here to Salt Lake City, and then he pulls up and laughs.

"So your name is Allen now, hey?" he calls at me. "All right, Mister Ed Harmon, if you're as rotten as you was in the big league, I oughta have a field day. Gimme another one of them fast babies and I'll lay it in the bleachers!" "Cast your eye over this one then, stupid!" I hollers and feed him a wicked outshoot.

I don't know what he did with his eye, Joe, but he cast his bat over it, and for all I know it come down in Africa for the first bounce! The crowd went wild, and they didn't have nothin' on me. I passed the next two guys, beamed the next, and the fifth guy doubles. Before they got through with me the score was 4—0, favor them.

Well, Joe, the mob begins to ride me, and the army team, with all their dough on me, would of willin'ly murdered me in cold blood. A big husky from Nebraska which was playin' short claims he'll bay'net me right in front of the grand stand and King George V if I lose them the game. Of course, with all this stuff, Joe, I'm about as cool as the inside of a blast furnace, and when Jeanne innocently says I had oughta stand further away from the batters, because I'm liable to get trampled on in the rush to first base—well, Joe, I was a ravin' maniac!

I managed to pull myself together, Joe, and they didn't get another hit for seven innin's. As far as them sailors was concerned, the bases could of been in Baltimore and a team of armless wonders could of fouled more than they hit. We grabbed off a run in the fourth and three more in the sixth, tyin' the game up, and that's the way we started the ninth.

They come up first, and by that time, Joe, I had everything! I fanned the first three guys on ten pitched balls, and then we come to bat. The first two guys up for us give a imitation of a gate and swung at everything which come over. Result, two out—none on. Just as I stepped up to the platter I hear the crowd yellin', and I see they're all lookin' up in the air. I did the same, Joe, and they's about thirty areo-planes flyin' over the field, very high up and goin' very slow. O'Hara slipped a strike over on me whilst I was watchin' 'em, and then, Joe, they's some more yellin' and shoutin' goes up from the grand stand. Constables starts runnin' around bawlin' "Take cover!" and the soldiers begins herdin' the mob together and clearin' a space for the King's auto. I don't quite get the idea till a guy goes tearin' past me yellin' "It's the Huns!"

Oh, boy!!!!!! Joe, in another minute them square-heads, which must of been tipped off that the King was gonna be there, begins droppin' bombs! It was only the second time since they been raidin' London that they come over in the daytime, and I heard afterward they had got away with it by camouflagin' their areo-planes to look like the English and French, even paintin' the signs on the sides and bottom. Before the English is wise and can go up after them or open up with their anti-aircraft guns, Joe, they drop over forty bombs in and around the ball park.

Well, Joe, the attendance disappears like magic, and within ten minutes they wasn't nobody on the field but the two teams and about three hundred soldiers and sailors which had their

dough on the result of this here game and was there to see the finish—air raid or not! A bomb fell in the outfield and blowed away part of the fence, and I started over in the crowd to hunt for Jeanne, prayin' for the best.

Shorty Nevins rushes over and grabs me.

"Stand up to the plate, you big stiff!" he bawls. "Your wife is O. K. I took her down in a bombproof cellar, and she couldn't get hurt if she tried! She's some dame—and if you got half her nerve we'll cop this game and the large dough! The sailors is crazy over their money, and they won't let the umpire call the thing off: it's gotta be finished now! Never mind them bombs; them squareheads couldn't hit a barn with a shotgun. The rest of the guys has agreed to play for this one out, and if you get a hit we'll win!"

Joe, just then another bomb drops in the bleachers, which fortunately is empty, and Zammmm! gooda-by!

"I'm liable to lose my life, you little simp!" I hollers. "Standin' here with them bombs—"

"Never mind your life!" bellers Shorty. "We're liable to lose about three hundred bucks apiece. If you get nailed, we'll give your wife a cut of our winnin's!"

Zammmm! goes another bomb, and the outfielders run in around short.

Joe, can you imagine me standin' up there tryin' to hit a ball with them Huns droppin' bombs all around us? And think of the guy that's tryin' to pitch strikes at me, hey? Joe, nobody but a bughouse American would of done that, hey?

WELL, Joe, I get set, and the gang tries to rattle me by screamin' that I'm so scared of the bombs that I can't hit nothin'. Joe, I didn't mind the bombs, but them guys tryin' to upset me and hollerin' that I'm yellah got my goat for real! I nailed the first ball that come over right on the trade mark, aimin' it up in the air at them squareheads, and it was thirty feet outside the park when it first touched dirt!

The gang goes wild, and I start around what's left of the bases. When I'm passin' second, a bomb falls near the home plate, and the catcher missed gettin' his permanent release by about three feet. I seen he wasn't hurt, and I stopped runnin'.

"They ain't no use!" he yells at me. "You can't win the game anyways. The rules says you gotta touch the home plate to score a run, and they ain't no plate left here for you to touch!"

"I got the ball!" yells the short stop and starts runnin' over to tag me out.

Well, Joe, I was up against it. The bomb had blowed the home plate away, and this guy with the ball was between me and third. If he put that pill on me, it's all over. Not knowin' what to do, I begin to run again and him after me and the umpire after both of us. I run around in circles, duckin' this short stop till I managed to touch third. Then I run around some more, Joe, duckin' him and the bombs till we doubled up with the hystericals. Fin'ly, when I could hardly stand up, I seen a little iron square layin' on the ground right in the pitcher's box. I made one dive for it and fell on top of it. The next minute this guy puts the ball on me!

"You lose!" he pants, outa breath.

"Yeh?" I says. "We win! Look what I got!" I held up the iron plate for the umpire to see. Joe, it was the home plate, blowed all the way out to the box by a bomb!

"Safe," says the umpire. "Harmon's right. The rules says if the home plate should become dislodged, a base runner may touch it and score wherever it may be. I seen it layin' there, and I was wonderin' if this guy had brains enough to do it. C'mon now, let's get away from here. The army wins!"

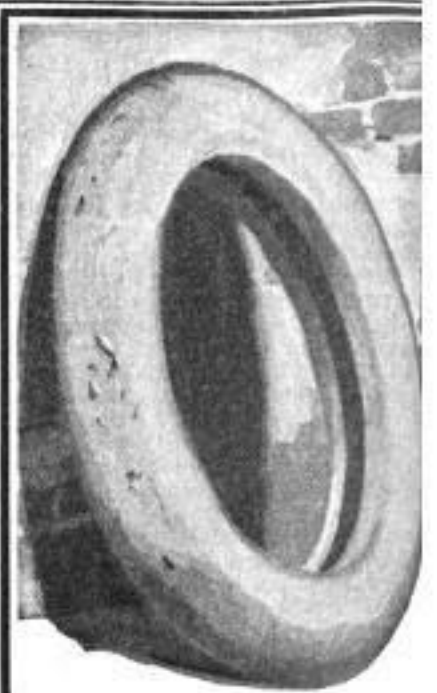
Joe, you should of seen what the English papers said about that game. I think we would of all got medals from the King if he hadn't been short of them at the time!

Well, Joe, the high life is over now, and I gotta go back to the pleasant occupation of killin' Huns. I see the captain comin' over to me, so I'll close right here. Say, keep this under your hat—me and Jeanne is gonna have a little surprise for you pretty soon.

Yours truly, ED. HARMON.

P. S.—Oh, gee, Joe—I got my commission!

At the request of numerous readers, this series will extend into extra innings. The tenth will appear in an early issue.



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**GOODYEAR**  
TIRE SAVERS



# OUR BATTLE PLANES ARE COMING

Continued from page 7

United States. They are not airplane designers and they have had no previous experience in building airplanes. They said sturdily that if they were furnished with a completed machine, exactly as required, they would copy it in quantity. They went ahead and built a fine new shop in Detroit. But it was a long time before they got the model they asked for. For a long time they couldn't get anything but blue prints of the changes that had been ordered by the designers who adapted the British De Havilland to American quantity production.

When I was there in the middle of June they were becomingly modest about what they were going to do. They were then completing their first machine and hoping to test it in flight that week. I had been told in advance that they would easily build from sixty to eighty a day; that they could build more than anybody else—they finally admitted that they were getting ready to build forty a day. I went away with the impression that they preferred underestimating their capacity to raising any false hopes.

The Curtiss plant in Buffalo is the largest airplane factory in the world.

enough, turning out great flying boats with two Liberty motors each.

Perhaps by the time this is printed John D. Ryan will have seen that the biggest of all our factories has all the work it can do.

## Fifty Thousand Machines

THERE remains the Standard plant, which should turn out as many machines as the Dayton-Wright company.

I have no doubt whatever that these four plants could produce 200 De Havilland machines a day, 1,200 a week, say 50,000 between now and June 1, 1919. But I doubt if they will. I doubt if the army wants that many. After all—50,000 machines are only 50,000 machines. Before they will count in this war they will have to be laid down at flying fields in France, with men to fly them and men to keep them in repair, and with level space in which to land. As it looks now, we can build more machines than we can ship, and ship more than we can fly, and fly more than we can land.

The production of Liberty motors has been coming along

now a man of seventy-five and dean of motor-car manufacturers—formed the Lincoln Motor Company on August 29 last. Two days later they got their contract from the Government. On September 21 they broke ground for the magnificent new plant. They engaged tools with more than eighty manufacturers—that was about the time the shortage of toolmakers became acute. The tools were slow in coming and far below peace-time standards when they did come. Less than half were ready for use. And then the designs of the Liberty motor were changed. It went from eight to twelve cylinders. The job of tooling up had to be done over again.

But now the Lelands have a splendid

dow I could see the exhaust ports of the six cylinders on the side nearest me. Within was the red glare of explosions following each other too quickly to be distinguished from one continuous explosion. It looked awfully real to me.

Of course there are people who still insist that the board made a great mistake in choosing to develop an American motor instead of copying a foreign one. The French flyer of whom I spoke in the beginning indicated with the utmost good nature his belief that Americans were too proud to use any motor but their own.

Orville Wright told me that there isn't much difference between developing a new American motor and copying a

foreign one. The trouble with copying is that the metals in this country are not the same as the metals in Europe. It is absolutely impossible to make an exact copy of a foreign motor under these conditions and get a motor that will work. The Wright brothers once gave an order for half a dozen of their motors to the best firm in Paris. They provided a model. The French copied it with precision. But the motors wouldn't work. The metals were not precisely the same; the coefficients of expansion were different; and the clearances had to be changed—a long job. The experience of American manufacturers who imported foreign motors into this country has been similar. It has usually required a couple of years' experience to make a successful "copy."

But the point is that the foreign motor is invariably ill-adapted to American quantity production even when it is successfully copied. One has only to look from the Rolls-Royce twelve to the Liberty twelve to understand that the American motor can be produced more rapidly.

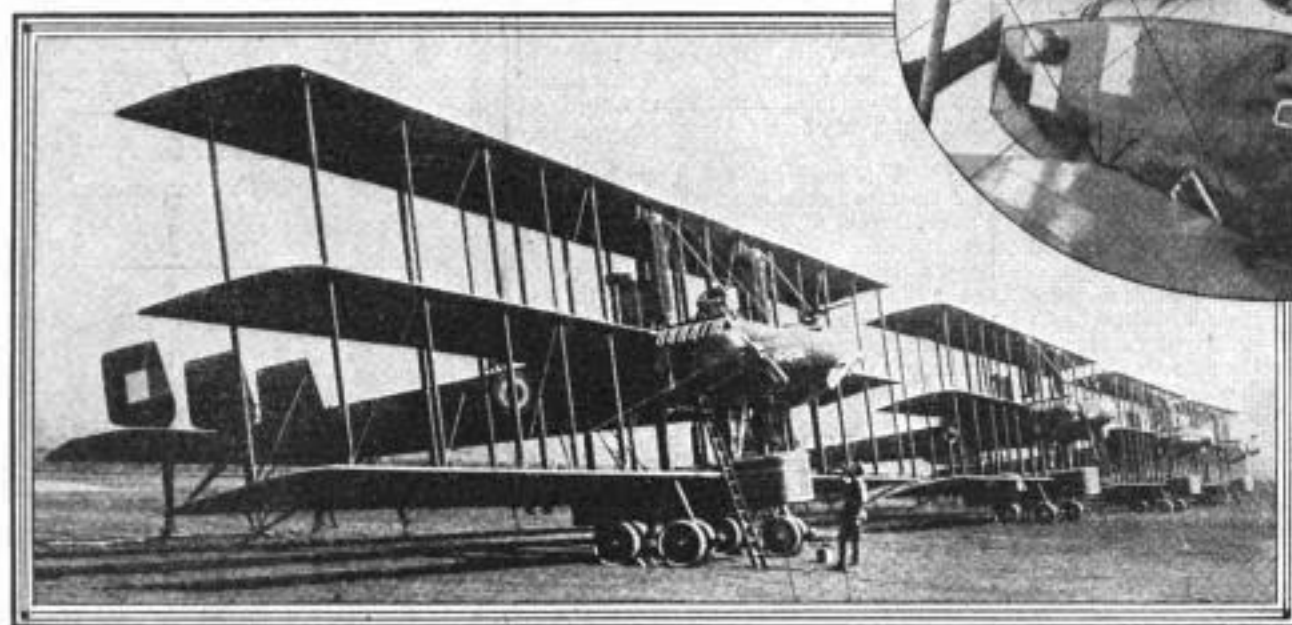
And as for American pride in developing an American motor? Well, the Liberty motor is an adaptation of the German Mercedes. It looks like two Mercedes motors set in the same crank case.

There are people too who insist that the ignition system is all wrong. It ought to be a magneto system, they say; it is a battery system. The man who designed it, C. F. Kettering, is a singularly successful electrical engineer. When the Cadillac motor got so heavy that it was difficult for a man to turn it over by hand fast enough to get a hot spark from the magneto, Henry Leland sent for Kettering. Kettering developed a battery system which furnished a hot spark at all speeds. Then somebody tried to start a Cadillac with the spark advanced and got hurt. Mr. Leland determined then and there to have an electric self-starter. People said it couldn't be done. But Kettering did it. When the Packard people put out their twin-six, the first successful twelve-cylinder motor car, the ignition system was by Kettering. The fact is that the battery ignition system on the Liberty engine does the work, and that it weighs half as much as a magneto system would.

## Most Powerful Two-Seater

THIS, then, is the case for the Liberty motor: the Liberty motor has been averaging far above its rated horsepower. It has been doing its work, hour in, hour out. It weighs less than any other motor of its power. And it is being produced right now in quantities that the world has never before known.

The Liberty motor is suitable for every type of battle plane now in use—save one. It is too big for the little avion de chasse, the single-seater fighting plane. For that sort of work we have ordered hundreds of foreign motors, and we have in addition an American version of the Hispano-Suiza made in this country by the Wright-Martin company. Above all, the Liberty motor makes the De Havilland the most powerful two-seater machine in use.



The Caproni, like its rival, the Handley-Page, can carry enormous weights

It has thirty-two acres under one roof, with everything routed like a Ford factory and an elaborate laboratory in one corner where every bit of material is tested, and some 9,000 employees. But they were not building much except flying boats.

There were a few Bristols on the floor, Bristols undergoing modification in the middle of their manufacture. A few days before a skillful American flyer, Rader, and a young American officer were killed in a Bristol machine. The general notion of those who saw the accident was that the fabric of the wings had torn off the frames. And though nobody knew that this was the cause, the Bristols in construction were being strengthened with a layer of wood veneer along the front edges of the planes. There was another and more obvious defect in the design of the Bristol. Originally built in England for a much smaller engine, the logs on which they were putting Liberty motors extended far beyond any support. A brace of tubing was so placed that even the casual layman could see its weakness and nobody I talked with attempted to defend it. Furthermore, the radiator was split, one-half projecting its full size on each side of the machine, like an elephant's ear laid forward, as if to offer the greatest possible resistance to the air. I thought of Orville Wright's concern over the quarter-inch cable on the De Havilland and his calculation that the difference between the air resistance of the round cable and streamline wire of the same strength would account for from six to eight miles an hour.

Now, of course, it is not the fault of the Curtiss company if the Bristol is as bad as it seems to be. They didn't design it. And I assume it is not their fault that they were not turning out a hundred De Havillands a day during the third week in June. They were having labor troubles the day I was there, but apparently not serious ones. Certainly their seaplane shop was busy

faster than the production of airplanes. The Packard company got an early start and last month was producing more than anybody else. Its estimated capacity for August is fifty a day. The Nordyke-Marmon company in Indianapolis is tooled up for a production of twenty-five a day. Henry Ford, who is now producing all the rough cylinders for Liberty motors on a machine that does 300 an hour, is expected soon to produce 100 complete Liberty motors a day. The Cadillac, Trego, and Buick companies have all taken Government contracts to build Liberty motors. And the Lincoln Motor Company in Detroit has completed a factory, designed solely for the quantity production of Liberty motors, which has a capacity of sixty a day. All told, these plants have an estimated capacity of 250 a day and they will come much nearer achieving their capacity than the airplane factories will come to achieving theirs.

The difficulties some of these plants surmounted in tooling up for the manufacture of Liberty motors were very great. Henry Leland, who with his son built the Cadillac car, left the Cadillac company last summer to build Liberty motors.

The two Lelands—the elder is

the quality of labor now available for machine rooms is far below par. But he doesn't blame anybody for the changes in the motor.

"No one is open to criticism for that," he said. "A new motor means changes. The changes in the Liberty motor were not excessive—rather the contrary. I was talking with one of Mr. Ford's experts the other day and he told me that they had made more changes in their last engine—a very simple engine—than had so far been made in the Liberty engine."

Is the Liberty motor a success? Mr. Leland has no doubt of it. No-

body in a position to know seems to have any doubt of it. I saw one on the block in an open shed at the Lincoln plant. It was roaring away, driving a full-size propeller. I stepped into the cubicle to one side where stood a young engineer with a chart in one hand and a pencil in the other. Across the chart was written: "Log of fifty-hour test." I asked the observer how long the machine had been running. He said: "Twenty-four hours." I looked up at the tachometer in front of him. The needle hovered between 1,600 and 1,700 revolutions—full speed. I looked higher and through the win-

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Volume 61 Number 20  
JULY 27, 1918





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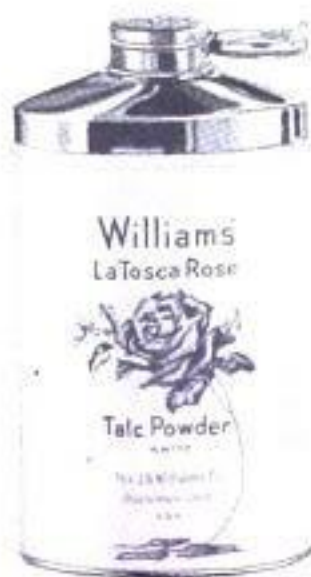
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# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

## The Liberty Motor: A Symbol of Service

FOR a time we seemed to know fewer definite facts about the Liberty Motor than about the internal situation in Russia. The truth about its real value was as elusive as the trail of a German propagandist.

But of late this situation has changed. Out of the chaos of dissension and doubt the efficiency of the Liberty Motor has emerged triumphant.

Every day the newspapers relate new proofs of its justification. In the July 1st *Official Bulletin*—the government newspaper—appears this item:

### **Liberty Motor Equals European Engine in Test Says Vice-Admiral Sims.**

Secretary Daniels to-day received a despatch from Vice-Admiral Sims stating that the recent test of a seaplane equipped with the Liberty Motor resulted in "better performance as regards climbing and load carrying" than similar airplanes equipped with one of the best types of European engines. Admiral Sims says, "The British express great confidence in the Liberty Motor".

\* \* \* \* \*

The Liberty Motor, as everyone knows, is a product of the automobile industry. It is the result of the splendid organization and the engineering skill of the automobile industry when America entered the war.

And this great industry, the third in volume in the United States, has grown to its present size within twenty years. In 1899 a man was arrested for driving his "horseless carriage" in Central Park. Then the automobile was looked upon with the same fearful doubt with which in an earlier era the Indian regarded the locomotive. Yet today, despite the prejudice which it had to fight, its value and influence is woven into the fabric of American life.

How was this accomplished? Through the educational power of advertising.

Some prejudices against the automobile, however, still cling. Some of us are still apt to regard it as a "luxury." Our point of view is distorted by the luxurious parade of limousines along Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard

whereas to get a true idea of the social value of the automobile we should think of the country doctor going his rounds, or the farmer, miles from the nearest market and recreation center, or the business man hurrying from one appointment to another. The number of automobiles used as a necessary utility compared to the number used purely for pleasure, it is estimated, is as four to one.

But this talk is in no sense to justify "business as usual." It is, however, very frankly a tribute to the accomplishments of the automobile industry in adding to America's preparedness before war came and in helping after it came.

It has been often said that this war is a war of machinery. The nation which has the best machines and the most machines will win. We can be thankful that this nation is our own. And much of this thanks must go to the automobile industry.

All machinery is built by machine tools—lathes, planes, milling machines and other types of large tools. The machine tool industry was in a period of depression and stagnation when the demands of the rapidly growing automobile industry re-invigorated it,

the country the paved road is taking the place of the old dirt road.

Machine tools, steel, roads!—can you imagine any more important service than the automobile has played in developing and improving these for America's use when humanity placed the sword in her hand?

\* \* \* \* \*

But with the coming of war the demands upon the automobile industry were speeded up as if with the snap of a gigantic whip.

In the twenty years of its life the little sheds and shops in which it began obscurely had grown into vast plants covering acres, equipped with the most modern machine tools, producing machinery rapidly and accurately, and manned by armies of skilled workmen.

And these splendid plants, these swift, productive organizations, were ready and eager for the vital work which the Government asked of them—munitions, airplanes, motor-trucks, motors.

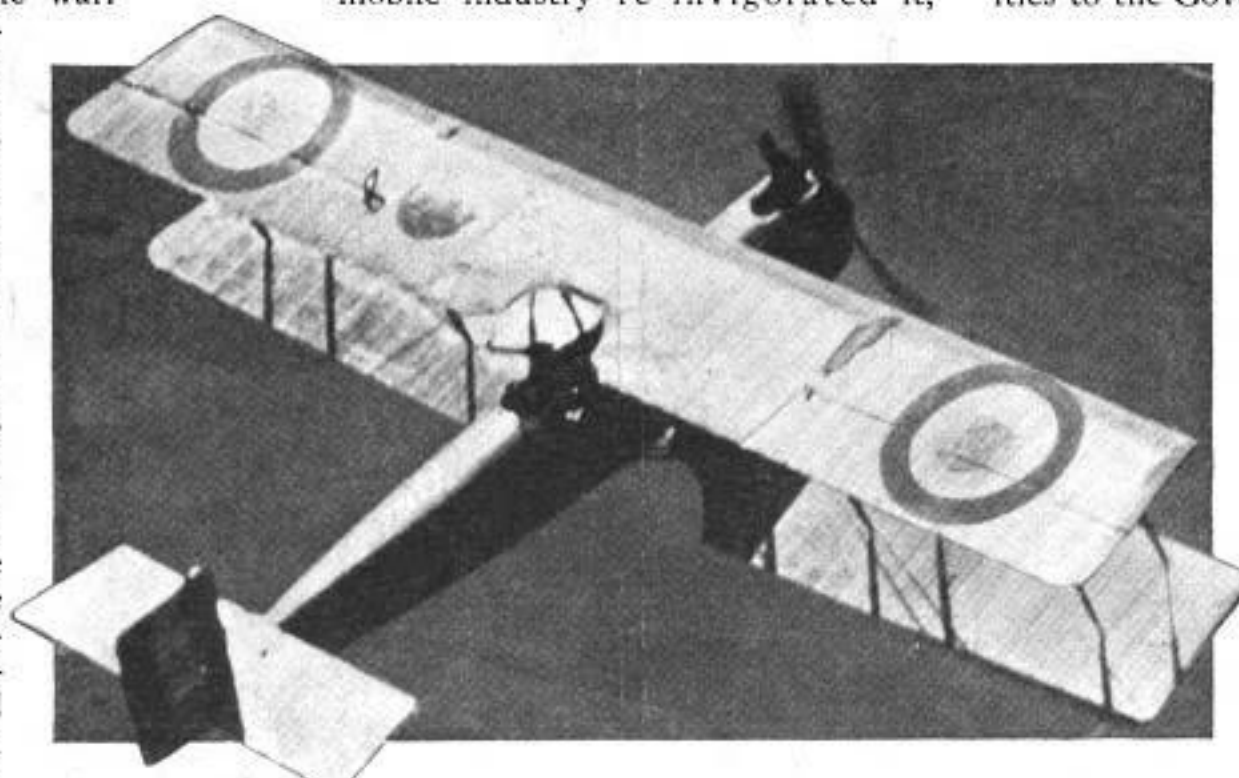
The production of passenger cars now is in many cases seriously curtailed—because the automobile manufacturer is giving his manufacturing facilities to the Government.

It is becoming necessary for you to place your order well in advance to get the make of car you desire.

And as national advertising in the early days overcame the prejudices against the automobile and created vast markets for it, so now again advertising has stepped in, during this automobile shortage, to explain and inform and hold these markets.

Even if you have to stand in line a little longer now than ever before, we believe that you will not be impatient when you remember that the automobile shortage exists because the automobile industry, bone and sinew, is working toward winning the war.

Think of the Liberty motor again. It is the symbol of the service the automobile industry offers its country in time of need.



spurred it on to new inventions, new time-saving devices of marvelous speed.

It was the same way with the steel mills. Automobiles demanded better steel, tougher, more resilient under stress and strain. And the steel mills responded to the demand.

Then there are roads. Automobiles had to have good roads—and all over



... and at all 6 stands  
in the Capitol building

*A fact:*

The 6 tobacco stands in the Capitol building at Washington are patronized mainly by the big business and professional men from all sections of the United States who are constantly coming into and passing out of Washington.

At each one of these stands more Fatimas are sold every day than any other cigarette, regardless of price—which seems to show that the preference for Fatima is really nation-wide.

*Lippitt & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*

Men who think straight and decide quickly like a cigarette that, besides pleasing their taste, leaves them feeling fit throughout the day.





# Pledged

**T**HIS entire organization with all its productive resources is pledged to the enthusiastic support of our Government's War Programme.

None of the peace-time Savage products will be made until every Governmental requirement, in which we are assisting, shall have been satisfied.

We feel that with this spirit behind our efforts we will have fulfilled our Government's expectations of us.

## SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

UTICA NEW YORK

Manufacturers of the famous  
Lewis Machine Guns  
Savage Automatic Pistols  
High Power Sporting Rifles





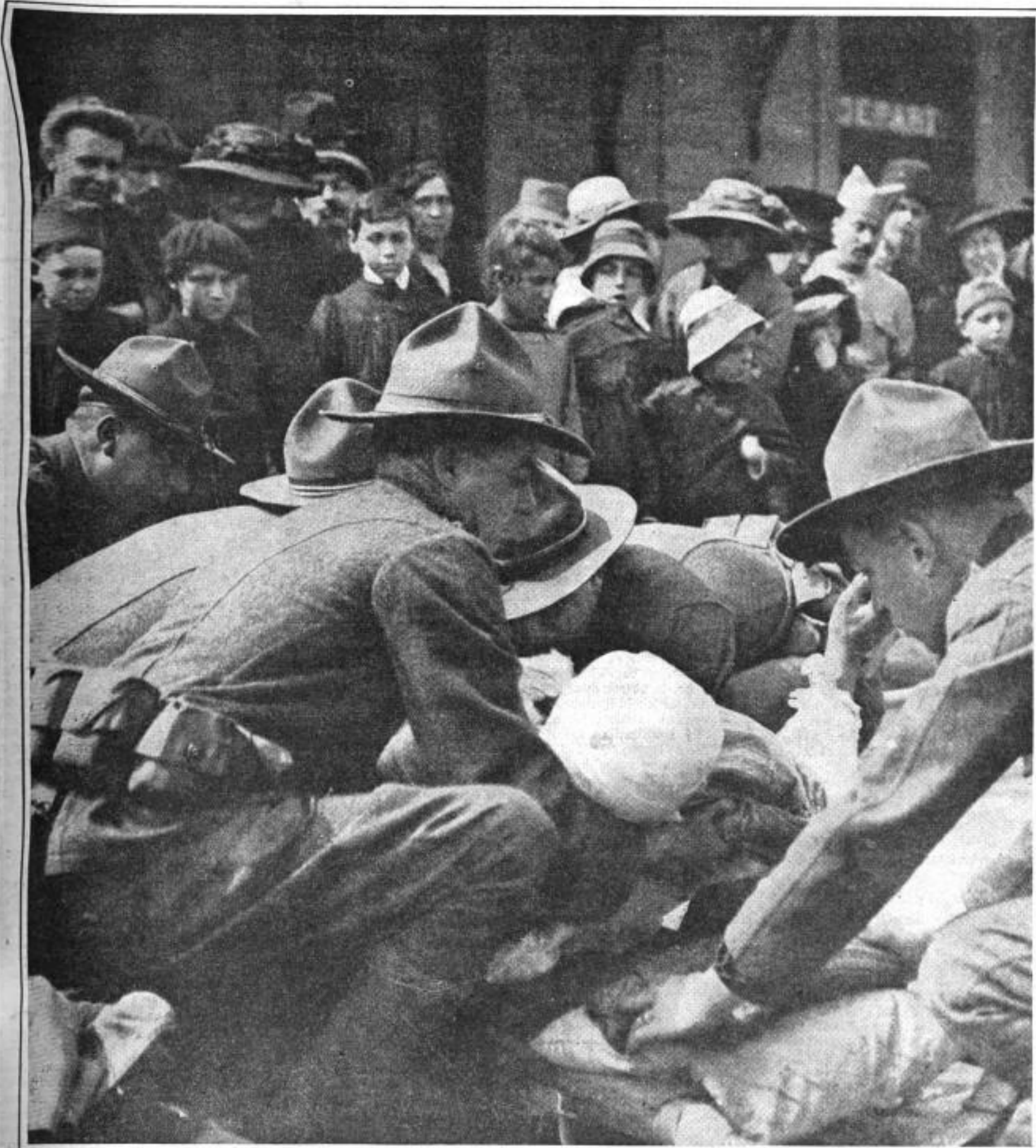
# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 3, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 21

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



## AMERICA LENDS A HAND

*Members of the medical section of the American army lifting a wounded French soldier at a railway evacuation station in southern France. The wounded man is trying to wave a greeting to the crowd of civilian onlookers*





The drawings for this article were made at the front by S. J. Woolf

ON March 21 of this year the Germans began with a drive what will probably be known as the biggest battle in history—a battle which is still going on at the writing of this, and which will probably go on throughout the summer and the fall with an increasing fury. By the second day of this battle, through the terrific masses employed, they had ruptured the British front before Saint-Quentin. By the third day, with its shattered British Fifth Army retreating to the north, leaving a big hole between them and their French allies, the Teutons were pouring through as the sea into the hull of a great rammed ocean liner. The fate of France hung in the balance; to all but very stout hearts (and, thank God, there were many), France trembled on the verge of doom.

Then it was that General Pershing, speaking for the American Government, speaking for all of America, offered all he had and all we had to France—his army, his infantry, his artillery, his airplanes (of which, tragic irony, there were very few)—to France, to do with as she wished.

What we had to offer, speaking in strict truth, by fact, figure, and number, was not much—our army in France was at that time still small, most of it only partly trained; its equipment was scanty, its artillery borrowed from the French. But the offer was made in good heart—nay, with sacrificial spirit—and accepted gratefully and graciously. A division was chosen and taken into the great battle then raging from Soissons clear to the sea.

#### The Supreme Gift

THE unit chosen for this rôle I might well call the Gypsy Division of the American Expeditionary Force. It was not an ornamental unit. One of the first in France, it had suffered more than any from the effects of the inevitable hasty improvisation; first in France, it had been used and overused. Three straight months in the "quiet" but most wet and dismal trenches north of Toul was, I think, a part of its record. It was said to have fought with shoes that were not much shoes and uniforms that were not much uniforms. It wasn't spick-and-span; it was fleabitten—using "flea" in all politeness. It was a humble and patient but stubborn body. It had been at all the hard work and had been given but little honor.

But at this obscure toil it had slowly pickled and hardened, and when time came for this supreme gift—the right to represent the United States in this new and gigantic Battle of Nations, in this defense of all that the world has earned painfully through the centuries and holds dearest to its heart, the right to die for that only thing which makes life possible on this poor little ball lost in space—the Gypsy Unit was chosen. It was drawn out of its trenches north of Toul, and in trains taken—

# THE GYPSY DIVISION GOES IN

BY JAMES HOPPER  
COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

men, guns, horses, material, and all—to the concentration point, in a fair province of France, on the lower edge of Normandy.

There followed a rather pleasing ten days, but filled with inward turbulence. The men were being reequipped; they were furbishing leathers and metals. The horses, which had suffered severely during the winter, were being cared for like sick children in an effort to make them fit for the ordeal to come. Guns were being greased and polished. Maneuvers in open warfare gave all those trench-stiffened soldiers a chance to loosen muscles and start the blood coursing anew. There were charging runs across green fields. The spring had touched the land, and the larks were spouting up like little singing fountains toward the dappled sky. Meanwhile the rumble of the great battle came often to the little villages among which the division was scattered. The French by this time had plugged up with flesh and blood the great rent through which Germany had been pouring in. Amiens had been saved by a hair-breadth. The fighting had veered up north, where the British were holding desperately. In our minds was a whirling confusion of expectation and surmise. We firmly thought we were going into a great open battle, at some moment of crying need.

The spirit of the division was sacrificial; the word New Alamo was often on the lips.

#### On to Montdidier!

THEN one day all the officers were called to headquarters, and, standing on the steps of the château, General Pershing addressed them and bade them Godspeed in a speech which, rough and soldierly, and even halting at times, rose now and then to a strange and sincere eloquence. The next morning, April 17, we had packed up at dawn, and were on the move toward the low rumble on the eastern horizon. We marched for four days. It was fun. The regiment to which I was attached was a regiment of light artillery, of seventy-fives. If there is anything which the artilleryman detests, it is walking. Walking is against the traditions of his craft; a humiliation. But the horses were poor and weak on account of the hard winter; heroically, this artillery regiment decided to walk. The officers gave up their mounts to the batteries and walked; the men gave up their places on limber and piece and walked. This placed everyone on the same democratic footing (no pun is meant here) and a pleasing comradeship resulted. Tramping has the advantage of making one indifferent to the weather. The early spring treated us capriciously, caressing us at times with a clear, light sunshine, flagellating us the next moment with hail, but we had always a nice warmth in our veins and our hearts. Usually I walked at the head of the column; from the top of a hill I would see its great stretching snakelike length; or, standing by the side, I'd let it go by rumblingly—cannons, caissons, wagons and ambulances, and the khaki-clad lads walking or trotting alongside—a sight never to tire of. Our way lay through small byroads; sometimes our regiment seemed isolated and lost, the only one, abandoned, marching on to battle—and then, on the top of a far hill we'd see another column—more artillery, or infantry, or engineers—and we'd know the whole Gypsy Division was with us, to the right and the left, whelming us, marching on by other byways and roads toward the same point of the horizon, where peril and honor waited. The land was of low hills and soft vales, enchantingly green with fat pastures, roamed over by velvety cattle, and with woods filled by singing birds. We started out in the fresh morning, and by two o'clock the march would be over, the cannon parked, the horses grazing, and always there would be at the billeting villages some cozy, warm little café or estaminet and a bottle of generous wine—that is, for me, who wasn't a soldier—and cursed be the long-noses at home who keep from our toiling and fighting men the glowing wine of France!

Thus, step by step, we approached the battle line. Daily the rumble of the cannon grew nearer. Airplanes began to appear often over our heads. Finally they were in squadrons. They seemed to be suspended up there in surprise, watching this astonishing sight of America going in. Now and then one dipped low over us, and the dipping was like a salute.

Then far ahead, a little pin point at first on the horizon, we saw a sausage balloon. It waxed clearer; another became visible to the right, an-

other to the left; at the end of that march we could see eight, forming a circle about the salient of Montdidier, of now historical Montdidier where the French had broken at length the German advance, the salient of Montdidier where the line, running south from the sea, bent into one running east to Verdun. We were marching toward Montdidier!

#### Billeted and Superbilleted

THE variety of our billets was interesting. One night we were billeted in an old castle built by Louis XI of sinister memory. Later Mme. de Maintenon had made of it her country place and had received there Louis XIV, the Roi Soleil, and on the 18th of April, in the fourth year of the Great War, I slept there, in a canopied bed so large that all night my slumbers were tormented by a vague fear I should never be able to find my way out of it again in the morning! It was in this town I met Private Jinks. Private Jinks, sitting on the top of a wall, shouted to me:

"Say, Mr. Correspondent, when you see General Pershing, will you tell him that I ain't never got anything out of this gol-darned army? See them boots? I bought them myself. And them breeches? I bought 'em from an officer. They're officer's breeches!"

I haven't seen General Pershing to talk to, but he will no doubt read this, so I consider I have transmitted the message. Further investigation among Private Jinks's amigos, though, rather led me to suspect later the absolute accuracy of his information. They said he had lost his original army footwear playing craps, and also his breeches by the same means. They agreed the breeches he now wore were officer's breeches, but violently denied he had bought them. They stated he had merely "borrowed" them.

Our next billet was in a little summer-resort hotel kept by a Parisian chef who had retired here a few days before the war with the idea of living in profound peace to the end of his life. It was cold that day: we spent all of the late afternoon about his

stove, while he juggled casseroles, pots, pans, knives, spoons, tureens, and forks with a nervous and subtle skill which held us all in a perfect stupefaction of admiration. It was in this village I met Private Callahan. Private Callahan was coming out of the sort of place he was never supposed to enter, and one of his "buddies," lounging outside by the pump, "bawled him out." "Did you get anything, old sock?" he cried. "Naw-aw," replied Private Callahan with profound contempt as he passed. "Only some of that Frog cognac! Took fourteen without a kick!"

Our last billet before going in was what is called a "superbillet." That is, the village, when we came in, was al-

ready cram-filled with troops—French élite troops—chasseurs, zouaves, tirailleurs, and joyeux—the very troops who in the most fearful fighting of the war had plugged up the hole in the battle line: as soon as we saw those men whose place we were going to take, we knew fully what an honor had been tendered the Gypsy Division. On the other hand, there was little room for us. For the three days we were there I slept in a little outhouse. We were six in it, sleeping side by side on the straw—the





padre, a Falstaffian figure known and beloved throughout the unit; his thieving Irish, humorous, and adorable striker; Baptiste, the French noncom interpreter, who had been chef de cuisine in San Francisco; the Y. M. C. A. man; and this poor darned reporter. Enemy airplanes would come over at night to drop bombs, and the stout old peasant woman who lived in the house on the other side of the court would come running in to us through the darkness. We'd hear the crazy door slam open and shut, and then her vast bulk was within, vaguely discernible, panting and sobbing with pitiful emotion, and clad, I am afraid, in just a little chimmie. Prestige of the military uniform! We were not wearing ours just then, but she had seen us in it during the day. And so, at this supreme menace from the sky (the sky from which, all of her life, she had been taught to expect but beneficence—the kind sun, the kind rain), it was to us she ran for protection—to us, the six utterly worthless camp followers. She would stand there just within the door, and say: "Ah, messieurs, I am so afraid; ah, messieurs, my heart beats so. And last night bombs fell on Noisy, and the other night they bombed Carencelle, and they have killed widow Jeanne and her little Jeannette. Ah, messieurs, they will surely kill me!" Thus, on and on, in a circle. And we, opening one eye, would say: "But, my poor madame, do not take on so. But, my poor madame, go back to your bed. They will not hit you. We assure you they will not hit you. Your house is a little one, a very little bit of a small one; it would take them one million years ever to hit your little house. My poor madame, my poor madame, go back to your bed, your bed and your husband." (For she had a husband!) But she would remain, talking, talking, talking in the same piteous way, in a pathetic determination to draw replies from us, a longing for the reassurance of our voices, coming to her in the darkness. We shifted from our left sides to our right sides; we opened one eye and closed it; we raised our blankets over our faces; we expostulated—nothing mattered; she stayed till the last hum of the ugly birds had gone out of the skies. And in the morning her husband—an old peasant with little, bright, witty eyes, who had stayed in his bed during the whole performance—would place his knotty hands, all horny with the plow, on her great, broad shoulder, and, winking in the slightest way at us, would say: "Ah, yes, my little Madelon—she always did have a weakness for the soldiers!"

### "I Ought to Do Something"

IT was in this town I met Private Kellog. He had been a farmer in Oklahoma. He had clear hazel eyes that looked at you very straight—eyes of a brave man—but which, at the same time, were a little troubled, as though slightly puzzled by life. He had a poem he wanted to show me. It had been written about him, he said, by the woman working for his mother. Here is the poem:

*The pictures of his girls are here,  
Still smiling as of yore,  
And everything that he holds dear  
Is treasured as before.  
Into his room his mother goes  
As usual day by day,  
And cares for it, although she knows  
Her boy is far away.  
She keeps it as she left it when  
He bade us all good-by,  
Though I confess that now and then  
She views it with a sigh;  
For never night shall thrill with joy,  
Nor day be free from gloom,  
Until once more her soldier boy  
Shall occupy his room.*

The poem was signed, and underneath was written: "To George Kellog, Somewhere in France." The recipient stood before me, indeed somewhere in France. I questioned him a little, and found that it was an actual fact this mother was keeping his room, against his return, exactly as he had left it, with every object in place. But now he had something else to show me. It was a letter he had written; he wanted to know if it was all right. Here is the letter:

"AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

"DEAR PARENTS AND ALL: I received your letter last night, and it found me well. I hope you all keep until I can see you. That was a sort of funny dream Elsie had about me; tell her her papa said he

is coming to see her, don't worry. I appreciate your letters, dad, better than I thought I ever would. You tell very much of the news back home. A person realizes a father and a mother when he is away, but I feel as fine as can be expected. Well, here is a piece of cloth; keep it, pa. Now, don't worry about me any, for I am well, and I don't worry much, so I will close, hoping to hear from you soon, good-by, from your son,

"GEORGE KELLOG."



This drew from me more questions. I found that he was a widower; that his young wife had died six months before our entrance into the war. "But who is Elsie?" I asked (Elsie of the letter). "She's my littlest little girl," he answered. "You mean that you have children?" I pursued, astonished. "Yes, sir—two little girls. Elsie is the baby one." "Then why are you in the army?" I asked. He looked a little puzzled at my question, then said: "Well, I thought I ought to do something to help beat the Germans. I could go, because I could leave my kiddies with my mother. You see, they're all right, and I send them my pay."

I was reading his letter again, and when I had finished, I asked him what the sentence meant about Elsie, the sentence that said: "That was a sort of a funny dream Elsie had about me; tell her her papa said he is coming to see her, don't worry." "What had Elsie dreamed?" I asked. "Oh," he answered, "she dreamed that I had come home and didn't want to speak to her. She saw me, and I went to the letter box, and put a letter in, but I acted like I didn't know her at all, and I wouldn't look at her. She told them all at breakfast, and she cried."

Can you visualize the scene? The little kiddie at breakfast, remembering her dream, dropping her porridge spoon and weeping, then telling them how her daddie had returned and hadn't spoken to her? Can you see the consternation about that breakfast table, and imagine the chill of foreboding? Well, here's one presentiment gone wrong! But let us hope Private Kellog's reassuring letter made a record passage home.

By this time we knew pretty well what was ahead for the Gypsy Division. We were not going into a great open battle after all; neither were we to be sacrificed on the patriotic altar in a new Alamo. We were simply going in to take a sector—but a very hot one—at a very important part of the new line recently and partly stabilized—a position a little north of Montdidier. There it was not open fighting, but neither was it exactly the old trench fighting. The positions held were improvised positions. The infantry was in holes, not in trenches, with little wire or no wire in front of it, and patrols for liaison. The artillery was not dug in, but spread over the face of the ground, under camouflage. These were new conditions, unstable conditions, balanced on the pin point of fate, which might flop one way or the other. Either they would gradually return to the old warfare of trench and stationary position or break suddenly into the furious whirl and movement of open warfare.

On Tuesday, April 23, we began to take our positions. That is, we went into the great battle which, only smoldering here by now, flared hot for the moment in Flanders. The artillery went in first. That night I accompanied the colonel of my regiment. I'll remember that night. First came a reeling ride along roads in the dark, under shell fire, through deserted and destroyed villages, then an inspection of the battery positions we were going to take over. The French, awaiting our coming, seemed to be amusing themselves shooting off all of their ammunition. Never was there such a din. The night was all torn up with hot flashes, with tearing screeches, with hard detonations; it seemed impossible anyone could live in such a tumult, yet in a castle to which we went in

search of one of our majors, we found everyone asleep. Returning, we passed some of our batteries coming along the roads. The roads were being shelled, but our men were now no longer walking; they rode their horses with straight spine, looking incredibly high and vulnerable thus, or they sat their caissons with folded arms. The darkness, the mystery of place and hour, the low rumble of the wheels, the stamp of hoofs, and those high silhouettes, those severe profiles under the helmets—all this united in a scene profoundly impressive and moving.

We slept in a cellar of the village of X. that night—the colonel, Captain F., the French Lieutenant T., and I. We had no blankets, we were cold, our slumbers were most fitful. Above our heads the town was being mercilessly shelled. Three times, during the night, great crashes told us the house over us had been struck. Once, when a rumble of bricks avalanched down our steps, one of us cried from his sleep, warningly: "They are knocking at the door!" Our own safety down there intensified to us what was happening outside. Down there it seemed as if the night above were one cyclonic turmoil. Yet, from out this night, every half or three-quarters of an hour, a man appeared, who had coursed across it. He would show suddenly, without warning, just inside our door, indistinct, helmeted, booted, tight-jerked. His hand came to the salute, he went rigid till he looked like a full armor in the panoply room of the old castle. "What is it?" the colonel would say. And the rigid panoply abruptly became a being known and familiar to us again, as, in the accent of Maine, California, or Alabama, he answered: "Sir, Captain Proctor sends word that A Battery is in." Thus through the night the runners came across from the batteries to us—and successively we knew that A, B, C, D, E were in. Finally it was: "Sir, Captain Smith sends word that F Battery is in." Dawn was just coming down the cellar steps, and the weary colonel turned over on his overcoat and at last went to sleep.

### At the Crossroads

THE following night I went into position with a force of machine-gun men. This was quite a little affair. We started an hour after dusk. The men had gone at dusk, afoot, carrying their heavy implements on their shoulders: in the half darkness they looked like arquebusiers of a past epoch. We followed later in an automobile—the major, a captain, Forrest of the New York "Tribune," and I. Two little Ford cars followed us, laden with ammunition. We had hardly left the village before we realized that we were on a road of very evil aspect. Shell holes bordered it in extraordinary quantities, and shell holes were in the middle of it. It was black night; we carried, of course, no lights; we would drop into those holes like a ship into the abrupt hollow of a wave. I looked at Forrest, he looked at me; our thoughts plainly were

(Con. on page 23)



When we came in the village was already cram-filled with troops





# LITTLE COUSIN SARAH

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

her. . . "Julia, dressed for a walk"—how scant the words! It was a summer walk that Julia had dressed for; and she was all too dashing a picture of coolness on a hot day: a brunette in murmurous white, though her little hat was a film of blackest blue, and thus also in belt and parasol she had almost matched the color of her eyes. Probably no human-made fabrication could have come nearer to matching them, though she had once met a great traveler—at least, he went far enough in his search for comparisons—who told her that the Czarina of Russia owned a deep sapphire of precisely the color, but the Czarina's was the only sapphire yet discovered that had it. One of Newland Sanders's longest Poems-to-Julia was entitled "Black Sapphires."

Julia's harmonies in black sapphire were uncalled for. If she really had been as kind as she was too often capable of looking, she would have rouged her ecstatic nose, fastened patches over both eyes—one patch would have been useless—and she would have worn old flat shoes and patronized a dressmaker with genius enough to misrepresent her. But Julia was not great enough for such generosities; and her lily-painting was an immoral and angelic success. She should have been locked up till she passed sixty; her sufferings deserve no pity.

And yet from certain quarters (not consanguineous) an attack of the mumps during the winter had brought Julia more sympathy than the epidemic of typhoid fever in the Old Ladies' Home and Infirmary, at the end of the street, had brought all of the nine old ladies who were under treatment there. Julia was confined to her room for almost a month—that was one time when she was indeed willing to remain entirely to memory dear but lost to eyes of longing—and a florist's wagon seemed permanent before the house. So passionate was impotent sympathy in its effort for expression that a confectioner's wagon frequently stood beside the florist's there, and young Florence, an immune who had experienced the mumps in infancy, became an almost constant attendant upon her afflicted aunt—with the result that the niece contracted an illness, briefer than the aunt's, but more than equaling it in intensity, caused by the poor child's economic struggle against waste. Florence's convalescence took place in her own home without any inquiries whatever coming in from the outer world, but Julia's was spent in great part at the telephone; even a poem was repeated to her by the instrument:

*How the world blooms anew  
To think that you  
Can speak again,  
Can hear  
The words of men  
And the dear  
Own voice of you!*

Julia's hearing had been unaffected, it is true; and she had been able to speak all along—several times during her illness she had used this privilege so freely that Kitty Silver, the cook, threatened to leave; but this was Newland Sanders. He was just out of college, where he had been a heavy contributor to the undergraduates' literary monthly, a reviewer, a poet, and quite an atheist. It was Newland who was present and said such a remarkable thing when Julia had the accident to her thumb nail, closing the double doors between the living room and the library, where her peculiar old father sat reading. "To see you suffer," Newland said passionately when she had

bandaged her injury—"to see you in pain, that is the one thing in the universe which I feel beyond all my capacities. Do you know, when God makes you suffer pain, then I know that there is no God!"

This strong declaration struck young Herbert Atwater as one of the most impressive things he had ever heard, though he could not account for its being said to any aunt of his. Julia had not closed enough doors, unfortunately. Herbert had just dropped in without the formality of ringing the bell; and, being thirteen, like his cousin Florence, and sharing Florence's and the whole family's interest in Julia, he had paused in the dim hall, outside the open door to the living room. He considered the matter, after Newland had spoken, and concluded to return to his own place of residence without disturbing anybody at his grandfather's. At home he found his mother and father entertaining one of his uncles, one of his aunts, two of his great-uncles, one of his great-aunts, and one of his grown-up cousins at a couple of card tables; and he proved to be warranted in believing that they would all like to know what he had heard. Newland's statement became quite celebrated throughout the family; and Julia, who had perceived almost a sacred something in Newland's original fervor, changed her mind after hearing how differently the words sounded in musing repetition at short intervals by her fat old uncle Joe.

HER niece thought proper to remind her of this to-day, after Julia's protest containing the too moderately confessional word "three."

"If you don't want so many of 'em," Florence continued, reasoning perfectly, "I don't see what you always keep leadin' all of 'em on all the time just the same for."

"Who have you heard saying that, Florence?" her aunt demanded.

"Aunt Fanny Patterson," Florence replied absently. "F'r instance, Aunt Julia, I don't see what

you want to go walking with Newland Sanders for, when you said yourself you wished he was dead, or somep'n, after there got to be so much talk in the family and everywhere about his sayin' all that about the Bible when you hurt your thumb. All the family—"

Julia sighed profoundly. "I wish 'all the family' would try to think about themselves for just a little while! There's entirely too little self-centeredness among my relatives to suit me!"

Florence looked puzzled but pleased. "You mean we're generous, Aunt Julia?"

"Too generous! With curiosity, I mean, Florence."

"Oh, do you think they are?" Florence cried. "Well, you might be right for once, Aunt Julia, because I and Cousin Herbert were getting up a

theatre in Herbert's attic, and it was ruined because Aunt Hattie and all of 'em—"

"I included you and Herbert," said Julia wearily. "You and Herbert especially!"

Florence was hurt. "Well, I and Herbert can't help being related to you, can we, Aunt Julia? And if you're goin' to marry anybody he'd be I and Herbert's uncle, wouldn't he? I guess if you look at it that way, we certainly got a perfect right to—"

"I can understand children being ungrammatical," said Julia, "but I can't understand their being allowed to be so sentimental!"



"Little Cousin Sarah"

THE responsibilities of a lady of twenty who is almost officially the prettiest person in a town persistently claiming sixty-five thousand inhabitants are often heavier than the world suspects, and there were moments when Miss Julia Atwater found the position so trying that she would have preferred to resign. Although she lived in a large house with only her father and the servants, she was the one marriageable Atwater of her generation; the family connection was large, and most of her relatives were also her not distant neighbors. Julia was a warm-hearted, appreciative girl, naturally unable to close her eyes to sterling merit wherever it appeared; and she complained, not without warrant, that the whole family, including the children, regaled themselves with her private affairs as a substitute for theatre-going. On the other hand, it must be explained, for the people under this accusation, that a drama in the theatre usually presents to the auditors the progressive anguishes of no more than two loving hearts, whereas, at times of special climax, Julia's so-called private affairs appeared to consist of as many as six and seven such little dramas, all given simultaneously; and thus the privileged onlookers were offered a performance just that many times as interesting as an ordinary one, while the fact that one heroine served in all could not humanly be expected to dispel the interest of her relatives. However, the privileged onlookers bestowed all their privileges upon themselves, Julia insisted; and one day she went so far as to admit a note of unconscious confession into her protest that she was getting pretty tired of being mistaken for a three-ring circus! Such was her despairing expression, and the confession lies in her use of the word "three."

The misleading moderation of "three" was pointed out to her by her thirteen-year-old niece, Florence, whose mind at once violently seized upon the word and divested it of context—a process both feminine and instinctive, for this child was not precocious, but already she was feminine. "'Three!'" she said. "Why, Aunt Julia, you must be crazy! There's Newland Sanders and Noble Dill and that old widower, Ridgely, that grandpa hates so, and Mister Clairdyce and George Plum and the two new ones from out of town that Aunt Fanny Patterson said you had at church Sunday morning—Cousin Herbert said he didn't like one of 'em's looks much, Aunt Julia—and there's Parker Kent Usher and that funny-lookin' one with the little piece of whiskers under his underlip that Noble Dill got so mad at when they were calling, and Uncle Joe laughed about, and I don't know who all! Anyhow, there's an awful lot more than three, Aunt Julia."

Julia looked down with little favor upon this talkative caller. Florence was seated upon the shady steps



Again her niece was puzzled. "Sentimental?" she repeated. "Why, it's only because you're related to us that I and Herbert pay any attention to what goes on here. It's our own grandfather's house, isn't it? Well, if you didn't live here, and if you wasn't our own grandfather's daughter, Aunt Julia, we wouldn't ever pay the very slightest attention to you! Anyway, I don't criticize all these people that keep calling on you—anyway not half as much as Herbert does. Herbert thinks he always has to act so critical, now his voice is changin'."

"At your age," said Julia, continuing to press her point, "my mind was on my schoolbooks—especially English grammar."

"Why, Aunt Julia!" Florence exclaimed in frank surprise. "Grandpa says just the opposite from that. I've heard him say, time and time and time again, you always were this way, ever since you were four years old."

"What way?" asked her aunt.

"Like you are now, Aunt Julia. Grandpa says by the time you were fourteen it got so bad he had to get a new front gate, the way they leaned on it. He says he hoped when you grew up he'd get a little peace in his own house, but he says it's worse, and not for one minute the livelong day can he—"

"I know," Julia interrupted. "He talks like a Christian martyr and behaves like Nero. I might warn you to keep away from him, by the way, Florence. He says that either you or Herbert was over here yesterday and used his house spectacles to cut a magazine with, and broke them. I wouldn't be around here much if I were you until he's got over it."

"It must have been Herbert broke 'em," said Florence promptly.

"Papa thinks it was you. Kitty Silver told him it was."

"Mean ole reptile," said Florence, alluding to Mrs. Silver; then she added serenely: "Well, grandpa don't get home till five o'clock, and it's only about a quarter of two now. Aunt Julia, what are you waitin' around here for?"

"I told you: I'm going walking."

"I mean: Who with?"

Miss Atwater permitted herself a light moan. "With Mr. Sanders and Mr. Ridgely, Florence."

Florence's eyes grew large and eager. "Why, Aunt Julia, I thought those two didn't speak to each other any more!"

"They don't," Julia assented in a lifeless voice. "It just happened that Mr. Sanders and Mr. Ridgely and Mr. Dill, all three, asked me to take a walk this afternoon at two o'clock."

"But Noble Dill isn't going if you say—"

"No," said Julia. "I was fortunate enough to remember that I'd already promised some one else when he asked me. That's what I didn't remember when Mr. Ridgely asked me."

"I'd have gone with Noble Dill," Florence said firmly. "Noble Dill is my Very Ideal! I'd marry him to-morrow."

"It seems to me," her aunt remarked, "I heard your mother telling somebody the other day that you had said the same thing about the King of Spain."

Florence laughed. "Oh, that was only a passing fancy," she said lightly. "Aunt Julia, what's Newland Sanders supposed to do?"

"I think he hasn't entered any business or profession yet."

"I bet he couldn't," her niece declared. "What's that old Ridgely supposed to be? Just a widower?"

"He's in business," said Julia coldly.

"And that George Plum's supposed to do something or other around Uncle Joe's ole bank, isn't he?" Florence continued.

"Supposed!" Julia protested. "What is all this 'supposed to do' and 'supposed to be'? Where did you catch that horrible habit? Implying that whatever people or things are, of course they're only unsuccessful imitations of what they pretend to be! You know the whole family worries over your superciliousness, Florence; but I always thought it was just the way your face felt easiest. If it's going to break out in your talk too, it's time you began to cure yourself of it."

"Oh, it doesn't hurt anything!" Florence made careless response; and her undeniable superciliousness of expression became intentionally emphasized as she saw, approaching briskly from the distance, the thin figure, clad in lively flannels, of young Mr. Sanders.

"Look!" Florence said, pointing. "There's the first one, Aunt Julia."

"Don't point at people!"

"Well, he's nothing much to point at!" She lowered her finger. "It's no depredation to me, Aunt Julia, to give up pointing at Newland Sanders. Atch'ly, I wouldn't give Noble Dill's little finger for a hundred and fifty Newland Sanderses!"

Julia smiled faintly as she watched Mr. Sanders, who seemed not yet to be aware of her, as he thought it would be better to reach the gate and lift his hat just there. "What has brought on this sudden tenderness in favor of Mr. Dill, Florence?"

Her niece's eyes concentrated in thought, then be-

came dreamy. "I like him because he's so uncouth," she said. "I think he's the uncouthest of any person I ever saw."

"Uncouth!"

"Yes," said Florence. "Herbert said I was uncouth, and I looked it up in the ditchanary. It said 'Rare, exquisite, elegant, unknown, obs, unfamiliar, strange,' and a whole lot else. I never did know a word that means so much, I guess. What's 'obs' mean, Aunt Julia?"

"Hush!" said Julia, rising, for Mr. Sanders had made a little startled movement as he reached the gate and caught sight of her; and now, straw hat in hand, he was coming up the brick walk that led to the porch. His eyes were fixed on Julia with an intensity which seemed to affect his breathing; there was a hushedness about him. And Florence, in fascination, watched her aunt as Julia's expression and habit of gesture took on those little changes which always seemed demanded of her by the approach of a young or youngish man, or a nicely dressed old one. By these almost imperceptible processes the commonplace moment became dramatic at once.

"You!" said Newland in a low voice.

And Julia, with an implication as flattering as the gesture was graceful, did not wait till he was within reach, but suddenly extended her welcoming hand at arm's length. He sprang forward convulsively and grasped it, as if forever.

"You must shake hands with my little niece too," Julia said instantly. "I think you know her."

"Know her?" Mr. Sanders repeated; then roused his faculties and gave Florence some fingers dangling after their recent emotion. "Florence. Oh, yes. Florence."

Florence had not risen, but remained seated upon the steps, her air and manner committed to that derisive superciliousness of which her aunt and other relatives complained. "How do you do," she said. "There's Mr. Ridgely."

"What!" exclaimed Newland.

"Comin' in at the gate," said Florence. "He's goin' walkin' with you too."

In this unexpected crisis Newland Sanders's first feeling consisted of a sudden gush of hatred toward his informant—no doubt partly an effect of her unfortunate habit of facial expression, which was strongly in operation as she gave him the information. His second feeling, however, was evidently one of startled anguish, for that was what he showed to Julia as he turned to protest.

"Why, this is terrible!" he said. "You told me—"

"Sh!" she warned him, whispering hastily, all

in a breath. "Couldn't-be-helped-explain-next-time-I-see-you," and advanced a graceful and too gracious step to meet the newcomer. But the dreadful superciliousness of Florence visibly increased at sight of this advent: Mr. Ridgely was easily old enough to be Florence's grandfather, yet she seemed to wish it evident that she would not have cared for him even in that capacity. Mr. Ridgely, in truth, was one of those widowers who feel younger than ever, and behave as they feel. Since his loss he had shown the greatest willingness to forego whatever advantages age and experience had given him over the granddaughters of his old friends and colleagues, and having thus laid aside his years, he was consistent enough to abandon ideas of time altogether, and so made longer calls than men a third of his age had the courage for. Thus his cheerfulness, his susceptibility to all that was charming, his cordiality and persistence were not without effect, and made him an unwelcome guest almost everywhere in town. But Julia had a kinder heart, as her father bitterly complained, than most girls.

THE widower came, holding out to her a votive bunch of violets, a pink rose among them, their stems wrapped in purple; and upon the lapel of his jovial striped flannel coat were clustered other violets about a pink rosebud.

"How pretty of you!" said Julia, taking the offering; and as she pinned it at her waist, she added rather nervously: "I think you know Mr. Sanders; he is going with us."

She was justified in thinking that the gentlemen were acquainted, because no longer ago than the previous week they both had stated, in her presence and simultaneously, that any further verbal communications between them would be omitted for life. Julia realized, of course, that Mr. Ridgely must find the contretemps as trying as did Newland, and, to help him bear it, she managed to make him hear the hurried whisper: "Couldn't-be-helped-explain-some-day."

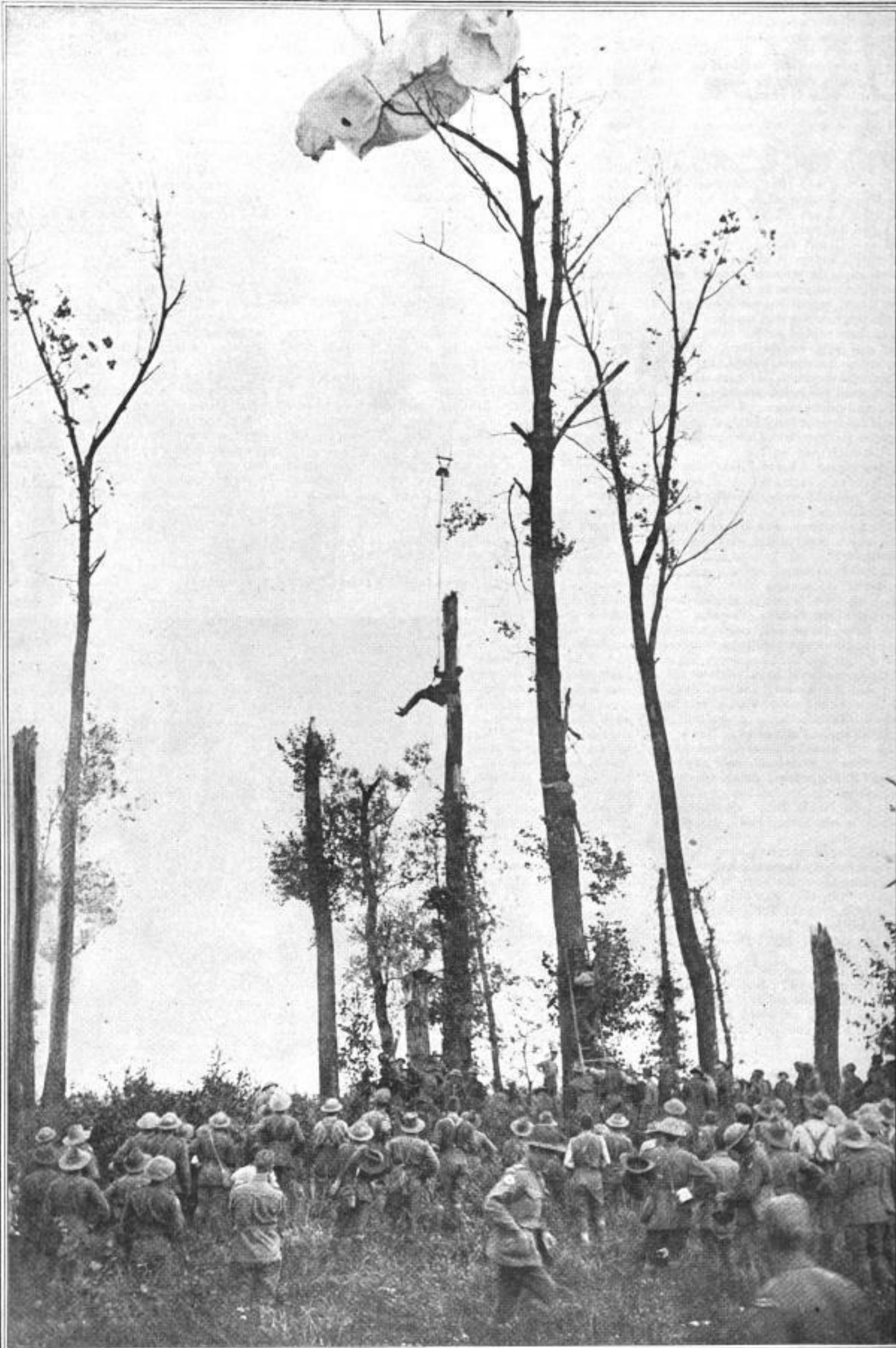
Then with a laugh not altogether reassured, she took up her parasol. "Shall we be starting?" she inquired.

(Continued on page 24)



"I like him because he's so uncouth," she said. "I think he's the uncouthest person I ever saw"





British Official Photograph

### UP A TREE ON THE WAY DOWN

*This British balloon observer got into difficulties with a passing German airplane and was forced to make a hasty descent in his parachute, which, with the customary perversity of inanimate objects, naturally landed in the top of a tree, leaving the observer dangling forty feet from the ground. In the picture a rescue party may be seen swarming up the tree in order to bring him down, while a large crowd of Tommies watch the proceedings with interest and doubtless offer much excellent and useless advice*



# SALESMANSHIP AND SUCCESS

## SECOND ARTICLE: GETTING THE ORDER

### BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

ONE of the most interesting letters I have ever read came to me recently, in care of COLLIER'S, from a saleswoman of Indianapolis. There are perhaps two million retail salesmen and saleswomen in the United States. I possess no means of knowing what percentage of these retail sales people are in the habit of thinking introspectively about themselves and constructively about their daily work, but I am sure that nine-tenths of those who do so have more or less frequent experiences wherein a failure "to close the deal" gives rise to unpleasant doubts in their own minds of their abilities as salesmen—or saleswomen. In other words, most thinking salesmen, no matter how successful they may be, have occasion sometimes to chide themselves for losing a sale, and reason to doubt if nature really intended them to be salesmen.

I am going to give you all of the Indianapolis letter, as every sentence seems to be pertinent. It is a letter that has what lawyers call "atmosphere." Please read it carefully:

#### A Natural Gift?

"I HAVE read with more than passing interest your article on salesmanship, or 'Sizing Up a Customer,' as the article in question is headed, and I am taking advantage of your offer at the end of it. To begin with, I am, or have wished to be, and have made every effort to be, a saleswoman, my line being coats and suits for women. My record has been very discouraging, since I have spent almost seven years at it, conscientiously trying to make a success, and in every instance have been 'let out'—kindly, but nevertheless let out—and I am at a loss to account for it. Since I am a woman, may I be pardoned if I say that I have been credited with a pleasing personality, and in no instance have I lost a position through any complaint on the part of a customer; I seem able to interest them in my line, and am, or have been (although I am at the present time filling a clerical position) very anxious to find a color and style, both of which are very important factors in selling to a woman, to suit my customer. I am able to interest them, but cannot 'close the deal' often enough to justify my employer in continuing me in his service. Of course I realize that a certain amount of training is necessary in this line as well

as in all others, but my experience in the game should have been a training, which I seem to have failed to obtain, but for what reason I am unable to state—hence this letter to you.

"I wish to say, without being thought vain, that my customers are invariably kind, and seem to appreciate my efforts to please them even to the extent sometimes of complimenting me to my floor manager, or to the buyer; but that doesn't sell the goods. At times customers have presumed on my known courtesy to take up my time as well as that of my firm in looking at articles they probably have no intention of purchasing; right here let me say that there are many women who spend their leisure time in just that manner, and the word 'shopping' has come to mean anything but a prospective buyer in the minds of the majority of sales people. Of course these women buy, some place and some time, and for that reason I have never yielded to the perfectly natural desire to slight them. As you know, most employees in that line are paid a salary and commission, and time means a great deal in their business, and none of it must be wasted if a sales person is to make good with the firm or earn enough money to live on. I have had talks with many floor men, who, as a rule, are good business men, for, contrary to the common idea of a floor manager, he must be, in that department at least, a keenly intelligent man, and I have had no word of censure for my work, but they agreed with me that for some reason I was not a success.

"I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that one must have a natural gift for selling, just as another has a natural singing voice, and that training is an adjunct but not an absolute necessity for a salesman who has a natural aptitude for such work.

"I will merely mention in passing that I was compelled to enter the business world after many years of wedded life, which is not, to say the least, conducive to a successful career as a business woman. But the necessity arose, and with the 'pleasing personality' of which I spoke in the earlier part of my letter, and on the advice of friends who were pleased to think I was especially fitted by Dame Nature to fill such a place, and for other reasons, such as the fact that the days of my youth were far more easily counted in the past than they could be in the future,

I asked for, and got, a nice position in one of the highest-class stores in my city, where my training, if I had had any aptitude for that class of work, would have landed me in a much better place than I have ever been able to obtain. I have talked with two of my employers on this subject, for I am not easily discouraged. They both said there was no apparent reason for my failure, and that success would come. But I came to the conclusion that seven years is long enough to wait for success in one line, and so I made a change.

"However, this change is only temporary in its nature, and I am now contemplating a return to my old business of selling ready-made garments for women, as that is my only hope for a living. I dread the plunge because of the failure I have been, and yet I have no alternative. It is all I know how to do in business life, and I am too old to train for any other line. Can you advise me as to what is wrong? I feel it must be me, or my customers and employers would not talk so kindly to me. If I were not willing to work and conscientious in my manner of doing it, they would not be so kind as to say things like that. On the other hand, if—well—if you can help me by telling me where

my fault lies—and how I can remedy it, you would certainly confer a lasting obligation on



*You feel as if you ought to propose to her*

one reader of COLLIER'S who is very much concerned over the way she is going to earn her living. If you care to publish my letter, do so, though it may seem too insignificant to your trained mind to be of interest to others; but I should like very, very much to have your advice on a subject which is vital to me at this present writing."

#### That "Pleasing Personality"

AFTER reading this letter I feel very much as a physician might when he is able to assure a patient that the latter does not suffer from a suspected organic affliction.

The lady says: "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that one must have a natural gift for selling," and that "training is an adjunct but not an absolute necessity for a salesman who has a natural aptitude for such work."

In my opinion there is no such thing as a "natural gift for selling." One may have natural gifts which, if properly developed and utilized, will make one an exceptional salesman, but there is no such thing as a born salesman any more than there is such a thing as a born race horse. A thoroughbred colt may be perfect physically and come from a family of winners, but he can never be a winner without training. Left to himself, he will fail to take sufficient exercise to develop his heart, lungs, and motive muscles in the manner in which they must be developed if he is to become a winner. There is this important difference between horse and man: that a human being can train himself, while a horse cannot. Horses have only instinct as their guide; men and women have intelligence. Good salesmanship is the product of intelligence habitually applied to the salesman's daily intercourse with his potential customers.

I can assure the lady from Indianapolis that she can become a good saleswoman. She may not achieve phenomenal success, but I am sure she has no faults that cannot be minimized to a point where she is, at least, certain of making a comfortable living as a saleswoman. I do not know her. I cannot diagnose her individual case from her letter and administer a specific remedy through the columns of COLLIER'S, but I should like to address all salesmen who believe, or have been told, that they possess this strange thing, "a pleasing personality."

If you are a salesman and believe that you have a "pleasing personality," you are confronted by two perils. You may overplay your personality, or you may underplay it. In either case you think too much about yourself and not enough about your customer. I know of a good-looking girl clerk in a drug store

(Continued on page 29)



*The farmer is a wise old owl*





# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER NINE: PENLOW FARM

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MENTAL excitement stimulates the appetite while apparently lulling it. Since breakfast Leila had not eaten, had not thought of food. Now, suddenly, she discovered that she was famished. She was not the least bit of a snob, and yet, to dine with Breen—Well, she was a perfectly healthy girl, and cherished her appetite. To sit opposite Breen would mean to lose all desire for food. Further, it would be quite impossible to take Breen to a first-class restaurant. Any self-respecting waiter in such a place would refuse to serve him. And Leila was not of the mind to patronize a third-rate place.

She yearned, not merely for food, but for subdued lights, for spotless napery, fine china, silent, deft service. A man in her predicament might very likely have been content with a bolted sandwich at a lunch room, but not Leila Kildare. The very fact that her mind and heart were torn with emotion made her desire the secure and assured feeling that a fashionable hostelry could provide.

In front of the Vanderbilt she found a taxi.

"You won't run away?" she asked Breen.

The ex-convict shrugged his shoulders. "Where'll I run to, ma'am?"

The question seemed unanswerable. McCord had disappeared. It was quite certain that the Birmingham people would know nothing of his whereabouts. Breen could, of course, go to the police, but—what had he to tell them? Nothing beyond the fact that Curzon McCord had been stopping at the Birmingham and that he was really Harmon Rayde. The police would pay the ex-convict nothing for such information. Whereas Leila could assure the man sufficient money for his immediate needs, food, and a place to hide should McCord do what Leila had done—trace the sender of the photograph.

It was this last that assured Breen's docility. If a mere girl could find his address, how easily Curzon McCord could find it!

"I'll telephone ahead, and the negro servant will look after you," she said. "If he doesn't happen to be in, you wait around until he returns."

"Yes'm."

She gave the man a bill, and the taxi drove off. Then she entered the Vanderbilt and telephoned Endicott's apartment. Fabian answered. He told

her what he had done, and she told him that Breen was on his way down.

"I can't explain it all now, Fabian," she said, "but give him something to eat, and—if he should change his mind, don't let him leave the house."

"Yes'm, Miss Kildare. I'll keep him here," said the negro grimly.

IN the dining room Leila surrendered herself to the waiter. McCord-Rayde, Endicott, Whitney, Larsen, Breen—a maze of figures drifted across her tired brain. She was not conscious of the food she ate, and the prideful waiter, to whom she had simply said: "Bring me whatever you can recommend," shook his head gloomily. He was an artist, that waiter, and he had served a dinner whose subtlety would have won the commendations of a gourmet. Oh, well, she looked as though she'd tip him well, and, after all, this is a commercial world, unappreciative of art.

It was early in the evening, and the dinner crowd had barely begun to filter into the dining room. In the middle of her salad Leila became conscious that the tables near her were slowly being occupied. And, though she did not deliberately listen, she could not help overhearing a fragment of the conversation of two young officers, British army officers, who sat next to her.

"Wonderful place, Penlow's," said one.

"That cream could be beaten only in Devonshire," said the other.

They could mean only one Penlow—Burchard Penlow, the multimillionaire philanthropist and man of affairs. For the last two or three days the newspapers had made references to the fact that he was entertaining, at his magnificent Westchester estate, members of the visiting Anglo-French Mission.

Leila's eyes held pity for the young officers. There was such patent homesickness in the tones of the boy who had mentioned Devonshire. On a brief respite from the trenches, the trenches might see them again before Devonshire did. Devonshire might never see them again.

She put the thought from her. Rather, she tried to put it from her. She had been hungry a while ago, and the incidents of the day, the people who

had acted in them, had become blurred. Now they were clear again. She saw the face of McCord, cruel, malevolent. And McCord was Harmon Rayde, whose activities might be the cause of prolonging the war; might even, by an easy stretch of the imagination, prove directly responsible for the deaths of the two gallant boys at the next table.

She had found Breen. But Breen knew nothing of McCord's present life, save the rumors that had seeped down into the underworld. Where to locate McCord—Fabian had been unable to trace his trunks. And she had not heard from Whitney yet. She must telephone Endicott's apartment again, but meantime—Penlow was famous not only for his wealth and social and political activities: he was famous for his dairy farm. He raised the finest cattle and the finest poultry. He was one millionaire who had a hobby and made the hobby pay. For Penlow milk and eggs were as well known as Penlow banks or Penlow steel girders—better known, perhaps, to sick babies who received the milk at a bit less than cost.

And the train of Leila's thought, shooting around the Penlow reputation, stopped again at Curzon McCord. McCord was extremely fussy about the eggs he ate. They were sent to him from some special place. McCord had been quite particular about those eggs. It might be—there was just the barest chance—that whoever sent them to McCord might continue sending them to some new address. At any rate, it would do no harm to find out whence they came.

She signaled her waiter and paid her check. The waiter was satisfied with the tip. He would, being human, have been contented with the smile and the murmured word of thanks she gave him for his excellent selection of dishes. However, he did not refuse her gratuity. He was an artist, as has been said, but artists often have families who must be clothed, fed, sheltered. He bowed Leila almost to the door.

SAM WHITNEY might have some news; or, if he had none, might have some advice to proffer. She rang up Endicott's apartment. But Whitney had not returned as yet, nor had he telephoned. But Fabian, who answered her ring, had much upon his soul.

There is no snob like the menial. The butler who has learned the idiosyncrasies of dukes resents the



foibles of the commoner. Fabian, the son of slaves, was affronted at being compelled to minister to the wants of Breen, the son of freemen.

"I'm keepin' him here, Miss Kildare, but I'm tellin' you it ain't no hard job to do it. I think he's goin' camp here the rest of his life. He's got on a pair of Mist' Farley's slippers, and is smokin' his cigars, and—"

"Put up with him, Fabian," begged Leila. "If we do have to go to the police, the fact that Breen knows Mr. McCord will make them believe us more readily, and act for us more quickly."

"Yas'm. And you, Miss Kildare? You'll ring up again."

"Soon," she responded.

A moment later she had the clerk of the Birmingham on the wire. "Miss Kildare? I hope"—the clerk was extremely polite—"that neither you nor your uncle had any fault to find with the hotel."

"Why, no," she told him.

"You left so suddenly."

She laughed. "Mr. McCord is rather eccentric, you know."

The clerk diffidently agreed.

"He—you know how peculiar he has been about the eggs sent to him each morning?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Kildare."

"He told me to inform the express company of his change of address, and I—I've forgotten the name of the express company. Stupid of me, but uncle"—she had to force her lips to frame the hateful word—"might be upset if I told him that I forgot—"

"Why, of course, Miss Kildare. Just a moment until I look it up."

THE clerk sighed as he turned to a record book. If he were twenty years younger, he'd—oh, well, he wasn't twenty years younger, and he might as well quit dreaming. Anyway, nothing less than a millionaire or a prince of the blood was good enough for Miss Kildare. He wondered how the deuce she'd ever had such an uncle wished on her. He couldn't believe McCord had been her father's brother. Nor her mother's. Oh, well, families were queer things. He had a cousin, himself, who— Then he found the entry and returned to the telephone.

"The City and Suburban, Miss Kildare."

"Thank you so much."

He smiled as he hung up the receiver. Manners, that girl had. Just as polite—

As for Leila, she pursed her lips. Fabian, tracing trunks, had come upon an impasse. She prayed that she might not do the same thing. In the telephone book she looked up the City and Suburban Express Company. It had several offices, but the one nearest to the Birmingham was the one she wanted. She found it and left the Vanderbilt. The express office was just closing, but the face of a pretty girl unlocks doors. The request was unusual, but so was the girl.

"You want to know where the eggs delivered to Mr. McCord at the Hotel Birmingham are shipped from?"

Leila nodded. The clerk who had turned back into the office consulted a book. "Penlow Farm," he told her.

Penlow Farm! Suspicion rioted in her brain. Had it been any other place on earth that supplied McCord with eggs, she would have thought no more of it than as a place where she might procure McCord's new address. But Penlow Farm! Where eminent Englishmen, great Frenchmen, were being entertained! Penlow Farm, where undoubtedly matters of gravest import to the Allied cause were being talked over!

McCord had posed as an invalid. But he had posed as many other things, and the poses had been lies. She remembered what she had thought, at the time, was merely typical of his hypochondria—the fact that his eggs and milk had not prevented him from eating hearty breakfasts. She had never seen him consume the eggs and milk that the waiter at the

Birmingham brought to him each morning— But she did not know what to suppose. She only knew that McCord was Harmon Rayde, that he was an enemy to the country, that he had some connection, even though so slight as breakfast eggs, with the country estate of Burchard Penlow.

She thanked the obliging express-office clerk and reentered her taxi, ordering the driver to stop at the nearest place where there was a public telephone. He found one in a near-by apartment hotel. She rang up the Penlow Dairy Farm.

"This is the secretary of Mr. Curzon McCord talking," she said. "You have been sending Mr. McCord eggs at the Hotel Birmingham."

"No, ma'am," was the answer, "we haven't been supplying anyone at all for several months."

"I'm sure you're mistaken," she insisted. "And Mr. McCord wished the address changed—"

"There hasn't been a single thing sold from this farm since war was declared," came the answer. "Mr. Penlow has given, and will continue to give during the period of the war, all products from this farm to the Government."

There was the click of the receiver as the person out in Westchester hung up the receiver.

Leila had no opportunity to tell the white lie on the tip of her tongue; no chance to tell the Penlow employee that McCord thought he had given the wrong address and so manage to have the new address read off to her.

It might not have worked. The chances were very much against McCord bothering with diet when liberty, life itself, was hanging in the balance.

But now—the employee spoke with certainty. The Penlow products were not for sale, had not been for sale for some time. Then McCord had not been receiving such products. Then why— She was bewildered, more bewildered than she had been at any other time on this most puzzling day. She had stumbled on something, most certainly, but what was it?

She could have laughed. There is something funny about eggs. So many thousand jokes have been made about them. But Farley Endicott was a captive; Breen's admissions were fresh in her mind. McCord, she believed, did nothing at random, without a purpose. If he pretended that the Penlow Farm supplied him with eggs— Why?

She looked up the number of Penlow's home, and a moment later was talking with his private secretary.

"Mr. Penlow never speaks over the telephone with—"

already was precious to her. Even had she been connected with Penlow himself, what could she tell him? What could she ask him?

A man's brain. That's what she needed now. If Sam Whitney were back at the apartment now— She asked for the number. She insisted that there must be some one there.

"The line doesn't answer," was Central's final flat reply to her insistence.

Well, perhaps Fabian and Breen had gone out for a moment. And she should be there when Sam Whitney telephoned, as he must telephone soon. She ordered her driver to take her to University Place. But at Eleventh Street she leaned forward, and through the opened window spoke to her driver. Her voice was terror-stricken. "Keep on driving! Right through the square! Don't stop!"

Then she sank back, thankful that she was in a closed machine. For, beneath an arc light, conferring with a man whom she had not seen before, she had seen Larsen!

## Chapter X: The Soul of a Rat

BENCHLEY eyed his chief apprehensively. Beneath the gaudy dressing gown McCord's thin figure quivered. He made the fearful Benchley think of a beast of prey, hungry, gaunt, and cruel because cruelty was the natural thing.

"How could I know the girl would beat me to this guy Breen?" he whined. Nervously he twisted the ends of his waxed mustache, and smoothed, with ringed hands, the dark curls of his oiled hair.

Contempt crept into McCord's eyes as he looked at the dandy.

"You couldn't know—anything," he snapped.

"Well, I did the best I could. I found the photographer who copied the picture of you. If you'd only thought of it a couple of hours earlier—"

"Must I think of everything?" cried McCord.

A flush crept over Benchley's sallow face. He was a mongrel, but even mongrels show their teeth.

"You'll be blaming me next because you did time twenty years ago," he said viciously.

McCord's hands, hidden in the huge pockets of the loose gown, knotted into bony fists. But Benchley was valuable to him—just now. Later on— But loyalty was desirable, vital, at the present moment. Moreover, dapper, overdapper fop though he was, and a physical coward to boot, Benchley had more

finesse, more acumen, than a dozen Strombergs or Larsens. It was just as well to propitiate Benchley—now.

"Don't mistake criticism for anger, Benchley," he said. He actually smiled, and Benchley was immediately flattered and mollified.

"No one would have dreamed this Kildare girl would have looked up Breen. And at that, if I hadn't gone back to the Charlton, after bringing Endicott here, Larsen never would have hung around and got this Whitney guy—where does he fit in, anyway?"

McCord waved the question aside for the moment.

"You say the girl had taken him away?"

"Well, after I finally located the photographer that made the copy—it cost money to get the address from him too; he was all locked up—he said a girl had just asked for it, and he told me off-hand. But he told me wrong, gave me the wrong 'hundred' in the number. I figured, though, he was on the level, and had made a mistake, but I lost time finding the right 'hundred.' When I got there this Breen was gone, but a woman in the building told me he'd

gone away with a girl. The girl was the Kildare girl too. They described her, the photographer and the woman, too well."

McCord drummed on the edge of the chair with his fingers.

"Who is this Whitney guy, anyway?" demanded Benchley.

(Continued on page 22)



"White trash, you kin go plumb to the Pit, where you b'longs, and—"

out an appointment. If you wish to tell me your business—"

But what business had she to tell the private secretary? It sounded so laughable, so absurd, so unreasonable. Moreover, she could not talk without telling things that might cause the police to be brought in, and this she feared. Farley Endicott





# Collier's

## Cabbages and Diplomats

IN his "Recollections" BISMARCK, discussing the case of his enemy, Count HARRY VON ARNIM, observes casually: "As for the condemnation to five years' imprisonment, this was only rendered possible, as the condemned man himself truly remarked, by the fact that the ordinary judge in a criminal court was not in a position to gauge with full comprehension the sins of international relations." That is to say, a diplomat is expected to commit crimes for which a common man must go to jail. This was and is the morality of Prussian diplomacy, perhaps of European diplomacy in general. Corruption and bribery are among the essential contents of its tool chest. Buying editors was an everyday occurrence with BISMARCK—buying them or locking them up. He sent money to VON ARNIM to bribe the Paris papers. VON ARNIM used the money to bribe a German paper to attack BISMARCK. But usually the Chancellor got his money's worth, and, thrifty old rogue that he was, would have been horrified at the decay in the art of corruption among German diplomatic agents as illustrated by the disclosures of Count VON BERNSTORFF's transactions with a New York evening newspaper.

The story is almost too grotesque, but it proves how ill-founded have been the fears of German diplomacy. It could not keep Germany's ally, Italy, out of the war, nor Greece, nor Rumania. It tried its hand at Paris. Result, a procession of its agents going out in the cool of the morning to face a firing squad, CAILLAUX in prison, and CLÉMENTEAU, Prussia's most violent enemy, at the head of affairs.

But its stupidest venture was the attempt to debauch public opinion in this country. First DERNBURG was sent over. He had been financial adviser to the Kaiser. He had occupied the post of colonial minister. In his youth his parents had sent him to Wall Street for a financial education. He spoke better English than most Wall Street men. Yet, within a week after he arrived in New York, it was perfectly clear that he no more understood the currents of American thought than if he had come from the wilds of the Kongo.

DERNBURG went home beaten and BERNSTORFF had a free hand and all the money he needed. The German Government had sold a large issue of bonds, probably for this very purpose. BERNSTORFF was clever and presentable. His wife was an American of German parentage. He was a figure in fashionable society—a good dancer. He, too, spoke English as well as the head waiter of a Swiss hotel. He professed a great fondness for this country. One of its institutions which he most admired was the cocktail. But he drank cocktails *after dinner*—a characteristic expression of German outlandishness. He even affected to admire England. "If Lord Salisbury had lived, this war never would have occurred," he said on one occasion. "I would like to place a wreath on Salisbury's grave." It was about the time of the first child-murdering raids of the Zeppelins against London. The retort came from an American: "Why don't you do it? Drop the wreath from a Zeppelin."

How did this heir to the Bismarck tradition, who was supposed to know the American character, go about his business? Well, one of the things he did was to pay \$1,360,000 for an evening paper in New York and install as editor the former principal of an agricultural school for boys! At that the paper was not very vehement in defense of Germany. Some protective instinct bade the editor go slow. The articles he published were mild and dull. Yet BERNSTORFF expected this lower octave of a journalistic piccolo, heard indistinctly among the diverse noises of the American newspaper world, to drown the voice of the American people!

The disclosures were worth while if only to show how harmless at times—and most of the time—is the evil that lies at the root of modern German civilization. Like everything crooked in the world, it is also stupid and nearsighted. True, it has purchased LENINE and TROTSKY. But LENINE has been in the pay of the German Foreign Office for years. TROTSKY (BRAUNSTEIN) came late into the game, but he has done well. There is evidence of more than \$500,000 passing into his possession from German official sources, and that was but a small part of what he got. Millions of German money have been dumped into the laps of these "over-principled ruffians." It remains to be seen whether they can deliver their tortured country over to the corruptionists.

Ignorance of the thought of other people, and a thick incapacity

to learn, are at the bottom of German political failures everywhere. At a time when the tide of insulted national pride and fierce indignation against the murderers of our people was rising with a force which the Administration could not resist, even if it had so desired, who but a representative of Prussian diplomacy could expect to quell it through long-winded editorials on the glories of German Kultur by the hand of a gentleman who, a few months before, had been instructing the dispirited youth of Indiana on the habitat of the rutabaga turnip and the proclivities of the lima bean? If he was that easy, it is perhaps as well for him that he did not venture with his bank roll into the upper reaches of Broadway.

## The Five Million

KARL BLEIBTREU has published in a German periodical called "Das Neue Europa" statistics purporting to show that German army losses up to the end of last January amounted to 4,456,000 men, or, if deaths from wounds or illness are added, over 5,000,000 men. Why did Germany's press censor pass such tragic figures? J. HOLLAND ROSE, the British historian, thinks it was because the printing of these statistics would dwarf the losses of the 1918 offensives, so that Germans would say to one another: "After losing 5,000,000 men, what does the loss of half a million more signify if we gain our objects?" It is illuminating, all the same, to compare these figures with those of Prussia's nineteenth-century victories. Her victory over Austria and her German allies in 1866 cost the lives of only 3,473 Prussians, and three times as many wounded and missing. For the sacrifice of only 30,000 lives Germany completed her unity by the Franco-Prussian War, humbled France, and gained 1,500,000 subjects and vast material resources in Alsace-Lorraine. "Every time I first made it clear to myself whether the war, if it were successful, would bring a price of victory worth the sacrifices which every war requires, and which now are so much greater than in the last century," said BISMARCK in the twilight of his career. What would he say of 1914-18 and its unmeasured sacrifices? BISMARCK, had he lived on in vigor until these times of ours, would have spared the world this war: not out of regard for civilization, not out of humanity, but because BISMARCK did count the cost.

## Foch Is a Celt

IN the part of the London "Times" where they used to tuck in pieces about the Hon. SO-AND-SO's week-end we find this:

General Foch, the origin of whose name is said to be Celtic and derived from *foex*, which means "fire," divides his leisure time between art, his family, reading, and sport, and is very fond of old music and still more of old furniture. What one might term a Society-of-Nations note?

## Stunts in the Air

EDWIN BIDWELL WILSON, professor of physics at Boston Tech. and described in the "Yale Review" as "an authority on aeronautics," has a word to say about the dare-devil professional airmen whom we used to criticize before the war because, "to thrill spectators, they put their machines into all sorts of devil-may-care attitudes and frequently themselves came suddenly down to death." We know now, he adds, that such stunts are an essential part of the fighting aviator's repertory:

The more completely a pilot can control his machine, the more easily he can toss it hither and thither—cutting figure eights, looping the loop, nose diving, and tail diving—the better chance he has for his own life and the more certain he is to get his opponent. For an undertrained pilot to go overseas to the front is almost certainly fatal, and for every life lost in training many are saved in fighting.

Some will find, in these conclusions by an expert, a slight consolation for our loss of high-spirited youth through what has seemed, at times, a needless sacrifice.

## For Pulling Together

A NEWSPAPER in Ohio prints the following brief item, headed "Notice to Farmers":

We are as busy as any body but not too busy to help save the crops and if any farmer in Jackson County is in danger of losing wheat from lack of harvest hands, we are ready to come out and help save same free of all charge. If you need us, call THE JACKSON MILL AND LUMBER CO. We haven't investigated this advertisement—but it sounds to us, offhand, like downright patriotism. In winning this war, a whole lot of voluntary (not kaiser-enforced) cooperation is called for.



# Editorials



## To Win the War

WHAT rejoices some of us most in the current news from Europe is that our naval gunners, artillerymen, machine-gun operators, rifle firers, and revolver carriers seem to be getting into a habit of hitting what they aim at. Thrift, industry, and abstinence are all very good, but this war is going to be won by shooting straight.

## Pure Americans

NOT so very long ago there was a German ethnologist, of international reputation, who spoke of the important element contributed by the aboriginal Indian to the make-up of the American people: as attested by the common phrase, "a red-blooded American." German science occasionally makes such remarkable discoveries. At first sight there would seem to be a much closer approximation to the truth in the report of a German Intelligence officer at the front concerning the examination of some American prisoners taken at Bouresches in June:

The quality of the men must be characterized as remarkable. They carry themselves well, are well developed physically, and from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age. They only require proper training to make them formidable adversaries.

That, however, is mere externals. Our intelligent German Intelligence officer thought he was being scientifically precise when he continued:

Only a few of the men are pure Americans by race. The majority of them are sons of foreign parents. These half-Americans, however, most of whom were born in America and have never been in Europe, express without hesitation purely American sentiments.

In other words, pure Americans. This German officer's sharp eye detected, without his mind grasping, the fact that there are two kinds of pure Americans: those whose parents were born in Europe (or for that matter may have themselves been born in Europe) and those whose ascent on this side of the Atlantic goes back anywhere from fifty to three hundred years. Which in the last analysis means that by foreign testimony we are what we have always liked to think of ourselves as being, in origins diverse, in sentiments one; as racial phenomena mixed, as Americans pure.

For us the war is being fought by pure Americans named RANDOLPH BRADFORD and NIKLAUS BIESLOWICZ; which is again as it should be.

## Searching for Russia

WHO was it back in that quaint, orderly nineteenth century who said Boston was not a place, but a state of mind? That would be a truer remark about Russia in 1918. HAROLD WILLIAMS, a newspaper correspondent at Petrograd, writes in "The New Europe" that the central difficulty in the Allies' Russian problem is that

there seems to be nothing to grasp, nothing to lean upon. There are no stable institutions representing either the will of the people or the power and authority of the state. Russia . . . at present has an intense psychological, but not a physical, existence.

Yet Mr. WILLIAMS closes by saying we Allies "must go forward in faith" till we rediscover Russia, chaos or no chaos. "We cannot afford to lose touch with Russia. We must seek till we find her."

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a French officer to a civilian friend in France)

You say this to your American friends: It is impossible to imagine a more perfect understanding of one another than now exists between the French and the American poilus.

The reason for their ready camaraderie is easy to find: its base is mutual respect. When the Yankees first came our poilus looked with a little distrust on these troops with their elaborate equipment and all their spending money: we waited to see what they would be like in action. Well, they have been there and they have shown extraordinary nerve and guts. When surprised by the boche in a recent raid they defended themselves like wild men—even with their feet and fists. The boche did not take a single prisoner. American patrols are models of coolness and ingenuity. Under bombardment they do not give way, and that is test enough. They have not the silly vanity that thinks it can't be "shown"; on the contrary, they ask questions whenever they get the chance, and learn how to do things better next time.

Their conception of discipline shocks us a bit. Here's a case in point: The other day an American driver was trotting down a steep hill with his four mules. The harness broke and the animals ran away. Very skillfully the driver managed so that he drove into some trees and stopped his team, but one mule was smashed against a tree. The American got down from his seat, cool as a cucumber, examined his beast, then tranquilly drew and fired his revolver—and drove on. If you could have seen the look on the faces of our men! They talked of it for days. Had such a mishap happened to us, we'd have been swamped under all the reports and statements!

I have seen a few of their officers in a little village near the lines. The village people are strong for them.

## Closing in on Wilhelm

ONE of the dearest victims of this war is the amateur spirit in government and administration. The American suspicion of "experts" had already received some hard knocks in the domain of city government: and nowhere more strikingly than at New York, where the late JOHN PURROY MITCHEL gave the Four Million their best administration yet—an administration by men who know their specialties. To-day no one says that there are no incompetents (trained and untrained) at Washington and elsewhere. But the war-time government of over a hundred million individuals and a high percentage of the earth's crust is an expert job—and the experts have been called in. The old theory that "successful" men—the captains of industry—must inevitably be corrupt, is neither proved nor disproved by our war, to win which Big Business has gone into partnership with the President and Labor. The national emergency has served as an irresistible challenge to the men who do things. The joy of Getting Things Done was probably always a greater reward to the American Captain of Industry than his bank account or stock holdings or his wife's social progress. The contest is, to-day, a contest between the armies of LUDENDORFF on the one side and those of FOCH and HAIG and DIAZ and PERSHING on the other; but it is also a duel between the Big Business and technical skill of Germany and America.

## Columbia in Flood

YOU may have noticed that the shipyards of our country doused the Kaiser on July 4 by launching only some ninety-five vessels (more than the United States ever built before in any one year!) because eleven boats were held on their ways in the district around Portland, Ore., by "the seasonal freshet in the Columbia River." Those seven words, as quoted here, give an Easterner no idea at all of what that freshet really is. From Alberta south to Nevada and

Utah the winter's snow lies packed twenty feet deep and more along the slopes and passes and down in the black-shadowed gorges of the Rocky Mountain system, a world of ice and rock and drifted sleet. June's hot sun beating down through the high, dry air of the intermountain country sets all that frozen water rushing on its way over the wind-swept granite of the great range. For over two thousand miles, as the eagle flies, the Columbia takes it all. Feeding in from countless tributaries and reenforced by a million leaping hillside springs, clear and blue and utterly cold, over a hundred feet deep and a mile wide, running in waves that would swamp a small boat, attended by the untiring wind that haunts its lofty banks, carrying far more flood water than Father Mississippi himself at his lustiest, that imperial flood thrusts its untamed strength past plains and mountains and out into the Pacific. On that rush of melted snow the river men took steamers such as the old *Harvest Queen* over the great rapids past The Dalles, and on it the stern-wheeler *Telegraph* made her untouched record of four hours on the downstream run from Portland to Astoria. Beautiful, unhurried and unchecked, purifying and terrible, the Columbia in flood is like a Puritan's vision of the justice of eternity. For our day it is a fit symbol and prophecy of what kaiserdom brings down upon its evil head.

August 3, 1918





*Actual photograph of dual equipment of Goodyear S-F solid tires in service on a five-ton unit of the Ames Transfer Company, New York*

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# SOLID TIRES





*He returned and walked away, mumbling: "Niggah, putting on airs"*

# JOURNAL OF A RED CROSS MAN

BY DAVID CARB

THERE is in Soissons a seminary, not so very old, but thick with memories. In the days before the war young men learned in those halls to become priests, and in the spacious gardens behind they walked at twilight, as priests should, upon the fragrant earth, looking toward heaven.

In the years that the German troops were hidden behind great barricades on the hills just beyond the River Aisne, the seminary received many missiles. The two upper floors were caved in; the rooms of the lower floor were gaunt and cracked. In the summer of last year the Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross took over the seminary and established a branch office there. The chapel became a warehouse; its panels representing the Passion and the Crucifixion and the Resurrection were half hidden behind bales of blankets and beds and stoves and sacks of foodstuffs for the refugees. On the altar lay mattresses and agricultural implements. The other rooms of the ground floor were also converted into storerooms and offices. On the second floor several of the men of the Red Cross had repaired the cells of the erstwhile priests, and dwelt in them. The following extracts are from the journal of one of these men:

**SATURDAY, March —:** All day they have been bombarding Saint-Waast just over the Pont des Anglais. Only the methodical habits of the Germans permit us to do our work. They lunch from twelve to one-thirty, so by watching the clocks we are able to make our deliveries and return to our shelters before the artillerymen resume their work.

Late in the afternoon Monsieur G. came to the seminary to ask if we would let him have a few packing cases. He entered the office smiling and gracious, as always—a gentle, hearty man, belying by a decade his fifty years. He has been a sort of father to his village, the only cultivated person in a slovenly industrial suburb. Quite simply and without emotion he told us that his house and shop had been struck by a shell. He desired the cases to remove the things that remained to him.

I couldn't wait until the morning to offer to help him, so as soon as his bicycle got out of sight I started on foot to Saint-Waast. In the Rue Saint-Martin, here in Soissons, I was stopped by the scream of a shell and a terrific explosion. It was followed by a dead silence. Then people began to appear in the street—curious but silent. After a while a door opened and a woman said softly: "Il est tombé chez nous." Her little mercer's shop was strewn with goods which had fallen from the shelves; the parlor was cluttered with broken glass and plaster dust. Bits of china ornaments crunched under our feet. For a moment she stared at the ruin. Then she shrugged, seized a broom, and began vigorously to sweep up the debris. As I passed back through the shop her daughter was putting the goods in their places again.

Monsieur G. thought I had come to see the wreck of his home and shop, but when I refused to be shown the place and removed my coat he understood that I had come because I wanted to help him. Silently he indicated an empty box and the pigeon-holes on the walls filled with hammers, axes, knives, picks—all the rusty and greasy clutter of a large hardware store. As I bent over the packing he wept frankly, unashamed.

"I came to Soissons when I was twenty-one," he

said. "I had not a sou, but I worked hard, and my wife worked with me, and we built up a fortune—at least what is a fortune in such a place. What the Germans did not take during their occupation I lost when a shell struck my house a year and a half ago, but Madame G. was cheerful, and after six months we began again to prosper."

He waved his hand comprehensively round the dark room. "Now I must begin again," he continued. "Oh, well. . . ."

**TUESDAY, March —:** The streets swarm with Americans and French soldiers en repos. The cafés during the hour or so that they are permitted to remain open are crowded with brown and blue uniforms. Frequently the two colors are at the same table. They share their light wine and clink glasses. They seem to have invented a sign language; there is no doubt about their comradeship. It is gratifying to notice how quickly our boys pick up some of the nicer French customs: saluting when one enters a café and when one leaves, making a ceremony of a glass of wine and consequently drinking slower. . . .

But sometimes strange things happen. There are also in the town a great many Algerians. They wear khaki too. To-day I saw an American negro stop a French black.

"Where is the hotel here?" he asked.

"Comment?" said the Frenchman.

"Where is the hotel?"—very loudly.

"Je ne comprends."

The American negro gazed at the French one with deep and visible scorn, and not a little anger. He turned on his heel and walked away, mumbling: "Niggah, putting on airs."

**FRIDAY, March —:** I dined to-night at the Soleil d'Or and lingered rather late over it. About half past eight I emerged into the deep blackness of the night. A great hulking figure passed me, walked a few steps and stopped.

"American?" he called.

"Yes," I said.

"I'm lookin' for the Blue Lion or the Red Lion or whatever they call it, and I can't spit this Frog talk."

I gave him the directions for the Lion Rouge. It was some distance, and he knew he'd never find it in the darkness.

"Ain't there some nearer place where one can get supper," he asked, "and a place to sleep? I just blew into this burg, and I'm beating it to-morrow."

I took him into the Soleil d'Or. Madame la patronne agreed to give him dinner, although it was after hours and against the law. She was desolated that she could not accommodate me by allotting him a chamber, but so many American officers were in town that her hotel was completely filled and so were the other two hotels. Carney looked at me pitifully, so I told him that we had fixed up a little cell for our chief when he made infrequent visits to us, and offered it to him for the night. After Carney had consumed the first two courses of madame's excellent dinner he began to talk.

"This is a funny game I'm in," he said. "Here am I, a corporal. It's a joke. I won't dare show my mug at home any more. All the boys think I'm a captain or something, or ought to be, because, you see, I've got some mighty big friends. Here, just look at this." He produced a letter from a well-

known politician of a large city. "You see who I hobnob with. He'd have wrote it out in longhand, but he's a mighty busy man. I know the guy that wrote it for him. Just before every election he comes down to my precinct and says, 'Carney,' he says, 'are the boys all lined up right?' I pull out a paper from my hip pocket and shows him the list—shoes for Leary's baby, and all that sort of stuff. There ain't a precinct in — that votes solidier than mine."

"I've been pulling off that stuff all my life. That's how I got into college. They seen I was a good football player, and they paid me well."

"How long did you stay in college?"

"Only three months. Just for the football season." He showed me another letter. It was from the mayor of the same city. "That's a smart guy. He don't know much, but he sure knows where to get the dope. You see, if somebody asks him to talk about Napoleon Bonaparte, he just calls up a highbrow like you and says: 'Napoleon Bonaparte, 8.15 to-night'; and pretty soon the highbrow slips him a piece of paper with all the dope. He reads it on the way over to the meetin'. Then he shoots. He's a crack shot."

After a while he paid me a high compliment.

"You'd go good in politics," he said. "You've got a head on you. The boys need men like you and men like me. We'd make a great team. I'm a good fellow, always shaking hands and buying drinks, and you'd make 'em feel like dirt; and they'd like me and they'd respect you, and they'd always vote our way."

"But, Carney," I said, "you're in the war now. You have just come from the trenches and you're going back to them. What about the war?"

"Oh, we'll win it all right," he said casually. "There won't be no trouble about that."

**MONDAY, March —:** The bombardment of the town has increased. They must have sent over a hundred shells to-day. A great many of them are duds, but the others do a lot of damage. About three o'clock this morning I was awakened by a heavy pounding on my door. A lieutenant called to me that he wanted medical aid for one of his men. I piled into some clothes and opened the door. They were covered with mud—four of them, men in their middle twenties or under, a lieutenant and three enlisted men. The officer said that they were marching in with their company to the station where they were to entrain. This man had suddenly become ill, and the four of them had dropped behind. He had carried the sick man on his back for three miles.

"Why didn't you let the other men help you?" I asked.

"It's an officer's duty," he said, "to care for his men."

The sick soldier was very young. He had indigestion or ptomaine poisoning—he didn't know which; but it was evident that he had homesickness too. We finally got the Ford cranked and started for the French military hospital. One of the men lay on the mud guard holding an electric flash in front of him. I drove. The lieutenant sat in the back seat supporting his sick man. We crept through a damp, thick mist to the huge hospital. The doctors were in the cellar. A shell had gone through four floors of one of the buildings that afternoon, straight to the cellar. It would have blown the whole place to pieces had it exploded. Strangely enough, it didn't; and it was lying very near the improvised table where the doctors sat—a dark, sinister, ugly thing.

We came back to my room, managed to get a fire started and made coffee. The lieutenant was silent. He felt somehow that he ought not to leave his man with strangers. But the other two men, warmed by the coffee, became cheerful again.

"We've got to go seven and a half miles," one of them said, "by eight o'clock. You know, it's a great feeling to find that you're strong enough to play this game, and healthy enough to be cheerful when it don't always go your way. It'll be a gang of real men that marches up Fifth Avenue with the Kaiser's goat on their bayonets."





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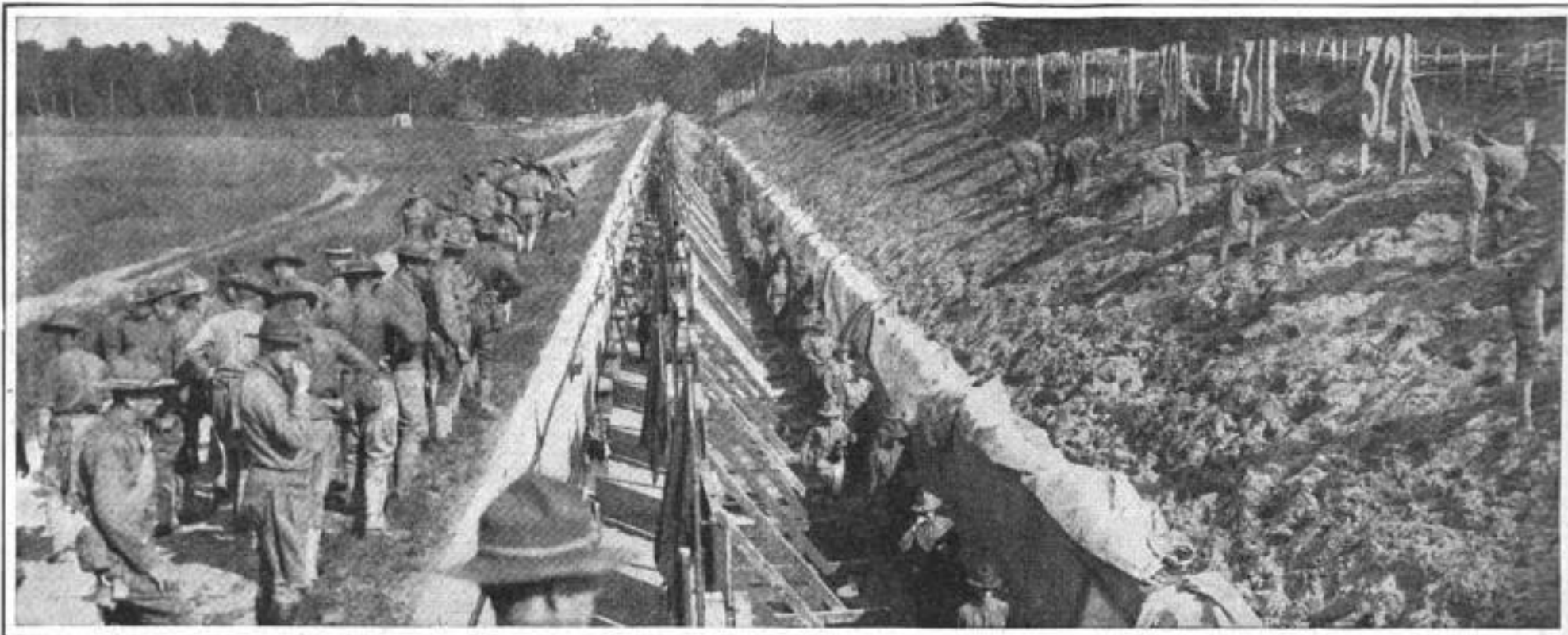
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# LEADERS OF OUR NEW ARMIES

BY ARTHUR F. COSBY

FORMERLY CAPTAIN U. S. V.

THE future line officers in the American armies are to be trained and supplied through officers' schools to be held continuously. This is the latest policy of the War Department. There will be three schools for the infantry and one for field artillery in this country; others to be held abroad. The coast artillery early adopted the continuous-officer-school policy. The British and French have long had it. We tinkered with divisional schools; held sixteen of them—one for each division. The General Staff had it all beautifully worked out on paper, but the German offensive this spring upset all that. As soon as our divisions began going overseas at the rate of half a dozen a month, to go into action almost directly, the divisional school became a myth. How could men study on crowded transports or listen to lectures within the sound of the guns?

The new policy also recognized the potential military value of civilians as officers. A few older men, beyond the draft age, are allowed to attend the officers' schools to show whether or not they are the stuff of which officers are made. But the bulk of the candidate-officers will very properly come, as heretofore, from the enlisted personnel of the army.

## Smashing Precedents

AMERICA at last is awakening to the whole subject of the value of training. We are a people who are restive under restraint and discipline. We have been so long free and independent, in the best sense of the word, that our citizens have grown to think of themselves rather more as individuals than as a collective part of the Government and the nation. The spirit of America chafes under training, and yet the world concedes now that the much-vaunted efficiency of Germany means nothing more nor less than suitable training for whatever the job in hand may be.

Training, of course, goes hand in hand with preparedness. We cannot have one without the other, and it was the unpreparedness of America, when the hour of trial came, that made Americans blush at the possibility that the United States would be too late to play its part in this great world war. It was this idea of preparedness and training as to things military which Major General Leonard Wood preached earnestly and persistently for years. It was for training and preparedness that General Wood established the civilian camps at Plattsburg in 1915. General Wood and the small band of citizens whom he gathered around him had a great big idea. From the small beginning of 3,000 citizens in 1915, in the first camps at Plattsburg and elsewhere, it grew to 16,000 in 1916—men who had had some measure of training, if only of a month of intensive work. The country owes a great debt of gratitude to this small band of patriots who, before America was actually in the contest, gave up their vacations and at their own expense went into this practical demonstration of the value of military preparedness. From that band grew the Military Training Camps Association, whose efforts largely made the first officers' training camps possible. It is generally true that a soldier is no better than his

officer, nor is an officer any better than his training, and at the outbreak of war we had a mere handful of trained officers—some 5,000 regulars, as a force to handle the entire subject. The training of officers necessarily takes time. The course at West Point is four years. The elementary course in military colleges abroad is usually two or three years. But all hands agreed that, at the best, an officer could not be turned out in less than one year. The situation abroad, however, would not permit of twelve months' training.

It was here that the value of the civilian camps held at Plattsburg and elsewhere was proved. They had demonstrated that a *three months' intensive training* with a graduated scale of work could make a man not a finished officer, but at least show if he were valuable officer material. The results of the Plattsburg experience had smashed all precedents and astonished regular-army officers. The zeal of the civilians, their earnestness and intelligence, made satisfactory results possible. The class of reserve officers, which is now our main reliance, was only created in 1916, with the expectation that the officers were to be largely the graduates from these civilian training camps. The whole officer question, even to-day, is closely related to the earlier Plattsburg experience. The decision to allow civilians, in limited numbers, to enter the officers' schools, is a return to first principles.

At half past seven on the night when the United States declared war against Germany a committee of three men left the offices of the chief of staff in the War Department Building at Washington very tired but very happy. They had been working hard all day with the higher officials and had remained in the War Department long after the regular hours of closing to send telegrams to New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. The committee represented the Military Training Camps Association of the United States. They were in Washington to offer the aid of the association to help start at the earliest moment officers' training camps. This association was composed of some 20,000 men, civilians all, who had attended, chiefly in their vacation time, the training camps held at Plattsburg, N. Y.; Fort Sheridan, Ill.; Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; The Presidio, Cal., and elsewhere. These men suggested that the legislation, funds, and machinery available to the department for civilian training camps be used for holding officers' camps. Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War, promptly sent the committee to see Major General Hugh Scott, the chief of staff. As soon as General Scott heard the suggestions about training camps he smiled, pressed a button, and called for the telegram, already prepared, to the Military Training Camps Association on this very subject. This announced that the War Department had decided to start officers' training camps at once along the lines previously suggested by letter, cordially accepted the services tendered by the association, and suggested that it confer at once with the commanding generals in the different departments.

As events turned out, this decision of the War Department proved to be a momentous one in shap-

ing a new policy for the armies of the United States. It was the basis for the earlier officers' camps and the future ones just announced. It really sounded the death knell of the old volunteer system of commissioning officers, in so far as concerned officers of the line; that is, infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

## A Colossal Task

THE officer problem to-day is a serious one, but at the outbreak of the war it was critical. The regular army had approximately only 5,000 trained officers—that is, graduates of West Point and the army service schools. A few more thousand had recently been accepted from civilian life as second lieutenants, but on examination only. In a war carried on abroad by armies running into the millions, it was, of course, clearly evident that one of the great problems of America, in raising its new armies, was to supply properly trained officers. Time was of the utmost importance. The Huns' campaign of ruthless submarine warfare was in full swing. Rumblings of the threatened Russian collapse were already heard. America had observed the strictest neutrality and had made no preparations of any sort. Our task was colossal. We were confronted with the task of selecting, training, equipping, and transporting troops in sufficiently large numbers and on a sufficiently huge scale to fight one of the most powerful military nations the world has ever known, perhaps the most powerful. When the call to arms sounded, volunteers sprang up by the thousands all over the country, as they have always done. There was talk of passing a conscription law through Congress, and it was clearly evident that there would soon be hundreds of thousands of men, whether volunteers or drafted men or both, that would have to be adequately trained. The question of supplying officers was acute. The first officers' training camps were distinctly emergency affairs. The Military Training Camps Association, through its branches throughout the country, acted as a huge recruiting agent for the War Department. It organized bands of local citizens into volunteer committees to help in the work of registering, examining, and preparing for the army examining officer the thousands of men who applied to enter the camps. The memorandum of the War Department concerning these first officers' camps was not completed until April 17. In the following eighteen days the members of the Military Training Camps Association, in an intensive campaign, helped the War Department to examine over 100,000 applicants; 90,000 were actually examined physically, 65,000 were certified as being satisfactory, and 40,000 were actually accepted by the War Department as suitable officer-candidate material.

There were dramatic, humorous, and pathetic incidents connected with this rush. In New York City, during the last few days of the campaign, the crush of applicants was so great that the line extended from the offices of the Military Training Camps Association in West Forty-fourth Street clear down the block to Fifth Avenue. The police had to be called in to see that the line did not interfere with the traffic.



In Chicago, when there was a special rush of papers to be mailed, one of the committee went to the University Club, forcibly rounded up all the men in the club, and marched them to the offices of the Military Training Camps Association, where they were put to work mailing circulars for the rest of the day and far into the night.

While the success of the first officers' training camps was instantaneous, it was a success that is repeating itself and vindicating the policy of training. Regular-army officers were in charge as instructors. Visitors have been deeply impressed with the deadly earnestness of the candidate officers, their tremendous zeal, and especially the spirit of grim determination to see the thing through.

The training camps are based on competition. In the beginning of the work the older men suffer. Men who have had fifteen or twenty years of experience in business and professional life, where they have achieved success and built up their own organizations, find it hard to adjust themselves mentally to the routine of a soldier, the spirit of discipline and obedience. It is all so new. Even men making \$20,000 and \$30,000 a year are slow in "coordinating mind and muscle," as the textbooks put it; they continually mix up the left foot with the right. But after the first month the older men begin to catch up. Meanwhile all hands are working, outside of the long drill hours, at the manuals, textbooks, and problems given them for study. They not only work far into the night, but many of the men get up before reveille at 5 a. m. and start in then. There is no such thing as play. Families who went hundreds of miles to visit their sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts in the earlier camps saw little of them. It was early announced that commissions would be awarded on the basis of merit alone and also that not all the men would be commissioned. There has always been a frantic effort to qualify and to qualify high.

#### A Revolutionary Step

THE old volunteer system of commissioning officers is dead to-day because of the success of the training camps. While these men, the very best red-blooded young manhood we have, were going through the grim business of training, the War Department was besieged with applications for commissions. Civilians at large, and especially politicians high in rank, urged the appointment of some favorite to commission as a volunteer officer. For a long time the question whether or not volunteer commissions were to be issued was in the balance. The United States Statutes expressly allowed the President to appoint volunteer officers, and there was ample precedent for it. Throughout all of our wars, whether the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, or the Spanish-American War, owing to our American system of unpreparedness, when the crisis came and war was declared commissions were handed out freely. In the emergency it was the only way, even if a bad way. Under the volunteer system, all manner of pulls were exerted, social, political, financial, or business, but in every case it was a pull of some sort, which meant favoritism. Scandals under this system were notorious. The country has not yet forgotten the conditions of the Spanish-American War, when men who had never trained a soldier were appointed to grades as high as lieutenant colonel and colonel. Nor did they have an examination of any sort, not even a physical one.

The demands of this war against Germany are such that there is no room for graft, corruption, favoritism, or inefficiency. The wastage of life is enormous at best, without increasing it through inefficient officers. The pressure upon the War Department, however, was onerous. While it was necessary to issue commissions as reserve officers in many of the staff corps, the bulk of these were for men of special qualifications, such as physicians, engineers, technical men, and specialists in the Ordnance Corps and the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. These appointments would not permit of delay, nor was military training essential for them. But it was felt that for the line officers, the men who would actually lead our soldiers in the fighting lines, where the health and lives of the men were under the direct control of the officers, men should be selected only after due observation and training. The passage of the Selective Service Law,

or Draft Act, made it apparent that there would be steady successive increments, each of half a million men. These new armies would require thousands of new officers. So the War Department planned for the organization of a second officers' training camp, to open after the completion of the first, with others to follow. It announced as a definite policy that hereafter commissions for line officers would only be issued "after observation and training" in an officers' training camp. This step was really revolutionary in character. It committed the country to the new principle of training and did away with the evils and scandals of the volunteer system, for line officers at least, for all time. This policy has been rigidly adhered to. The creation of continuous officers' schools establishes it more firmly than ever.

#### How It Works Out

THE real test of the officers' training camps came when the newly fledged officers took hold of the National Army recruits. Their task was indeed a hard one. Whereas a captain, in the old days, had a company of only 100 men, under the new conditions the reserve captain in the National Army was given a company of 250 raw drafted men, without a single noncommissioned officer to help. Many of these often could not speak the English language. Of course, scarcely any of them had had any military training. Many had gone into the army rather reluctantly, at least not from choice. This mass of raw material the captain had to train from the ground up. First he had to fill out all the necessary papers and red tape to enroll the men, then see that their equipment was properly issued, and then start on the job of training them. He had to select his noncommissioned officers as time went on, as best he could from the most promising material. The new officers met the test superbly. It was a wonderful sight to see them, fresh from the training camps, handling these huge squads of men. The confidence in the officers and a spirit of self-reliance developed early.

The real leaders of our new National Army, those who are living with and drilling the men who share their risks "over the top," are these junior reserve officers. The average National Army regiment of over 3,000 men has only two regular officers, the colonel and the lieutenant colonel. The three months' training of the officers at Plattsburg, Fort Sheridan, and elsewhere was only a beginning in the test of their qualities for leadership. It practically meant that they had been selected as suitable officer material. In the cantonments and camps themselves, officers' schools were started to continue the instruction. These were held at night because the officers were busy drilling their troops all day. The regular-army officers, inspectors, and all who visited the camps expressed the greatest satisfaction and pride in the work of the reserve officers. They said time and again that they felt the National Army, with its high quality of reserve officers—yet in the making—would probably be the peer, if not the superior, of any. (The news from France confirms this.) There was a very real spirit of enthusiasm.

#### Following the Line

THE various staff corps are now following more and more the example of the line in requiring training as a prerequisite to a commission.

The Medical Corps early opened several schools for doctors, the largest being at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. These physicians in private life, who had received army commissions, were given special courses and also some slight measure of military drill to improve their physical condition, carriage, and general idea of discipline. The Quartermaster's Department arranged for quartermaster's schools at Jacksonville, Fla. The Ordnance Department started to establish schools at arsenals and, in connection with various educational institutions, to train selected men for ordnance work. As artillery is a technical branch of the service, the men selected for commissions in this branch were early sent from the training camps to special schools at Fortress Monroe and elsewhere; and later all captains were sent from their batteries for a special course at the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Okla. The Signal Corps organized not only regular schools for aviators, but extended the training idea to schools for its nonflying officers.



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the kind indulgence of its many boosters in the United States until such time as we are able to again take care of all requirements. In response to this request, we know that we will be afforded your hearty cooperation, because of your willingness to do what you can to help in the great cause.

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The Engineer Corps from the beginning established and ran most successfully its own schools for officers.

The Coast Artillery has announced continuous officers' schools, to be held four times a year, at Fortress Monroe, in which it trains practically all of its candidates for second lieutenant.

The last staff corps to follow this movement was that of the chaplains. It has opened a school, lasting a month or six weeks, at Fortress Monroe, Va.

The policy of training the new officers, however, did not end here. There was a National Guard army of about 450,000 men, and officers' schools were held in the divisions themselves. A school was even opened in San Antonio, Tex., for field officers. Majors,

lieutenant colonels, and colonels, and all such, in the National Guard were ordered there for instruction. This was probably one of the most radical steps taken and clearly showed the working of the new policy of training. It would have been impossible a few years ago even to suggest such a thing for these high ranking officers, without raising a storm of protest.

This policy of training is now established, we believe firmly for all time, as a definite policy for our armies. Men in the service are given opportunities for promotion. Two per cent of the best men are recommended for entrance into the officers' training camps, and all are encouraged to try.

America has indeed awakened.

## The Flying Fish

Continued from page 13

"Neither he nor Endicott will talk," replied McCord. "But his pockets contained letters addressed to him, Samuel Whitney."

"And the address?"

"The Moreland bachelor apartments. Stromberg is over there now."

The telephone rang as he spoke. He answered it.

"Stromberg? Endicott's address? . . . Wait for Benchley and Larsen. . . No, meet them at the southwest corner of University Place and Fourteenth Street. In ten minutes."

He hung up the desk telephone beside which he sat.

"Get Larsen," he ordered. "Meet Stromberg. Go to Endicott's apartment. If the girl's there—there's a chance she might be there. Where else could she be? She doesn't know anyone in New York—" He spoke dreamily, as one soliloquizing, arguing to himself.

"The police?" suggested Benchley nervously.

McCord shook his head. "The Birmingham is watched; so is the Charlton. If the police, even plain-clothes men, had been there, I'd know it. And those places are the first places the police would go to if Miss Kildare had gone to them."

"But what's her idea of locating Breen?" asked Benchley.

"What is her idea in turning on me at all?" retorted McCord harshly. "I don't know. But she won't try the police yet awhile. And Endicott's apartment—Well, we'll learn more of Endicott. If he's a Government agent—"

Benchley turned white. "You don't think that?"

"What can I think? A girl that I've befriended turns on me. She plots against me. Fetch Larsen and start."

"But what'll we do with them? With Breen and her? You don't want any rough stuff—"

"Breen?" McCord's eyes were hard, and his voice lost its soliloquizing tone. "Breen? We have enough prisoners here. Get rid of Breen. As for Miss Kildare, it doesn't matter what she has done, how she feels toward me, Benchley. Let that be thoroughly understood. I want her here—unharmful."

"It won't be easy. A woman can make more noise—"

"Go," said McCord.

THE doorbell of Endicott's apartment rang. Breen looked at Fabian.

"Get a hustle on, nigger," he ordered. "You might keep the lady waiting. Answer the bell."

Even as Fabian had been luxuriating in the free play of his snobbery, showing his contempt for the poor white trash that he was compelled to shelter by Miss Kildare's orders, so Breen was luxuriating in his snobbery: giving orders to a negro servant. That the negro servant fairly hurled contempt in his face did not bother Breen in the slightest. He grinned up at the angry face of Fabian, the face almost white in its anger.

"Speed up, coon, speed up," he jeered.

Well, Mist' Farley was in danger. He must endure. So Fabian answered the doorbell. It was unfortunate for Fabian, but more unfortunate for Breen, that the ex-convict had chosen to anger the negro. For anger made Fabian forget caution.

There was a chain on the door, which would have permitted it to open but a few inches. There was no certainty, merely assumption, that Leila Kildare was outside the door. Though uncomprehending the mysterious forces at work against Endicott, Fabian was no fool. He realized that they must be powerful forces. And he would have thought of the possibility of enemies having traced Endicott's apartment had

not a couple of hours of Breen's companionship so aroused his wrath that he was almost incapable of thinking.

He flung the door wide. The expostulation that he planned to utter to Miss Kildare changed to a strangled cry. For the burly Larsen was through the door and upon the colored servant immediately the way was unbarred. And the equally burly Stromberg crashed into the apartment. Breen, weak and sickly, could have put up no fight anyway. But he had no chance. Stromberg was upon him, choking him, before Breen could lift a finger.

The cautious Benchley was last in the apartment. He entered then only because no signs of alarm, that would have proved the presence of others in the rooms, were heard.

"Easy, Stromberg," he counseled.

Stromberg released his grip of the gasping Breen.

"Keep quiet?" he asked.

Breen's eyes rolled. He swallowed convulsively; he nodded acquiescence. Larsen entered, dragging Fabian. The negro was thrust into a chair. He was conscious, though barely so.

"Now, listen, you two birds," said Benchley. The dapper man, now that violence was done with, took command.

"We got no time to waste on you," he continued. "You, Breen! What's your game?"

"I—no game—at all," blurted Breen.

"Where's the girl?" demanded Benchley. "No use stalling. You're Breen, all right, the guy that threatened McCord. I've been told what you look like, and you're the guy. Now, what are you doing down here? And where's the girl?"

THE fear of death was in the heart of Breen. "I—she left me—at the Vanderbilt. I—she came to me, and threatened to jail me, and—I dunno where she is."

Benchley turned to Fabian. "You work for Endicott?"

"Who you talkin' to?" demanded Fabian. They could abuse his body as they chose, but no word about Endicott or any of Endicott's friends would they win from him.

"I'm talking to you," blustered Benchley. With Larsen and Stromberg here to wreak any punishment he saw fit upon the feeble captives, Benchley exulted in the feeling of power.

"You're Endicott's servant, all right. We learned all about you from the valet of a guy named Whitney. Funny what a ten-dollar note will do." Which was a libel upon the loyalty of the valet-cook-chambermaid-Jap of Whitney, who had given up information only because Stromberg had posed as a newspaper man anxious to give credit in the public prints to Whitney's valor as a fighting birdman.

"A ten-hundred-dollar note won't do no good with me," asserted Fabian stoutly. "I got nothin' to tell you trash."

"What did McCord say?" asked Stromberg.

"Nothing about the coon. Said to bump this bird Breen off."

"But listen," cried Breen, "I don't know a thing. I—"

Larsen cut him short with a blow. He turned to Benchley. "Ring up McCord."

Benchley found the telephone in the next room. He returned in a moment. His sallow face was dead white. His waxed mustaches seemed limp. He addressed himself to Breen and Fabian.

"If either of you birds got anything to say, and want to save your skins, now's the time to say it," he announced.

"So help me, God, mister," pleaded Breen. "I don't know a thing about Mr. McCord, except that I used to know him years ago, and—"



"Don't know this Endicott guy?"

"Never heard of him until this girl that looked me up told me to drive to this apartment, and—"

He was telling the truth. Fear inspired sincerity.

"What did you go to the police for and tell them about McCord?" queried Benchley.

"So help me, I never did."

"Mean to say you never tipped a soul off about seeing McCord? Who he was?"

"Honest, I never—"

Too late Breen saw the trap. Fool that he was! If he had lied, made them think— But that was the end of Breen. From the body of the ex-convict, grotesquely sprawled where Larsen's black-jack had knocked it, Benchley turned to Fabian. It was with difficulty that the dapper criminal spoke. He was McCord's right-hand man, McCord's assistant planner; he was not the doer, and the sight of deeds made him flinch.

"You see—what he got? Where's the Kildare girl? And how long has she known Endicott? Come through!"

Fabian met the eyes of the threatener. "White trash," he enunciated painfully, his throat aching with the effort to speak, "you kin go plumb to the Pit, where you b'longs, and—"

The same weapon, red now, that had quenched Breen's speech, cut short the defiance of Fabian.

Benchley staggered into the next room. Nausea overwhelmed him. Not even Larsen's and Stromberg's sneers could arouse him for minutes.

"All right, pup," sneered Larsen. "Stick around until the cops come—"

Benchley staggered to the door. "The girl—if she comes here—she'll tell—"

"Buck up," jeered Stromberg. "If the girl comes, we'll be here. It ain't safe to wait right here. She might bring cops with her. Y'can't tell about the dame, even if she is scared we'll put the skids under Endicott. But outside—and listen, Benchley! You're the fair-haired boy with McCord, but you're a deuce to Larsen and me and a few others. You're not going over to McCord now. You're going to stick with me and Larsen. If the girl comes along, you help grab her. There's the chair in this business and, believe me, I'm game enough to risk the chair, but I ain't goin' to let you take any smaller risk. You're in on what's just happened and, believe me, you're goin' to be in on whatever else happens. Get it?"

BENCHLEY "got it." He was not popular with McCord's followers. Those followers did not mind the fact that McCord never figured in scenes of violence. But he was their leader. Benchley was, they felt, a sycophant. Further, besides despising his cowardice, they mistrusted his loyalty. Better men than Benchley had saved their necks by betrayal to the police. It was as well, now that opportunity presented itself, to involve Benchley as deeply in actual physical crime as they were themselves involved.

Sick though he was, frightened to the rat's soul of him, Benchley stayed in University Place. It was he whom Leila saw talking with Larsen, this aid to McCord whom she had never seen before, as she sped down University Place in the taxicab.

(To be continued next week)

## The Gypsy Division Goes In

Continued from page 7

like: we wondered just on what sort of an expedition we had so lightly embarked. The worst of the situation was the silence. If only a shell or two had dropped to give reality, to explain, as it were, how all these holes had come—that is, gradually, in slow cumulation, we would have felt better. But there was not a shot, there was not a sound; what we saw seemed to have come all at once, in one tremendous squall of steel, and the possibility of a sudden repetition hung poised in a tremendous menace over our heads. In a little while we came to another village; in spite of the darkness we could see by its silhouette that it had been shockingly bombarded, and the crossroads at its entrance, the fields about, had the appearance of a scape seen in the moon. Here we steered our car up against a great haystack, and got out to walk the rest of the way. The Fords were to go on farther, but before we could signal them they ran off on the wrong road. This, of course, necessitated quite a maneuver. The road was narrow, and I have told what there was to its right and its left—let alone on it. The Fords began backing and filling. The drivers were rattled; they used much gas; the little machines made the noise of a million devils: it seemed impossible the boche should not hear; it seemed impossible the strange truce should continue. Unwittingly we bent our backs, expecting the rain to fall. Never have I heard such a racket as these little Fords were making; our teeth were on edge. Finally the leading car made a triumphal getaway in the field, and then slowly, very slowly and gradually, backed into a shell hole. R-r-r-rump she went, and then was still. We cranked her up. The driver set her at her task with open throttle; she did not move, but filled the universe with her abominable clamor. The other driver sprang from his seat to help; he left his car throbbing with full gas on. We seemed fairly to be shrieking to the boche the news of our presence.

Well, we all gathered about that luckless little car and pushed with bursting veins and no result, and finally getting down on all fours to view closer her situation, found that the wheel which was in the shell hole was whirling and whirling in the void, for the shell hole was bigger, much bigger, than the wheel. The body of the car was on the ground. We looked solemnly at each other and said: "By Jove, by Jove (only we didn't say 'By Jove'), we've got to unload her, by Jove." If her load had been furniture, or the week's washing, it would not have been so bad—yes, it would have been bad anyhow, for we were on crossroads. I don't know if the peaceful people back home know the true inwardness of

crossroads. Let me say simply that if the boche loves roads (he is always caressing them with his 150's and his 210's), he loves a place where two roads cross not twice as much, but four times as much, and one where three meet, not three times as well, but nine times, and that as we stood about that miserable little roaring Ford, four roads came together and tangled themselves up beneath our feet—oh, it was a beautiful place! And we were not unloading laundry nor pianos, but ammunition—which is much more explosive. We went at it with a will, piling out the nice boxes and trays like cordwood, and looking over our shoulders meanwhile like so many thieves. Soon we had spread out upon the white road the finest little munition dump imaginable. We did not leave it long. Picking the Ford up bodily out of its hole, we stoked that ammunition back into it like bakers shoveling loaves, and then sent both little cars off, roaring and rejoicing.

### "Where Is the Church?"

THE men had gone on ahead; we had seen them vanish into the night, spread out fan-fashion over the field so as to offer poor target. The Fords rounded a turn and now also disappeared. As for us, being officers and gentlemen (except two, who were journalists), we decided to short-cut through the village. It was a sinister little village. Some houses were mere stumps, others were jagged teeth, others skeletons against the sky, and others were just holes; our feet crunched on all sorts of debris, and we hated the noise of it and felt as if in a place where, an hour ago, murder had been done. I recognized the ruins of the chateau, the ruins of the church—and then, suddenly, I knew we were lost. Following our major, we were running into one cul-de-sac after the other, darting to the left, to the right, trying to get out of the village and not getting out—exactly as in a first-class nightmare. The major would plant himself at a street corner (always a street corner, which is city for crossroads). He would spread his map, balance his compass, send on both the luminous shaft of his electric torch, then would dash off muttering: "I've got it"—and we'd find ourselves in the center of the place once more. "What is it you're looking for, what is it you're looking for?" we asked at length, all together. "The church, the church," he answered, "where is the church?" "You mean on your map?" we cried. "You want to know where the church is on your map?" "No," he shouted, highly disgusted. "I want the real church, the church that is in the town! If I can only find that, I'll know my way out!" "Good Lord!" we cried. "Good Lord! we've been running circles

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around the church for twenty minutes!" Which was true. When the major had made his reconnaissance the night before the church had had a steeple. Now it had none—and he, being a West Point man, accustomed to seeing everything in its right place, could not recognize it.

### The Infantry Goes In

ALL this time the strange truce had held, as though some profound evil were being meditated against us. Now, however, it broke, and it was almost a relief to have it break so normally. We were on the road just out of the town, going toward the lines, when the first one came. We heard her far off, far off as if starting from the horizon. She came rather slowly and heavily, leisurely—wheee, wheee, wheee, wheee, wheee for a long time—it seemed thirty seconds at least—then abruptly let out a demoniac shriek. We threw ourselves on our noses, and a tremendous concussion shook us like rats. Subsidiary buzzings went through the air with nasal twangs; stuff rained down all about us—just stuff: we did not stop to find out what. We rose and went on. "That was a 210," said the major in the tone of a connoisseur, and with a certain satisfaction at the importance of the thing we had drawn—then stopped, listening. From afar off, from the very confines of the horizon, another was coming—wheee, wheee, wheee, wheee, just a little flat-wheeled. Again we flopped, like men after a fumbled football; legs went up in the air, then slapped the earth. And thus we went along the road, and, leaving it, up along the side of a ridge—a hundred feet or so, at a half trot, then down on the ground, a hundred feet at a half trot, then flat again. It was rather fun too—if anyone will believe me. For one thing, this repetition of going down, then up, was a wonderful exercise. The blood coursed fast and free through our veins, and when the blood courses thus fast and free, one is happy—that is all there is to happiness! Besides, we felt what children feel in their games and what men feel in theirs: we were playing a sort of intense hide and go seek, and we were also getting all the emotions of poker or roulette. Tag and roulette, that was it, both together and multiplied by a million—pity the poor guy who never goes to war!

We reached the position at last. It was at the top of the ridge, at the point where it ended like the prow of a ship, and it was hidden in green brush. Up there, commanding the "mitrailleurs" whose place we were taking, the French lieutenant awaited

us with his sergeant. He was an old boy, with a beard, in a rusty uniform, not at all elegant or jaunty, and he smoked a pipe. His sergeant was still older, if anything, a grizzled noncom worn with all the vigils and wears and tears of the long war. Their men had just gone. I had seen the last one vanish down into the night as we arrived—and these two seemed to have been here alone on top of this hill for centuries and centuries of vigilance and combat. Their uniforms were wrinkled and worn; they looked dead tired, but their eyes burned. And we, the major, the captain, the young lieutenants, the men (they had arrived with us)—we looked indeed the *relève*, as is the French word, the relief. We came, panting a little with our exertion; we had flopped a good deal on the way; but we were here, young and ardent, full of a half joyous and terrible eagerness.

The lieutenant looked at us a moment, pulling at his pipe, a bit stupefied—stupefied by the noise we were making, the clatter and tumult and indiscreet vigor of our coming. He looked at us a long while thus, pulling at his pipe—then he took the pipe out of his mouth and smiled, seeing, I think, the symbol enacted up there on the hill in the night. And his old sergeant went up to our foremost man and took from him his machine gun and placed it in position, then went to the second and took from him his gun and placed it in position, and then to the third and placed his gun in position. Twelve times he did this, till all the guns were in, their slight and terrible muzzles all turned upon the plain where, invisible in the darkness, the Teutonic hordes spread. When this had been done the two, their backs humped a little bit as if still carrying the memory of a heavy burden, went off down the path and out of sight.

We followed a little later, the major, Forrest, and I, having left the captain, the young lieutenants, and the men on the hill. And it was then we saw the infantry going in. They were filing along the bottom of a little draw—two lines, ten feet apart, coming out of the night and vanishing again in the night. A heavy shell fire was above and about them, but they never broke their formation nor bowed their heads. They moved forward smoothly, as if sliding, in perfect silence, all erect, helmeted and grim, new knights entering without a tremor the most terrible adventure the world has ever seen.

Mr. Hopper's next article from France will appear in an early issue.

### Little Cousin Sarah

Continued from page 9

"Here's Noble Dill," said Florence. "I guess he's goin' to try to go walkin' with you too, Aunt Julia, no matter what you told him."

Julia's lovely color became the token of sheer consternation as she turned toward the gate, which had just clicked behind the nervously advancing form of Noble Dill. He came with a bravado that was merely pitiable, and he tried to snap his Orduma cigarette away with thumb and forefinger in careless fashion, only to see it publicly disappear through an open cellar window of the house.

"I hope there's no excelsior down there," said Newland Sanders. "A good many houses have burned to the ground just that way."

"It fell on the cement floor," Florence reported, peering into the window. "It'll go out pretty soon."

"Then I suppose we might as well do the same thing," said Newland, addressing Julia first and Mr. Dill second. "Miss Atwater and I are just starting for a walk."

Mr. Ridgely also addressed the new arrival. "Miss Atwater and I are just starting for a walk."

"You see, Noble," said the kind-hearted Julia, "I did tell you I had another engagement."

"You said an-other," Mr. Dill responded in a tone which commingled timidity, love, and a fatal stubbornness. "I came by here—I mean I just happened to be passing—and I thought if it was a walking party—Well, why not go along? That's the way it struck me." He paused, coughing for courage and trying to look easily genial, but not succeeding; then he added: "Well, as I say, that's the way it struck me—as it were. I suppose we might as well be starting."

"Yes, we had!" was the severe rejoinder of Mr. Sanders; and he placed himself at Julia's left, seizing upon her parasol and opening it determinedly.

Mr. Ridgely kept himself closely at the lady's right. "You were mistaken, Noble, my boy," he said, falsely benevolent. "It really isn't a walking party—though there's Miss Florence, Noble. Nobody's asked her to go walking today!"

But Florence took this satire literally. She hopped up from the cellar window and said brightly: "I just as soon! Let's do have a walking party. I just as soon walk with Mr. Dill as anybody, and we can all keep together—kind-of." With that she stepped confidently to the side of the selected escort, who appeared to be not too joyously overcome by her kindness, yet at a loss how to avert it.

There was a moment of hesitation, during which a malevolent pleasure slightly disfigured the countenances of the two gentlemen who stood with Julia; but when Florence pointed to a house across the street and remarked: "There's Great-uncle Milford and Aunt C'nelia; they been lookin' out of their second spare-room window about half an hour," Julia uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, good Heavens!" she said, and moved with decision toward the gate. "Let's go!"

THUS the little procession started. Mr. Sanders and the sprightly widower at beauty's side, with Florence and Mr. Dill so close behind that, before they had gone a block, Newland found it necessary to warn this rear rank that the heels of his new shoes were not part of the pavement. After that the rear rank, a little abashed, consented to fall back some paces.



Julia's heightened color, meanwhile, was little abated by some slight episodes attending the progress of the walking party. Her aunt, Fanny Patterson, rocking upon a porch, rose and evidently called to some one within the house, whereupon she was joined by her invalid sister, Aunt Carrie, with a trained nurse and two elderly domestics, all summoned obviously to act as a whispering audience for the walking party until it had passed. And in the front yard of "the Henry Atwater house," at the next corner, young Cousin Herbert Atwater underwent a genuine bedazzlement at sight of the party; but he affected more. His violent gaze dwelt longest upon Florence, and he permitted his legs slowly to crumple under him, until, just as the party came nearest him, he lay prostrate upon his back in a dead swoon, abashing Florence, however, but little. Afterward he rose and followed for a time in a burlesque manner; then decided to return home.

"Old heathen," said Florence, glancing back over her shoulder as he disappeared from view.

Mr. Dill was startled from a reverie inspired by the back of Julia's head. "Heathen?" he said in plaintive inquiry.

"I meant Herbert," Florence informed him. "Cousin Herbert Atwater. He was following us, walking Dutch." "Cousin Herbert Atwater?" said Noble dreamily. "Dutch?"

"He won't any more," said Florence. "He always has to show off, now his voice is changing." She spoke, and she also walked, with dignity—a rather dashing kind of dignity, which was what Herbert's eccentricity of gait intended to point out injuriously. In fact, never before had Florence been so impressed with herself; never before, indeed, had she been a member of a grown-up nonfamily party; never before had she gone walking with an actual adult young man for her escort; and she felt that she owed it to her position to appear in as brilliant an aspect as possible. She managed to give herself a rhythmical, switching motion, as she walked, sufficient to cause her knee-length skirts to swing from side to side—a pomp bringing her the brightest satisfaction as she now and then caught the effect by stretching her head far enough to see down behind, over her shoulder. And in general superciliousness of attitude and expression she reached heights which inevitably would have attracted attention from passers-by if Julia had not been so near.

This high poise of Florence was temporarily threatened when the walking party passed her own house. Her mother happened to be sitting near an open window upstairs, and, after gazing forth with warm interest at Julia and her two outwalkers, Mrs. Atwater's astonished eyes fell upon Florence taking care of the overflow. Florence bowed gracefully.

"Florence!" her mother called down from the window; whereupon both Florence and her aunt Julia were instantly apprehensive, for Mrs. George Atwater's lack of tact was a legend in the family. "Florence! Where on earth are you going?"

"Never mind," Florence thought it best to respond. "Never mind."

"You'd better come in," Mrs. Atwater called, her voice necessarily louder as the walking party moved onward.

"Never mind," Florence called back. Mrs. Atwater leaned out of the window. "Where are you going? Come back and get your hat. You'll get a sunstroke!"

Florence was able to conceal her indignation, and merely waved a hand in airy dismissal as the walking party passed from Mrs. Atwater's sight, leaving her still shouting.

Her daughter smiled negligently and shrugged her shoulders. "She'll get over it!" she said.

"Who?"

"My mother. She was the one making all that noise," said the damsel. "Sometimes I do what she says; sometimes I don't. It's all according to the way I feel." She looked up in her companion's face, and her expression became politely fond as she thought how uncouth he was, for in Florence's eye Noble Dill was truly rare, exquisite, and unfamiliar; and she believed that he was also, too, whatever that meant. She had thought a great deal about him, and no longer ago than yesterday she had told Kitty Silver that she couldn't see "how Aunt Julia could look at anybody else!"

Florence's selection of Noble Dill

for the bright traveler of her dream skies was one of her own mysteries. Noble was not beautiful; neither did he present to the ordinary eye of man anything especially rare, exquisite, unfamiliar, or even so far distinguished as to be obsolete. Except for the emotions within him, he was in all the qualities of his mind, as well as in his bodily contours and the apparel which sheltered these, the most everyday and commonplace person of twenty-two-and-a-half in Florence's visible world. The less exposed portions of the first and second fingers of his left hand bore cigarette stains, seemingly indelible; the first and second fingers of his right hand were strongly ornamented in a like manner; tokens which proved him ambidextrous to but a limited extent, however. Moreover, his garments and garnitures were not so notable as those of either Newland Sanders or that dapper antique, Mr. Ridgely. Noble's straw hat might have brightened under the treatment of lemon juice or other restorative; his tie was folded to conceal a spot which his mother would have gasolined to nothingness had he urged her, and his own recent efforts upon his trousers with a tepid iron, in his bedchamber at home, had achieved no coercion but a mere wheedling which failed now to conceal proofs that cloth responds to repeated pressure of the human knee.

ALL in all, nothing except the expression of Noble's face and the somewhat ill-chosen pansy in his buttonhole hinted something indeed remarkable about him. Yet even that was something for which he was not responsible himself; it was altogether the work of Julia. What her work was, in the case of Noble Dill, may be expressed in a word—a word used not only by the whole Atwater family connection, in completely expressing Noble's condition, but by Noble's own whole family connection as well. This complete word was "awful."

Florence was the one exception on the Atwater side; she was far, far from thinking or speaking of Noble Dill in that way, although, until she looked up "uncouth" in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, she had not found suitable means to describe him. And now, as she walked at his side, she found the experience nothing short of thrilling. For it must ever be borne in mind that this was her first and wholly unexpected outburst into society; her sensations were those of an obscure and irresponsible aerolite suddenly enveloped in the terrestrial air and become a noble meteor. Her cousin Herbert would have felt as she did had he been transformed (in the twinkling of an eye) from an ordinary thirteen-year-old boy to the rider of a caparisoned horse in the van of a parading brass band. Florence longed to say or do something magnificent—something strange and exhilarating, in keeping with her new station in life.

It was this longing, and by no means a confirmed unveracity, which prompted her to amplify her comments upon her own filial independence. "Oh, I guess I pretty near never do anything I don't want to," she said. "I kind of run the house to suit myself. I guess if the truth had to be told, I just about run the whole Atwater family, when it comes to that!"

The statement was so noticeable that it succeeded in turning Noble's attention from the back of Julia's head. "You do?" he said, and his tone was one of genuine inquiry. His condition was such, in fact, that he was unable to apply his mind properly to matters which came before it. "Well, that seems queer," he added absently.

"Oh, I don't know!" she laughed, though perhaps unnaturally. In her increasing exaltation things appeared actually to be as she wished them to be; an atmosphere both queenly and adventurous seemed to invest her, and no doubt any remnants of human caution in her were assuaged to peace by the circumstance that her aunt Julia's attention was subject to the strong demands necessarily imposed upon anybody taking a walk between two gentlemen who do not "speak" to each other. "Oh, I don't know," said Florence. "The family's used to it by this time, I guess. The way I do things, they *had* to be, I guess. When they don't like it I don't say much for a while, then I just—" She paused, waiting for her imagination to supply a sequel to the drama just sketched. "Well, I guess they kind of find out they better," she concluded darkly. "They don't bother around too much!"

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others have turned the corner. She—  
they—

But Florence lifted the baby from  
its carriage and swung it dangerously  
to and fro, and up and down, in the air.  
"Rockums by baby," she sang. That is,  
her intention was musical. "Rockums  
by baby in ums tree top—"

Noble became a little more pressing,  
though timidly so. "She—they really  
might get away from us altogether,"  
he said. "We'd better—"

Florence replaced the baby in the  
carriage, where its vehemence did not  
abate. She was incapable of parting  
from it.

"Oh, I couldn't leave poor little Sarah  
alone like this, Mr. Dill!" she exclaimed  
importantly. "Just look! Sitting all  
alone out here on the sidewalk in front  
of a vacant lot with nobody at all any-  
where around!" Then she remembered  
a grown-up phrase that would do hand-  
somely. "Why, her mother would never  
forgive me in the world!"

"But her mother or her nurse or  
somebody has probably just gone some-  
where for a minute or—"

"Why, how could we tell?" the deter-  
mined girl inquired reproachfully. "It's  
my own second cousin, little Sarah At-  
water Burgess, and they have a very  
careless colored darky nurse for her.  
She might not come back for her at all.  
Oh, I couldn't leave her like this, Mr.  
Dill!"

"But the nurse might not come back  
for a long time," Noble suggested deso-  
lately, looking over his shoulder in the  
direction of the corner where the rest  
of the walking party had vanished.  
"I'm afraid if we don't hurry—"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said  
Florence with brightest enthusiasm.  
"We'll take her with us! We can't  
leave her here, and I'd just love to have  
her along. We can take her with us  
on the walking party, and then we'll  
take her home. You push the wagon,  
and I'll walk along close 'side of it and  
keep quieting her."

"But—"  
"It'll be just lovely!" Florence in-  
sisted warmly. "Take hold of the  
handlebar and push; that's all you  
have to do, Mr. Dill."

If Noble had not feared to lose the  
favor of this powerful influence with  
Julia's dreaded father, he might have  
offered further demur, in obedience to  
various reasoning voices within him.  
He had a hazy notion that it was not  
entirely proper to walk away with a  
baby in this manner, even at the com-  
mand of the infant's second cousin, but  
much more keenly he felt a strong re-  
pulsion toward the idea of pushing a  
baby carriage under any circumstances,  
and particularly in a walking party of  
which Julia Atwater was a member.

Florence was too much for him.  
"Hurry, Mr. Dill!" she commanded.  
"It's absolutely the only thing we can  
do. The family'd never forgive me if  
I left this child out here in the street  
like this—never in the world! If that  
ole colored darky woman comes back,  
and Sarah isn't here, it'll be a lesson  
to her; that's all. We got to take her,  
Mr. Dill, and that's just everything  
there is to it! You  
take hold of the  
handlebar and  
push; I'll keep the  
baby quiet."

After a mute  
search of all hori-  
zons, Noble aban-  
doned hope of a  
providential nurse,  
took hold of the  
handlebar, and  
pushed, while Flo-  
rence walked beside  
the perambulator,  
flourished her arms  
and itchy-cooed at  
the top of her  
voice. The baby re-  
sponded in volume  
and pitch, but not  
in kind; for so long  
as his eyes, every  
time he opened  
them, were able to  
see the source of  
his terrors still  
persistent near  
him, he naturally  
endeavored to ex-  
press his desire to  
escape from its  
presence. And this  
interlude of the  
walking party  
brought Florence  
some minutes as  
nearly perfect as  
may be known by  
a human being—

she was playing that she was the  
mother and Noble Dill the father.

She convinced herself that one or two  
strangers, passing the group, took this  
to be the situation.

It was a rapture.

THEY turned the corner and saw the  
others of the walking party at a con-  
siderable distance in advance of them,  
for Julia, in her stride, went like a  
strong fugitive. Noble was in two minds  
as to the wisdom of coming up with her,  
but when he beheld the charmed figure  
thus hastening and fluttering against  
the afternoon light, he could not choose;  
his feet would have borne him forward  
had the baby he perambulated been  
twins. Noble hurried; he hurried and  
perspired; his complexion could not  
safely have taken a more vivid tint.

The overstimulated Florence, mean-  
while, skipped and trotted beside the  
whooping perambulator, equaling it in  
vociferousness and in other ways help-  
ing to make lively the progress of the  
unusual little caravan. And presently  
Julia and her two close companions  
were conscious of something noisy not  
far behind them, but for a little time  
remained unaware that the noise bore  
any definite relation to themselves.  
During this interval the hubbub was  
continuously maintained at a distance  
of about eighty feet behind them.

Noble felt that to be close enough.  
His feeling toward the persons re-  
sponsible for his condition had become  
one of bitter animosity, mitigated, in  
respect to Florence, only by his coward-  
ly fear of offending her, but in respect  
to the baby not mitigated at all. If  
he could have been alone with the lat-  
ter for a few minutes, Noble would  
have said things that Mrs. Dill, his  
mother, did not know he knew.

Now approaching upon the opposite  
side of the street, there came lightly  
strolling a gentleman even more be-  
dizened than the merrily appareled  
Ridgely; and at sight of him Florence's  
championship of Noble temporarily pre-  
vailed over her passion for minister-  
ing to babies.

"Look," she said. "It's that ole  
Mister Clairdyce."

"Oh, I know him!" Noble muttered,  
but this was an understatement, since,  
like Newland Sanders and Mr. Ridgely,  
Noble and Mr. Clairdyce knew each other  
so well that they no longer "spoke."

Florence went on. "He's the one  
sent her the alligator when he was  
in Florida, and it was over three feet  
long. She had it put in the kitchen  
sink, and when Kitty Silver came down  
in the morning it was looking at her  
over the edge of it, and she never got  
so upset in her whole life! My, how  
grandpa does hate him!"

Mr. Clairdyce was destined to cause  
more trouble immediately. As he  
bowed to Julia, from across the street,  
he hesitated, and seemed of a mind  
brazenly to join the trio, but an in-  
sistent assault upon his ears had logi-  
cal effect upon his eyes; they roved  
unwillingly from Julia to the rear of  
her walking party, and opened wider  
in happy surprise.

With every element  
of conspicuousness  
he uttered a loud  
laugh, then went on  
his way, having  
abruptly changed  
his mind about join-  
ing the party.

His conspicuous  
laugh was what  
caused Julia to  
glance over her  
shoulder and come  
to a halt.

"Noble Dill!" she  
cried.

"Here we—here  
we are," Noble fal-  
tered.

"Whose child is  
that?"

"It's dear little  
Cousin Sarah At-  
water Burgess,"  
Florence explained  
complacently.  
"That ole colored  
darky nurse left  
her out on the side-  
walk by a vacant  
lot all alone."

"Then why didn't  
you leave her  
there?" demanded  
Julia, addressing  
herself principally  
to Noble Dill. And  
as he seemed un-  
able to explain, she  
turned upon Flo-  
rence.



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## Salesmanship

Continued from page 11

who has the kind of personality which smiles and shows its teeth and wiggles—yes, literally wiggles. When she approaches you to learn what brand of cigar you want, you feel as if you ought to propose marriage to her, if you happen to be unmarried, or, if married, that you should promise to do something for her in your will. Only yesterday I visited this place to buy three articles. I bought one, thrust it into my pocket, and escaped without the other two. The young lady put me positively into a panic. She used her personality until it hurt. Without doubt she was thinking: "How nice I am to this poor drab man. I'm treating him so differently from the way most sales girls would treat that type of man. I'll bet he appreciates it."

She did treat me differently, but I didn't appreciate it. Instead I got nervous and frightened. The young lady overplayed her personality. I wonder if our Indianapolis lady is at all like her. I wonder if she renders the Indianapolis dowagers, matrons, and misses a trifle uncomfortable by too much personality. I notice she makes it a point to select becoming colors and styles. Does she do it tactfully, or does her personality strike a patronizing note which unpleasantly reminds the shallow woman of her yellow skin and the stout woman of her embonpoint?

If my Indianapolis lady misuses her personality, I am rather confident that she overplays it. The vividness of her letter indicates that she would not be likely to underplay anything. However, there is the barest chance that she may underplay her personality. A noticeably restrained personality among salesmen and saleswomen is particularly a Fifth Avenue vice, yet it is not confined solely to Fifth Avenue. Restrained personality is like a too tightly laced corset. Neither is comfortable, and neither deceives anyone. The abstracted and condescending attitude of a salesman, who is conscious of his personality but has it on leash, is just as offensive and nonproductive as the gushing eccentricities of a salesman who gives full swing to his personality. If you think you have a "pleasing personality," you are pretty sure to pose, and no really good salesman is a poseur. Be sincerely agreeable. Learn—before a mirror if necessary—how to greet a customer, and after that forget yourself. If you have what you think is personality, leave all of it at home except that which you use in saying good morning or good afternoon. If you really have a pleasant personality, you will never know it. A self-conscious person cannot have a truly pleasant personality.

### "You Will Like This Shade"

WHAT has the foregoing to do with Getting the Order? Simply this: To get the order, unless the resolve to buy takes place in your customer's mind without the necessity of salesmanship on your part, you must forget yourself and adopt his viewpoint. You should endeavor to think of the article as he is thinking of it. When you attempt to intrigue his interest in a given article, you should emphasize his views—not your own. Instead of saying: "I recommend this," it is better to say: "Here is something that will please you, I think." Rather than say to madam: "Here is a color that I think you can wear," it is better to say to her: "You will like this shade, I feel quite confident."

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Intriguing and developing a customer's interest constitute a well-defined phase of salesmanship which may be discussed at greater length in another article. I touch upon the subject now merely to emphasize that in every step of a sale the salesman should speak through, rather than to, the mind of the buyer.

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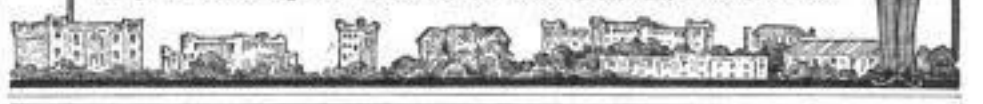
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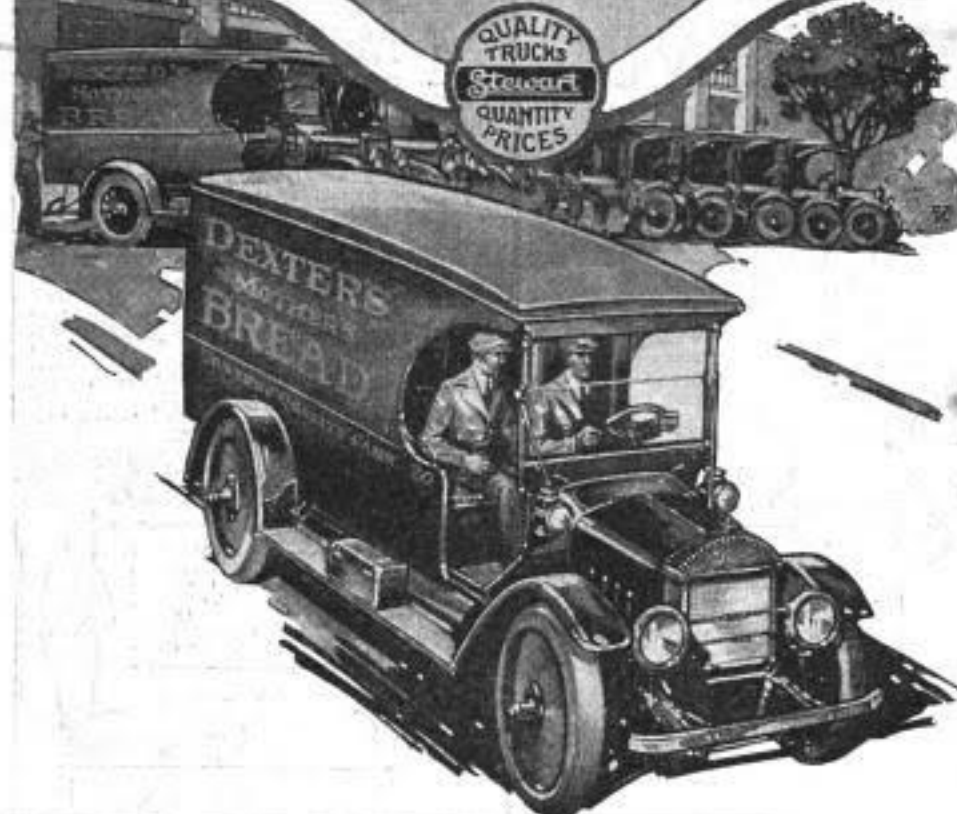
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to the ultimate phase of a sale, let us suppose that our hypothetical customer has reached a point where he—or she—really wants the article we are trying to sell. Such being the case, how do we "close the deal"? If we are good salesmen, we don't coax, we don't urge, we don't cajole. We don't say: "This will look lovely on you. I think you really should take it before some one else gets it." If we said that, it would be a backward step; it would have a tendency to reopen a question that should be foreclosed before we make our first attempt to get the order. Here is a rule which no salesman—or saleswoman—should ever forget: Don't try to get the order until you know you have made your customer want the goods. Then go forward; never retrace your steps. Say nothing and do nothing that is not predicated on the conviction that your customer is going to take the goods and that the only question is *when*—the big unspoken word in getting the order. No matter what the article is, if your customer really wants it, there is a more or less definite time *when* he would like to use it. In some cases you can surmise when that time is. It is easy to close Christmas sales, jewelry sales in June, and bunting sales just before the Fourth of July. You know your customers want the goods right away, and you proceed with supreme confidence to get their orders. A similar confidence is helpful in closing a sale at any time.

Madam likes a suit, but seems to hesitate. You might say: "You will want the suit by next Sunday, at the latest. We can manage that nicely if we get the fitter started right away. There is just enough time if we commandeer a fitter this afternoon. To be properly done, the alterations require time, and I particularly don't want this hurried. I want it to be a beautifully tailored garment."

That is one way to get an order, whether from a woman who is pricing a new suit or a man who is "thinking" of buying a new car. As I have often said, if the first steps of a sale are properly taken, closing is not difficult. Poor closers are poor beginners.

Dear lady from Indianapolis, have you gained so much as a single thought that will aid you? If you feel that you have not, read it all again. I truly believe that your keen intelligence will extract at least one idea that may be helpful to you.

### Suggestive Comparisons

I HAVE an interesting letter from a salesman in Paducah, Ky., and quote the following extract:

"I am employed by one of the largest retail clothing houses in Kentucky, and probably the largest in western Kentucky. We have built up our trade chiefly with the country people, such as farmers, traders, etc. Although I have been in the retail business all my life, this is without a doubt the most difficult trade to sell I ever experienced; the reasons are, first, because they do not want to pay the price for merchandise, and although they are getting more than double their original price for their products, still they do not realize that our merchandise has advanced too. We have quite a bit of trouble with some who do mail-order business. For instance, a man came in our store the other day for a pair of boy's overalls. My price was 90 cents. He would not buy, because he said he could 'send off' and get them for 79 cents. Second, if you price a suit of clothes to a yokel at \$15 and he says: 'I will give you \$10'—or most any price—what can any salesman do?"

The problem which you describe is an important one and should be disposed of before you make your attempt to "close the deal." If your goods are right and your prices are right, you need have no fear. The farmer is a wise old owl. He appreciates values, but tobacco buyers, wheat buyers, mule buyers, and others who bargain for his products have taught him to haggle. I can't believe that you are selling an all-wool suit for \$15, but assuming that you were and that your farmer customer objected to the price and offered \$10, how would it do to ask him what he paid for this same kind of suit two years ago? Suppose he answers \$10. Then ask him what he was getting for corn, wheat, tobacco, and mules two years ago. Next ask him if he has been watching the wool market. As the final clincher tell him that you will try to get permission to sell the suit for \$10 if he will agree to sell you ten bushels of corn at the same price he got

for his corn two years ago. Do all this pleasantly—not pugnaciously. The farmer is a lucky man and knows it.

When your farmer customer objects to your price of 90 cents and says that he can "send off" to a mail-order house and get a pair of overalls for 79 cents, suggest that he get a pair of the 79-cent mail-order overalls and have his boy wear them in comparison with a pair of your 90-cent overalls. Ask him if he really thinks the mail-order houses can give better values than you can. Remind him too of the cost of printing the catalogues, of the postage stamp and money order which he must buy, the transportation charges he must pay, and the delays he must endure if he buys from a mail-order house.

### "When"

HERE is a letter from a Newark, N. J., clothing salesman:

"I sell men's clothing at retail. Figuring the total amount of my sales, I would probably be considered a successful salesman in that line. Every person coming into the department is considered by me to be a potential buyer, even though his actions or words, upon approaching him, would indicate that he is merely shopping. I give them all my best attention and in many, many instances a man 'merely looking around' has been sold, but sometimes I feel too much time has been spent with a 'shopper' or a slow buyer, especially during a busy period. Now, my problem is, when shall I 'lay off' such a person and how can I diplomatically urge him to make up his mind? He gives no intimation either by word or sign that he will not buy; he continues looking at the stock and asking questions. I am therefore reluctant to leave him, as he may feel he is not receiving proper attention, nor can I tell him to hurry up and make up his mind. In the meantime I am losing a turn with some other prospective customer."

I should say that either the Newark man is too impatient or does not sufficiently develop a customer's interest in the one particular suit to which the customer seems most attracted. If a shopper gives no hint of his preference, I think it is good salesmanship for the salesman to select a suit which he considers suitable in respect of fabric, style, and color, and endeavor to center the prospect's interest on that particular suit. The desirable impression to give the potential buyer of clothing (either tailored to order or ready-made) is that he has had a wide variety from which to make a selection, but that there is one fabric or suit which stands out above all others as the fabric or suit he should have. When you get your customer interested in a certain suit the next step is to make him want it. Remember that no matter how carelessly he is attired or how much emphasis he may put on utility, wearing quality, cost, and other practical phases of the contemplated purchase, he is really wondering how he is going to look and what his friends will think of his new suit. Within proper limitations, a clothing salesman should aid his prospective customer in forming a pleasant mental picture of himself in the new suit. But don't say anything trite.

Assuming that you have brought your customer to a state of mind wherein he really wants a certain suit, there is no better closing talk than our old reliable "when." If there are no alterations to be made, the salesman might say:

"This is a Fifth Avenue fit, so there won't be any delay. I can get it out to your house to-night, I think, if I have it packed right away."

The time to "lay off" of a shopper is when you have tried and failed to close, or have been unable even to develop his interest and desire to a point where it seems advisable to attempt a close. One graceful way to admit your defeat is to say: "The best test of how well you will like this suit is to think the matter over for a couple of days and then come back and look at the suit again. Here's my card. I'll note the stock number on the card. When you come back, ask for me, and we'll size up the suit again. If you like it then as well as you do now, you can be sure that you'll never grow tired of it."

The foregoing method, or some adaptation of it, gets rid of a customer who isn't ready to buy, and offers some chance that he may come back to you.

Mr. Maxwell's next article will be entitled "How They Do It."





Which would you pick as a future winner?  
The young fellow who spends *all* his precious moments with the daily paper, or the other who, little by little, is gaining that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish him always as a *really well-read* man?

What are the few great books—histories,

novels, dramas, poems, biographies, books of science and travel, philosophy and religion—that “picture the progress of civilization”?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—40 years of it as President of Harvard University—has answered that question in The

# HARVARD CLASSICS

*The Five-Foot Shelf of Books*

We want to send you by mail at our expense a copy of a little guidebook to books, describing “The Harvard Classics.” “*To me,*” writes an inquirer, “*the little book opened the door of a vast new world of pleasure.*”

## Read this Booklet!

It is the most valuable little book of its kind ever written. It contains Dr. Eliot’s best advice to you, on just what and how to read; besides this, twelve delightful five-minute essays on literature; your copy is wrapped up and ready to mail; no obligation; merely clip this coupon now.

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# REO

## Looks Like Camouflage

But It Is Just the Reflection of the Surroundings  
In the Highly Finished Body of the New Reo Light Four

Referring of course, to the cut of the car at the bottom of the page.

Usually we retouch photographs of this kind to eliminate the reflections. That is what gives the average automobile illustration such a lifeless look.

Here is Reo beauty unadorned—the car is shown just as photographed, with the rippling road reflections in the mirror-like finish of the Reo.

And that outward beauty is a fitting cover—just as it is indicative of—the internal excellence of this newest product of the Reo plants.

Mechanically, this Light Four is the epitome of Reo experience and skill.

The Four is the ideal type of automobile for these times.

The ruggedness that is inherent in the four-cylinder principle and especially in Reo motors;—

The freedom from "temperamental ills" to which poly-cylinder cars are subject;—

The accessibility, the simplicity and the absolute interchangeability of parts;—

These render the Reo owner singularly free from the necessity of calling upon the garage man.

Skilled mechanics are scarce just now—Uncle Sam is using them in his war work.

Those that are available come high—and for the same reason.

The owner who can care for his own car is doing double duty.

So perfect is the interchangeability of this Reo, you yourself can, without any mechanical experience and with the most meagre mechanical understanding, make any adjustment or replace any part—at the expense of a suit of allovers.

In building more of this Light Four Model at this time we had these very conditions in mind.

The Dependability that is Reo is your guarantee from pesky little troubles and vexatious delays.

That Reo factor of safety "50% oversize" in all vital parts—driving shafts, gears, axles, bearings, etc.—is your guarantee against major troubles.

That buyers appreciate these qualities is evidenced in a demand greater than the possible output.

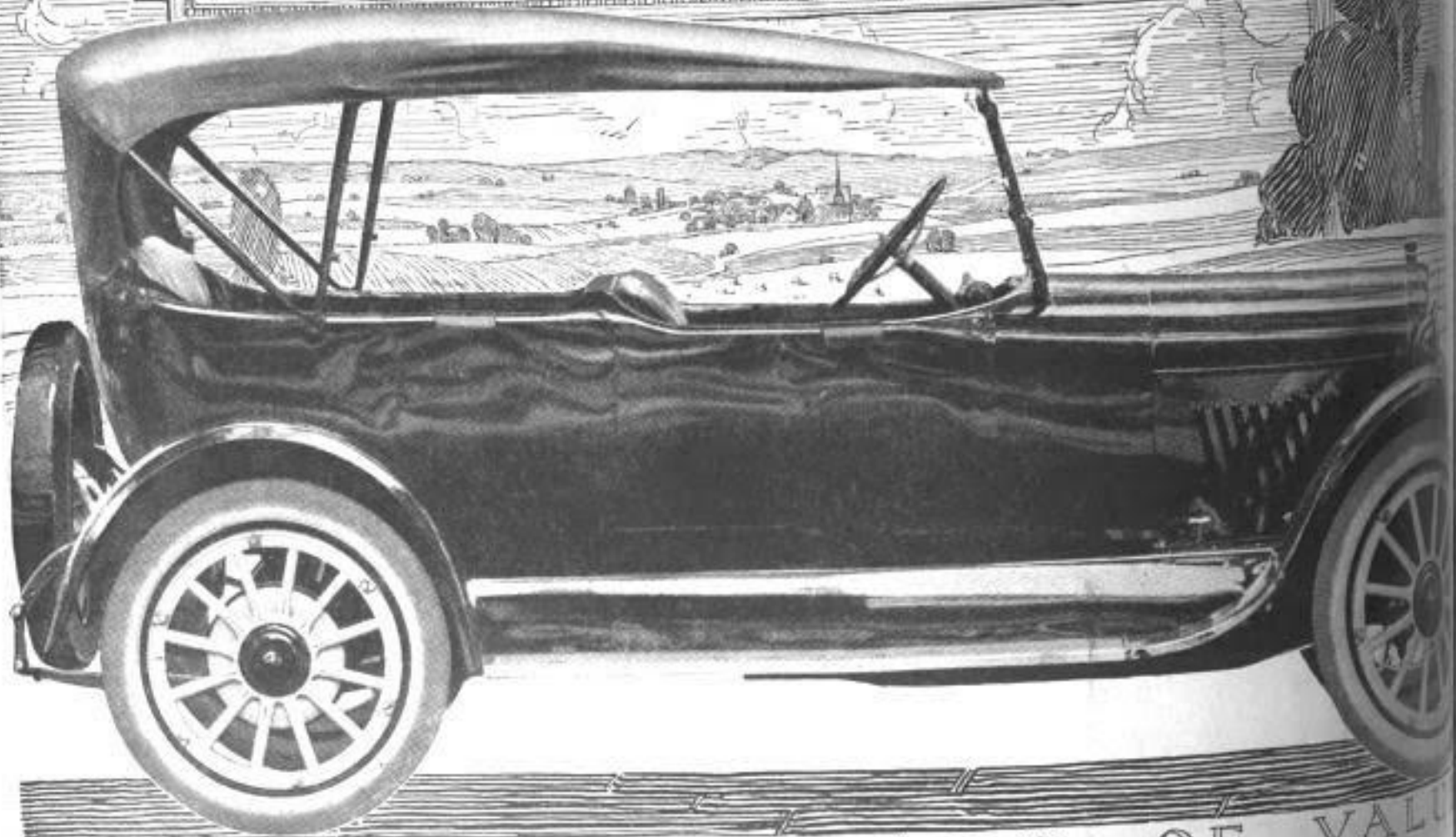
Our problem is not to sell, but to make enough of them.

They are coming faster now and if your order is in your Reo dealer's hands at once he can promise you a reasonably early delivery.

But don't delay—today won't be a minute too soon.

*P. S.—We feel we ought to suggest that it behooves the prospective buyer, nowadays more than ever, to look carefully into the resources, financial and otherwise; and especially the sources of supply, of concerns whose product is offered to him. If you neglect this, you may find yourself a year hence with no source from which to obtain replacement parts—no manufacturer to stand back of the "guarantee."*

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.



THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUE



5 cents a copy  
10 cents in Canada  
August 10, 1918

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

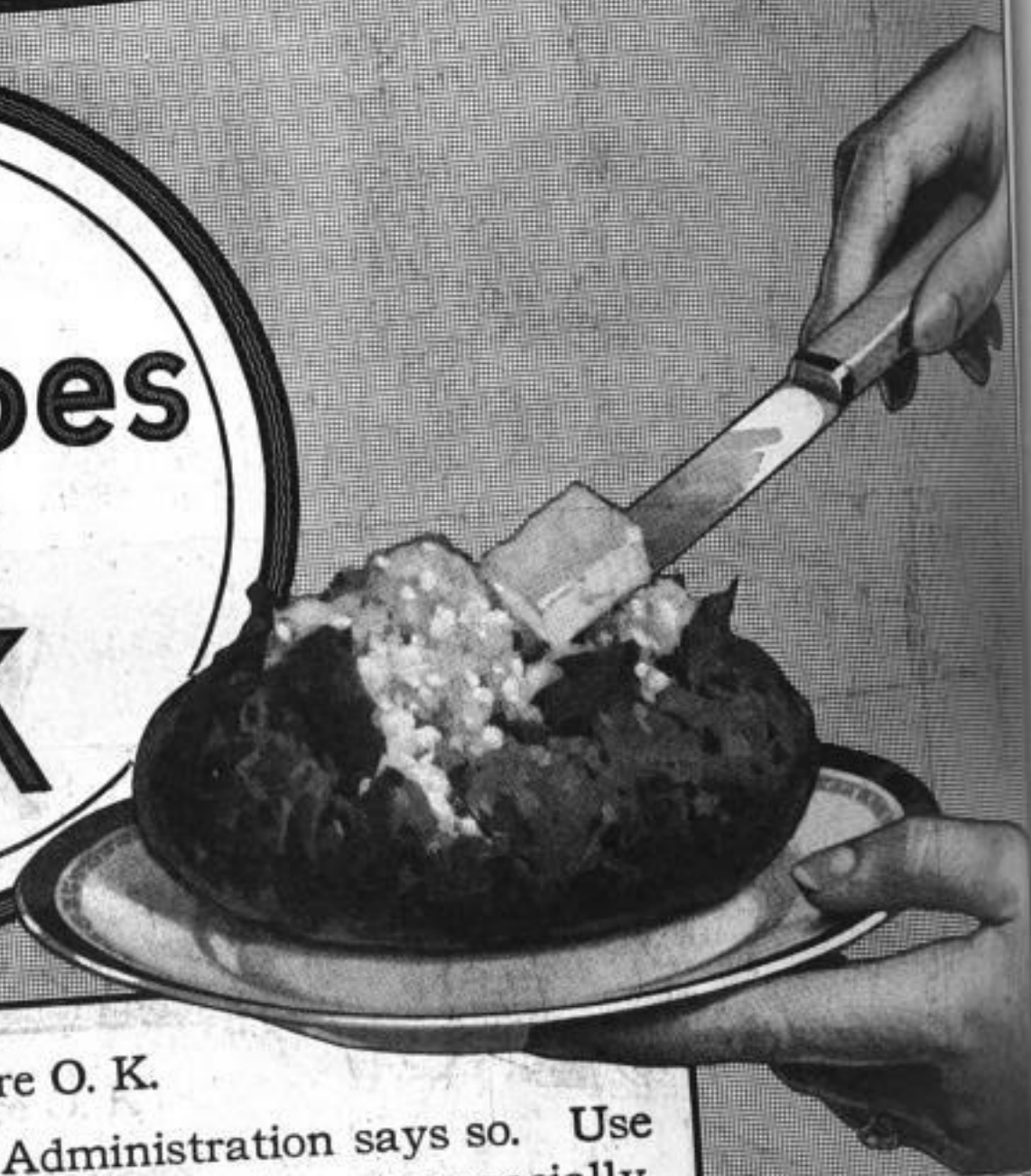


## The Doughboys Make Good

more than a million Every week



Potatoes  
are  
OK



Potatoes are O. K.

The Food Administration says so. Use lots of them, they want you to, especially.

And does anything taste better? Think of a big mealy baked potato—with a lump of butter, pepper, salt and paprika.

And what cooking does for raw potatoes it does for "raw" tobacco—gives flavor. Burley tobacco—toasted—has made Lucky Strike cigarette famous. It's toasted.

# LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE



20  
for  
15c

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross.

It's  
toasted

Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco*  
INCORPORATED





Painting by F. C. Yohn

© Comm. on Pub. Inf. 1918

## "AMERICA'S ANSWER"

*Second U. S. Official War Feature*

### See our boys go over the top at Cantigny!

**G**ENERAL PERSHING himself sent to this country much of the material included in "America's Answer"—the second Official Government War Film, now playing at the Geo. M. Cohan Theater, New York; the Forrest Theater, Philadelphia; and the Majestic Theater, Boston.

See our boys building a 3-mile pier in a French port; assembling American locomotives; baking bread—each loaf stamped with the company's trade-mark.

See huge heaps of Yankee shoes being salvaged—quantities of worn out underwear being put in shape for our boys by motherly French women; American motor trucks swung off ships and freed

from their crates by Austrian prisoners.

See American soldiers going over the top at Cantigny—the French tanks and flame-throwers in action—the capture of German prisoners.

This stirring war film is a fitting sequel to "Pershing's Crusaders," which is now appearing in thousands of motion-picture theaters throughout the country. If it hasn't been shown in your town, ask your theater manager to get it.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER feature-picture every American will surely want to see is "The Bridge of Ships"—a two-reel film telling a graphic picture-story of the ship-build-

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Also look for the Allies' Official War Review, a digest of current activities of the American, French, British and Italian troops on the Western Front. Shown each week at your favorite theater.

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Is YOUR BOY *over there*? Or perhaps your brother or husband? Do you want to see how he is living—what he is doing and how he is doing it? His life in the new environment is vividly portrayed in these impressive war films prepared by Uncle Sam for the folks who have to stay at home.

The exposition of Captured War Trophies will be held in the leading cities of the United States. Watch for announcements.

"PERSHING'S CRUSADERS" distributed by First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc.

Presented by

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

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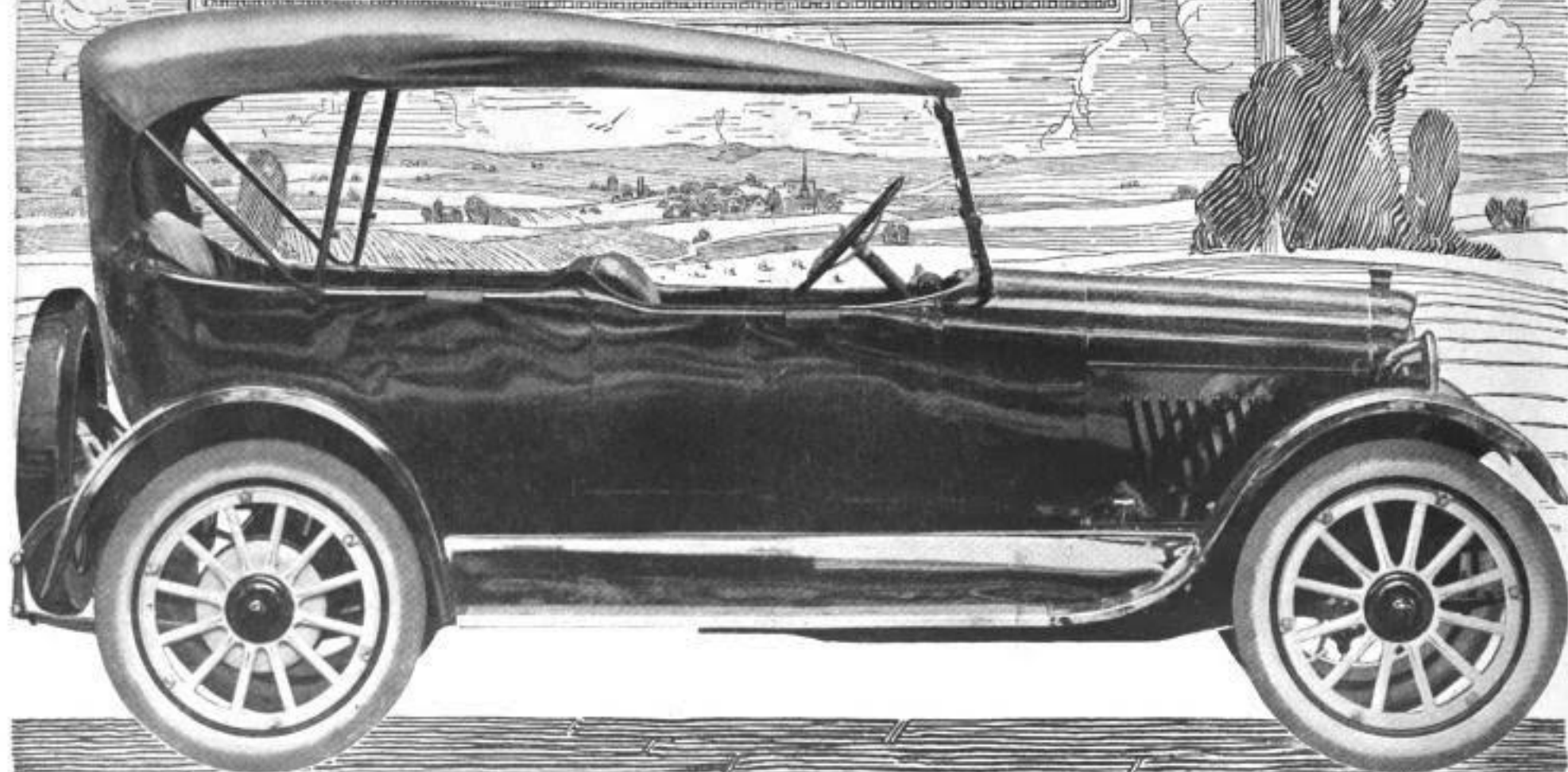
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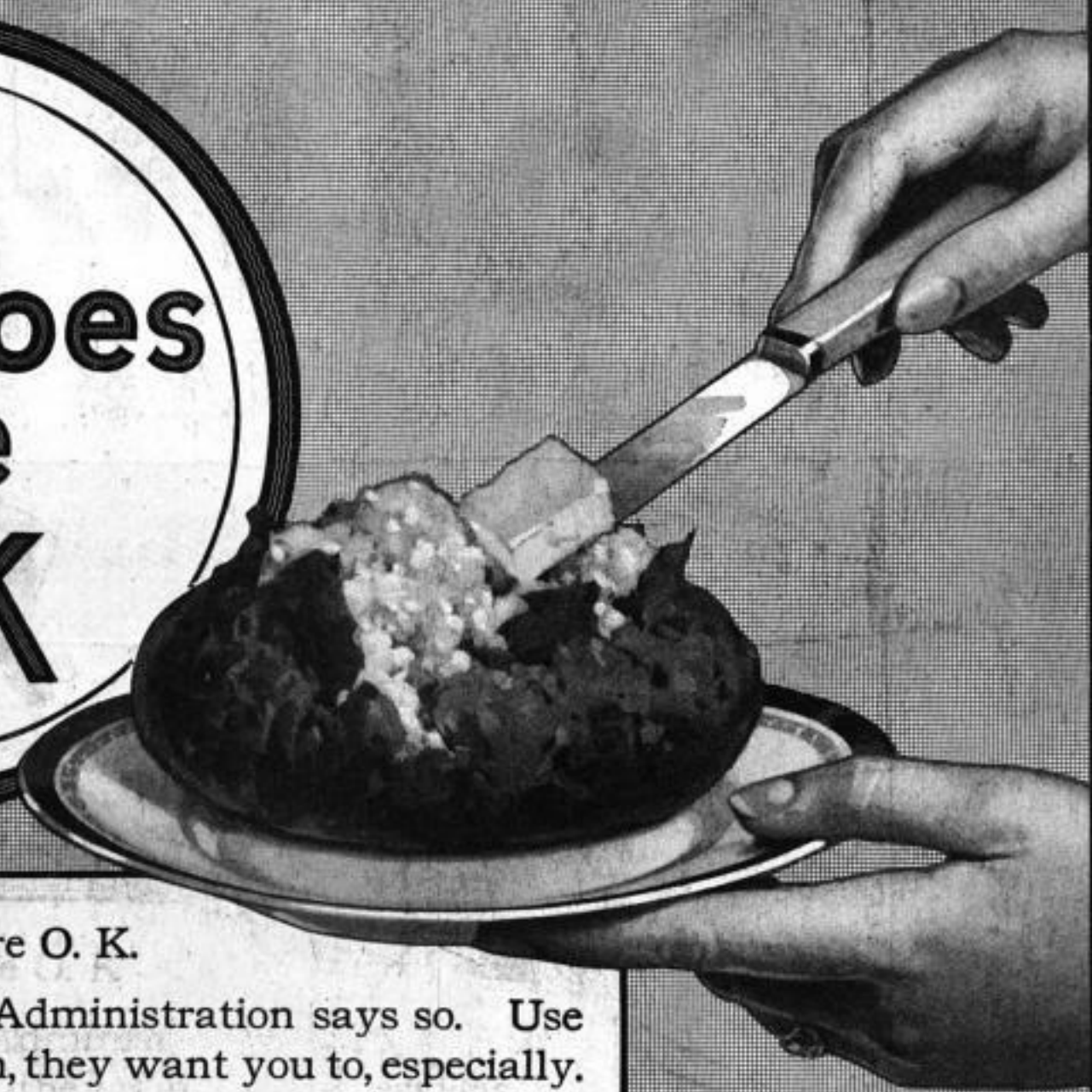


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MORE than a million Every week

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It is very gratifying to us to be able to contribute, in the present crisis, the results of 60 years experience gained in the solution of fuel conservation problems.

FUEL WASTE IN THE POWER PLANT  
WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT—AND HOW TO REDUCE IT  
AND IMPROVE PLANT EFFICIENCY



# IT tells how to save coal

*A real help sent free to  
Plant Owners & Operators*

**W**HAT question could be more pressing to those interested in a power plant or factory than that of next winter's coal supply? Particularly now, when the government has added further emphasis to the situation by its move to cut fuel waste through a plant questionnaire.

The booklet offered above—"Fuel Waste in the Power Plant," is designed to be of help in assuring coal supply—by suggesting, as it does, many simple and effective measures for the reduction of preventable waste, in the burning of coal and in the use of steam for power, heating or processing.

The pamphlet does not attempt to suggest radical and expensive equipment additions. It discusses plants as they are and indicates a score of individually small but collectively large losses

commonly overlooked in the operation of the power plant and factory.

A reading of this pamphlet will be reassuring to manufacturers or other plant interests in showing how inexpensively and often how readily, waste power, heat losses, wear and tear and frictional losses can be reduced. Its timeliness speaks for itself.

For sixty years we have been developing and advocating the use of coal and power saving materials and feel that we can serve the common good by sharing our experience with plant executives and engineers—particularly now when coal and power saving mean so much to everyone.

We will be glad to forward you a copy of "Fuel Waste in the Power Plant," if you will write our nearest branch.



# JOHNS-MANVILLE

## Service to fuel users



# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 18, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 22

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



© French Pictorial Service

## FOCH

*A new and hitherto unpublished photograph of the Allied generalissimo*





# THE DOUGHBOYS MAKE GOOD

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT



"We charged a nest of machine guns across an open field. It didn't seem possible that any man could live"

THE big gray ambulance backed snorting across the dark court and came to a bumpy stop with its hind wheels ground against the bottom of the two stone steps that led up to a long, stone-floored porch. A nurse who was actually reeling with fatigue knelt by a dark form prone on a stretcher and, in the dim light of a smoky lantern held by a medical lieutenant who was intermittently sleeping on his feet, picked up a tag and read from it.

"Shell shock and exhaustion," she droned. She gently shook the prostrate man beneath the blanket. "Can you walk?"

The man on the stretcher raised himself on his elbow and

stared at the woman stupidly from red and swollen eyes. He had on a trench helmet. His week-old stubble of black beard was plastered with dirt.

"We was goin' some up there," he said hoarsely. "Believe me, we was goin' some!"

"Can you walk?" the nurse repeated.

The man's broad, bearded face contracted in a spasm of fright. He leaned forward and clutched at his legs with both hands, feeling them eagerly from foot to knee.

"My leg!" he cried sharply. "My leg is—is—" He stopped short and his face wrinkled in a ghastly caricature of a grin.

"No! I thought for a minute my leg— It was Jimmy got his leg blowed off. Sure! Sure I can walk."

He stumbled awkwardly to his feet, a burly figure of a boy, and walked toward the front seat of the ambulance, swaying, stumbling, wagging his head.

"We was goin' some up there," he insisted hoarsely as he was helped to his seat. "Believe me, we was goin' some!"

He slumped into the seat and was immediately asleep, snoring noisily.

"Goin'—s-s-some," he mouthed between audible breaths. "B-b-believe—m-m-me!"

## A Weird Nocturne

THE huge dark stone courtyard was full with the roar and cough of motors as the ghostly looking ambulances came and went and backed and turned. Scarcely a light showed: Here and there a small dim side or tail light on a car; the flicker of a lantern as the nurses, stretcher bearers, and a medical officer picked their way among the rows of prone, blanket-covered figures on the stone floor of the long, open porch; a clearer view of the lantern as it was held aloft while

the stretcher bearers slid their blanketed burdens into the dark maw of a waiting ambulance. As each laden stretcher was lifted the two American women nurses would sit for a moment on a pile of bloody stretchers and for that precious moment drowse with their heads on each other's shoulders like weary children; then up to pick their way down the rows of dark forms, kneeling here and there to read a tag in the lantern light.

Through the darkness, made more weird by the dim flicker of scarce lights, came the roar of motors in the stone courtyard, and here and there, from the dark porch, a low muttering. From the front came the stupid, incessant growling of the guns, whose sinister metal throats were muttering their threats throughout the night as, with steel and flame, they essayed to blast a pathway to Paris, the symbol city of Freedom.

"Go get him, Scotty!" a hoarse voice bawled suddenly into the night. It came from the delirious lips of what was left of a man lying under a blanket on a stretcher in one of the long rows. "Go get 'em, old kid! At-a-boy! We can lick 'em, old kid! Give it to 'em, Scotty! They won't fight like white men. Go on, Scotty! Give 'em about a foot o' that old toadsticker. At-a throwin' it into 'em! Fight 'em, boy! Fight 'em! We got 'em! Now we got 'em! The old toadsticker, Scotty, old kid; give it to 'em!"

## At Château-Thierry

THE distant, low, half-audible growling of the guns! They were raging this night, for they had been stayed. A few days before a certain way had been clear for them, and into that open way wave upon wave of American boys went singing to block the path with their lives. They washed up against the Hun in the open land, stopped him, drove him back and held him fast in the spot of their choosing.

You've read of the action as the American engagement near Château-Thierry. In singing waves they rolled out on the Hun and blocked the way that was open. And here now in this dark stone courtyard, in this witches' place of weird, scarce light and roaring motors, where all shutters were fast against the lights within, so that no swift-winged murderer of the skies might locate the helpless and rend

from their enfeebled grasp the remnant of life to which they held—here on the dark road to the Symbol City that they had given themselves to defend—was the sluggish backwash from the storming waves that had rolled so fiercely into the way that was open and made it the way that was shut.

From the individual drops in that flow of backwash—the human drops that, massed, had formed the storming waves which halted and held the boche—I got this story. It is theirs, not mine. I give it as I got it, from stretcher and hospital cot, from ambulance and courtyard. Theirs the high courage to have lived the story, each his line or paragraph or chapter.

## Doing Things That Can't Be Done

HE was a man of thirty or more, with fine-cut, clear-cut features. His intelligent brown eyes ran with tears as he talked. Not tears of pain from his wounds—which were grievous—but tears of pride at recollection of the heroism of his comrades who had fought and fallen about him.

"I never dreamed that anything could possibly be as fine as the spirit of those fellows," he said shakily, reverently. "They were like—like people you read about in some fine book and wish were real. They were as fine as men from books, and they were real. Just ordinary everyday American fellows like any of us, they were, and they were like the finest men in the finest books. We charged a nest of machine guns across an open field. It didn't seem possible that any man could live in that fire. But some of us did and got those machine guns and put them out of business."

"The spirit of those men up there was so fine that they did things that can't be done. They did, sir! They did things that can't be done. They don't make bullets that can stop men who feel the way those fellows felt. Well, as I started over, there was a fellow lying there—he was only a young fellow, a kind of a kid he seemed like, and he'd been hit by a high explosive. You know what that stuff does. He'd been hit fair in the middle, and he—he was just practically torn in two. He didn't have five minutes of life left in him. But he laughed at me, and he wiggled the fingers of one hand like he was waving at me—that was about all of himself

he could move—and yelled: 'That's the stuff! Give it to 'em! Go get 'em! Stick a few for me. I didn't get my share.' No matter what happened to 'em, that's all they were thinking of—just to go on and get 'em! I—I didn't know anything could be like it was up there with those fellows! Why, the Germans can't fight anything like we can! Really they can't. They get everything planned out, and if it don't all go just like they planned it, they either run or surrender. Why, we can lick the Germans—just as soon as we get enough men here to make a real showing and take a big front! Why, if all the American army's anything like what our fellows were up there, we can lick 'em off the face of the earth!"

"From what I hear I guess you put up as good a scrap as any of the rest," I said in compliment. The blood rushed to his white face, and he gave a sharp cry of protest.

"I wasn't thinking about my-



When our troops fought their way into the city the Huns stuck to their dugouts and had to be driven out with liquid fire



self when I said how fine the fellows were," he said earnestly. "No. I—I didn't think about it that way. I wasn't thinking about myself when I was—telling you about—about them."

"I know you weren't, old man."

"I just—just was along with 'em," he muttered. His eyes were full of a worried puzzlement. For the first time he was thinking of himself as a part of the wonderful things of which he had been telling me. His mind was an opened book as he strove to reconcile his accustomed modest appraisal of his ordinary self with this identity that had been a worthy part of the glorious whole that had so impressed him.

### "We Can Lick 'Em"

HERE was a tall, slender young fellow who spoke with a Southern accent. He lay on a cot in the corridor of a hospital near Paris that was filled with cots on which lay American wounded. Two Ameri-

wind of 'em plain as they went past. If I'd 'a' raised up just a few inches, I'd 'a' got it sure. But you bet I wasn't raisin' my head or movin' any then. I ain't squeezed myself down so small since I got my growth, an' it seemed to me like I was twice as big as I usually am. I ain't felt so big since I put on long pants! We all lay there like that for about two hours, an' then one of the fellows yells: 'We got to get out o' this. It's gettin' worse all the time. What'll we do?' 'Well,' I says to him, 'the only thing we can do is to have a lot o' luck,' I says. 'We've had more'n our share already,' I says to him, 'an' if we live through this we're goin' to have a lot more,' I says. 'They've put a bullet in every inch o' this part o' France,' I says to him, 'except the few inches we're lyin' on, an' I'm goin' to lie right here until I got some better reason for movin' than just to be goin' some place that may be worse.' 'Well,' he says, 'we're goin' to get killed sure if we stay here.' 'Well,' I says to him, 'we're goin' to get killed sure if we don't. Somewhere in France is just as good as somewhere else in France.'

machine guns opened up again we was all hunky-dory. They was a regular stream of 'em goin' just overhead, but we didn't care. So we lay there till about dark an' then we got orders to go on over. So we went over an' cleaned 'em out o' the town with the bayonet. They won't fight when you once really get at 'em. As long as they're lyin' behind something shootin' or comin' over with their elbows touchin' an' machine guns behind to knock 'em off if they don't keep on comin', they're all right, but when you get up onto 'em they don't want any of it. My, it was great to have a chance to tear into 'em an' do something! After we cleaned the town out I run down a street with some men an' out a little piece off to the left, an' I stumbled over some o' these—what they call pill boxes. There was a lot of them there, but there wasn't anybody home. All the Dutchmen, that'd been lyin' there hid an' pepperin' at us all day, had a date somewhere back toward Berlin, an' they'd gone to keep it. So after a while we went back a piece, an' while I was back there restin' a shrapnel come along an' put me out. Oh, I'll be all hunky-dory in a few days. I wouldn't wonder if I'd be walkin' before long. I got pretty badly cut up in my back an' down along my hip, but I'm feelin' fine now. I hope I can get back with my old company when I get fixed up. They're a great bunch. I guess most of 'em got hit sooner or later, but we did a lot more to the Germans than they did to us. We went over an' set 'em back an' held 'em where we put 'em! An', believe me, we got a lot more o' them than they got of us."

"They counterattacked up there yesterday," I told him.

"The Germans?"

"Yes."

"They didn't get anything."

It wasn't a question. It was a

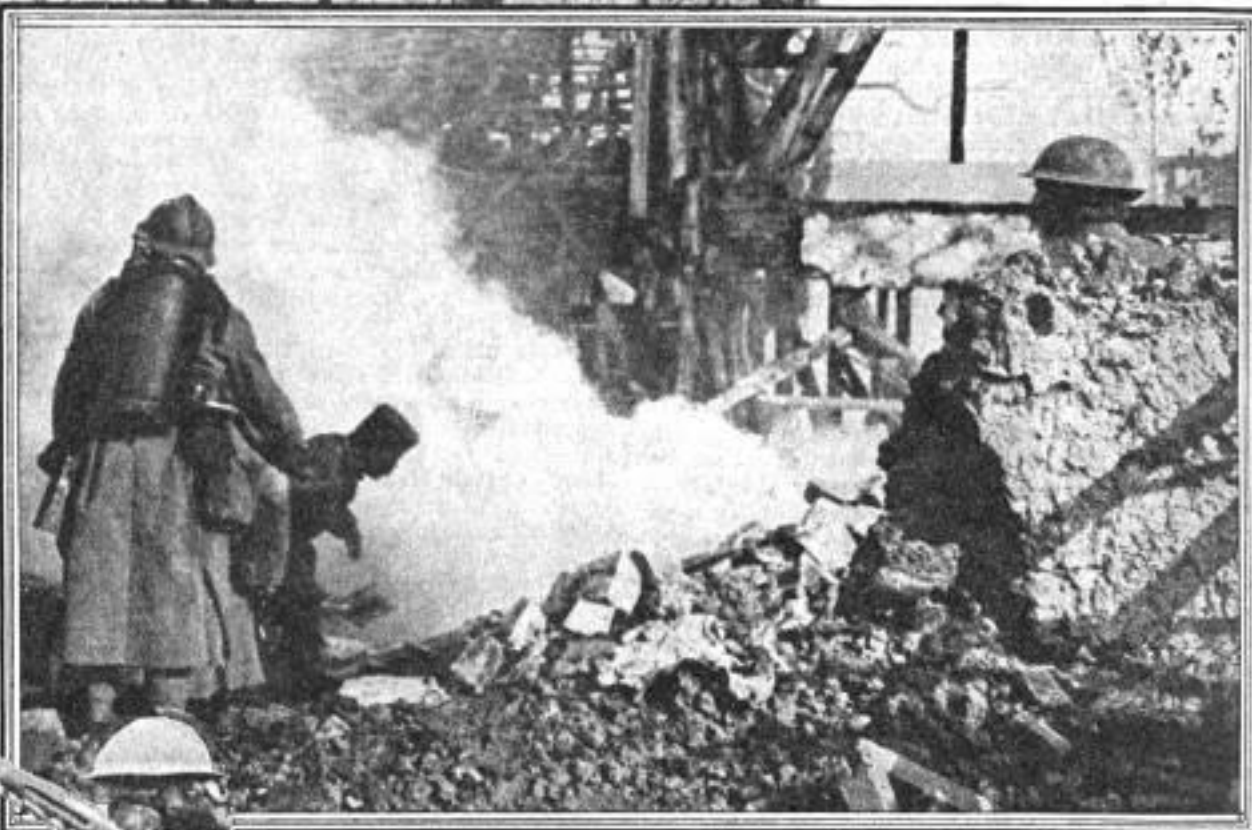


Doughboys and poilus who rolled back the German tide are confident of ultimate victory

can women had just passed distributing strawberries and cherries. Two more were coming down the corridor, their arms laden with roses, stopping to leave a bouquet with each man. The tall young fellow took the proffered flowers in his war-roughened hands and caressed the velvet crimson petals awkwardly, wonderingly.

"They're awful pretty, ain't they?" he said shyly. "We used to have lots of 'em in our front yard. I reckon they'd just about be in bloom now, don't you think? Everybody's been mighty nice bringin' things an' stoppin' to talk an' all. It's kindo nice to have real American women come in an' stop an' say a little something to you. Every time one of 'em stops an' says a little something to me or brings in some flowers or something I think what happened to a lot o' the Frenchwomen over here an' I feel more like fightin' than ever. Yes, sir! Well, sir, I got a dose o' shrapnel after gettin' through the worst of it without ever bein' scratched. We'd gone over an' took the town an' cleaned 'em out all around there, an' we'd been relieved in the line when a shrapnel come along an' got me. I was in the worst kind o' machine-gun fire an' never got scratched. We was crawlin' out across an open field along about two o'clock in the afternoon an' a lot o' machine guns cut down on us, so we had to just lie there an' take it for a while. There was no sense in crawlin' back. It's always just as hot back a piece as it is where you are, an' if you're goin' to go at all you might as well go on forward. We didn't figure we had any chance o' goin' forward just then, so we just lay where we was. We kindo dug in with our fingers the best we could, an' some of us got some little pieces o' rock an' put 'em right in front of our heads."

"There was one machine gun kep' traversin', an' the bullets from it were hittin' the dirt just about ten inches in front o' me. There were several of us lyin' there in a row, an' if that machine gun that was traversin' all the time had just nosed up so's to throw 'em two foot farther it'd got every one of us. It kept kickin' dirt into my eyes an' over my head all the time, but it never quite got me. Then another got to traversin', an' the bullets was passin' just over me—just over the back o' my head as I was lyin' flat. There was the one shootin' 'em right in front o' my nose an' the other one puttin' 'em right over the back o' my head. I could feel the



Cleaning out a German hornet's nest in the captured town. Flame throwers and bombs do the work



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to the rest o' the fellows about the smoke, an' we all got up an' beat it like hell off to the left a little piece where there was some bushes an' some kindo little hollows, some o' 'em a foot or so deep, or two or three feet—some o' the bigger ones. When the

"He didn't say anything to that, an' we lay there a while longer, an' by an' by they kindo let up on the machine guns for a minute an' began throwin' in an awful lot o' shells along there where we was lyin'. They busted all around us, but nobody got hit, an' after a lot of 'em had busted right near I got a kind of an idea. So I kindo rolled my head around on the ground until I was sort o' lyin' on my ear an' could see a little, an' there was an awful lot o' smoke from these shells all around us. So as I didn't hear any machine-gun bullets comin' real close for a minute, I took a chance an' raised my head a little. Nothin' happened to it, so I yelled to the rest o' the fellows about the smoke, an' we all got up an' beat it like hell off to the left a little piece where there was some bushes an' some kindo little hollows, some o' 'em a foot or so deep, or two or three feet—some o' the bigger ones. When the

calm statement of known fact, and there was nothing interrogatory in the tone that implied a request for confirmation. It was the first he'd heard about the counterattack, but he knew that "they didn't get anything."

"Those fellows up there won't give up what they took," he went on quietly. "If they do any movin', they'll move on an' take some more. I know 'em. We can lick these Heinies. Why, give us man for man an' gun for gun an' we can lick 'em every morhin' before breakfast an' then have to do settin'-up drill to get up an appetite!"

He awkwardly fingered the flowers in his war-roughened hands and looked longingly out the window at the soft, bright sky.

"They're awful pretty," he said wistfully. "We got several great big bushes of 'em in the front yard. I reckon they're just about bloomin' now, huh?"

### Smashed by H. E.—Feeling Fine

HIS hair was red and curly, and his eyes were gray, spotted with tiny hints of brown. He was propped up on his cot, laboriously endeavoring to write a letter with his one available hand.

"Say, hold that pad against my knee for just a minute, will you?" he begged. "I'm tryin' to write a little note to the folks to tell 'em I'm not hurt bad, an' my left arm's all busted up with high explosive. I can't keep that pad in place."

I held the pad on his knee while he scribbled his message of assurance. (Continued on page 22)



# MORE FARE, PLEASE!

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



It was only a short step thereafter to the point where the important lines in the big cities were tearing out the expensive cable installations—the San Francisco idea—which they had adopted hardly a decade before. In New York and Washington the cable slots were ingeniously adapted to underground electric transmission; and, the underground plan proving popular, it was adopted on new lines. Expensive? Yes, indeed. But those were not the days when the tractions were counting the pennies. The business was in the flash period of its existence—a period through which other typical American businesses—the bicycle, the motor car, and the motion picture, to mention three conspicuous instances—have had to pass before they could adjust the wild, popular demand to economic common sense. The tractions were young, making money fast and spending it more rapidly. And new ones were being born each month.

In the larger cities men saw huge possibilities in the tractions. The wiser of them from the beginning realized the difficulties that the electric railways in the small cities and the widely extended towns would have to encounter sooner or later. But the real cities—the closely knit communities where men and women had to ride to and from their daily toil, the cities whose outer rims were being extended and peopled by industrious real-estate operators with thousands and thousands of little houses—there was the real opportunity! Big Business hugged the trolley car to its breast and High Finance cavorted with it. Many of the great fortunes of the nineties had their foundations laid in tractions. Smart men carried further the process of consolidation of city railways. They saw rich possibilities of a monopoly of the carrying facilities of good-sized communities. And because they saw the possibilities they were willing to pay well—very well indeed—for the individual horse-car routes of trolley lines that were necessary to their plans. In turn the owners of these individual lines saw how their own properties were vitally necessary to such consolidation schemes and kept demanding—and receiving—higher prices for them. Certain lines in Philadelphia were leased at enormous prices to the great traction monopoly which the Wideners were forming in that widespread city. The Union Traction Company was rented to the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for an annual rental amounting to just 18 per cent of its paid-in capi-

tal. Of the \$10,000,000 annual fixed charges of the Rapid Transit Company about three-quarters is in rentals and one-quarter in interest charges. And some of the staid Philadelphians wonder to-day why their local railway system is in such financial difficulties and is making such violent appeals for increased fares.

## Turbines to the Rescue

THESE big consolidations frequently whipped their individual and smaller competitors not merely by maintaining excellent service on closely parallel lines, but by unlimited free transfers. In the beginning the tractions were wildly generous with these privileges. In the end the dear old public—having been educated to the transfer habit—demanded the little magic slips, which gradually became the *bête noire* of the traction operators and played a large part in the damnation of their properties.

The men who had consolidated and who owned the properties were not particularly concerned about trolley convenience or comfort or service in their individual principalities. Dividends were more to the point. "The dividends are in the strap hangers" began to be a popular slogan in the street-railway business in many sections of the country, and in order to make them there were cuts in the service—in the quantity, if not in the quality.

There was another reason for the cuts. The cost of furnishing service was steadily increasing while the individual revenue per passenger was standing still—or losing ground. Custom and tradition had seemingly fixed five cents as the standard fare between the limits of any one community, no matter how large it might be. As a matter of fact, because of the transfers, it rarely was that figure in actuality. In some cities of the mid West

and of the South it was lower because of the firmly established custom of selling six or seven or even eight tickets for a quarter—and to these also extending the transfer privilege. Yet cost of living had begun to hit the long upgrade. Motor-men and conductors found that mere living was growing more expensive, and so had to have a little larger pay envelope at the end of each week. Similarly all the physical necessities of the street railway—rails and cars and copper wires and dynamos and coal (where the road was not fortunate enough to be propelled by water power)—

were beginning to climb. But the nickel, or such portion of it as came to the company as the offering of each individual passenger, stood stationary.

The time ceased when the men who operated the tractions were being crowded by the men who owned them for closer economies in order to promote larger dividends. The problem was to make moderate dividends—a modest 6 or even a 5 per cent—in many cases to meet the fixed charges and the operating costs. You might go out into the industrial world and make 10 or 12 per cent on your invested dollar. Not so in the tractions. Despite their practical monopoly of carrying in cities big and cities small, the fixed and customary nickel was crowding down their net earnings. And it took a very moderately capitalized property to make even modest dividends.

The question of capitalization was nearly out of it—high rentals more germane. The era of exploitation and of overcapitalization was done—the flash youth of the street-railway business ended. It had lived on

IT is less than thirty years since electricity first came into general use in this country for city traction and was hailed immediately as the greatest transportation boon of a nation peculiarly dependent upon its transportation. It effected economic revolutions; it widened and rearranged cities and opened the country to them. It complicated our national life—and at the same time greatly simplified it.

To-day the electric railway in the United States is bankrupt. With three or four conspicuous exceptions, there is hardly a traction line across the land that is not in the hands of receivers or close to them. Many miles of interurban lines already have been abandoned or are about to be abandoned; in some cases their rails have actually been torn up and put to war-emergency uses. A good many other electric-railway companies would like to tear up their rails—or at least abandon their lines. But public sentiment and hard-headed utilities commissions will not permit. And the traction company groans—an old man in shabby clothing and well-nigh sick unto death.

## Broomsticks Sweep Out Bobtails

YET it is less than thirty years since Richmond, Va., was rejoicing in the fact that it had the first completely equipped trolley system in the land—"broomstick cars" they sometimes called them in those days. That was in the fall of 1888 or the spring of 1889. Within three years many towns were replacing their slow, jangling, dirty horse cars with clean new trolley cars. Thirty minutes each day to and from work in the old days meant some three miles in a foul, ill-smelling, uncomfortable horse car. The trolley car did at least twice that distance in the same time. When it replaced the "bobtails" cities redrew their maps and the profession of the real-estate promoter was really born. And the trolley cars were not only far swifter than the horse cars; even their earliest models carried many more people far more comfortably.

No wonder the new method of city transportation leaped into popular favor and that there were plenty of keen-minded, observant men who stood ready to coin that popularity into dollars and cents. They busied themselves with gaining control of the little horse-car lines of the medium cities and larger towns—which had been as independent and as individualistic as grocery stores—first transforming them by electric equipment and then slowly but very surely bringing them into larger units of operation. They shot brand-new lines out into the open country from the ends of their transformed horse railways, and whole streets of neat new detached houses appeared in their wake. About the limit with the old-time horse-car line was a six- or seven-mile run; beyond that, in the larger cities, one might take little suburban steam railroads—semioccasional trains of battered coaches hauled jerkily by small "dummy" locomotives, most uncertain in performance. These lines began to be transformed into electric routes—in place of three or four or six or eight trains a day, one had a trolley car every half hour or thereabout—and so the electric interurban was born. It developed with great rapidity.

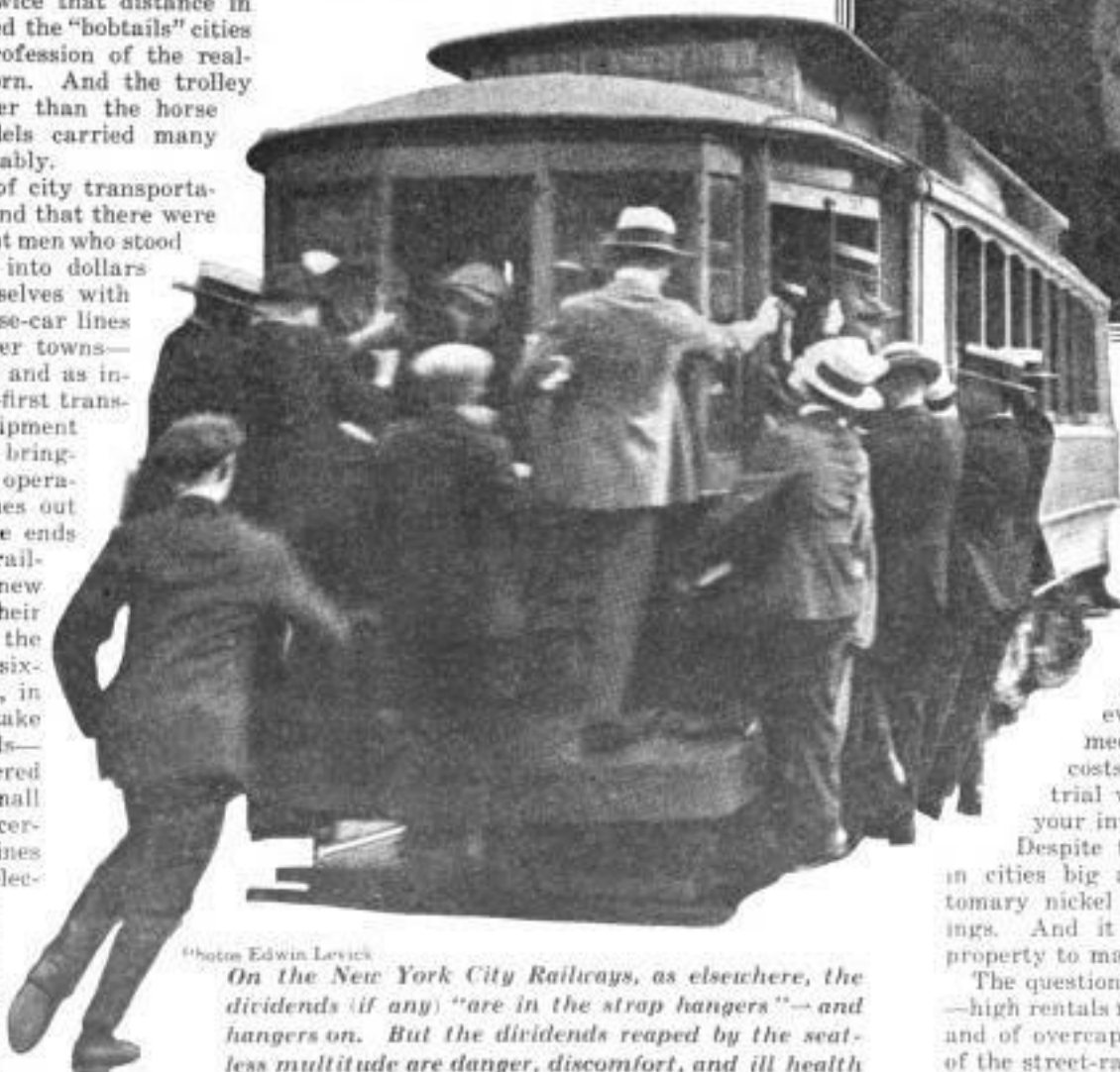


Photo Edwin Levick

On the New York City Railways, as elsewhere, the dividends (if any) "are in the strap hangers"—and hang on. But the dividends reaped by the seatless multitude are danger, discomfort, and ill health



terrapin and on pâté de foie gras; it was approaching the day when it would have to gnaw at husks.

For a time that day was deferred by great operating economies and efficiencies. It looked extravagant to see a big beautiful Corliss engine, which fifteen years before had taken a medal at the Chicago World's Fair and which was still perfectly strong and good, torn down and sent to the scrap heap, and to see upon its stout base a turbine, but it was good business. The ugly, emotionless turbine might cost half a million dollars, but it did the work of a dozen Corliss engines. Fashions in power houses might change as rapidly as fashions in women's clothing—and frequently did—but they were justified by the operating economies which they brought about. I have known men who have looked at blueprint charts wherein income and outgo were shown by unlying curved or jagged lines and who have laughed at what they were pleased to call "business by drafting board," but it was those very prints which many times charted dangers, otherwise unseen, toward which the craft was drifting. The drafting board saved many a traction in the past decade—for a time at least.

There came the inevitable time when operating economies could no longer keep pace with the steadily mounting costs. And then service was cut again and again—at first in the nonrush hours and on Sundays and holidays.

#### 10-Cent Fares Coming?

AS for the patrons, their protests long before had taken form before the various State regulatory commissions. Just as steam railroad practices of other days made the Interstate Commerce Commission, so did the street-railway practices give birth to many of the State commissions of to-day. Some of these commissions antedated the coming of the trolley car. Others, like those of New York State, which refused to take cognizance of the vastly changed economic conditions, found themselves out of a job—replaced by younger and more energetic bodies. For a time these State commissions worked

strenuously, many times effectively, notably the commissions in Wisconsin and Massachusetts. But others have fallen into politics, have become the cat's-paw of this party or of that; have been composed of men chosen for political fitness rather than for transportation aptitude—and so are impotent and in great disrepute.

These State commissions have struggled long and hard with the problems of street-railway financing and operation; of service and of its recompense. Sometimes the first of these last two questions has been the dominating problem, and at other times—particularly in Detroit and Cleveland—the question of the proper rate of fare has been the all-absorbing one. Neither Detroit nor Cleveland has ever suffered from poor trolley service as New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis have suffered. They have assumed good service—clean, comfortable, roomy cars running at reasonably frequent intervals—as their birthright, and have, in fact, received it almost at all times, but have fought their traction monopolies bitterly on the question of fares. In a moment I shall show you how the tractions are edging up to six- and seven- and perhaps even eight- and ten-cent fares. Six-cent fares! Eight-cent fares! Those stern gladiators of the Detroit and the Cleveland of other days—Pingree and Johnson—what would they have said? They would have convinced you that a five-cent fare which custom had fixed in so many cities was hardly less than highway robbery, and because they succeeded in convincing so many of their fellow citizens to that effect the standard fares in Cleveland and in Detroit are even to-day considerably less than five cents.

It had been freely predicted that just as the trolley car drove out the horse car, so in turn would the gasoline car crowd out the trolley car. No longer would it be necessary to have fixed routes, elaborate track systems. A motor bus could go where traffic necessitated; and when traffic ceased in any street the motor route could be abandoned or moved far more easily than the elaborate structures of a street

railway. I firmly believe that the motor bus is but in the infancy of its development. It has been conspicuously successful in New York and in Chicago, but in Philadelphia an elaborately equipped line which was established some five or six years ago between the Public Buildings and Fairmount Park failed completely. It made the fatal mistake of fixing its fare at five cents and trying to compete with the trolleys. In New York and Chicago the motor-bus service is supplemental rather than competitive, and a ten-cent fare is charged.

#### Bucking the Jitney

ONE of the great weaknesses in street-railway service has been the fact that the roads have had but one price, but one quality. You could either stand in an overcrowded car—or be stood upon—or you could hire a cab. There was nothing in public transportation for the average man between the street car at five cents and the taxicab at many times that figure until the arrival of the high-class motor bus. It gives quality service. And just as quality service is almost invariably appreciated—in railroad trains, in hotels, or in shops—so do discerning folk like to ride upon the smart motor busses along Fifth Avenue, New York, or Sheridan Road, Chicago. To many persons it is worth a double fare to have a legal and a moral right to a seat.

Even the biggest and most modern of motor busses—seating twenty-eight persons—can make economic headway against a trolley car seating twice that number and standing as many more besides.

"Economic headway! How?" you wonder. Then you argue: "Look at the jitney. Two men in a trolley car transport a hundred passengers, and one man in a battered automobile carries only seven or eight!"

Well, the jitney never was economical—never can be. But it was—and in some sections of the land still is—popular. In this dear country of ours, however, there are many things that are popular that are not economical. (Continued on page 27)

# SMALL-TOWN STUFF

BY GEORGE F. WORTS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE last picture she carried away in her mind as the accommodation train pulled out of the paint-peeled little station in a whirl of white dust had been that of the Greenforks grocery store, ancient and forlorn, the tipsy front of which Jim Dobson, the hardened village loafer, was manfully endeavoring to support, with a sprig of timothy sprouting from his tobacco-painted lips. That picture would always characterize for her the village from which she had sprung. Now that a delicately preserved beauty plus years of hard work had netted smugness and conceit to her press agent; now that all of her gowns were fashioned by Cécile and studiously copied by women throughout the land; now that she rolled to work late of mornings upon the pneumatic tires of her own shining black limousine—now that fortune had visited all of this upon her, Yvette Vaughn continued to be at heart little different from the small-town girl she had started out to be.

Of course Yvette had a secret sorrow hidden away in her past, which was the one her press agent had never mentioned and never would. Not because she hadn't loved him dearly had she foregone a career in the kitchen of a coming young farmer out Greenforks way. She had foregone him simply because her star had not been hung among pots and pans.

YVETTE VAUGHN—and who does not tingle with envy and wonder at the very mention of that magic name?—kept on corresponding with the broken-hearted farmer for eighteen years. No; that is not a miscalculation. But perhaps you didn't know that Yvette Vaughn, who can play those sixteen-year-old parts because she is so hopelessly and wholesomely young, quietly celebrated her thirty-seventh birthday only a few weeks ago.

Yes, indeed; for eighteen years growing on nineteen Yvette Vaughn exchanged letters with poor old Bud Alter, thanks to the tolerance of the deep-chested farmer girl whom Bud had taken unto him-

self when the shallower scars of Yvette's refusal were healed up by the hot sun of the cornfield.

It was natural, to be sure, when good old Bud asked a great favor of her—the first he had asked since that silvery, bitter moonlit night, when, after hotly kissing him good-by, she had sadly pressed his freckled nose with her little thumb—well, it was certainly natural that she should grant that favor.



"When are you leaving for Greenforks, Mister Dobson?"

Bud's favor was not a hard one to grant, as a matter of fact. He had a golden-haired, blue-eyed daughter of seventeen, and the only thing that ailed Matilda was movie madness. Could Yvette make a place for her? Of course, if it would cause Yvette any inconvenience, etc., etc.

If you should ever have the opportunity to glance over the shoulder of a really great moving-picture actress when she goes through her morning's mail, you would first laugh until your tongue was sore,

and then you would indulge in a secret tear or two. Perhaps half the letters Yvette received contained casual and brave requests for "positions." The other 50 per cent were brave, if not casual, proposals of marriage. Yvette rarely wept over the latter.

In his habitually straightforward and honest way Bud Alter described his daughter, tabulating her pictorial points with that open-faced candor which was such a charming part of him.

Being of an imaginative turn of mind, Yvette could summon out of the blue sky a portrait of Matilda. She could see her standing all alone against the white balustrade of the old front steps, her golden hair in pretty contrast against the sober brown-gray shadows, her young eyes looking forlornly across the green lawn, which Yvette remembered as an oblong pool of satin under the whispering elms. The portrait of Matilda was simply the blue-eyed, golden-haired portrait of youth, resurrected from her own. So, while Bud's straightforward request was an echo, a carbon copy, of the hundreds which had come to her dressing table, she sat right down with pen and paper and expressed warm and cordial interest in Matilda's coming.

MATILDA recovered from her trembling and confusion at finding herself actually in the same room with the rouge, powder, and gowns of the divine Yvette Vaughn, whereupon she enunciated in a ringing school-girl voice the speech she had prepared on the eastbound Pullman.

"It was exceedingly kind and thoughtful of you, Miss Vaughn, to offer to help me seek a position in the motion pictures. I cannot begin to tell you how indebted I and father are to you." In a fainter voice she added: "M-mother sent some currant jam to you."



Yvette, with her exquisite back to the window and the green of the Jersey meadow, smiled tenderly.

"I am so glad to be of help, dear," she said. "Your father and I are very, very old friends, and I do appreciate the currant jam. I love currant jam—" "Do you—ree-eally?" Matilda sparkled delightedly. —"On toast!"

Matilda simply had to sigh. It was harder for her to associate Yvette Vaughn with currant jam (homemade too!) on toast than it would be for you or me to associate Aphrodite with corned beef and cabbage.

And Yvette, whose breakfast in bed ran shamelessly to ham and eggs, country style, was thinking of something to eat too. Matilda, slim and grudgingly seventeen, reminded her of nothing but an innocent saucer of peaches and cream.

"Matilda," she asked as the round eyes devoured an autographed photograph of Walter Johnston, that king of them all, "what decided you?"

"You," vouchsafed Matilda candidly. "Father told me ever so many times how you just hated Greenforks, and how you made up your mind when you were my age that you would make a name in the world. And you did," she added logically. "Father says the only thing Greenforks is good for is to get a good running start!"

Yvette smiled. "Won't you go back to Greenforks—after a little while? Sometimes we grow discouraged, you know. And most of us never arrive anywhere. Don't you intend to go back—ever?"

Matilda's gold curls wagged vigorously, and she voiced a romantic "Never!"

"Isn't there anyone in Greenforks who will be very lonely if you don't come back?"

"Did father tell you that, after all?"

"Do I know his parents?"

The pink and white face became rather pouty; and Matilda looked away evasively, with the symptoms of a guilty sparkle. "The Dobsons. His name is Billy. He's only a clerk there."

"Only a clerk in the grocery store?"

"Uh-huh!" Matilda side-stepped the cynicism.

"Does he love you—very much?"

"I—really don't know, Miss Vaughn."

"Didn't he tell you, when he said good night, the evening before you went away, that you would break his heart if you didn't come back? Weren't those almost his very words?"

"Why, Miss Vaughn! Who's been telling you?"

Knuckles at Yvette's door interfered with the riddle's solution. The voice of Jimmy Anderson, one of the assistant directors, was pitched low. "Mr. Griffley is ready whenever you are, Miss Vaughn. Same as yesterday—the conservatory set."

William Dobson proved to be a robust, sandy-faced youth, with kind brown eyes and a blush.

Yvette wondered, as she saw the inviting freckles disported by his roomy nose, if he had by chance inherited his father's life-long disease, laziness. Indeed, the only trouble with that old loafer had not been lack of good warm mid-Western blood, but a circulatory lack thereof.

How time winged it along! Now the offspring of Greenforks's Van Winkle creaked uneasily upon Yvette's guest chair; and as far as his hands and face were concerned she was surprised to find that he was a young man after her own heart. Bud Alter had been most unhandsome too. His outstanding features had been golden freckles and sturdiness and a blush; and we all know by now that Bud Alter, freckles, bowlegs, blush, and all, had come nearest to being the One.

Yet she who strives for greatness must sacrifice the littler things, sometimes the littler things of others, to boot. Their hearts had not been broken by the parting, for such fractures occur only in similes. Yet both had suffered spiritual and physical agonies.

"I came all the way from Greenforks," the young man was saying in an indisputable voice. "I don't think Matilda was right. I don't think she was."

"Who gave you the money for the trip?"

William Dobson elevated his thin eyebrows.



"Is it quite proper to visit me in my room?"

"Why, I earned it myself," he said. "In the grocery store?"

"Sure!" He seemed displeased; anyway, the blush deepened and broadened. "You don't think I'm a loafer, do you?" he asked impetuously. "I'm not saying anything about him. He's dead. But I'm not like that, if that's what you meant. I work hard. I like to. I'm getting good money, more than any fellow my age around Greenforks. And we're going to put in a hardware department, on purpose to—"

"Enough," said Yvette. "Now, what about Matilda? Do you love her—honestly?"

"Honestly?" The blush drowned the freckles.

"Why?" asked Yvette relentlessly.

"Oh—you—" Gulp.

"I—why—she—" he gurgled by way of explanation.

"Enough," said Yvette amiably. "Now, answer a question. That moonlight night, at the front gate, when Matilda let you kiss her good-by, you must give me up, that she must sacrifice your love for her future, and for you to work hard in the grocery store, and try to forget, and marry some nice girl who did not have a cold, artistic soul—although perhaps she didn't use those very words—did she push that stub nose of yours with her thumb, and—did she do that, William?"

William's honest brown eyes became steady and stern. "Did she go and tell you?" he breathed. "Please answer my question, William."

"N-no," he blurted; "she—pulled my—e-ears."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Yvette kindly. "Now, why did you come to me?"

"Because I want Matilda!"

Yvette digested that with a delicate pucker. "Well, what do you propose doing?"

"Gee, I don't know," he confessed with a gusty sigh. "I talked to her last night. She wasn't very pleased to see me, I guess." A dark vertical niche formed between his worried eyes. "She said I ought to go on back to Greenforks, and to watch my step or else the birds might injure my complexion when they began scratching the hayseed out of my hair, and that New York birds were tough! And she laughed at me. Ha, ha! That was how she laughed. She never used to laugh that way. It isn't natural—or sweet—any more."

Yvette suspended judgment, but her expression was solemn. She was thinking that Matilda had become independent and saucy without any good reason.

NO one heard anybody knock, yet the door at that instant opened quickly, and who should be poisoning on the threshold like a lovely golden butterfly but Matilda herself! She swayed, smiling the arch smile of a youthful favorite. She was on the way to her dressing room, from the studio stage, and

her peach-blow complexion was larded with yellowish-pink grease paint, and her fair blue eyes were blued.

"What!" she cried, at sight of William, her smile hardening into indignant firmness.

"Yes—me," asserted William sturdily.

"Come right in, dear," invited Yvette. "You're standing in a draft."

Matilda floated in like a camouflaged storm cloud.

"You little mischief!" exclaimed Yvette. "Why didn't you tell me more about Mr. Dobson? I don't blame you for loving him. He's perfectly fascinating! What was that you were saying about that droll girl in Carrol Junction, Mr. Dobson?"

The fascinating Mr. Dobson gaped as if horrified, his teeth clacked metallically, his jaw muscles began revealing themselves in bulges of dismay. He had said nothing about a girl in Carrol Junction.

"Oh, is he?" retorted Matilda icily.

Yvette could detect only the slightest tremor of concern. She had been defeated, driven beyond her third-line trench, routed, with all lines of communication cut, by this innocent fledgling!

"Mr. Griffley wanted me to tell you on the way down to my dressing room," went on Matilda with a languid little air, "that we would start out to shoot up some exteriors in an hour."

"Shoot, not 'shoot up,'" corrected Yvette.

Matilda ignored the gentle rebuke, lifting her head and gazing sidewise and down upon the mortified William. "When are you leaving for Greenforks, Mister Dobson?"

"My name is Bill!" said William in the voice of a man cursing. "You look here, Matilda—" he began anew, heatedly.

"Oh, is it?" She silenced him with frigid sweetness. And out she flung, or flang, closing the door so abruptly that the photograph of the king of them all shivered upon the dressing table.

William regarded the white panel stonily. A despondent grunt finally escaped through his nostrils. "Looks as if she's become one of those birds herself," he decided sadly.

But Yvette was attending William's freckled ears and snapping her fingers. That delicately angry mood of hers was aroused. In the workshop of her mind something devilish was being fabricated! Nighty-night for poor Matilda!

PEOPLE who are about to be pushed headforemost into the limelight of dazzling success often marshal together their pleasant thoughts at bedtime, and as Matilda did so she found that, sticking athwart her ecstasy, was a jagged little lance of doubt. Having a tender heart and fresh feelings in the matter, she squirmed a little between the sheets, and voiced silently into the attentive darkness: "Poor William!"

Pleasurably, then, she yielded herself to a cloud of sweet gloom. An automobile rattled down the cobbled street outside her window. She tossed and sighed. As Yvette Vaughn had done, she, Matilda Altrue, would brave the perils and the chilly indifference of this iron city, sacrificing her heart to the bloodstone of ambition. I mean, she was going through the motions all over again of giving up Billy Dobson for her art. The small cottage, with crimson rambler growing all over the front of it, would ring with the merry laughter of another. Her course was as narrow as a concrete sidewalk. Perhaps the droll girl in Carrol Junction would take her place, would fry Billy's eggs in the morning—as her mother had taken the place of Yvette Vaughn. Yvette's romantic tragedy was common history in Greenforks. (Continued on page 25)



... Every lens in the great studio concentrated upon him



# NO THOROUGHFARE

BY BOYD CABLE

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE LINES" AND "ACTION FRONT"

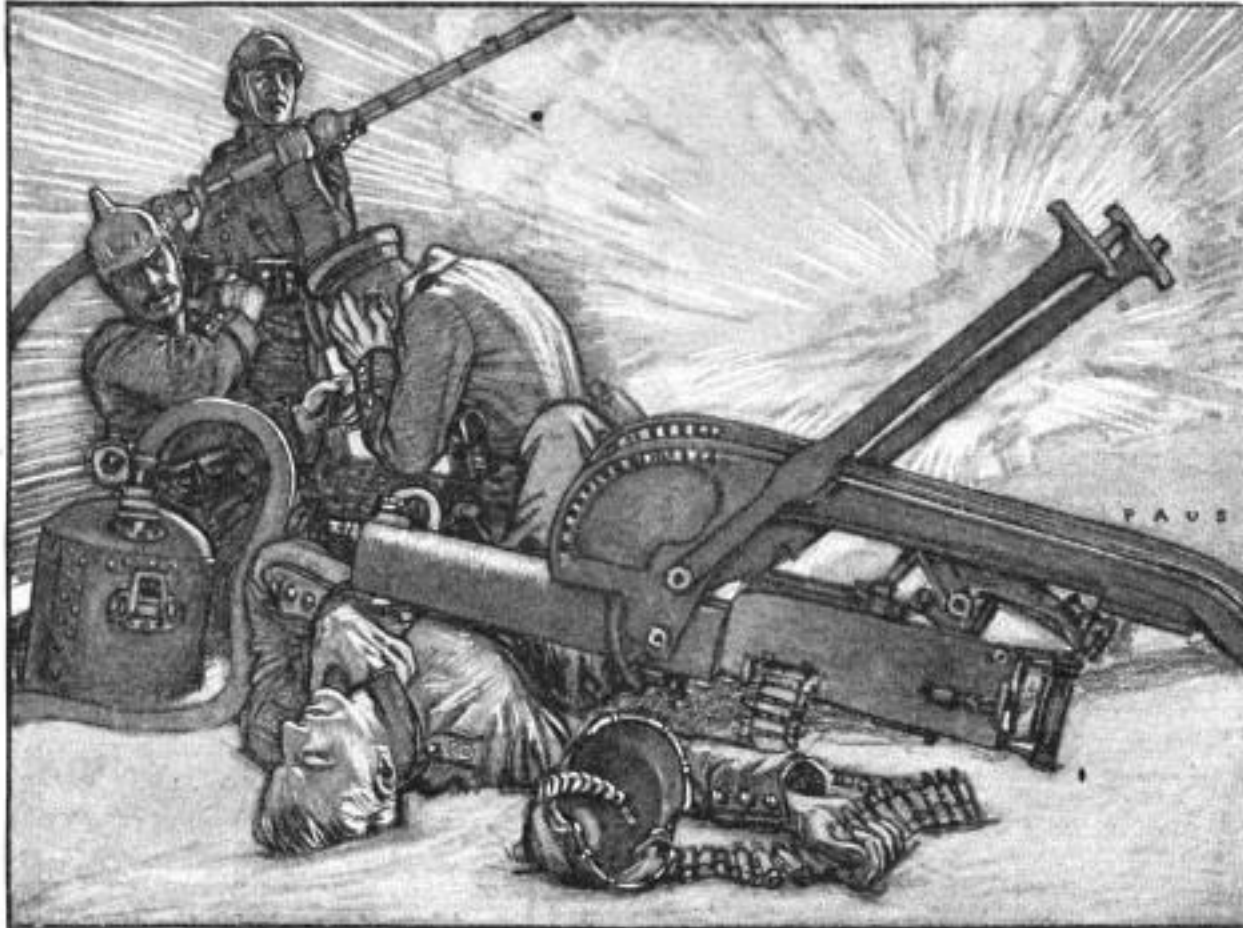
FOR a week the line had been staggering back, fighting savagely to hold their ground, being driven in time and again by the sheer weight of fresh German divisions brought up and hurled without a pause against them, giving way and retiring sullenly and stubbornly to fresh positions, having to endure renewed ferocious onslaughts there, and give to them again. Fighting, marching, digging in; fighting again and repeating the performance over and over for days and nights, our men were worn down dangerously near to the point of exhaustion and collapse, the point over which the Germans strove to thrust them, the point where human endurance could no longer stand the strain, and the breaking, crumbling line would give the opening for which the Germans fought so hard, the opening through which they would pour their masses and cut the Allied armies in two. At the end of a week it looked as if their aim was dangerously near attainment. On one portion of the line especially the strain had been tremendous, and the men, hard-driven and harassed for two days and nights almost without a break, were staggering on their feet, stupid with fatigue, dazed for want of sleep. Of all their privations this want of sleep was the hardest and cruellest. The men longed for nothing more than a chance to throw themselves on the ground, to fling down on the roadside, in the ditches, anywhere, anyhow, and close their aching eyes and sink in deep, deep sleep. But there was no faintest hope of sleep for them. The divisions they had fought all day were being held stubbornly by rear-guard actions until the new positions were established; and plain word had been brought in by reconnoitering airmen of the new masses pressing up by road and rail to converge with all their weight on the weakened line and the worn-out men who made ready to hold it. Everyone knew what was coming. Our men would be outnumbered, would be unrested and worn with fighting and digging and marching continuously—that was the rub; if our men could have a rest, a few hours' sleep, a chance to recuperate, they could make some sort of a show, put up a decent fight again, hold on long enough to give the promised reinforcements time to come up, the guns to take up new positions. But "a renewed attack in force must be expected by dusk," said the word that came to them, and every precious minute until then must be filled with moving the tired men into position, doing their utmost to dig in and make some kind of defensive line. It looked bad.

## The Air Navy Attacks

BUT there were other plans in the making, plans figured out on wider-reaching lines, offering the one chance of success in attacking the fresh enemy masses at their most vulnerable points, fifteen, twenty miles away from our weary lines. The plans were completed and worked out in detail and passed down the chain to the air squadrons; and flight by flight the pilots and observers loaded up to the full capacity of their machines with bombs and machine-gun ammunition and went droning out over the heads of the working troops digging the fresh line, over the scattered outpost and rear-guard lines where the Germans pressed tentatively and waited for the new reinforcements that were to recommence the fierce "hammer-blow" attacks, on over the dribbling streams of transport and men moving by many paths into the battle line, on to where the main streams ran full flood on road and rail—and where the streams could best be dammed and diverted.

The air squadrons went in force to their work,

bent all their energies for the moment to the one great task of breaking up the masses before they could bring their weight into the line, of upsetting the careful time-table of the enemy. In one squadron where the commanding officer held council with his flight leaders and explained the position and pointed out the plans, one of his captains summed up the instructions in a sentence: "That bit of road," he said with his finger on the map. "You want us to see it's 'No Thoroughfare' for the Hun up to dark?" "That's it," said the commanding officer. "And if you get a chance at a train or two about here—well, don't let it slip."



"Right-o," "That's simple," "No Thoroughfare," said the captains, and proceeded about their business. The flights went off at short intervals, intervals calculated to "keep the pot aboiling" as closely as possible, to allow no minutes when some of the squadron would not be on or about the spot to enforce the No Thoroughfare rule. For the rest of the afternoon they came and went, and came and went, in a steady string, circling in and dropping to the drome to refill hurriedly with fresh stocks of bombs and ammunition, taking off and driving out to the east as soon as they had the tanks and drums filled and the bombs hitched on. They were on scout machines, carrying four light bombs and many hundred rounds of ammunition apiece, and Dennis, the leader of the first flight, made an enthusiastic report of success on the first return. "Found the spot all right, major," he said cheerfully. "The crater reported is there all right, and it has wrecked half the road. There was a working party on it going like steam to fill in the hole. We disturbed the party a whole lot."

They had disturbed them. The road was one of those long miles-straight main routes that run between the towns in that part of France. They were well filled with troops and transport over the first miles, but the flight leader followed instructions and let these go, knowing other squadrons would be dealing with them in their own good time and way. "Although I wish they'd get busy and do it," he told the commanding officer. "Having nothing to worry them, those Huns just naturally filled the air with lead as we went over 'em. Look at my poor old 'Little Indian' there—her planes are as full of holes as a sieve."

## "A Beautiful Block"

BUT he had pushed his Little Indian straight on, and presently he came to the spot where the squadron was to tackle its job—a spot where an attempt had been made by our engineers to blow up the road as we retired and where a yawning hole took up half the road, leaving one good lorry-width for the transport to crawl round. An infantry battalion was

tramping past the crater when the flight arrived above it, and since the Little Indian flew straight on without loosing off a bomb or a shot, the rest of the flight followed obediently, although in some wonder as to whether the target was not being passed by mistake. There was no mistake. They followed the leader round in a wide sweep over the open fields with stray bunches of infantry firing wildly up at them, round to the crater and past it again and out and round still wider. The road by the crater was empty as they passed, but a long string of lorries and horse transport that had been waiting half a mile back began to move and crawl along toward the crater. The Little Indian kept on her wide circle until half the lorries were past the crater. Then she came round in a steep bank and shot straight as an arrow back to the road, swept round sharply again, and went streaking along above it. Two hundred yards from the crater she lifted, curved over, and came diving down, spitting fire and lead as she came, pelting a stream of bullets on the lorries abreast of the mine hole and diving straight at them. Thirty feet away from the hole, one, two, three, four black objects dropped away from under the machine, and four spurts of flame and smoke leaped and flashed among the lorries and about the hole, as the Little Indian zoomed up, ducked over and came diving down again with her machine guns hailing bullets along the lorries and the horse transport. And close astern of her came the

rest of the flight, splashing their bombs down the length of the convoy, each saving one or two for the spot by the crater, continuing along the road and emptying their guns on the transport. Half a mile along the road they swung round and turned back and repeated the gunning performance on men struggling to hold and steady crazed and bolting horses, on wagons in the ditches, on one lorry with her nose well down in the half-filled crater and another one comfortably crashed against her tail that stuck out into the half-width bit of road.

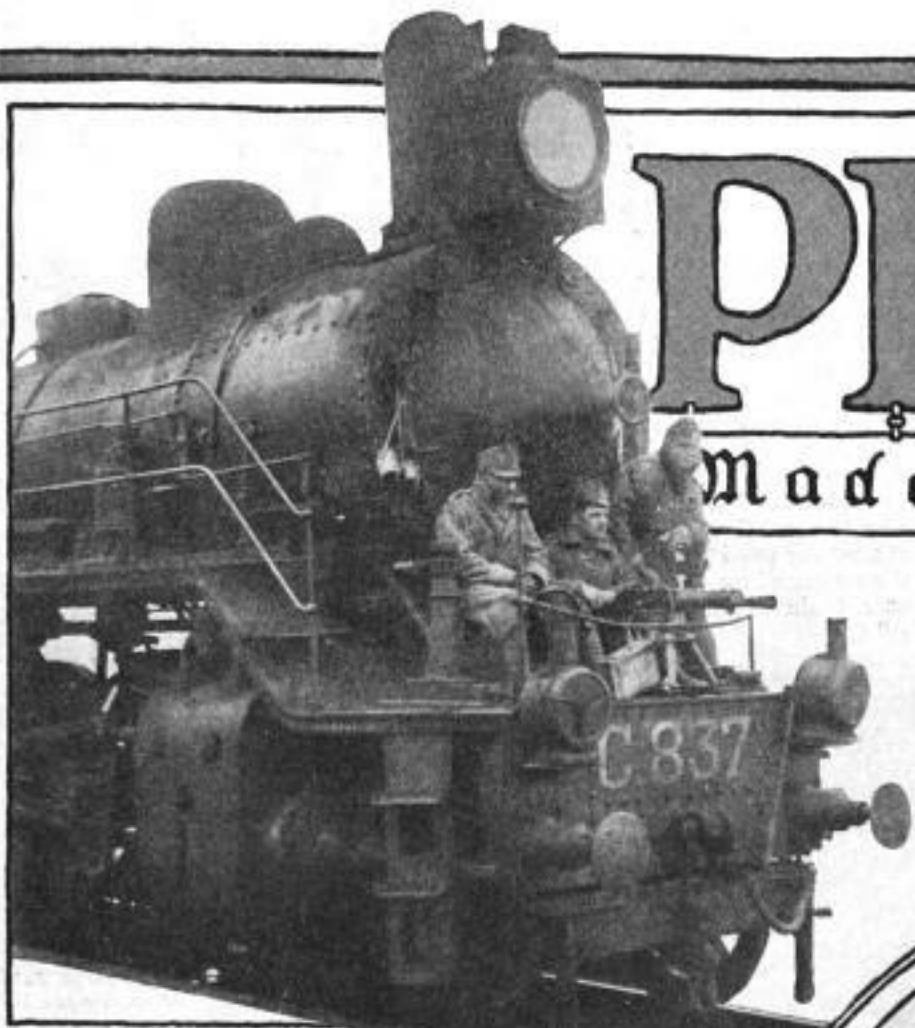
"A beautiful block," the flight told the major on their return. "Couldn't have placed 'em better if we'd driven the lorries ourselves. And there's horse wagons enough scattered along the ditches of the next half mile to keep the Hun busy for hours."

## The Huns Jump

THE second flight, arriving about ten minutes after the first had departed homeward bound, found the Huns exceedingly busy struggling to remove the wrecked transport which so effectually blocked the way. There were men enough crowded round the crater especially to make a very fine target, and the first machine or two got their bombs well home on these and scattered the rest impartially along the road on any "suitable targets" of men or transport. They established another couple of very useful blocks along the mile of road behind the crater, and completely cleared the road of marching men for a good three miles. The third flight found no targets beyond the working party at the crater until they had gone back a few miles to a crossroad, where they distributed some bombs on a field battery, bolted the teams, and left the gunners well down in the ditches beside their overturned guns and limbers.

They had barely finished their performance when the first flight was back again, but by this time the enemy had taken steps to upset the arrangements, and with a couple of machine guns posted by the crater did their best to keep the traffic blockers out of reach of their targets. But the flight would not be denied, (Continued on page 25)





# PEACE

Made In Germany

*Last March the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was signed and safely tucked away in the Prussian archives, and sweet peace settled over Russia. At least that's the German account of it. Here are some recently arrived photographs, taken in Russia about the end of April, that furnish a cheering illustration of the German idea of what a good, Grade-A peace is like*

*It takes three Austrians and a machine gun to conduct a German-run locomotive through peaceful Russia*



*Those Russians are a suspicious lot. When the Germans arrived at this Russian hangar they found that the airplanes had maliciously been wrecked to keep them out of Prussian hands*



*A bevy of peace-loving Germans getting ready for a friendly jaunt in what looks like a Russian armored automobile, but is undoubtedly a taxicab*



*Here is a German picnic party cycling through a peaceful Russian railway yard. They look like members of the Prussian guard, but they can't be, for peace had reigned for a month when this picture was taken*





# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER ELEVEN: "FIND MISTER FARL"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE telephone clerk at Police Headquarters spoke to Lieutenant Flynn.

"Woman on the phone, lootnant. Says she thinks there's somethin' wrong at an apartment on University Place. Wants us to shoot somebody over there. Name of Endicott."

"Lemme talk to her, Jim," said the lieutenant.

"Hello, hello," he grunted. "Who are you?"

"Never mind," came the answer. "I want you to send some of your men to Mr. Endicott's—Mr. Farley Endicott's apartment, on the corner of Eleventh Street and University Place. I think that there's something wrong there, and—"

"What do you mean, wrong? Who are you, anyway?"

But the same fear that had possessed her many times to-day, that her whereabouts as she stood talking might be traced, had made Leila Kildare hang up the telephone. By the time that Lieutenant Flynn had located the number whence the call had come, Leila was half a mile away.

Lieutenant Flynn never overlooked a bet, to quote the lieutenant himself. The active head of the Detective Bureau, he had not attained his eminence in the Police Department by any favoritism or "pull." He was a painstaking policeman, with a creditable record, which, had one cared to examine it closely, would have been discovered to be due to careful labor rather than to any intellectual powers possessed by the lieutenant. He had, however, a certain imagination. He knew what to tell the newspaper men and what to withhold from them. And he never disdained publicity when such publicity could not hinder police work.

In his mind's eye, as he moved the telephone hook up and down to recall the Headquarters operator, he could see newspaper headlines lauding the work of Lieutenant Flynn, who, on receiving a mysterious telephone call from a woman (the "woman" would crowd the war out of one front-page column if a real crime had been committed) had immediately, by the exercise of his detective talents— Even a Headquarters detective dreams his little dreams.

"Kelly!" He dismissed visions and became the methodical policeman. "Find out where that call came from, and who was talking, if you can. Tell Cadoza and Hinchcliffe to beat it up to Eleventh Street and University Place; apartment of Farley Endicott; and see if anything is wrong. Send Ryan up to wherever the woman phoned from. Got it? All right."

Efficient, swift, comprehensive. He had to hand it to himself. He leaned back in his chair and lighted a fat cigar. His forehead wrinkled as he turned to other work. A guy had to keep his wits about him in this game. You never had one job at a time. Always something new.

Exactly twelve minutes elapsed before the telephone rang. "Cadoza's on the wire, lootnant," said Telephone Operator Kelly.

"Awright. Let him shoot," grunted Flynn.

"Lootnant?" said another voice. "Cadoza speakin'. We're up at the University Place apartment. Double killin', lootnant, and—"

"Get the guy that did it?" snapped Flynn.

"Looks like they bumped each other off," said Cadoza.

"It does, does it? Well, you wait until I look it over," said the lieutenant. "Be there right away."

He hung up the receiver and started for the door. The phone rang again. He hesitated a moment, then turned back. It was Plain-clothes Man Ryan who wanted him this time.

"Up at Perlman's drug store, on Madison Avenue, lootnant. Woman that phoned about University Place—"

"Yes? Who is she?" cried Flynn.

"Dunno, lootnant. Druggist don't know. Described her, though."

"Come downtown, quick," ordered Flynn. "Have description printed, sent out—"

He waited to instruct Ryan no further. Ryan knew his business. He himself, Lieutenant Flynn, raced downstairs and into a police automobile.

"Looked like they'd bumped each other off, did it? When a Jane had phoned in about it? Where did she come in, then? He got it, though. Uh-huh! Lovers' quarrel, she'd witnessed it."

BUT his visions of figuring in the big murder mystery of the year, as the brilliant sleuth who unraveled the snarled tangle, were momentarily dissipated when he reached Farley Endicott's apartment.

"A bum and a dinge," he grunted disgustedly. "Everything just as it was when you came in?" he asked Hinchcliffe.

"Didn't do a thing except ring for the ambulance," replied the plain-clothes man.

The clang of the hospital automobile told Flynn that he had beaten the doctor by moments only. He

told Cadoza to open the door and let the physician in.

The doctor gave Breen a glance only. But he knelt over Fabian. He worked over the colored man for several minutes, before he spoke. Then his speech was brief. "Help me carry him out."

"Alive?" questioned Lieutenant Flynn.

"Barely."

"The other?"

"Dead."

Flynn nodded. Well, the negro would talk. But meantime— He walked over to a desk and opened it. His eyes widened. He beheld a picture of a young man attired in aviation costume. Beneath the photograph were written the words:

To Farl Endicott from his pal, Sam Whitney.

Then Lieutenant Flynn knew why it was that Farley Endicott's name had had a familiar ring. He ought to keep up on the society end of the game more. Then it wouldn't have needed this photograph— Farley Endicott! He whistled. The young chap who'd made a record flying for France! And the woman had said that this was Endicott's apartment. As if that was needed—now. Endicott's card was over the letter box. He'd noticed that when he rang for admittance. Farley Endicott! And a woman. His eyes brightened.

Cadoza and Hinchcliffe were carrying Fabian out, at the doctor's orders. Flynn took a good look at Breen. Blackjacked. So was the negro. And the weapon? It took Lieutenant Flynn exactly forty-five seconds to decide that the weapon that had killed the white man, and perhaps fatally injured the black, was not in the Endicott apartment.

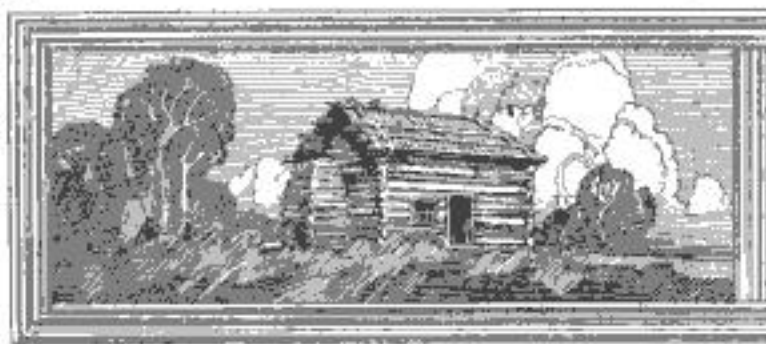
"Looks like they'd bumped each other off!"

Oh, Lord! What luck that he'd been telephoned by this girl, and that the case hadn't been handled, from the outset, by a couple of flat-footed, heavy-headed—

If he could locate this Endicott before the morning papers went to press— He began a systematic, methodical search of the apartment. That finished, he gave swift directions to Cadoza and Hinchcliffe, and betook himself downtown.

THE reporters crowded into Lieutenant Flynn's office. They glanced anxiously at the clock. Eleven-thirty, and if it was a big story that ran over a column—and a story that ran over a column and didn't have to do with the (Continued on page 20)





# Collier's

## Numbers—and Exodus?

IN the week preceding the German offensive of middle July, between Château-Thierry and the Argonne, the number of American soldiers in France was 1,100,000, according to the chief of staff at Washington. Our troops have been pouring into France at the rate of a quarter a million and more a month. This means that on the fourth anniversary of the beginning of the Battle of the Marne (September 5) the American army abroad will be 1,600,000 strong. At about the same time that our own strength was 1,100,000 it was authoritatively stated that the British army numbered 2,000,000 men. By early September it will undoubtedly be 2,250,000 strong. The French now hold three times the British front at the least. Give the French two millions. Add a quarter of a million for Belgians, Italians, Portuguese, Polish, and Czech-Slovak legionaries, and we have, four years after JOFFRE turned the Kaiser back from Paris, an Allied strength of 6,000,000 men pledged and determined to keep the Kaiser's acquaintance with Paris entirely one of book knowledge.

Against this army, three times as strong as the one that JOFFRE worked with, the Kaiser will have hardly more than twice the army with which he set out on his two weeks' excursion to Paris four years ago. That is the central fact around which the Allied strategy of the last five months will have centered.

It is not in the hope of taking Paris that the German blows have been delivered since March 21. It is not in the hope of reducing the Allied line to a brittle condition where one final blow would settle matters that the Ludendorff campaign has been conducted. German hopes are not based on Allied defeat, but on Allied weariness. The peace the Junkers hope for is to come when France acts, not out of fear of disaster, but out of the decision that perhaps it is not worth while after all to undergo the strain of another two years of war to redress the situation on what used to be the eastern front. Reason alone says that for the Allies to recognize the status quo in Russia means that Germany has won. But a nation which has suffered during four years as France has suffered may be conceived—by the Junker mind—as leaving the possibilities of twenty-five years hence to take care of themselves if to-day peace is to be had with French territory intact, Belgium restored, Serbia provided for. That is the significance of HERTLING's screwing himself up to utter the word which German statesmen have been unable to pronounce: Belgium. "We have no intentions to keep Belgium; we hold it only as a pawn." In other words: "Say you will be reasonable with regard to Russia, and there is peace."

What the Allied answer will be is plain to anyone but Berlin. On the fourth anniversary of the Battle of the Marne we may see the Allies settling down in earnest to restore the Russian front.

## Coming Down!

THE boche assault beginning March 21 was known officially as "The Kaiser's Battle" until it fizzled out in a very partial success. The attack of July 16 was dubbed "The Friedenssturm" ("Peace Storm"), a much less gloriously personal designation. From gilding the Hohenzollern crown to appealing to the peace cravings of the rank and file is a genuine comedown, and that is what Prussian militarism had to undergo in those four months.

## Part of What France Expects

IT would be natural if Americans were both very proud and a little alarmed by the position we now occupy, not on the French firing line only, but in the thought and expectation of our British and French allies—soldiers and civilians. It is a tremendous responsibility to measure up to the valuation now given us. "We have military technique," asserts "L'Humanité" of Paris; "and the Americans have paid us the honor of asking us, in consequence, to be their instructors. May they in turn be good enough to be *our* instructors in industrial methods. We wish they would, without delay, organize the industrial 'general staffs' of this war, for which we furnish the military general staffs. And may the two sets of staffs, the military and the industrial, merge in a union which will give us the needed superiority over Germany. France is rich enough in scientists, chemists, engineers, and industrialists. . . . Remember what Carnot did in 1793, and that Carnot earned this appreciation of History: 'Science directing Enthusiasm: such is the character of the military effort that saved France.' . . . *The Americans are bringing us the industrial genius which is to-day the indispensable condition of Victory.*"

August 10, 1918

## Stamp Activity

IT was announced early in July that there had been turned into the War Savings Fund at Washington, in cash or pledges, \$1,600,000,000. Of this amount between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 is in cash and represents stamps actually bought by patriotic savers. This country has done better even than England, where the plan—or its general outline—originated. How much like a rising tide the movement has been may be judged by the fact that the total receipts for December, 1917, were equaled by the receipts of one day in June. It will continue to mount. Those in charge of the enterprise believe that the \$2,000,000,000 mentioned in the act will be reached before the end of the year, although when the bill was passed no one dared to hope for such an achievement. The figures are larger, but they are not so impressive as the fact that at the present writing more than 30,000,000 persons hold these Government securities! That is, 30,000,000 men, women, and children have learned the habit of saving, in a country whose recklessness in spending has been a byword among foreign nations. What that fact, coupled with the wide distribution of the Liberty Loan, means to the financial future of the country, it is hardly necessary to say. The Treasury Department is to be congratulated on its intelligent handling of these two enormous undertakings, and the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of unpaid workers promises well for the next Liberty Loan, and assumes, we believe, the absorption of the entire issue of the War Savings Stamps.

## Where Distance Lends Enchantment

WHEN reading cheering reports as to the zeal, vim, fresh enthusiasm, etc., that our soldiers in France bring to the firing line, some whose memories go back to '61 and '98 would probably like to add that our men are further blessed in that the Atlantic Ocean is between them and their country's politicians.

## The Great Food Offensive

THE New York "Times's" correspondent cables from Paris a resolution voted by the French senators and deputies of the invaded districts, who thank Mr. HOOVER for having made life possible in those regions since the beginning of the war and add that his aid has been an "important factor in the conservation of the French race in the invaded country in the continuance of the moral resistance of their unhappy compatriots and in the preservation of their faith in victory despite the enemy occupation." Meanwhile a Philadelphia newspaper paragrapher has noted that

Senator Reed of Missouri took up most of one afternoon in the Senate this week denouncing Herbert C. Hoover, Food Administrator, sarcastically referring to him as "Herbert the Good."

Since the general proposition of food control was up in the Senate last summer Senator Reed probably has taken up no less than a dozen afternoons denouncing Hoover. If the time of the Senate that has been consumed by Reed could be accurately measured in terms of dollars and cents, it probably would amount to enough to buy a destroyer for the navy.

Against the cheap but costly sarcasm of Senator REED one may now set down in cool figures some of the recent achievements of HOOVER and his coworker, the American housekeeper. In the year 1917-18, thanks to HOOVER and the housekeeper, we were able to ship our allies over 80,000,000 more bushels of grain than the same countries got from us the previous year—when we were not yet their ally. We were able to ship 844,600,000 more pounds of meats and fats. Despite the submarines, we shipped nearly 100,000,000 pounds of beef to the Allied nations in May, 1918. In a time of food shortage nearly everywhere, we have won a notable victory for America and her allies, and HOOVER was the Field-and-farm Marshal of this great food offensive against the Central Powers. One may weary of the overworked words "propaganda" and "morale," but it's true all the same that HOOVER and the plucky, cooperative American housewife have put over the best piece of American propaganda and our best contribution to the morale of the Great Alliance.

## Two Kinds of Inflation

A NEW YORK banker has boiled the whole economic philosophy of inflation down into one sentence. It is worth thinking over for the next few years: "An expansion of credit to increase production is one thing, but an expansion of credit which enables private wants to compete with the Government is another thing, and the latter is something to beware of." Money and credit are good when used to energize business; bad when used to inflate it.



# Editorials



## One Way to Look at It

CONGRESS is talking about taxes on luxuries. A luxury (for this purpose) appears to be something which is not much used by the majority of voters. Our soldiers are doing the fighting and ought to get the best of what there is. We all agree to that. But how far would taxes on luxuries have to go before the mass of us got down to the plainness of a soldier's living?

## The Letters They Write

SOLDIERS' letters are, at their best, the most vital and, within the limitations of the inevitable censorship and that ugly nuisance, self-consciousness, the most real of current literature. The men who are writing them are the men who are translating into action the conscience and aspiration of America, of democracy everywhere. Often these men are apter at the thing than at the word—but we want to see their letters, anyway.

Here, for instance, is another letter from a United States railway engineer. He hails from the Northwest and used to be a reporter on a newspaper in a city of 15,000. He writes with ease and ranges in a letter to his home folks over subjects as varied as Lombardy poplars, bicycling, jazz, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S "Metropolitan" articles (the soldier prefers WILLIAM HARD'S), and the importance of his younger brother "reading up" on French history and literature, besides French grammar, before he too gets into uniform and crosses the Atlantic. This letter-writing engineer also proves himself a human person—as follows:

I met an attractive French girl the other Sunday while going through the Art Museum in the city. She is going to the Normal School here for teachers and has studied English for six years. She has the funniest way of saying "What-ta" for "What." Usually I don't care much for the French accent in English. She has a friend Suzanne something or other who is also studying English. In fact, the A. E. F. has done much to spread the study of English in France, particularly among the girls. And it has worked the other way too. The French don't have to use German methods to make others learn their language. The French girls are the chief reason for most of the boys studying French.

## Swat the Mosquito; He's Not on Our Side

DRAINING a stagnant pool five hundred miles inland does not seem to have much to do with war work, but we note by the "Railway Age" that certain lumber towns and railway companies in eastern Texas have been getting after the Kaiser by cleaning out his malaria-bearing ally, the mosquito. The methods are simple: spray oil on standing water, dig out all ditches and runways through lowland, paint ceilings white, screen doors and windows, and swat any intruding insects of whatever genus. This means care, education, and some expense, but it pays. In Lufkin, Keltys, and Wildhurst (all in Texas) the lumber mills are now running day and night in their task of feeding material to the national shipyards. Left unmolested, Herr ANOPHELES would have cut it down to half time. The railway's profit from larger and steadier freight haulings pays its share of the cost of this antimalaria work many times over; malarial sickness has been reduced 85 to 90 per cent in the towns concerned, and many other places can profit by their example.

## On "Labor Missions" and Socialists

AN American "Labor Mission" was sent to England and France some time ago—expressing an excellent idea, though the financing of the mission, and its behavior toward labor leaders in the countries of our allies, were somewhat curious. A friend of ours, at Paris, saw a letter from a member of the French High Commission at Washington in regard to the American "Labor Mission"; it said, in effect: "Send them to the Folies Bergères and dine them at the Café des Ambassadeurs, and show them something of the front, and introduce them to a few hand-picked French labor men—BUT don't let 'em meet the French socialists!" This might lead one

to infer that the French Government doesn't want American labor to get in touch and sympathy with French labor, or it might mean that the French representatives at Washington suspected that the aforesaid "Labor Mission" was better adapted to *hors-d'œuvres* and pony ballets and patriotic speeches on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville than to discussion of war-labor problems with the Frenchmen who specialize in such matters. An American socialist delegation is now visiting France and England—a delegation of such American socialists as aren't named Hillquit or Berger. On general principles, we believe that such a visit will prove worth while, and illuminating all round. The American public will share in the enlightenment of such a trip. That part of the public which thinks of "socialist" and "pacifist" as equivalent terms, and that section which even goes so far in foolishness as to think of every socialist as probably disloyal, will learn something of the real position of French and British Labor and socialism in the war: which is much too large and costly a war to be the property of any class.

## For Remembrance

RUSHING by the edge of town at forty miles an hour, one saw a row of cheaply built, partly painted houses standing on a long lot with their carefully gardened little back yards slanting downhill to the edge of the tracks. The house in the middle of the row had a trellis all along the back porch and a great grapevine rioting over it in full glory of green leaf and new blossoms, right up to the second-story windows. On either side in turn were other trellises not yet so fully covered, and the outside houses had their tended vines also, set only a year or two ago, but dedicated to the same pleasant shade and luscious fruit. One saw it all in a flash: how that one example of pleasure in growing things and of helpful neighborliness in teaching others had spread like a kindly magic along the whole row, blessing what might otherwise have been but sour and dreary ground. One thought of the great cemetery a few miles back down the line, with its durable, pretentious monuments of marble and of bronze—immeasurably more costly than that strip of blossoming back yard. But, in your heart, which memorial would you prefer? Anybody who has the money can buy a big gravestone, but it takes kindness to make pleasant green things grow and flourish. Those grape arbors are a far truer symbol of what our cities are really for: that each may sit under his own vine and that none shall make him afraid—as the prophet foretold so many years ago.

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a U. S. engineer to his parents in New Jersey)

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD: I am more and more delighted with this country. The people are friendly and helpful, but it is only when we speak French very slowly that we make each other understand.

I suppose you still hear of how the American engineers refuse to keep out of the scrap over here. One regiment of us stepped over the top right into an attacking line of boches, and hit them so heavy that they retreated. When an engineer gets angry he can show things to the doughboys.

I enjoy myself most when I can take walks out into the country and mix with the French. A few of them still think Americans must be ignorant backwoodsmen. I enjoy talking to the children. I have teased them by asking, in as serious a manner as possible, if they are Germans. Instead of hitting me, as I deserve, they deny it indignantly, and explain so patiently that they are French. They are all to the good.

I will have my picture taken with a trench helmet and gas mask on and send it home. And I would like very much to have the home paper. We have the "Stars and Stripes" and several papers here that publish English editions, but they give almost no sporting news. It will be great if they hold the world series over here.

I ran into an old man the other day who was not in favor of the American troops being here. He asked me what part of French territory we were going to get for our services. I told him we would not take all nor any part of the country as a gift. Then I told him about America—until he declared that he would go to America as soon as possible.

I am in perfect health, and try to keep so, realizing that is the patriotic thing to do. Love to each one. ROYALL.





# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

## A Clarion Cry of Confidence



**P**ICTURE for a moment the British Isles, completely surrounded by water. In war times this has placed England in a much more trying position than America will ever face. Take, for instance, oil. Due to the limited natural resources of the British Isles they have no oil wells. Thus oil or gasoline or "petrol," as they call it, with many other raw materials has had to be shipped in by boats, and, as Mark Sullivan puts it, this great war hinges on boats and man power.

In England this petrol shortage has seriously handicapped automobile owners, while the Canadians, for instance, who have been at war as long as the Britons, have not been deprived of their cars. And we too in America, until our oil wells run dry, do not have to depend upon this shipping menace for oil. American car owners can be supplied as readily as we have supplied our Canadian allies.

The geographical location of the British Isles, the lack of these natural resources, plus this overseas shipping menace, which affects their inhabitants more than any one else, gives us an opportunity of drawing an illustration from the Great Britain manufacturers of intense value.

On our desk there is lying at the moment some recent copies of the great popular British periodicals—"Punch," "The Sphere," "The London Illustrated News"—and in each of these, in practically every issue, there is an abundance of advertising.

Many of these manufacturers will have nothing to sell until after the war. For three years they have had nothing to sell. And yet they still advertise their products, planning courageously on an after-the-war-is-won basis.

Take for example the advertisement of the famous Daimler Company from the June 22d issue of "The Sphere":

### THE TIME WILL COME

Difficult as it is to direct one's thoughts away from Armageddon, it is permissible to peep into the future and anticipate some of the joys that the blessings of peace will bring. The time will come when petrol restrictions will be no more, when motoring will be enjoyed by many thousands who have now no thought but for helping to win the war.

When those happy days arrive the Daimler Company will resume the production of those motor cars of surpassing excellence which together with the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine have created a world-wide reputation for reliability, silence, power and refinement.

The greatest courage, of course, is called for on the battle field; there the supreme duty of a man's service to his country is paid. But courage, too, is demanded of the business man in war time. Each must do his part in upholding national confidence, in maintaining national security. And an advertisement such as that of the Daimler Company not only shows the staunch spirit of the business men of this company, but it is an inspiration to everybody who reads it.

It is a clarion cry of confidence.

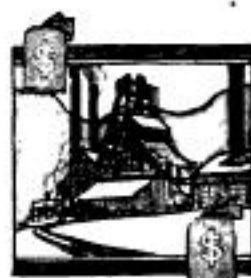
You will remember that, for a time, England cried "Business as Usual" just as we did until the absurdity of the phrase was demonstrated by the pressure of war's demands. Business cannot be as usual until after the Government's needs are satisfied. But after the Government has received from us all the men and steel and coal and other essentials required, then we should endeavor to carry on business as usual. It would be the height of folly, both from our own standpoint and that of our Government, to lie down and cease work just now because the road is rocky with difficulties.

Says President Wilson: "In these times commercial organizations should not decrease their activities—on the other hand, they should continue to work along their usual lines, and, if possible, increase their activities and spheres of influence. There is greater need now than ever before for cooperative activity and systematized organizations in commerce."

In America today, as in England, there are hundreds of manufacturers who have nothing to sell to their usual customers because they are giving their

entire productive capacity, patriotically and enthusiastically, to the Government. But like the manufacturers of Great Britain they keep up their advertising; they are planning now to continue their business after-the-war-is-won.

Here, for instance, is a recent American advertisement which breathes as fine a spirit and as staunch a courage as the Daimler Company's:



### PLEDGED

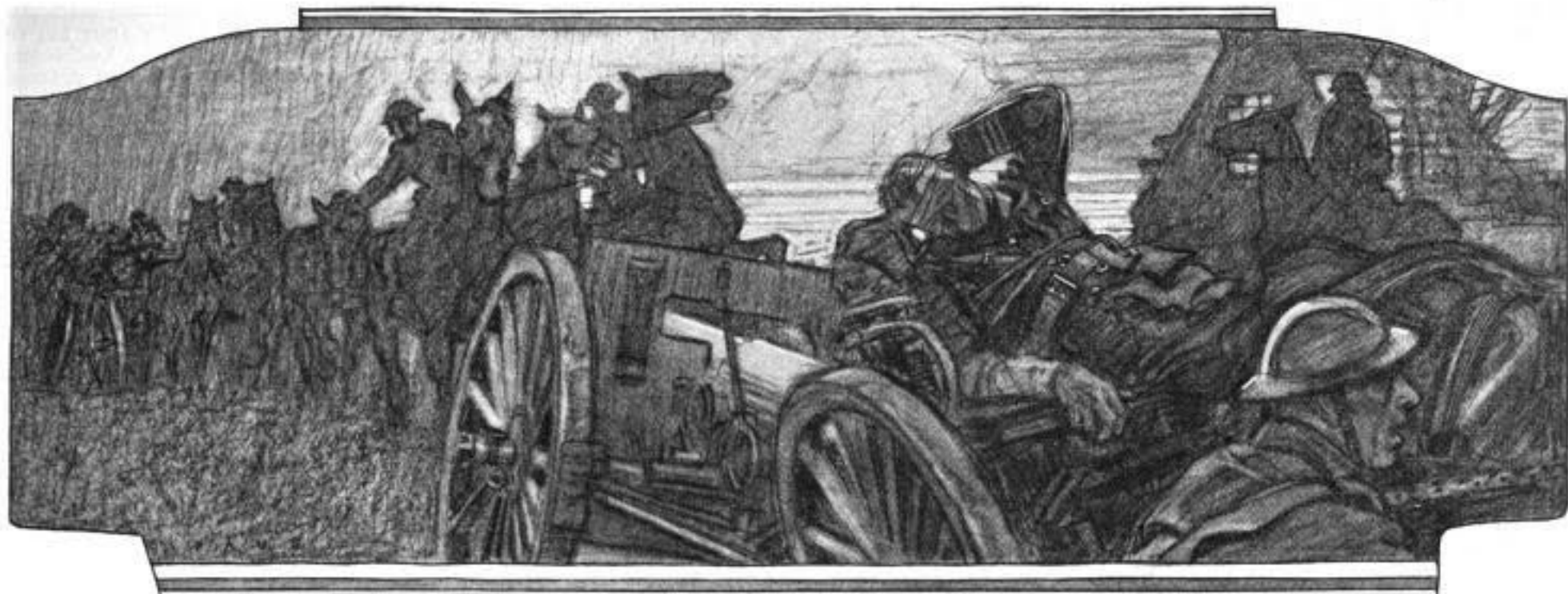
This entire organization with all its productive resources is pledged to the enthusiastic support of our Government's War Programme.

None of the peace-time Savage products will be made until every Governmental requirement, in which we are assisting, shall have been satisfied.

We feel that with the spirit behind our efforts we will have fulfilled our Government's expectations of us.

Who can doubt the stimulating effect of these two advertisements—the British and the American—on the reader? Who can deny that each plays its part in bolstering up our courage and in concreting our confidence? Advertising like this binds us all more closely together in a unity of purpose.





# THE MARK OF THE BEAST

BY CHESTER L. LYMAN  
ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

"IF I had not taken a hand, this spy—Von Westrup—would have escaped with no other punishment than death!"

It was a moment before either Harris or myself could believe that we had heard the old doctor aright.

"Would have escaped with no other punishment than death?" Harris repeated testily. "The man was shot—six bullets. He was killed! In the name of Heaven, what more than that could the English have done to him?"

The old doctor—Major John Montgomery, to give him the name and rank that belonged to him in the American army—had planted himself near the center of our little hut. His vigorously ample body was balanced on widespread feet; his hands were clasped behind him. It was his characteristic attitude in the few leisure moments which we were able to enjoy at the front. He had not commenced his conversation until he was assured that his abominable French cigar burned smoothly, and now waited in patience until Harris had made an end of his outburst, meanwhile shaking his head in mock pity.

"Harris, my boy"—the old doctor is old enough to be the father of either Harris or myself—"without meaning any offense, I am bound to say that in many respects you are quite like a German. You must have studied in Germany; you have so much confidence in the things that you can see and feel and count—like those six bullets."

Harris gave up his attempt at letter writing, pushed away the little oil lamp, which made a weak, flickering halo in the middle of the rough wooden table, and closed his writing case. "We will grant all that, major, about my being a German by nature, or education," he interrupted, "but tell us, what did you do to add to—to those six bullets?"

There was enough of acidity in Harris's tone to arouse the old doctor. His voice came strong and resonant, while he leaned forward slightly toward Harris, the better to press home his answer to the latter's half-mocking question.

"I did the thing that hurts a German most; I pricked the bubble of his conceit. This Von Westrup thought he was so smart. He thought he had been caught only by an accident; as if Divine Providence had made a misstep. The bungling of the Almighty had aggravated him; as to his own part in the business, he was going to his execution in the perfect satisfaction that he had not made a mistake."

HARRIS laughed grimly. "And from what little I have heard of the affair, Von Westrup had not made a mistake. No one suspected him, not even Colonel Marston, the Englishman who had him arrested. The British have said little about the thing at mess—a spy at headquarters is not a pleasant subject—and they say less when one of us Americans is about. But I know this, that no one was more surprised than Marston himself when they searched Von Westrup and found the mass of confidential stuff he was getting away with. That was not the reason for the arrest. It seemed as if Marston's action was just a sudden impulse—an accident—a blundering mistake."

The old doctor shook a restraining finger in Harris's direction. "It was not Marston's mistake,

Harris; nor was it an accident. The Englishman was not a blunderer. It pleased Von Westrup to think so, and salved his vanity; but it was Von Westrup himself who made the mistake, and, by Heaven, I made him know it before he died!"

HATE of the English appears to have been the dominant characteristic of Sixt von Westrup. Some hours before that named for his execution he was asked if he had any statement to make or requests to prefer. He had both, but would not consider submitting them to an Englishman. He spat this answer from his mouth with an exaggeration of fiendish venom. This display of feeling seemed to embarrass the subaltern, who had been the victim of it, but he was willing to oblige. Our unit is attached temporarily to the First Battalion of the London Sweeps, getting a taste of work in the advanced dressing stations. The subaltern had found the old doctor just coming off duty and had directed him to the hut in which Von Westrup was confined.

The German wanted to talk. The floodgates of his speech had been sealed overly long, and his cankering hate of all things English demanded expression. Of course he spoke English perfectly.

"The muddling, shopkeeping swine!" Von Westrup called them. "Faugh! We will trample them underfoot—so!" He stamped heavily on the board floor, and laughed with that peculiar snarling malignance which was his nearest approach to humor. Then he launched into an impassioned eulogy of the German race, which, girt with the sword of God, would battle itself to the dominance of the world. He came suddenly to an abrupt pause in the midst of his bloody, conquering dream.

"Herr Doktor, have you ever been within the headquarters of the Great General Staff in Berlin? You have not? Even had you been, you could not conceive of the vast system of it, a system which foresees every infinite detail, which makes no mistakes, which puts no trust in chance."

The old doctor had listened to this outburst with intense interest. He had read such things as this German was saying, but they had never seemed real. He had thought of these things as being the fluff and froth of holiday speeches. But here was a man who appeared to believe what he was saying, and certainly Von Westrup was not a madman.

The old doctor took two cigars from his inner pocket and offered Von Westrup his choice. The German extended his hand to take one; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he drew back sharply.

"I will not smoke. It is not necessary now. I have had to do it for the past eight years—and I hated it! Chambers smoked," he added, as if that were a sufficient explanation.

"You mean Colonel Chambers of the British Staff?" the old doctor asked. "I know him only by reputation; I do not know what his smoking had to do—"

It has been said that hate of the English was the predominating characteristic in Von Westrup's makeup. His racial vanity was almost as great a part of him. This came to the surface now. He sprang to his feet and advanced close to the old doctor, whence he could look directly into the latter's eyes.

"Tell me," the German demanded passionately, "are you mocking me? Has no one told you the truth?" He laughed again that snarling, violent laugh of his. "I do not wonder that they keep it a secret, these English; they must save their faces. Know you then, Herr Doktor, that I, Sixt von Westrup, am that Colonel Herbert Cheyne Chambers of the British Intelligence! Ever since the retreat from Mons, Chambers has been a German!"

"Eight years ago—five years before the outbreak of the war—I was stationed in garrison at Tilsit in East Prussia. You could not guess my age from my appearance now. Such a face as mine carries no history. It is this face of mine that resigns me to death. At the time I speak of I was thirty years of age, an underofficer. I seemed to be doomed for life to just such beastly dull garrison towns as Tilsit in East Prussia. One day there came to me a summons from Berlin."

"Many times since that joyous journey, upon which I started so light-heartedly at the command of the Great General Staff, I have wished that the train might have plunged me to my death. But what would you? When the Great General Staff commands, it is done; the impossible performs itself!"

"You may well believe that I was excited. A summons to the Great General Staff! The holiday in Berlin! There was the wife of the regimental surgeon—an intimate friend of mine—but that has nothing to do with what I am telling you. It was night when I reached Berlin. The next morning I reported at the time and place mentioned in my orders. I was among the last to arrive, and it was a rare sight that greeted me. You will observe me, Herr Doktor, and you will picture me before my face was such a face as it is now and before my hair had become so splotchy gray. I was six feet and two inches tall. I was spare without being thin. My back, of course, was straighter than it is now. No army makes such straight backs as does the German army. My hair was flaxen, my ears small and regular, and set close against my head. My eyes were, as you see, light blue."

"The great lecture hall on an upper floor of the headquarters building was crowded with officers. I was conscious at once of some unusual quality in the scene, but moments passed before I realized what was this odd thing. Three hundred and seventy-three officers, I learned later, in addition to the staff colonel and his clerks, were crowded into that room, and every man of us was a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed man, six feet two inches tall. There had been summoned to Berlin every officer of the German army who answered to that description."

"I WILL not bore you with all the infinite details of the weeks that followed that first morning in Berlin. Within a few days only twenty-one of us remained out of the original three hundred and seventy-three who had been summoned. The others went back to their garrison towns; became again the little cogs in the machine. The twenty-one who remained owed their choice entirely to physical reasons. The staff colonel consulted many photographs which at that time we were not permitted to see. Later I was to see much of them, photographs



of all sorts and kinds, in all possible poses and situations, in every sort of dress from hunting togs to full-dress uniform, of Herbert Cheyne Chambers, a captain in the British army.

"May his soul be damned!"

The ardent curse fairly burst its way through the German's tight-drawn lips. For some moments he sat in silence. Only the straining cords in his hands and the twitching of his lips betrayed the curbed violence of his passionate hate, so passionate as almost to approach the bounds of madness. When he spoke his voice was hoarse, and his words fairly choked from his throat.

"God had no right to make this end to all my work. Eight years I have played my part. The perfection of system and science and knowledge have been devoted to success, every resource of the Great General Staff"—he clenched his hands together and held them tight between his pressing knees during another moment's pause—"only to have the whole thing lost by the unthinkable blunder of a stupid Englishman!"

HIS passion subsided after a time, and he resumed his talk quite as if there had been no diversion.

"You will have guessed the purpose of my being brought to Berlin, myself and the other three hundred and seventy-two officers. It was wanted to find the counterpart of Captain Chambers—and not one only, but three or four. Accidents must be discounted; death—so many things may happen. The Great General Staff leaves nothing to chance. It foresees everything—and prepares for it.

"Chambers was but one of many British officers as to whom like preparations were made; and in his case four of us were chosen to take up the work. Within two years one of these had died. In the third year one was thrown from a horse while practicing the following of the damned hounds—one of the things that Chambers persisted in doing and, of course, one of the things that we all must become proficient in. We had not only to be as proficient as he, but proficient in the identical manner. How many mornings have I lain behind hedges for just a sight of my quarry riding by; that I might catch some infinitesimal detail of his carriage—the swing of his body, the way in which he flicked his whip or held his arm—and then spent hours to make myself perfect in it. That one who was thrown from his horse suffered a broken leg and, what was worse, was left with a limp. That ended him.

"How I worked and strove and worried! The last year before the outbreak of the war was the most frightful time. This thing that I was doing—the re-making of myself into the likeness of Herbert Cheyne Chambers—had become an obsession, and at times I thought that I should go mad with fear and worry and discouragement and—hate. For at bottom I hated the work. I hated Chambers. I hated England and everything English; the beastly athletic grind that Chambers punished himself with and called sport; the vile ship's plug that he smoked; the cold morning bath that I had to learn to enjoy. There was no surcease. Whether Chambers worked or played, it was all one to me—work.

"And I could not give it up. Of the four of us who had been assigned to this detail, only two of us were left after four years, Von Niemann and myself. You can imagine our dismay when Chambers commenced to put on flesh. Was it because of too much exercise or too little exercise? we asked each other, Von Niemann and I. It was neither, as we found when we put it to the test."

"What!" the old doctor demanded in surprise.

"To be sure," Von Westrup answered. "His servant was in our pay. It was through him that we became familiar with the most intimate details of Chambers's private life, his letters, his callers, the people to whom he talked on the telephone, the books he read, the ones he liked and the ones he did not like. It was through the servant that we suggested more exercise. That had no effect. We tried less exercise. Then we learned that this tendency to stoutness was hereditary in the Chambers family, commencing to take effect generally at about the age of thirty-four years.

"This was but one example of the infinite care and attention to detail in the work of the Great General Staff. I had been in despair, and Von Nie-



mann was in no better way. We should not have worried. That very complication had been foreseen. Chambers's hereditary tendencies had been taken into consideration, and only those who had like tendencies had been chosen for our positions.

"I was relieved, you may well believe. In due course I commenced to take on weight. Von Niemann died. He had not been wholly confident in what the Great General Staff had told us, and had dosed himself with some poisonous flesh-building preparation.

"I was alone now, the last of four! Herr Doktor, I doubt if you can conceive what I did in those five years. You cannot! I, Sixt von Westrup and Hagenau, a Mecklenburger, had made of myself a likeness, in all but mere matter of facial feature, of Herbert Cheyne Chambers.

"It was no mere surface likeness, a thing of clothes, the same twist to a mustache or a duplication of accent. It was deeper. I knew the things that he knew, because we read the same books—and nothing but the same books. It would not do for me to know things that he did not know. Again, I did the same things that he did—and in the same way.

"Do you know, Herr Doktor, which stocking you yourself put on first in the morning? No, though you have been doing it every morning for sixty years. Nor did I, Sixt von Westrup, know which one of my stockings I put on first, nor do I know now. But I know that Chambers invariably put on his left stocking first, and so must I always do.

"And so it was with the ten thousand and one items that go to make up the round of daily living."

Von Westrup paused, as if to consider those years of strange preparation in their orderly se-

quence. His eyes narrowed as he brought one after another of his recollections into focus.



"I brushed him aside; I wanted to be gone before Marston arrived"

"Odd things, these little traits and habits that we pick up. Chambers had his share of them. I

do not think of him often now. That may seem odd, too, when one considers that I am imitating him in every act of my life; but so much of it has become second nature with me that I almost forget at times that I am not myself.

"When I consciously think of Chambers, it is always as I saw him the last time. Chambers was never in a hurry to open a letter. Once a letter was in his hands it must go through a preliminary examination which never varied one iota. I doubt if Chambers knew of this habit, or if his friends knew of it; but I am sure that if ever he had omitted any part of his program connected with the opening of a letter, the omission would have been noted. He always regarded the address carefully. He held the envelope in his right hand, by its upper right-hand corner. He brought the reverse side of the envelope to view by merely turning his hand as one might turn a fan. He examined the seals and glued edges, then brought it face uppermost again. Not until all this had been gone through with was the envelope opened with the little gold penknife which Chambers carried for the purpose.

"He was standing so, an envelope in one hand and the little gold penknife in the other, when I last saw him—beside the road in Charleroi. It was an order that he held in his hand, a sealed order. All the hell of the British retreat raged about him while he paused and methodically examined that envelope. There were shells falling about. A damned glacier would have shown as much feeling.

"I wondered if I could ever attain such mastery of myself. I think that at that instant I hated Chambers with such an intensity as I had never before achieved. I do not know why.

"I HAVE said that that was the last time I saw Chambers. He was some twenty paces in front of a half-wrecked little hut, in which I, with a half dozen men, was hidden. We had managed to get there the night before in the confusion of the retreat. It was an intense moment for me. Many of the details have escaped me now. It was a scene of desperate disorder; and there in the midst of it all, in the confusion and smoke, in the midst of the bursting shells, the screaming horses, Chambers stood. I watched him carefully cut the edge of the envelope, which he held in his hand, while four of my companions stole out from the concealment of the little hut.

"They were in British uniform. There was no one about to pay any particular attention to them. There was nothing to notice except that the officer had been suddenly stricken by a bullet, and that the four men had caught him and were carrying him to cover. Even as they were bringing him in through the doorway of the hut, I felt a sudden blow on the back of the head.

"No, Herr Doktor, nothing had gone wrong; it was all a part of the plan. It was now that the real Chambers was to be withdrawn, and I, his other self, was to take his place. The final steps must now be taken. You must understand that we did not look alike. We were not doubles, except in build and general feature, and in all those details of speech and action which I had studied. Other steps were necessary to make the masquerade effective, and they were best taken when I was unconscious. And there were other reasons why I must be found unconscious, and no one can really imitate that. That must be real.

"I awoke many hours later. I was on the caisson of a light field piece. It was dark. I was strapped to the box. I heard the curses of the drivers and the creaking of the limbers as they plunged and sank and rolled through the Flanders mud. I felt the rough bandages on my right arm, and I realized that my head too was swathed. I was deathly sick, stiff, and in pain.

"But with my first conscious thought I remembered the great thing! I was now Captain Herbert Cheyne Chambers of the British army. My left hand crept up to my breast, and I felt there the bits of ribbon and the two service medals which Chambers wore. I was indeed Captain Chambers. I sank back into unconsciousness.

"The disaster of the Marne and the first Battle of Ypres were things of the past when I was able to leave the base hospital and report for duty. I need not tell you that I was (Continued on page 23)



The Soldier with the  
Globe, Anchor and Eagle on  
cap, but no helmet is a  
U. S. Marine



## The Call of the U. S. Marines

A Norwegian-born American in the far interior of the Yukon country got a scrap of newspaper six months old. He read of what is being done to babies, to young women, to helpless old men—the same things you have been reading of—in the onslaught of "Kultur" against civilization.

In six short words he expressed the spirit of the United States Marine Corps: *"This thing bane got to stop!"*

He abandoned his "claim," "mushed" six hundred miles across a frozen wilderness, sold his dogs for the price of passage to Seattle, and is to-day in France, "stopping it" after the fashion of a MAN and a Marine!

Now here is your chance: Congress has authorized the increase of the U. S. Marine Corps to 75,500 men. It's a chance for a few among millions.

If you can pass the physical examination, you will be specially trained as a soldier for the "Three-in-One Service:" on land, at sea or in the air. You will get action and adventure; the kind that makes your blood tingle to read about; the kind that makes the world take notice.

Ample opportunity for advancement. 1,800 officers to be promoted from the ranks. Registered men, ask your Local Board to let you volunteer. Age limits, 18 to 36 years.

*This call is to you. Are you, too, built of the stuff U. S. Marines are made of? Apply at the U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Station in any city, or to the Postmaster in any town.*

# U. S. MARINES



## THE FLYING FISH

Continued from page 13

*"I think there's a bully story in you"*

war would be a whale of a yarn—there wasn't much time to get the facts and phone them into offices where rewrite men would whip them into readable shape.

The lieutenant hustled in from an inner room. He held some notes in his hand, and his face wore a satisfied smile.

"Got a regular story for you, boys," he announced.

"Spill it," grumbled the City News man. His story not only had to go to his office, but from there had to go to every newspaper office in town.

"Ever hear of Farley Endicott? Young society man, been in the French Aviation Service, medal for gallantry; all that sort of thing?"

"Uh-huh." The City News man spoke again, more impatiently.

"Well, he's wanted for assault with intent to kill—"

"Joy ride?" asked the "Planet" man. His eyes were bright.

"And murder," Flynn finished triumphantly.

"Murder?" The reporters' bored faces took on expressions of interest.

"Who'd he kill?" Half a dozen asked the question.

"Unidentified white man. Tried to kill his colored servant. It's a big yarn, boys. A woman in it too—"

"Well, start it from the beginning," snarled the City News man.

Flynn puffed at his cigar. Then he removed it from his lips, and, consulting his notes, began:

"S evenin', eight-twelve, woman phoned, advising police be sent immediate to apartment Farley Endicott, University Place. Lieutenant Flynn answered her call, tried to get her to give name. Woman rang off. Lieutenant Flynn had call traced. Woman gone before Policeman Ryan, detailed by Lieutenant Flynn to this end of the case, could reach Perlman's drug store, where she'd phoned from. Lieutenant Flynn sent Officers Cadoza and Hinchcliffe to University Place. These officers reported to Lieutenant Flynn that double killing had occurred. Stated that it looked like fight. Lieutenant Flynn decided to investigate personally. Decided, upon viewing bodies, third party must have done killing. Ambulance doctor discovers one of the men is alive, colored servant. Other man, white man, is dead.

"In hospital, recovering consciousness for a few moments, colored servant states his employer, Farley Endicott, did the killing."

"What reason?" It was Morley of the "Planet" who asked the question.

"Didn't state. Conscious only a moment." Flynn looked his dislike of the speaker. The "Planet" had often treated the lieutenant too jocosely to suit his dignity.

"Exactly what did the colored survivor of the massacre state?" persisted Morley.

"Huh? Why, what he said was: 'Find Mister Farl.' Ain't that good enough?" demanded Flynn.

"Sure. Go ahead," growled the City News man. It was getting late.

FLYNN continued his narrative. "Morgue attendants, trying to identify murdered white man, send for Bertillon man. Finger prints identify dead man as Samuel Breen, yeggman and counterfeiter. Criminal record that I've got typewritten out for all you boys. Been in hiding from police for past year or so.

"Condition of colored man precarious. May live and may not. Murderer took weapon—probably

blackjack—away with him. And that's about all. Pretty good yarn, eh, boys?"

The bright eyes of Morley gleamed. "The woman? You have her description?"

"Got that written out for you too," said Flynn complacently. The "boys" ought to treat him right in to-morrow's papers. He'd thought of everything for them.

"We'll have the woman by to-morrow some time," he asserted. "It's a pipe."

"And the motive?" questioned Morley.

"Well, we ain't got that yet, but I've figured it this way. This Breen, we learn from his record, was married once. He had a daughter. Now, this Endicott was a rich young feller. Suppose he'd met this daughter, and had her at his place, and Breen learned of it and came down there, and Endicott killed him, and then got afraid of his servant, and killed him too, and the girl got scared and telephoned us—"

"Farley Endicott! You aren't proposing that seriously," said Morley.

"Well?" Flynn shrugged his shoulders defiantly. "A woman telephones. The dinge says his master done it. Practically says that. An ex-convict is found dead in the apartment. What do you make of it? Why would Sam Breen, yeggman, be in Endicott's apartment? And, anyway, it don't matter why just now. We got the goods on Endicott, and—"

"Located him?" The City News man, his eye on the clock, put the question.

"Can't do it. Tried his club, but no one knows where he is. Simply gave us his apartment address that we already knew. Only intimate friend of his, Sam Whitney—you've heard of him; he flew in France too—has been absent from his apartment since afternoon. Can't locate him. Valet told of some newspaper men calling to inquire for him this afternoon. Any of you boys know about that?"

The reporters shook their heads.

"Well," Flynn went on, "seems as though Endicott's been lying low since his return from France some months ago. Hasn't been in the city at all, so far as we can find out, until recently. All his actions look suspicious."

"You didn't know that he'd been recuperating from injuries received at the front, did you?" asked Morley.

"No. But what's that got to do with it?"

Morley shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, except that—oh, I hate like the devil to pass over a 'beat,' but—well, if I don't, a good game citizen will get eternally damned as a mur-

derer to-morrow morning, and—Endicott is dead, lieutenant."

"Eh? Where? When? How?"

"I mentioned joy ride a little while ago. He was driving a high-powered car along a country road up near Greenwich. Car turned over. Endicott flung from it. Badly mutilated. Instantly killed. Our correspondent got the story from the chief of police. No other correspondent got it. It was a 'beat,' but—Think up a new theory for your friend Lieutenant Flynn to tell the newspapers, will you, Lieutenant Flynn?"

"A new one? Why, don't that prove my theory? He was tryin' to escape, and—"

"They have good doctors in Greenwich. According to the doctors who examined Endicott, he had been dead at least four hours when he was found, and he was found at nine o'clock. How long had this man Breen been dead when the body was discovered?"

Flynn's jaw fell. "Not more than an hour, anyway," he admitted.

"Say seven o'clock. And Endicott had been dead since five. Make it a mystery, fellows—it's all of that. But lay off the end that makes Endicott a murderer."

The others nodded. It was a big enough story anyway. And the death of Endicott near Greenwich, Conn., tended to complicate it even more than Endicott's being alive would have done.

THE first editions of all the newspapers carried front-page stories, and in two of them Lieutenant Flynn's name was mentioned in the headlines. It was a self-satisfied lieutenant of detectives that retired at two-thirty, after having read all the first editions.

Shortly after he awakened, about eight hours later, he was less self-satisfied.

## Chapter XII: "Miss Benson"

THE game was up. Larsen was not on University Place by accident. His presence, coupled with the fact that Fabian had not answered the telephone, proved—to Leila, at any rate—that McCord and his followers had learned Endicott's address.

Without Fabian, without Breen—with no one at all to help her—Leila might just as well turn to the police. In the unfamiliar district south of Washington Square Leila bade her taxi man halt. The neighborhood frightened her, however, the only near telephone sign being outside a saloon. She ordered her chauffeur to turn and proceed, via Carmine

*"Pretty good yarn, eh, boys?"*

Street and Sixth Avenue, uptown. As she rode she reconsidered.

If McCord's followers had found Fabian and Breen, the danger to Endicott was not lessened; neither was it increased. Endicott's position, with McCord, would be as it had been. Somehow or other, she refused to believe that violence had been offered Endicott. It could not be possible. She had no basis



for such a belief; she had reason enough to think otherwise. But a kindly God ruled the universe, after all, and He would not let harm come to the man who had taken over such a large place in her heart. Fate had brought them together; Leila was convinced of that. But if Leila went to the police, and McCord knew of it, Endicott's fate would be sealed. She believed the words of Larsen.

But—there was Fabian; there was this man, Breen, whom she had brought, from his hiding place, into contact with McCord and the followers of McCord. What might have happened to them? It was only common justice that aid should be sent to them—if it were not too late.

SHE could telephone the police and not tell her name. If, however, McCord should suspect—It was not easy, but *noblesse oblige*.

If only she could tell the police everything! But she knew what that would mean. The newspapers would get hold of it. She would be detained by the police. McCord, perusing his morning "Planet," would know that she had told what she knew, and—she wouldn't do it, yet. She fled from Perlman's drug store the moment she had given Lieutenant Flynn her message.

And once again she must seek lodging for the night. It was too late to do more than buy such little things as a toothbrush, paste, and the like. But there must be hotels where cash, although the possessor brought no baggage, would secure accommodations. There were such, and she found one of them—a cheap hotel too—near the Grand Central. The clerk eyed her boldly, and the bell boy who conveyed her to her room was a trifle too obsequious in his attentions, but what did it matter? She could rest, could think.

It was long after midnight when she turned away from the window. Elbow on sill, and chin cupped in palm, she had sat, motionless, uncannily still, wondering, figuring.

She awoke with an unpleasantly apprehensive feeling, that was not dispelled by the unfamiliar, shabby surroundings. For a moment the ugly dreams that had assailed her sleep seemed to have entered her waking hours. Then she remembered. She rose from her bed and spoke through the telephone to the clerk. She ordered coffee and rolls and a morning paper.

If anything had happened at the Endicott apartment! It had. The headlines told her that. But they told more than that. They told of the death, on the country road, of Farley Endicott. For a moment Leila saw through a black haze. Then she recovered. She held her hot coffee—it was poor stuff, but she never knew that—to her lips. The day was warm, but the coffee helped to dissipate the chill that was in her heart. Leila Kildare came of fighting stock. She came of intelligent fighting stock. Reared in a sheltered fashion, she nevertheless, thrown into a maelstrom of intrigue and violence, kept her head.

Her first impulse was to berate herself. It was so easy to reason that McCord, learning of the visit of the police to Endicott's rooms, had killed Endicott in furious rage. But intelligence guided her. McCord would know that Leila would read of Endicott's death. He would know that if Leila believed that report nothing on earth would stop her from going directly to the police. The very thing that he undoubtedly wished not to be done he would have caused to be done.

The mouth of Breen—yes, McCord would want that closed. Fabian's, too; although, thank God, the newspaper said that the negro servitor still lived. Endicott's also, but—not unless Leila's were closed at the same time. Though Leila knew nothing, had no evidence, still, McCord would not want the police on his trail, even though the trail were a blind one.

Then why? She had put down the paper after the first column. She reread, and continued into another page. Endicott's body was mutilated, but clothing, a pocketbook—these were the means whereby Farley Endicott had been identified.

Leila shook her head. She was sick at heart. These casualties went to show how great the stake was for which the war between her and McCord-Rayde was being waged.

But Endicott had not been killed. She could see why McCord would want Endicott's death, entirely aside from the fact that Endicott had been leagued

with herself. Endicott's death would tend to throw the police off the trail. He would be suspected of having killed Breen and having assaulted Fabian.

That had failed. For the papers, as if to cast suspicion from their readers' minds—which was exactly why, had Leila but known—went into detail to show that Endicott had died before Breen had been killed.

But McCord must have known that the police would sooner or later compare the statements of the Greenwich physicians and the ambulance physicians in New York. McCord was no fool. He did nothing without a reason, and his reason must be—She saw it. The police would not spend valuable time trying to locate a man's whereabouts if they believed him to be dead!

To prevent the police from endeavoring to find Endicott! Leila felt ill again. Could McCord have brutally murdered some one else merely to protect himself? She shuddered. Then, suddenly, the shudder became a fit of trembling.

She must not leave out of her calculations the furious temper of McCord. Or something worse than temper: cold, calculating ferocity.

But there was a way to find out, if she had the courage that was her inheritance from a line of fighting ancestors. She could go to Greenwich. Other women, thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands of them, were looking at death, mutilated death, every hour in stricken Europe. What they could do she could do. And if it were Farley Endicott that she found—But she shook her head. It could not be. Fate had not brought them together to part them so soon and so harshly.

The clerk downstairs looked at her as she went out. Where had he seen her before? Her clothing seemed mighty familiar. But Leila was two blocks away before the clerk remembered that he had seen the very clothes that Leila wore described in the newspapers this morning. And, by the time he had telephoned the police his belief that the "mysterious woman" of the "Endicott Mystery" had just left his hotel, Leila was in a hired touring car, motoring up to Greenwich.

It was dangerous, and Leila knew it, this inquiry that she planned to make. But it must be risked. She must know!

THE Greenwich policeman who kept his sight-seers moving along admitted her without question when he learned that she was a newspaper woman.

"From the 'Planet,' ma'am? Certainly, ma'am. Although the man that found the body, Mr. Michael Daly, has gone off with a man from the 'Mercury'—"

That was all right. Leila would talk with Mr. Daly later. She entered the undertaking rooms. And one second assured her that, whoever the unfortunate victim of the accident was, he was not Farley Endicott. For Farley Endicott's right hand had borne a scar, the sort of scar that blazing petrol might have made. Leila left almost at once. Her heart, even in this place of death, was jubilant. Endicott was not dead!

Her car was at the curb, and with a nod of thanks to the policeman she stepped into it. She did not know what she would do just now. She could not go to the police; she did not know where McCord, nor yet Endicott, was, but—Endicott was not behind her, cold in death, in the undertaking rooms. Fate would be kind. . . .

"Miss Benson?" She looked at the alert-eyed young man who lifted his cap and stepped into the machine. Her eyes were haughty; also they were frightened. The young man smiled.

"Both of us being from the 'Planet,' Miss Benson, suppose we split expenses on this car? May I ride with you? No? Suppose"—he lowered his voice—"I tell the policeman there that you are not employed by the 'Planet,' and ask him to look at the dress you're wearing beneath that dust coat?"

Leila affrightedly drew the dust coat, that the chauffeur of the rented car had given her, closer about her.

"Do I win, Miss—Benson? There is a Miss Benson on the 'Planet,' you know." She could only stare at him dumbly. He spoke to the chauffeur.

"The Bellevue, driver." He turned to the girl. "That's a bully place for luncheon, and we can talk things over there, eh? I think there's a bully story in you, Miss—er—Benson."

The car started.

(To be continued next week)



## Those Amazing Prices

Would be necessary to make those foods as cheap as Quaker Oats

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In Quaker Oats you get 1000 calories of food value for five cents.

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### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 cups boiling water  
¼ cup lukewarm water

1 cup sugar  
1 cake yeast  
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 30 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

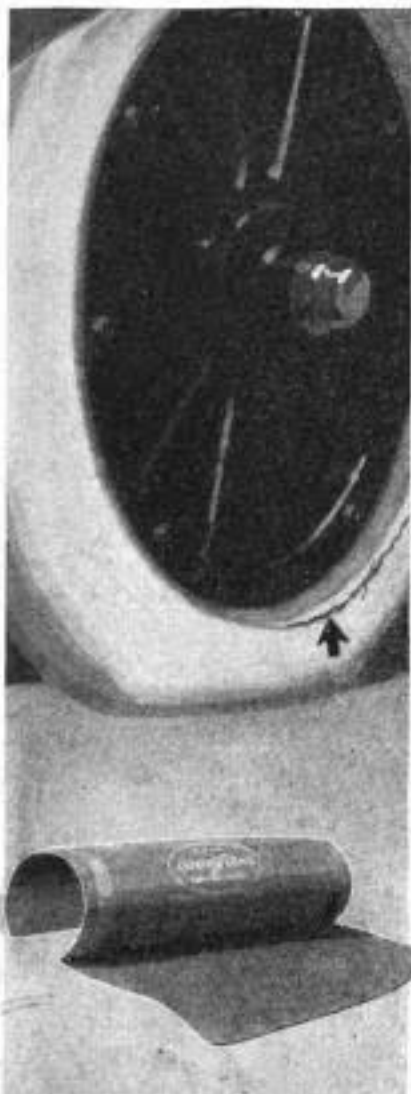
Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), ½ cup flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Process: Scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.





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MANY a tire that has been discarded by the owner because of a fabric break, rim-cut or blow-out, can be kept in service by means of the Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch. This patch is of multiple-fabric heavily reinforced construction, designed for application on the inside of the tire, and made with flaps which fit underneath the bead of the tire on both sides to hold the patch in place. It is flexible and enduring, and once applied is out of sight and mind. It is a most effective means of increasing tire mileage, and of keeping your tire costs down. Remember the last thousand miles are the cheapest.

The Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit is an assortment of the most needed tire accessories handily arranged in a compact package. Your car ought to carry one.

**GOOD YEAR**  
TIRE SAVERS

## The Doughboys Make Good

Continued from page 7

"How bad are you hurt?" I asked him. He laughed mischievously as he folded up the letter.

"About as bad as a man can be an' live, I guess. I've got holes in my back and on my hip from high-explosive that you could stick your fists in, an' my left arm's all busted up. An' I feel fine. That's what gets me. I feel fine! When I come to after I was hit an' kind of looked over what was left of me I just kissed myself good-by an' wondered how it come I was still livin'. Then they bandaged me up an' got me into an ambulance, an' when that old bus began to move an' jolt I was afraid I was goin' to live too long. Oh, boy! That was a ride! But I'm all right now. I'm not goin' to be crippled anyway, an' I'll probably be marked for duty again in another month or six weeks. It's the limit what can happen to a man without killin' him! But, oh, boy! We certainly did tear 'em loose up there. We kicked 'em out o' that town, an'—"

"What town was it?"  
"Darned if I know. It was just one o' them French towns. Up there somewhere near that Château-Thierry place. They had some fun with us while we was gettin' there, but we done all the laughin' after we got at 'em. I been in France for pretty near a year now, doin' everything from stevedore work to provost guard. I've peddled wheelbarrows an' long-shored ships an' built roads an' swept up towns that was dirty an' been a bucket o' cold water on poor guys that was just out tryin' to have a little good time, an' up there last week was the first chance I had to get at a Heinie."

### Digging Out

THE next was a broad-faced, heavy-set young fellow with stubbly, mouse-colored hair and a wide mouth that was turned up at the corners in a never-ceasing grin, a grin that erupted in gurgles of laughter at the slightest provocation.

"I got it while we was goin' through them thick woods," he said, grinning. "Gee, them woods was lousy with machine guns. They was up in the trees an' down in the holes an' hid everywhere in the bushes. Gee, you'd 'a' laughed yourself sick to see us goin' through there. You'd see the boys sneakin' along on their bellies, an' they'd push aside a bush with their rifles an'—blooie! blooie! blow! A guy was next to me, an' I near died laughin' at him. He was sneakin' along in a little kind of a hollow, like, an' he was crazy to get at the Germans. 'Where the devil are they?' he kept yellin'. And I says: 'Buddy, they're right through there where them bullets are comin' from.' Well, he was in this little kind of a hollow, an' he raised his head a little an' kinda poked some bushes to one side with his rifle, an', believe me, he found out where the Germans was."

"There was one o' their machine guns an' ahead a little piece, an' it cut down on him when he pushed aside them bushes with his rifle. B-r-r-r-r-r, it went, just like that—b-r-r-r-r-r—an' the bullets come spattin' over where he was like water out of a hose. Well, it was funny. I near died laughin'. He scrooched his head down in the dirt an' acted like he was tryin' to bite himself a hole to crawl into. Boy, they was just trimmin' his back hair, an' he was scrooched down there flat with his nose in the dirt, not darin' to so much as take a breath for fear he'd swell up enough to get himself hit. 'There's the Germans, Buddy,' I yells at him. 'Right ahead o' you there,' I says, 'where all them bullets is comin' from.' I near died laughin' at that guy wrigglin' there in the dirt an' tryin' to get himself smaller than he was already. I knowed how he felt 'cause the night before I'd just got myself dug in back a piece an' I no more'n got dug in when I got to start all over an' dig out again."

I just got me a nice kind of a hole dug—just a little place scraped out—when—Wham! an' old shell busts right alongside o' me on my right an' near buries me over with dirt. I waited a minute to see if I'm killed or somep'n, an' nothin's the matter with me, so I thinks: 'Fine! I'm half covered up with dirt now, an' I'm better off'n ever. I'll just take me a little snooze now,' I thinks to myself, an' then—Wham! Bam! Right alongside of me on the other side two o' 'em lights, an' there I am all covered over with dirt an' near chokin' with not gettin' any air, an' my nose an' mouth all bein' stuck up. I started to diggin' like a dog to try an' get myself unburied again, an' then it struck me funny to think how hard I'd been workin' to get myself dug in, an' here I was workin' all the harder tryin' to get myself dug out, an' I near died laughin' at myself. I got laughin' an' swallowed some dirt an' near choked. Well, I got through that all right, an' then up there in them thick woods right after I was laughin' at the

time to study the terrain. I didn't know anything about the ground. I didn't even know where the Germans were. There wasn't any line. I didn't know we were going in until just a few minutes before we started. Then away we went down the road—and I found out where the Germans were. They were raking us with machine-gun fire, and I was lying in the road because I could see down that where their line of fire was. I happened to notice a man lying by the side of the road near me, and he wasn't dug in. 'What's the matter with you?' I asked him. 'Why don't you dig yourself in?'

"I haven't got any intrenching tool," he said.

"Well, use your teeth then," I told him. 'Get dug in somehow.'

"He didn't seem to know any way of doing it, though, so I lay there for a little while, and some machine-gun bullets caught me in the leg. They were falling around there like thick hail for a few minutes. I turned over on my back and happened to see this fellow

that told me he didn't have anything to dig in with. Well, sir, I lay there on my back and laughed till I cried! He was flat down on his face with his hands out in front of his head, and he was digging away with his fingers like a gopher with an epileptic fit! He was getting himself dug in, you bet!"

"I came across one of my men well dug in in hard ground," the second officer said. "He showed me a little piece of tin not much bigger than a dollar. 'That's what's left of my mess tin,' he told me. 'No use keepin' it any longer, 'cause we never get any food any more to put in it, so I used it for an intrenchin' tool.' He'd worn that tin down till there was hardly enough left to hold onto, but he'd sure got himself well dug in."

"Say, who was on my right that night—the second night I think it was—when you were over on my left?" the third officer inquired.

"I don't know," the second answered. "Nobody, I guess."

"Nobody is right. I was lying there with my right flank in the air. I kept sending out scouts to try and establish contact, but they all either got picked off or came back and reported that they couldn't find anybody. I was just hanging there by one ear and trying to make myself believe it wasn't as bad as I knew it was."

"It was some wild scrap," the other sighed. "I had to do everything that I'd ever learned not to do. According to military science, we were licked and had to fall back, and didn't achieve our object, and were wiped out. But that was the time of the big wind when all signs fail. We weren't licked, we didn't fall back, and we did achieve our object and we weren't wiped out. Military science the way they give it to you out of a book is great stuff as long as the battle goes according to the book. But sometimes the battle don't behave the way the book says it ought to."

At this point a nurse put her head in at the door.

"Lemonade?" she inquired.

"You bet!" we answered in chorus. The man who had been a football star grinned and smoothed the sheet on his bed.

"It's a hard life," he sighed with mock seriousness.

"Terrible!" the man on the cot opposite agreed.

"The Red Cross only brings us six packs of cigarettes a day for each man. How can we stand it?"

A young nurse passed and nodded smiling. The officer who was up and beginning to get about began humming softly:

"I don't want to get well,  
I don't want to get well—"

"War's hell!" the football player sighed. . . .

### "My Name Is Ozymandias"

The heading of a recent editorial touching on the attributes of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, King and Kaiser, has driven many of our younger readers to the reference books—most of which are mute. Here is Shelley's sonnet "Ozymandias":

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

guy that was tryin' to flatten himself out more I start on a little piece an'—Bim! A little old machine-gun bullet picks me off. I just get one an'—Biff! Bing! I get two more. Gee, it was funny! Here I was comin' through all of it an' not gettin' anything, an' just as soon as I get one I get two more right away. Gee, I'd liked to 'a' stayed an' seen the end of it. They say it was a scream when they got them Dutchmen kicked out into the open. Them Dutchmen wanted to stay off a piece an' throw rocks, but when we got up close to 'em they didn't care nothin' about no more war. No, sir! As long as we was far enough off they was strong for the Kaiser, but when we got up on 'em they didn't want to play no more. No, sir! They want to play war while we're away off an' they can pot us from behind somethin' with machine guns, but when we get up close to 'em they want to change the game an' play this Kamerad thing. Well, as the guy says, 'it's a great life if you don't weaken!' . . .

### Digging In

A SMALL room in an officers' ward looking out on a cool, green garden. Two wounded lieutenants were lying on cots on opposite sides of the small room, and another, wrapped in a dressing gown, was already tentatively hobbling about. One of the lieutenants was a recent Middle Western football star.

"I don't know much about the fight," he said, laughing. "I just walked right in and got turned around by a flock of bullets and crawled right out again. We'd been marching and riding for seventy-two hours with mighty little to eat and practically no sleep, and we'd no more than gotten up there when in we went. There wasn't any

right flank in the air. I kept sending out scouts to try and establish contact, but they all either got picked off or came back and reported that they couldn't find anybody. I was just hanging there by one ear and trying to make myself believe it wasn't as bad as I knew it was."

"It was some wild scrap," the other sighed. "I had to do everything that I'd ever learned not to do. According to military science, we were licked and had to fall back, and didn't achieve our object, and were wiped out. But that was the time of the big wind when all signs fail. We weren't licked, we didn't fall back, and we did achieve our object and we weren't wiped out. Military science the way they give it to you out of a book is great stuff as long as the battle goes according to the book. But sometimes the battle don't behave the way the book says it ought to."

At this point a nurse put her head in at the door.

"Lemonade?" she inquired.

"You bet!" we answered in chorus. The man who had been a football star grinned and smoothed the sheet on his bed.

"It's a hard life," he sighed with mock seriousness.

"Terrible!" the man on the cot opposite agreed.

"The Red Cross only brings us six packs of cigarettes a day for each man. How can we stand it?"

A young nurse passed and nodded smiling. The officer who was up and beginning to get about began humming softly:

"I don't want to get well,  
I don't want to get well—"

"War's hell!" the football player sighed. . . .



He sat at a little table before a tiny, hole-in-the-wall café on a leafy street of a Paris suburb. He was white and shaky-looking, as though he had just come out after a long illness.

"I guess it must have been shell shock I got," he said. "I was actin' as a runner, an' I had to go through barrage fire time an' time again. I went through three barrages on one trip."

"There was a kid goin' up with me, an' when the barrage started he stopped where he was. Might just as well move on as stop. I went on. I was knocked down five times by explosions, but I didn't get a scratch. The kid that stopped had his head blown off. If it gets hot, go ahead! No sense in stoppin'. Keep on goin'—that's the system. Then one morning I just keeled over. I didn't know there was anything the matter with me, but I had a high fever, an' they sent me back. I'm all right, only I'm kinda shaky an' light-headed. It was goin' through so much o' that shell fire got me I guess. I wasn't hit, but I just got sort o' shaken loose, I guess, from bein' blown around so much."

"If I'd only 'a' been just half a second quicker, I'd 'a' got clear," the wounded boy mourned. "Three Germans got me, an' they were takin' me back prisoner. One was on each side o' me an' one behind me. I went with 'em a piece, an' then I thought to myself: 'Well, you'd lots better be dead than be a prisoner in Germany. Be game an' get it over with now.' So I whanged away an' knocked out the guy on my left an' then I caught the guy on my right with a hook to the jaw an' bowled him over, but I couldn't get turned around quick enough to get at the guy behind me, an' he got me in the back with his bayonet. I guess he thought he'd finished me. The two guys I'd knocked down got up, an' they all beat it. The guy behind got me pretty bad all right, but I'm glad I put up a battle with 'em. Keep on fightin' no matter what happens. That's the best way. They can't more'n kill you, anyhow, an' until they do—keep on fightin'. That's the system."

#### Not a Moan

"It got my goat," the ambulance driver said shakily. "I had four couchés in the bus, three guys with badly fractured legs—one of 'em had a shattered hip—and the fellow that was bleeding from the mouth a little when they put him in. But he thought he'd be all right, so I came along. The three fracture cases were yelling when they were put into the ambulance, and whenever we'd go over any kind of a bump they'd scream, so I was just

easing along as slow as I could go. I'd been crawling along like that for nearly an hour when I heard a knock on the window behind me. I opened it and found the fellow who'd been bleeding from the mouth in horrible shape. 'I'm bleeding to death, buddy,' he said. 'Get me to a doctor quick.' 'The nearest doctor's Paris,' I told him. 'And if I open her up these fellows with the fractured legs—What about it, fellows?' I asked them. 'This boy's got to get to a doctor.' 'Let 'er go,' the three of them said. 'We'll get by.' So I threw her wide open and came into Paris hell-bent."

"I left the fellow who was bleeding at one hospital and had to take the other three to another. After I left the fellow who'd been bleeding so bad it struck me all in a heap that all that awful ride not one of those three fellows with the fractured legs had as much as uttered a moan. As soon as they found out I had to get in quick with this chap they shut up tight, and not a word from one of them all the way in! I cut loose and cried like a kid. That got my goat!"

#### "I Cannot but Weep"

THERE is a hospital in a suburb of Paris into which French wounded have been flowing steadily ever since the war began. The arrival and unloading of ambulances there are matters of no more interest to the people living near by than the passing of a street sprinkler. While the flow of the American backwash was on I went out to that hospital as I had gone many times before. A crowd of boys and women and old men was gathered at the gate. They stood with their faces pressed against the iron bars of the fence, looking through into the yard where forms in olive-drab were being taken from the ambulances. I made my way into that crowd and watched. All about me women were crying silently. A Frenchwoman of the neighborhood, whom I knew and who spoke a little English, turned and saw me. Her face was dripping with tears.

"Ah, but it is so sad!" she said brokenly. "The poor brave American! So far from the home! So far from the family! He comes so far for us, and he fights so bravely and so well, and so far from the home and the family! I cannot but weep, monsieur."

Here, where the backwash flows so far from home and family, the women stand by the way and pay their silent tribute of tears to the men from overseas.

Mr. McNutt's fifth article from France will appear in an early issue.

## The Mark of the Beast

Continued from page 18

nervous. Now for the first time I must put to the test—with my life the forfeit—all the years of study and practice and imitation through which I had followed Herbert Cheyne Chambers.

"Your eyes shun my face, Herr Doktor. It is a face to shun, is it not? They did their work well in that hut beside the road at Charleroi. Two surgeons from Munich did the job, and they were thorough. The mother herself of Herbert Cheyne Chambers could not have said that I was not her son."

"I was ordered to report to the commander in chief. I found him in his study in an old country house a few miles back from the Ypres salient. I had known Sir John French quite well before the war—that is, Chambers had known him. Still, I was not prepared for the reception he gave me. He said nothing until the orderly, who had introduced me, had left the room. Then he arose and extended his hand. It is so with the English. They think they are soldiers—and a field marshal extends his hand to a captain."

"I am glad you are with us again, Herbert," he said. He looked at my face, this face like none that God ever made; looked long and searchingly until I wondered if he had penetrated the deception. I might have saved myself the doubt. Such a fool he was!

"I am sorry, Herbert," he said in a low voice, and I knew that he was thinking of my disfigurement. "But in the days to come these things will not be observed. England will learn to look beneath the surface, and find their beauty in the hearts of her sons, who did not hesitate even to grapple with hell barehanded."

"I am glad the thing is finished. I am tired—very tired. I had not realized until yesterday, when I found myself under arrest, how great the strain had been. An actor moves across a set stage for an hour or two. The penalty for failure is not more than a hiss from a disappointed audience. I must act my part night and day, waking and sleeping. The penalty for discovery?" Von Westrup laughed bitterly. "The hiss of bullets!"

"You have heard, Herr Doktor, of the work of Colonel Chambers of the British Intelligence? Few on the British front have not heard of it. But in the great balance of things it was nothing."

"My orders were to spare no pains to make myself trusted. The time must come, the Great General Staff knew, when there would be possible for me, in my confidential position, such a magnificent treason as would be decisive of the war. Then I must justify the years and work which had gone to making me perfect in my part."

"I knew the constant dangers about me. Only a few days ago I had had a narrow squeak, through the damnable blundering of one of my men, a Saxon named Weinert, a reserve lieutenant, the rich whelp of the owner of cotton mills. He was carrying a message from me to Von Ludendorff, and he got himself caught."

"He was searched in my presence, and I got back the message. Then the only thing to fear was that Weinert would confess. I settled that. I told him not to worry, that means would be found for his escape. He did not worry. Until the very instant when



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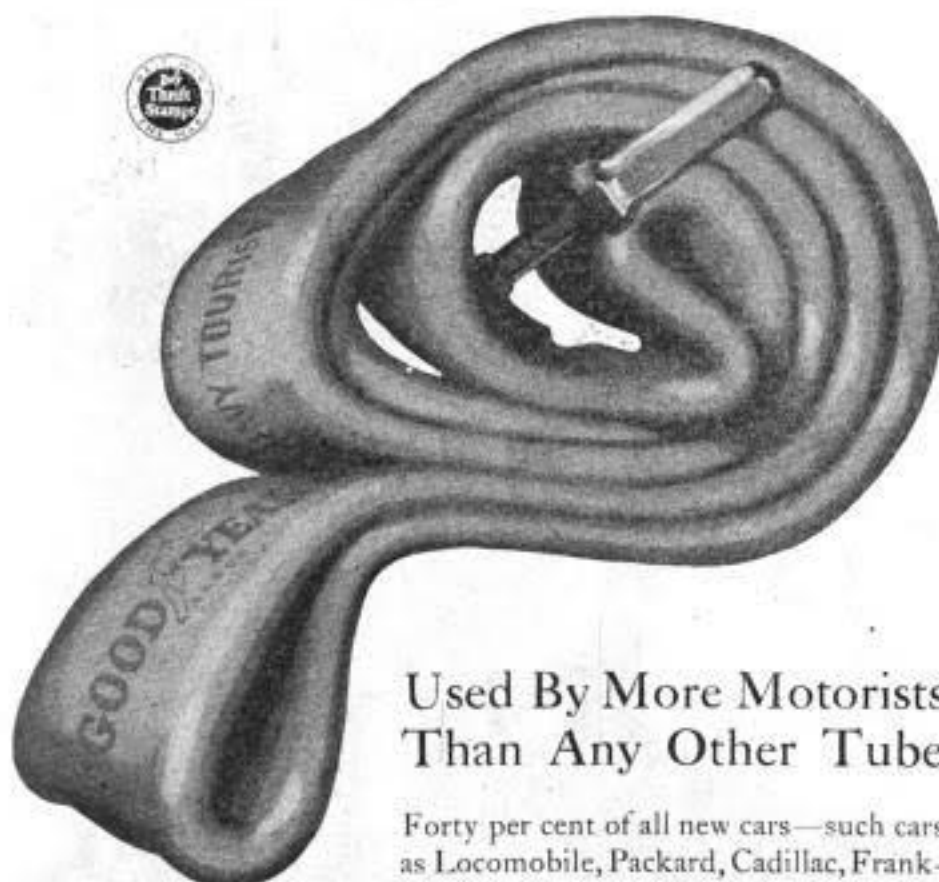
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the rifles cracked he thought a means would be found for his escape.

"Such things and others had brought my nerves to a raw edge. I found it more and more difficult to hold myself to the cool nonchalance of Herbert Cheyne Chambers. Have you ever considered, Herr Doktor, how difficult it is to imitate a man who is always master of himself?"

Now Von Westrup was silent for a few moments. He arose and paced nervously from end to end of the hut. His every action bore witness to the tension under which he labored. At the end of one of his feverish paces of the length of the room he stopped suddenly and burst out in his angry, high-pitched voice:

"The British luck! Again it saves them! It is one of God's mistakes!

"Last night was to have seen the end of my masquerade. What the Englishmen know about my plans, they know; what they do not know I will not tell them. The capture of the Premier and Sir Douglas Haig, of which so much has been said, was only a part of the plan, a small and unconsidered portion, an afterthought. The whole thing was a magnificent coup. It would have been a blow from which the English would not have recovered. And the whole thing is upset by the witless blunder of an empty-headed, football-playing artillery colonel!

"Have I mentioned Stanley Marston? He was one of Chambers's intimate friends before the war. We had not met since the retreat from Mons, until yesterday at the headquarters luncheon in honor of the Prime Minister.

"You do not know the English, Herr Doktor? No? It is said that they conceal their feelings. Faugh! They have no feelings, no imagination. They are dumb, inarticulate creatures, without love, without friendships, cold and brutish. Consider this meeting between Marston and myself; or rather, between Marston and Chambers, because it was Chambers, of course, whom he thought he was meeting. They too have been intimate for years. They are separated for more than three years by the hell of this war. They meet—and there is not so much as the pressure of a handclasp between them!

"It was not until we were seated at table that I noticed that Marston was present. He was a colonel, attached to the Premier's staff. He sat at my left hand.

"'Rotten bore, this sort of thing, Herbert,' Marston remarked to me indifferently, while he tasted a bit of the preserved ginger which had been served us.

"'No end rotten,' I answered. Such was our greeting. During the luncheon we chatted about this and that. It had been planned for me to escort the Premier and the commander in chief through the front lines of the sector. I think we made some little mention of that and of work he had to do in the afternoon. When we separated after luncheon, Marston promised to look me up in my quarters before dinner, to talk a little of old times.

"I am positive that when he left the dining room he had not the slightest suspicion that he had not been talking to Herbert Cheyne Chambers; and I know too that nothing occurred during the rest of the afternoon to arouse any suspicion in his mind.

"It is that which makes the whole thing so maddening!" Von Westrup exclaimed fiercely. "Out of sheer spite, God tossed this blundering boor into the perfect fabric of our plans. That night's trip through the front lines with me would have been the last one the Premier and Sir Douglas Haig would ever take. Everything had been foreseen by us. Every finest detail had been carried out. The deception was perfect—and then, like a bolt from a clear sky, Marston ordered my arrest!

"One little remark he made at the time. It was a senseless remark; without reason, as was the entire proceeding. In the whole affair he acted as a madman might have acted. I was just stepping out of the door of my hut. I remember, a Chinese coolie was cleaning the door or the steps, and stumbled awkwardly into my way. I brushed him aside. I wanted to be gone before Marston arrived for his promised visit. I had too much to attend to in the next few hours to waste time in talk. The great moment for which I had lived during the past eight years was at hand.

"It was because my nerves were strained to the breaking point that I

did not see Marston at the moment, or recognize him.

"'There is something tricky here,' I heard him say slowly, and in such a tone as if he doubted his own words. Then, suddenly and without a word of warning, he turned to two near-by sentinels and roared out his commands: 'Take that man—Arrest him!'

"I protested. I knew that I had done nothing to warrant the arrest. I was at the very door of my hut. I had just stepped out. My rank should have been enough to protect me. Marston had no right to arrest me or to order my arrest. All these things I shouted as I tried to fend the two soldiers off.

"'Let him feel the point of that bayonet, man! Bring him to headquarters!' Marston commanded.

"The rest was short. When I stepped out of my hut it was evening. Within the night I counted on being inside the German lines. I had on my person enough confidential information to wreck the entire British organization.

"There was no defense. I made none."

Von Westrup had gotten to that point when there came a rap at the door. It was the subaltern with his firing squad. "If you are ready, Von Westrup," he said, "we will be getting this thing over with."

"I am ready," Von Westrup answered.

THE old doctor paused in his recital and drew a huge lungful of smoke from his cigar. "I was not satisfied," he explained to Harris and myself. "As I have said, I am not by nature given to hating, but I was not willing that that man should go to his death so perfectly satisfied with his own part in this affair, and so confident in the wonder-working intelligence of that Great General Staff. That would have been too happy a death. I knew deep in my heart that it was not luck that had betrayed that spy. I did not know what it was, but I was sure it was not luck. I felt it would be cheating justice to allow Von Westrup to die in the belief that only blind chance had marred his plans. He must know that somewhere—somehow—he and his Great General Staff had blundered.

"I spoke to the subaltern. 'Is Colonel Marston in the vicinity?' I asked. 'And can he be brought here before you go ahead with this thing?'

"The subaltern dispatched a man to find the colonel. We waited.

"That was a long wait for me, Harris. I am not like you, my friend; I see other things in life than those only which can be weighed in a scale, or measured with a rule, or counted—like those six bullets that ended Von Westrup. These Huns had challenged the world to combat, and believed they were so efficient as to be unbeatable. There was the great question. Can wrong be so efficient as to overpower right? Rather, is there not in right some inherent power which will protect its own?

"Marston came; his story was simple, so simple that for a moment I was disappointed. Then it dawned upon me that here indeed was the very proof. There was something inherent in right and something inherent in wrong which at the critical moment had flashed from the souls of these two men, Marston and Von Westrup.

"'Surprised!' said Marston. 'Of course I was surprised. The thing was a knock-out. I had just come across the parade and was almost at the door of Chambers's—Von Westrup's—but; was going in to have an hour's chat with him of old times, you understand, when the door opened. There was a coolie servant there cleaning the brass plate. He appeared not to move out of the way fast enough to suit Von Westrup. Sometimes a clout on the side of the head does a coolie a lot of good. Still, I did not think it necessary for Von Westrup—or Chambers, as I supposed it was—to hit this one as hard as he did. The blow knocked the coolie sprawling just as I was stepping up to say good evening.'

Von Westrup had been leaning forward, listening eagerly and impatiently to learn the reason for his arrest. He flipped his hand nervously, as if to urge Marston to hurry over the details. "The coolie was in my way," he snarled.

Marston's head came up with a jerk, and his face flamed. The outraged pride of generations of sportsmen roughed his voice, and he pointed a quivering and accusing finger at the German. "But, by God, Von Westrup, the poor devil was not in your way when you kicked him in the face!"



## No Thoroughfare

Continued from page 11

and drove in through the storm of bullets, planted bombs, and gave the ground gunners a good peppering, and got away with no further damage than a lot of bullet holes in wings and fuselages. For the next hour the Germans fought to strengthen their anti-aircraft defenses, bringing up more machine guns and lining the ditches with riflemen, and the attackers got a reception that grew hotter and hotter with each attempt. But they held the road blocked, and effectually prevented any successful attempt to clear and use it, and in addition extended their attacks farther back and to other near-by roads, and to the railway. Crossing this line on one outward trip, Dennis, still flying his bullet-riddled Little Indian, saw a long and heavily laden train toiling slowly toward the front. It was too good a chance to miss, so he swung and made for it, swooped down to within a hundred feet, and dropped his bombs. Only one hit fairly, and although that blew one truck to pieces, it left it on the rails, the train still crawling along. But the flight followed his lead, and one of their bombs hit and so damaged the engine that a cloud of steam came pouring up from it, and the train stopped. Another long train was panting up from the German rear, so the flight swept along it and sprayed it liberally with machine-gun bullets, scaring the engineer and fireman into leaping overboard, and bringing that train also to a standstill. Dennis headed back home to bring up a fresh stock of bombs, and to see if he could damage the train beyond possibility of moving, although he feared it was rather a large contract for a scout's light bombs. But on the way back he met a formation of big two-seater bombers carrying heavy bombs, and by firing a few rounds, diving athwart their course, and frantic wavings and pointings, managed to induce them to follow him. Two of them did, and he led them straight back to the two trains. The engineer and fireman of the second had resumed their duties and were trying to push the first train along when the bombers arrived and planted one bomb fairly on the train, started a fire going, and with another, which fell between two trucks, blew them off the metals. The burning trucks were just beginning to blow up nicely as our machines raced for home and more ammunition.

The next hour was mainly occupied with a fast fight against about twenty Hun machines, evidently brought up to break up the road blockers' game. The fight ended with three of the Huns being left crashed on the ground, one

of ours going down in flames, and two struggling back across the lines with damaged machine and engine. Dennis was forced to leave his machine for one trip and borrow another while his damaged wings were replaced with new ones.

This time two flights went out together, and while one engaged the Hun machines which still strove to drive them back the other dived back on the road and again scattered the working party which struggled to clear the road. They had a hot passage, whirling down through a perfect tempest of machine-gun fire, and another machine was lost. Dennis struggled back across the lines with a shot-through radiator and an engine seizing up, was forced to land as best he could, wrecked his machine in the landing, crawled out of the wreckage, got back to the drome, and, taking over his repaired machine, went out again.

### Blocked!

"That road's blocked," he said firmly, "and she's goin' to stay blocked." And he got his men to rig a sort of banner of fabric attached to a long iron picket-pin harpoon arrangement, painted a sentence in German on it, and took it up with him. They found the road still blocked, but columns of troops tramping in streams over the fields to either side. They spent a full hour scattering these and chasing them all over the landscape, had to break off the game to take on another fight with a crowd of Hun scouts, were joined by a stray flight or two who saw the fight and barged into it, and after a mixed fast and furious "dog fight" at heights running from anything under three hundred feet to about as many inches, chased the Hun machines off. They came back in triumph down the deserted road and the empty fields, spattering the last of their rounds into the wrecked lorries and wagons still lying there, and then as they passed over the piled wreckage at the crater Dennis leaned out and dropped his streamer harpoon overboard. It plunged straight down and stuck neatly upright, displaying its legend clearly to anyone on the ground.

"What was on it?" said Dennis in answer to the questions of the flight later on. "It was a notice in German. Maybe it was bad German, but it was a dash good notice. It said 'No Thoroughfare,' and I fancy we've taught the Huns what it means, anyhow."

The expected fresh attack on the line did not develop at dusk as foretold. And that night the weary troops slept a solid six hours.

## Small-Town Stuff

Continued from page 10

The prospect of sacrifice, of a desolate and loveless future, aroused a sweet ache in Matilda's heart. And she could trace an undeniable parallel between the sacrifice of Yvette Vaughn and the sacrifice of Matilda Altrue. Did not the gods of success laugh at torn hearts? Yet, when she recalled the dumb hurt in Billy's eyes, guilt came and crept into bed with Matilda.

PERHAPS you have seen, in some of the more pretentious picture shows, Director Griffley's masterpieces, "God's Small Children," and "Babylon." In "God's Small Children" you will recall that soul-vibrating touch in the battle scene, where the two tiny black kittens crawled for safety into the mouth of a cannon about to be fired. Poor little waifs! The whole nation wept over those kittens.

Griffley's greatness was due to two things, his wonderful sympathy and his realism. By the most trivial of incidents he could smash home to any poly-dot audience the most thunderous of ideas. In other words, Director Griffley was convincing.

So when Matilda, freshly greased, came up into the golden sunlight of the glass-enclosed studio and began to wait the long wait for something to happen—mainly her unimportant turn—she found, very convenient, a comfortable lounge with its back against a bank of unlighted quartz lamps.

Almost at that precise instant two men, whom she had not noticed, opened a brisk conversation on the other side of the quartz bank.

One of the men, however, she could

see mentally as he talked. He was Jimmy Anderson, Griffley's right-hand man, a cherry-faced, excitable young fellow. At this moment he could hardly restrain himself.

"Have you seen him?" he exploded. "He's a perfect wonder! A find! The chief picked him out of the crowd last night as he was leaving. Some friend of Miss Vaughn's, I understand."

Matilda cocked her head and listened with the greatest interest. That was one of Griffley's accomplishments, to weave a startling web of suspense about his audiences. He gripped them right off.

"Well, I should say I did have a look at him!" snorted the other. "And, Jimmy, he sure is one knockout—one knockout—with the war paint on. Why, you wouldn't know he's the same boy! Cert'n'y got to slip it to the chief for picking winners, huh?"

"Did you hear the latest, though?" inquired Jimmy distinctly.

"No. What's up?"

"The chief is going to star him—not going to waste a minute—putting him into a pic right this morning! Set's on the way up now."

"That boy sure does know how to make the clock lose time!"

"He sure does! Say, do you know the kid's right name? The chief's going to name him something classy, like—pause—"Milton Merkyl."

"Yeh! That's it; Milton Merkyl. Won't the women go nuts about that boy? Oh, mamma! Dress-suit stuff, every inch of it, too. No more small-town parts for him. Some lucky stiff, I call him!"



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There was a pause. Matilda wrinkled her nose courageously, braced back, and sniffed in silence.

"Yes; I admit he may be a bit green," Jimmy was saying. "He's simply got to play underworld parts—the gentleman crook, and all that; it's the rage now—and Griffley's appointed me a committee of one to show him around some. I've got that boy slated for the wildest course of education— Say! We're going down to the Dirty Rat tonight for a starter, to wise up on wickedness. We'll gather in a couple of painted ladies, and—"

Matilda simply could stand this blasphemy no longer.

"—you can come on along. We buy that dissipated look in green bottles, you know—"

"Who are you talking about?" demanded Matilda, coming around the quartz bank.

"Oh—'morning, Miss Alter! Why, Griffley's latest find, Miss Alter. Haven't you seen him? He's coming down in a minute, down there in that study set. You can't miss him."

"What did you say his name was?" asked Matilda sternly.

Jimmy Anderson scratched his sandy kinks. "His real name's slipped me, I do declare!" Then his face brightened. "But his screen name is going to be Milton Merkyl." He looked at Matilda expectantly.

But Matilda only compressed her lips and stalked off down stage toward the new study set. Stage carpenters and painters had finished the corner of a gentleman's library, which was to a complete library what a five-cent slice of pie is to the entire confection.

She detected more than the usual bustle here. Six—at least six—cameras were aimed from different points, to shoot the scene at all angles possible without interfering. Operators were busily adjusting lenses and tripods and swivels, with the aid of a property man who walked about the set with a lighted candle, which he raised and lowered and moved from right to left and left to right as commands were given.

Director Griffley, wearing his absorbed look, was strolling back and forth behind the battery of cameras, occasionally glancing at a sheaf of papers in his hand—the scenario.

"My dear," cried a joyous voice behind her, "I have the most wonderful surprise for you! Wait! He is coming now. Here he is! Do you recognize him? Would you believe that Billy Dobson—your own Billy Dobson—is to be a star! It does seem almost impossible, doesn't it, dear? But you know Mr. Griffley has that wonderful knack of seeing genius when all the rest of us see only the commonplace. He did discover him, of course; but you and I are responsible. Isn't it splendid?"

And following Yvette's slowly turning head Matilda did behold a strange vision, and her eyes became as round and bright as brand-new silver quarters.

**IMMACULATE**, faultless, splendid, in a dress suit with a blazing white shirt front, down across the studio floor came swaggering William Dobson, glancing neither to left nor right. His curly hair was brushed straight back, and oiled. His eyebrows were black as jet and an inch longer than usual; while each and every eyelash dangled at its end a drop of black wax! Tiny drops of perspiration were oozing through the veneer of pinkish-yellow face grease, but that was inconsequential.

With a very brief, condescending smile, accompanied by a hardly perceptible tilt of the head, he trod past her. Slowly she turned and stared and could not believe.

Griffley was speaking, in that clear, strong voice of his. He too was a small-towner, if the question should ever be debated.

"Mr. Dobson, I trust you slept well." The rich voice shaded off to one almost of deference—Griffley, who could be as indifferent as he pleased to any man! "If you are ready, Mr. Dobson, we will take this scene—"

Horrors! The god of films had inquired after Billy Dobson's repose—Billy Dobson's!

"Gracious sakes!" said Matilda to herself. She felt acutely unimportant all of a sudden. But because she was human and could not, therefore, admit to miracles, she thought she must be dreaming. Yet there was the evidence—the cameras, the attentive master director—and Billy Dobson, the grocery clerk of Greenforks, as precious as John Drew!

The biting orders, the speedy re-

hearsals, the buzz of crank handles—all these were a swimming confusion. The sun was shining through the roof plates. A golden aureole seemed to attend the new underworld star. Other items were lost.

How could Matilda know that the sextet of grim camera men were grinding away with cameras that were perfectly empty—not an inch of film in any of the six of them?

How could Matilda guess that the script in Mr. Griffley's hand was one for a play which had been produced six months ago?

All she could see and all she could think about was a stout young man in a well-fitting dress suit, going through mechanical motions, with every eye, every brain, every lens, in the great studio concentrated upon him.

"That will do. Cut," said Griffley. "Close-up at the desk."

**WHAT** is indelicately referred to in film circles as the soft-soap scene, meaning the one which is most prolific of heart interest, took place without direction in William's dressing room.

He was panting over a determined collar button when the door latch clicked, and, after a moment, clicked again.

"William Dobson!" said an agitated young voice.

"Why, Miss Alter!" He stared at her in alarm. "Is it quite proper to visit me in my dressing room?"

"I have just as much right here as you have, Billy Dobson!" she cried, overlooking the indelicacy that he implied.

"Nothing of the sort," he said impatiently. "This is a star's dressing room."

She became perfectly rigid, then inched up a little closer to him. She tried to look grim and determined, but she really was melting like wax in July sunlight, the first indications being tears which trickled down her yellow-larded face to the corners of her mouth.

"Billy—d-don't you love me any m-more?" she asked wretchedly.

"What!" he gasped. "Can you have the nerve to speak of—I love—after that about those birds? Besides, the time is past for loving," he added, as if exhausted. "Griffley says I dare not marry. It would spoil my opportunities." He shrugged wearily. "I—am sorry."

"But you said you loved m-me."

"Stop!" said William coldly, and again: "Stop! You are forgetting that you too may have a future, although—"

"It isn't right," sobbed Matilda. "I don't want a future. It isn't nice. It's wicked. They are going to take you down to the—Dead Rat to-night!" she shivered—"with a painted woman! I don't want you to go to the Dead Rat!"

"Yes," he confessed, with drooping shoulders. "Yes; I must learn."

It was not William's fault; he was carrying out Griffley's orders like a soldier. But Matilda, with all her slimness, had the useful muscles of a small-town girl, and he could not have removed her arms from around his neck unless he had broken them.

"Billy, won't you please take me home?"

"And go on working in that grocery store when I could stay here and earn thousands and thousands a week? Give up my future under Griffley for a dinky cottage with fussy old crimson rambler running all over the front of it?" he demanded, as though doubting her senses.

"Yes—with me, Billy!"

He hesitated a long while, a terribly long while, searching her eyes as if he could find the answer therein. He pondered and pondered.

"You really want to go back to Greenforks—and leave this?" he said incredulously.

"Yes, I do, Billy!"

"Very well, Matilda," he gave in reluctantly. "I will sacrifice my future. We will take the noon train."

And he kissed her a number of times, but not so reluctantly as you might have imagined.

**YVETTE**, staring out across the glossy green Jersey meadow from her dressing-room window, tried hard to picture a little cottage with crimson rambler growing all over the front of it, but the vision persistently kept dwindling away.

All she could see, after repeated trials, was the Greenforks grocery store, ancient and forlorn, the tipsy front of which Jim Dobson was manfully endeavoring to support with his hunched-up shoulders.



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## More Fare, Please!

Continued from page 9

It is not necessary to tell the whole story of the jitney—how once proud touring cars descended to humble and servile uses just as in other days the carriage horse might come in his old age to the traces of a bobtail car—how it first came into being in southern California, spread north to San Francisco and the Puget Sound country and east all the way across the continent. It came in the spring to the North and the East from the land where spring is eternal. When winter arrived in the less favored sections the jitney's real struggle began. It was one thing to ride in a touring car on a pleasant summer's evening, but along in January, when the mercury began to have an affection for the zero mark, a comfortably heated and lighted trolley car had its appeal. The jitneys remained in the garages.

The jitneys soon found they had more to fight than weather conditions, however. The traction interests rallied. They called attention—and with great truth and force—to the fact that not alone did they pay many taxes, including those assessed upon corporations, but that they played a large part in placing and maintaining the very street pavements upon which their new competitors operated so blithely and so easily. Moreover, they were responsible parties in the case of an accident—their damage vouchers asserted that. There was little responsibility about the average jitney—either in ordinary operating conditions or for damages in the many, many accidents which such unregulated operation in congested city streets quickly brought to pass.

These things were patent. And in the calm judicial eyes of the better of the State regulatory commissions they brought a distinct relief to the tractions—either in the form of a complete abolition of the jitneys from city streets or else in a rather strict regulation and oversight of them. Which was as it should be. And—with some rather glaring exceptions—the jitney to-day is a fair competitor of the trolley car.

But the traction man's automobile had dream is by no means ended with the subjugation of the jitney. The public motor car he can in many cases force to the same systems of regulation that are put upon his own shoulders. The privately owned and operated automobile is a far different matter, however. I sometimes feel that in the far-flung community in which I dwell the lessening of criticism against our local traction company is due in no small measure to the fact that the men who were its chief and most potent critics a decade ago are the men who to-day ride to their work in their own automobiles. Our service is no better than it was a decade ago; as a matter of fact, it is not as good. But the men who could kick and kick with force—and who frequently did kick and kick with force—the big bankers, manufacturers, and merchants—no longer ride upon the trolleys. The street-railway service is no longer a personal grievance with them. Neither is it a personal grievance with the more prosperous professional men or many of our well-paid mechanics of to-day. The poor mass of humanity—owning not even the cheapest or the most battered of second-hand cars—which hangs to and from its work, in the aisles and upon the platforms of the trolleys, is without an organized voice of protest. And I am not sure that such a voice would be of much avail.

For the tractions are in their last trenches. Their fire is weak—a ragged lot they are and finally fulfilling the prophecy of eating husks.

### Soaring Prices

IF that were all, it would be quite bad enough—the property loss, the money wasted, the hopes unfulfilled. But that is not all. There is the public.

No, this time I do not mean the stockholders nor the folk who hold the mortgage bonds and wonder how much longer their coupons are to have any real value. The most of these walked into the traction situation with their eyes open. A good many went in as a speculation, and if a speculation loses a true gambler knows that he takes excessive profits with the possibility of losing in front of him always. And a good many of these investors were in at the beginning and have taken the wine and cake of good dividends of cash and stock.

The public I am referring to is the

public that must ride upon the cars or the trains of the tractions—the folk who pay in ill health the dividends of overcrowded and infrequent cars. These undesired dividends must continue to be paid as long as street-railway income is not commensurate with outgo. And street-railway outgo, on a steady but slow increase for a score of years or more, in the last two has jumped in an inordinate fashion.

Take the single item of coal—a very large item on most of the roads. In December, 1915, the cost of bituminous coal at the mine was \$1 a ton, plus, say 90 cents for an average haul of 600 or 700 miles. Through 1916 the price at the mine began advancing. By December it was \$1.85, while thirty days later it had reached \$2.38. In December last it was standardized—for a time at least—at \$3 for slack and \$3.78½ for mine run, and the average traction had to take what it could get of either and be mighty thankful into the bargain. To that mine cost add anywhere from \$1.05 to \$1.25 for freight haul, taking no account of Mr. McAdoo's most recent boost of freight rates. Two hundred and fifty per cent increase in the coal bin in two years is going some; yet it is practically matched by copper at an increase of 147 per cent, steel for axles and bearings at 300 per cent, and brass at 272 per cent—and all this while the nickel remains fixed as the standard rate of fare.

### Squeezing Out Water

WHAT is true of the material costs is equally true of labor costs. The motormen of such "war bride" Connecticut cities as New Haven and Bridgeport and Hartford were content less than a decade ago with twenty-four cents an hour pay; the company to-day is glad to close a contract with its platform men at forty cents. The straight fares in all three of these Connecticut cities have been raised already to six cents, but L. S. Storrs, the president of the big Consolidated Company which operates the trolley lines of the State, is by no means assured that even the six-cent fare gives the company an even chance to make its expenses, to say nothing of making even a modest profit on its investment. "Oh, yes, I know," you interrupt. "Modest profit—but on what capitalization? What was that you were saying but a moment ago about the men who lived on the pâté de foie gras of fattened dividends? And was not the Connecticut Consolidation born of the New Haven scandals?"

The street-railway problem, reduced to the dire necessities of a war situation, has ceased to be a capitalization problem. As a matter of fact, a good many roads regarded as "watered" but a few years ago have absorbed a good deal of the "water" in expenditures upon their property from their earnings rather than from the issuance of additional securities. The big Brooklyn Rapid Transit some ten years ago had its property assayed in a valuation test by a none too friendly public-service commission. It assayed at \$116,000,000, which compared favorably with its \$127,000,000 of outstanding securities at the time. The Consolidated assayed its Connecticut properties at \$42,000,000, which is a full million dollars less than all the capitalization outstanding against them.

One may easily—and truthfully—dilate upon the sins of the past, not alone overcapitalization, but failure to meet the public fairly or squarely or with understanding. One can find rank dishonesty thinly hidden in many, many cases. But all the roads were not dishonest. In very many of them men toiled loyally and faithfully for the success of their properties and found themselves classed with the thieves and buccaneers.

But this is not the time for post-mortems; this is the hour for tonic prescriptions and alimentary measures upon which hang not only the lives of the tractions themselves but of the great helpless communities dependent upon them. The simple scheme of raising the fare one cent is one form of remedial traction medication. It has been adopted already not only in the Connecticut cities, but in such larger communities as Pittsburgh—whose local system already is in receivership—St. Louis, Mo., and Portland, Ore., as well as in two or three score of smaller ones. In a few places the fares have been increased

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to seven cents. In Titusville, Pa., the local trolley company announced that it would cease running its cars unless the fares could be increased from a five- to a flat ten-cent rate.

A flat-fare raise, if the simplest, is the least scientific way of solving the problem of the sick traction company.

After all, why should a traction have a flat fare? Does any other business have it? Even the letter service of the Post Office Department has a limited flat rate. Why should a man pay as much to ride on a Broadway car in New York from the Battery to the City Hall, less than a mile, as he pays to ride from the Battery to the other tip of Manhattan Island, thirteen miles and a half? The only answer is custom and tradition. In the great cities of Europe the zone system of street-railway and bus fares prevails. There the fare paid is based on the distance covered. There is another important factor besides distance—time. You accept that as a fare factor when you pay eight extra dollars to ride on the Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago and so save eight hours. The subways of New York and Boston, the elevated railways of these cities and Philadelphia and Chicago, might well have reckoned this factor in their fare adjustments at the beginning. If that had been done, the surface railways of Manhattan Island would not be to-day threatened with ruin. With a fare lower than that of the swifter rapid-transit lines they would have appealed to folk to whom a few minutes was not as much of an object as the saving in pennies.

It is perhaps a little late now to bring that factor into serious consideration in the making of traction fares in this country. But the distance factor should be recognized. As a matter of fact, it is being recognized to-day—in cities as large and as important as Springfield, Mass., and Providence, R. I., to take two definite instances out of several. After extended study by experts of the entire local transportation problem, Springfield, whose municipal area of sixty-six square miles is the largest compared with population of any city in America, has divided the city railway system into three great zones. The innermost is by far the largest. It reaches from Court Square, which is the civic center, some three or four miles in every direction. In this zone the fare is a straight five cents, with free transfers to all connecting and intersecting lines. In the next zone, reaching from two to three miles outside the center zone, the fare from the center of the city is at the rate of four tickets for a quarter, with universal transfers as before. In the outside zone the fare rises to three tickets for a quarter, with the same privileges as in the other zones. To passengers neglecting to provide themselves with tickets extra nickel fares are charged.

Here apparently is an ideal solution of the fare problem of the tractions—in theory at least. In practice it is not so successful. The New England roads have been fortunate in retaining upon their rear platforms many of the men in whom honesty is still an ingrained virtue. The somewhat complicated system of zones and tickets of varying values leaves fairly generous opportunities for conductors of thieving instincts. To render peculations under this system absolutely impossible is difficult, to say the least. The zone plan, therefore, while more scientific than the flat raise, is not an ideal solution. Yet what shall the tractions do? Other businesses losing money, and with no prospect of relief, may shut up shop and put up the shutters; it would be a tragedy to the average American city if the trolley company attempted any such step. It is a necessity, as much of a necessity to the average community as the fire department itself, or sanitation, or police protection. And yet the electric railway in the United States is to-day bankrupt.

## Is There a Way Out?

THE electric railways have appealed to the Federal Government, to the War Finance Corporation, organized to meet the emergency financial necessities of concerns whose continued existence, if not prosperity, is essential to the winning of the war. But the War Finance Corporation, categorically and specifically, has refused to honor the many requests of the tractions which have been made to it—with the conspicuous exception of the United Railways of St. Louis, which it had underwritten before it made its sweep-

ing and definite ruling against aiding the utilities.

Where, then, are they to turn? Toward the flat-rate increase—which may or may not be adequate—or to the more scientific and vastly more difficult zone method? What is the way out? Is there a way out?

I think there is. Let us go back to Cleveland and its traction history. Out of chaos Cleveland evolved, five or six years ago, the most scientific traction plan of any American city, up to that time. The city and the street-railway company, after much fighting, went into partnership. The street railway was guaranteed 6 per cent upon its stock—no more, no less—and it, on its part, promised to charge fares no higher than would permit it to earn this fixed income as well as the charges upon its bonds. In order to be definite, these were fixed in orderly steps—a three-cent fare, without charge for a transfer; a three-cent fare, charging one cent for a transfer; a four-cent fare, with free transfers, and a four-cent fare, charging one cent for a transfer. In addition to this strip tickets were to be sold at slightly lower than the straight-fare rates. The highest step possible under this plan has already been reached; seven tickets are now sold for a quarter, and four cents is charged for a cash fare—five cents if you do not happen to have the exact change. But the Cleveland road needs additional income, and at once, in order to pay its dividends. If its men succeed in obtaining a wage increase which they are now seeking—and they probably will—it will have to pass dividends unless it receives permission for a radical fare increase. The abolishment of the strip tickets and the substitution of straight five-cent fares may do it, although the officers of the company doubt this. The suggestion was made recently by the mayor of Cleveland that the company lower its dividends. The suggestion was not received with enthusiasm by the stockholders.

## Brush of Boston

BOSTON seems to be the city which has been happiest in the adjustment of its transit facilities. Recently it entered into an arrangement with the Boston Elevated Railway—in almost exclusive control of its subway, elevated, and surface lines—which is a modification and extension of the Cleveland plan. It insures a continuance of good traction service and it gives the street-railway system—always in good repute and known to be honestly capitalized and administered—an honest opportunity for itself. Even so, it is a brand snatched from the burning. It has been saved from bankruptcy. In the past three months its stock has advanced from 27 to 71. A \$96,000,000 property has been saved and largely through the efforts of one man.

That man is Matthew C. Brush—all Boston knows him as "Matt Brush"—and at forty he is not only the president of the Boston Elevated but the man who has saved it from utter ruin, while the other tractions in the land have been rushing headlong toward bankruptcy. I wish there were space to tell you all about Matt Brush; how from a beginning as newsboy in the crowded streets of the old Chicago he made his way upward—each step better than the one which preceded it. When he came to be purser on a Lake steamer there was an elderly passenger who made some slight complaint about his stateroom. Brush did not recognize the passenger, but he recognized the complaint and—as is not the way of a good many steamboat pursers—saw that it was rectified. The old gentleman was immensely pleased and insisted upon exchanging cards. Brush read upon the card which he received the name of John D. Rockefeller.

The incident did not end there. Of course not. The Oil King spoke of the courteous purser of the Buffalo boat to the Railroad King—J. J. Hill—and Hill decided that that sort of courtesy was the kind he wanted. He sent for Brush, and the young man took more steps forward; big steps they were by this time. And the biggest has landed him firmly in the president's chair of the Boston Elevated. It was no sinecure that reached out for Brush. The big traction had done its big part, accepting the financial responsibility as well as the difficult details in creating a comprehensive and correlated transportation system—surface and elevated and underground—for the Hub. But that plan had been built upon the idea of a single basic fare, and of course popular opinion apparently had fixed firmly the traditional five cents. Which was



"The Little Nurse for Little Lils"



# for Sunburn

and for insect bites and chafing

**MENTHOLATUM** takes away the sting and burn and gently heals the irritation. It is antiseptic as well as soothing and is therefore excellent for cuts, bruises or any break in the skin. Keep Mentholatum handy—take it with you on vacation trips.

**Mentholatum**  
A HEALING CREAM  
Always made under this signature *R.H. Hyde*

At all druggists in tubs—25c. Jars, 25c. 50c. \$1.

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**The Aristocrat of Cigarettes**

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telling the deep-down, behind-the-scenes stories of nations

**"Lodge History of Nations"**

To-day, while every edition of the newspapers is centering your interest on Europe, you can begin to master—in a few pleasant moments—the whole stirring history of the great nations of the world.

BOOKLET FOR THE ASKING

**P. F. COLLIER & SON**  
416 West 13th St., New York

all very well—for a time. With greatly increased operating costs, however, the big system began to go backward; its net earnings decreased and disappeared. Then Brush got busy. He found that because the Boston Elevated extended well without the corporate limits of the city its relief would have to be a State matter. He prevailed upon the Legislature to pass a measure appointing State trustees for the property as well as providing that the State should purchase from the road the short but elaborate underground line from the South Station to Cambridge at its cost price of approximately \$9,000,000. The last provision would have brought great relief to the Boston Elevated. Governor McCall, however, objected strenuously to the State purchase of the Cambridge subway and promptly vetoed the bill.

A man less persistent than Matt Brush might have given up the fight then and there and looked for an easier one. But it is not Brush's habit to give up. He dropped the subway purchase and introduced another trustee-ship bill. This time the General Assembly was fairly lukewarm. The war had progressed to a point that engrossed its attention. It was Brush's job to bring the problem of his company to the State House and keep it there until it was worked out. He brought pressure upon the Legislature. Finally it appointed a joint committee of thirty members, who sat in the old State House upon Beacon Hill for a day and heard Brush tell of his troubles.

The record of that hearing will live long in the annals of the Bay State. Never before had there been such a hearing—never before thirty men in a crowded room listening from ten o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening to a single man on the witness stand; a vigorous young man who talked 85,000 words of testimony into the ears of relays of tired stenographers. Brush was dramatic, logical, pleading, argumentative. But he was unflinching. He answered questions by the hundreds. He carefully arranged his points, brought them up one after another in soldierly sequence and in convincing array. Brush was logical—and entertaining—and during the entire long session not a single committee-man left the room, save for the two meal periods of one hour each.

The president of the Boston Elevated did not quit with the hearing. He put himself in personal touch with every stockholder of the road either through interview or the telephone. He told the stockholders plainly that their property was in great danger and urged them to get in personal touch with their legislators. A letter would not do—no; a personal visit was the best thing; failing in that, a telephone call would be absolutely essential.

The bill passed. The governor signed it.

#### How It Works

THE Boston plan may not be ideal. But it is so far better than any that have preceded it that it is deserving of especial attention. Five trustees appointed by the governor—to give a part of their time, at a salary of \$5,000—are, in effect, to replace the Board of Directors and the Executive Com-

mittee of the Boston Elevated. It is this feature that has restored the credit of the Boston Elevated; that has made its stock like a bond of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

To meet this cost the trustees are ordered to fix nine rates or scales of fare—a current rate and four successive steps below and four successive steps above it. If at the end of three months' time the current rates have produced a deficit, the succeeding higher step in fares is adopted, almost automatically. If, on the other hand, current rates are piling up a surplus, the step is taken toward a lower rate. There is no limit set in either direction to this sliding scale; but the trustees are compelled to prepare and keep on record at all times at least four steps below and four steps above the current rates.

As this is being written neither the new rates of fare nor the method by which the various steps upward and downward are to be attained has yet been fixed. The trustees are just being appointed, with full authority to hire or fire any man from the president down. But of necessity one of their earliest steps will be the engaging of transit experts to work out, as speedily as possible, some scientific plan of fare adjustment into sequential steps—probably either through the zone system or through flat-fare steps, with transfers free, or charged for—as is done in the Cleveland plan. Only, of course, the Boston plan is not subject to the statute limitation of the Cleveland one. It is vastly more elastic.

#### Give Them a Fair Run

I WOULD not say that the Boston plan is an absolute panacea for traction ills. Only it is so far ahead of anything that has been offered to us up to the present time that it is worthy of grave consideration; its practical workings should be of tremendous interest to every American community large enough to boast a transit system.

Not all our tractions, however, have had a personnel like Boston's. That will count against them. The trouble was that too many companies lost the ability to look at transit problems from one big angle—the point of view of their patrons. They neglected to keep in close touch with the folk who ride upon their cars and trains. And to-day they are paying what is in a large part a penalty for their own shortsightedness.

There are two ways in which you can run a railroad property. One is for all the money that there is in it—confound the service, get the dividends—the dividends are in the strap hangers! The other way is with a full sense of the moral responsibility and great necessity of the street railway to a large community. There has been no war-time advance in the price of either courtesy or consideration. The other fellow is still to be reckoned with. Recognition of him generally brings, in the long run and when one needs it the most, recognition—nay, more, a helping hand, from him. If you do not believe this, Mr. Traction Man, ask Matthew Brush, president of the Boston Elevated Railway. He knows.

Likewise there is a lesson and an opportunity in this for the average American. It makes no difference what the sins of the tractions have been in the past; as we have seen, they already have been punished amply for all of these. The point which I have tried to make clear is that further punishment meted out to them in a refusal to permit them to increase their rates upon a fair and scientific basis hits not so much the company as the patrons who are absolutely dependent upon them. It all comes down to a "you and me" proposition. If we do not give the tractions at least a fair run for their money, they cannot give us a fair run for ours.

# MOSLER VESUVIUS

## PLUG

"One reason for Vesuvius superiority is the care in assembling and adjustment, which is of vital importance."  
—A. R. MOSLER

The finest materials money can buy are selected for the Vesuvius—and all the parts put together by hand.

The sensitive fingers of the operator detect the least variation from perfect adjustment—something a machine cannot do!

Quality makes it  
"The Indestructible Plug"  
Guaranteed to outlast the Motor.

Buy them anywhere at the standard price \$1.00. (Vesuvius Micro Tractor Plug, \$2.00.)

Write for book by A. R. Mosler—the ignition authority—which tells the right plug for your motor. Sent free.

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"The most efficient dentifrice is a powder. Sticky products are favorable to germ life."

—Letter from a prominent dentist, whose name will be given on request.

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The OXYGEN Tooth Powder  
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A package, sufficient for one week's trial, and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Tooth Powder is Better Than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons!"

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"Mm—m—m—"

Baby just loves his

## Baby Educator

FOOD  
Teething Ring

Made of baby-proofed wood, round, baked hard.

Soothes—Feeds—Nourishes

At Druggists or Grocers—or write for postpaid for 30c. each.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.  
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For Absolute Safety Buy

## Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

There can be no higher class of investment. Pays 6 per cent or more. Any denomination from \$100.00 up. Nearly 20 million Americans have recently shown their interest in bond buying. Let us give you facts about real estate bonds. Ask for "Plan 1-A" today.

The Guarantee Mortgage & Trust Co.,  
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## FIBRE LEGS

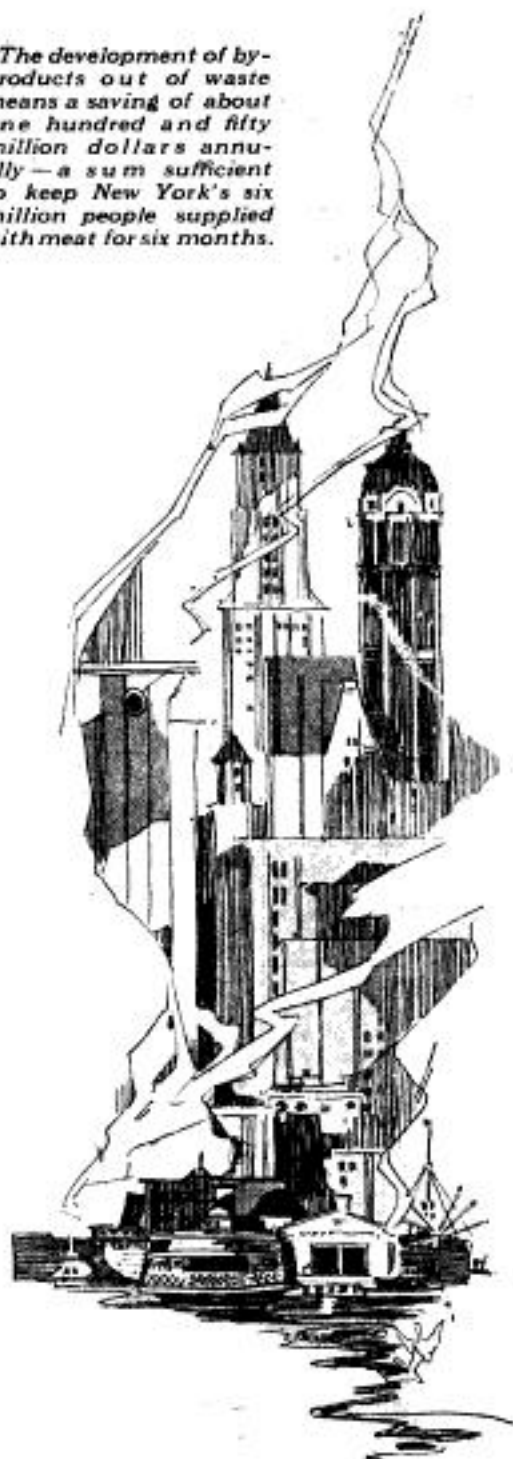
4-POUND FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS.  
Orthopedic Braces for All Deformities. Send for Booklet.  
May Trautmann, 632 Dean Building, Minneapolis, Minn.





# An industry that is saving millions out of waste

*The development of by-products out of waste means a saving of about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually—a sum sufficient to keep New York's six million people supplied with meat for six months.*



THERE was a time when the steer was handled solely for its edible meat, its hide, and its tallow.

The remainder of the animal, in weight totaling many millions of pounds annually, was thrown away—a sheer waste.

Today virtually all of this former waste is utilized. Over 250 articles are now contributed by the steer to human needs, and a larger proportion of the animal is saved for human food.

\* \* \* \*

At the time of writing, Swift & Company has to get about \$125 for the dressed meat from an average beef animal in order to break even.

But if the old order of waste prevailed today and only the hide and tallow were saved, Swift & Company, to break even, would need to get about \$135, or to pay the producer less for his cattle.

This is a saving of about ten dollars per animal—a saving which, when multiplied by the total number of cattle dressed annually by Swift & Company, over two million, amounts to more than twenty million dollars yearly, and this saving results in higher cattle prices and lower meat prices.

If applied to the entire number of cattle dressed annually in America, approximately fifteen million, this saving would amount to about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually.

\* \* \* \*

The real development of by-products came with the development of the larger packing organizations.

Success was attained not easily, but by patient effort, by exhaustive experiment, by intense specialization. It has been a big job and has called for big methods—a job far beyond the resources of the old, unorganized system of local meat dressing.

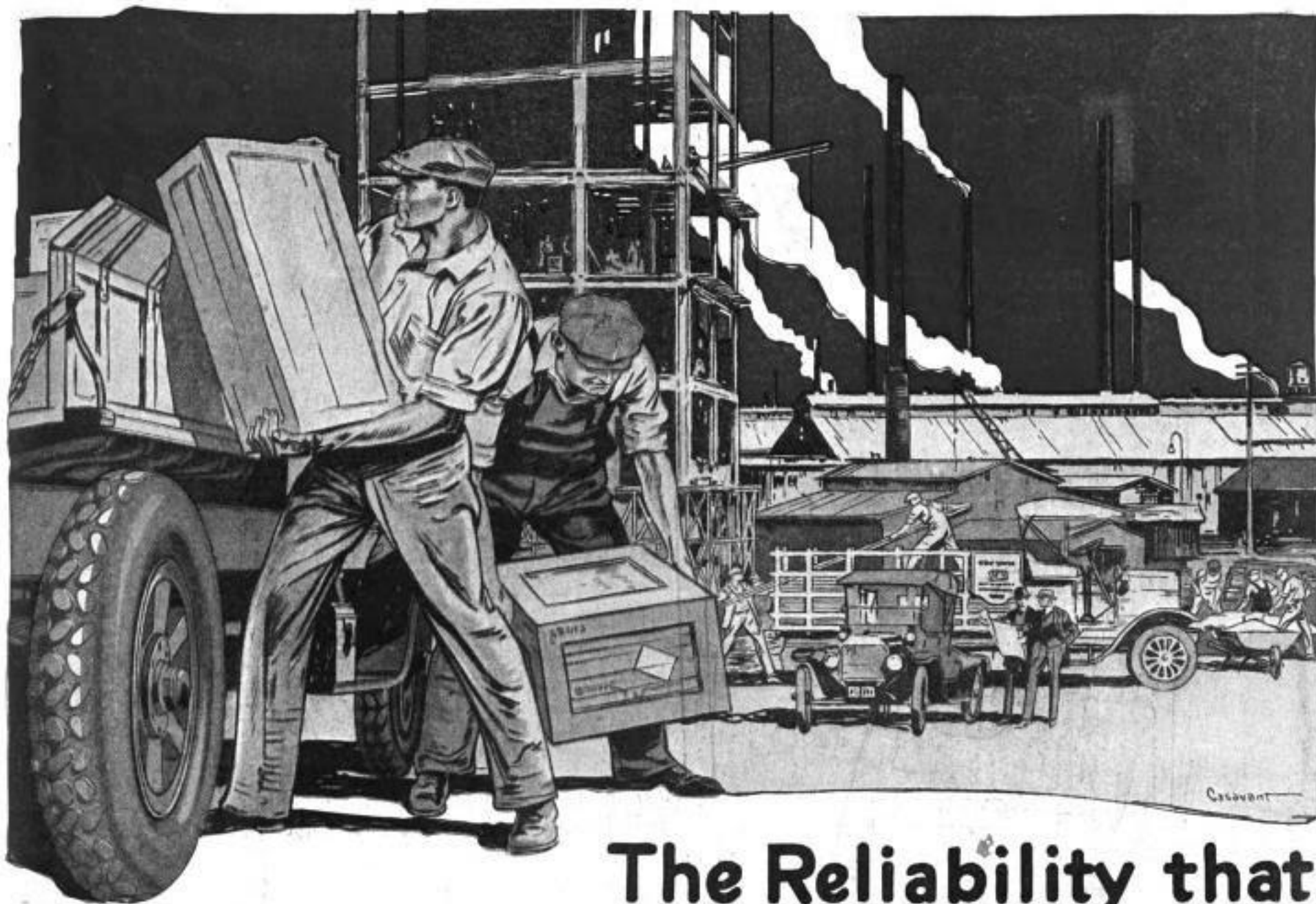
Not only are by-products saved but their value has been increased through better handling of hides, fats, and other edible portions of the steer.

Swift & Company is glad to have had a part in this development. It is an achievement of thrift—an achievement that has made possible today lower meat prices to the consumer and higher prices to the producer of cattle.

## Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization with more than 20,000 stockholders





## The Reliability that means Sound Tire Economy

Reliability is the most important consideration among motorists today. It is the foundation of service.

The whole effort of the United States Tire Company is devoted to making tires of unfailing reliability.

All the rich experience of the first and foremost tire factories in America has been combined with superior facilities and the purpose to make good tires.

The result has been that sales of these good tires are increasing tremendously.

Right now when supreme service is demanded by the work of war, when every resource must be de-

voted to national welfare, United States Tires are more than making good.

This reliability of service not only produces the low tire cost per mile that constitutes real tire economy but increases the usefulness of your car.

Equip your car with United States Tires.

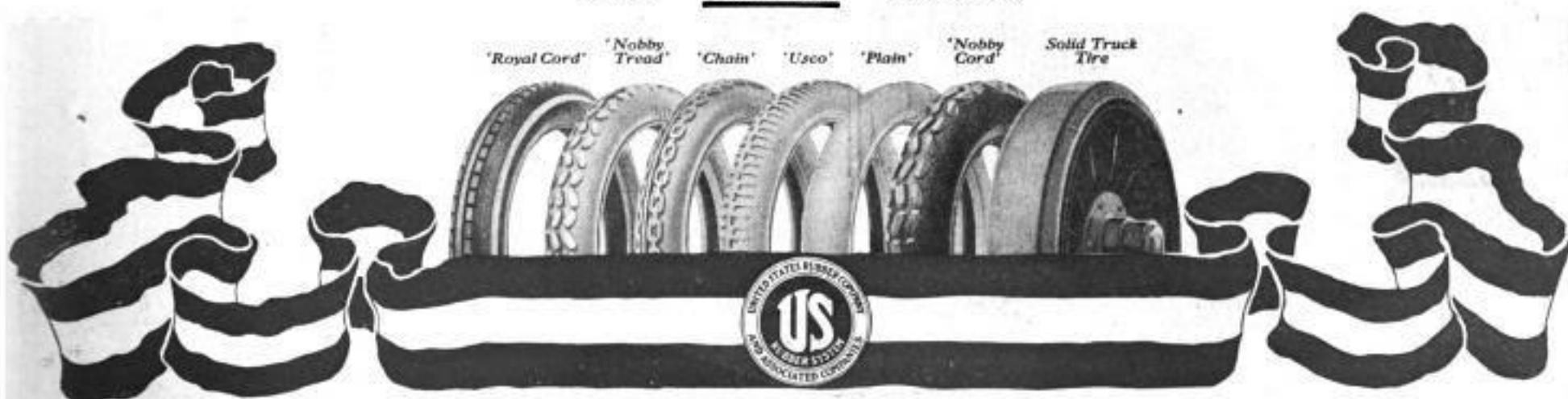
In the five United States treads there is a type that exactly fits your requirements.

Any one of the thousands of United States Sales and Service Depots will give you careful and courteous service.

*For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', and 'Plain'. Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.*

### United States Tires are Good Tires

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.*





# Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A SOUND tooth never spoils a vacation. Before you start on yours, have your teeth examined by your dentist. Use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush twice a day while you're away.

"A clean tooth never decays." The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the one tooth brush built to clean the teeth—the most thorough tooth-brush protection against decay.

Its scientifically formed bristle tufts penetrate the crevices and angles in and between the teeth, which are almost never reached by the ordinary brush. Its extra-large end tufts, aided by the curved handle, clean even the backs of the back teeth.

Make sure that you get the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—*Always sold in the Yellow Box.* Made in adult's, youth's, and child's sizes.

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"A Clean Tooth  
Never Decays"



Keepclean Tooth Paste is the able ally of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Use both together to keep your teeth perfectly clean and therefore perfectly sound. Keepclean Tooth Paste whitens and brightens the teeth, sweetens the breath and helps the whole mouth.



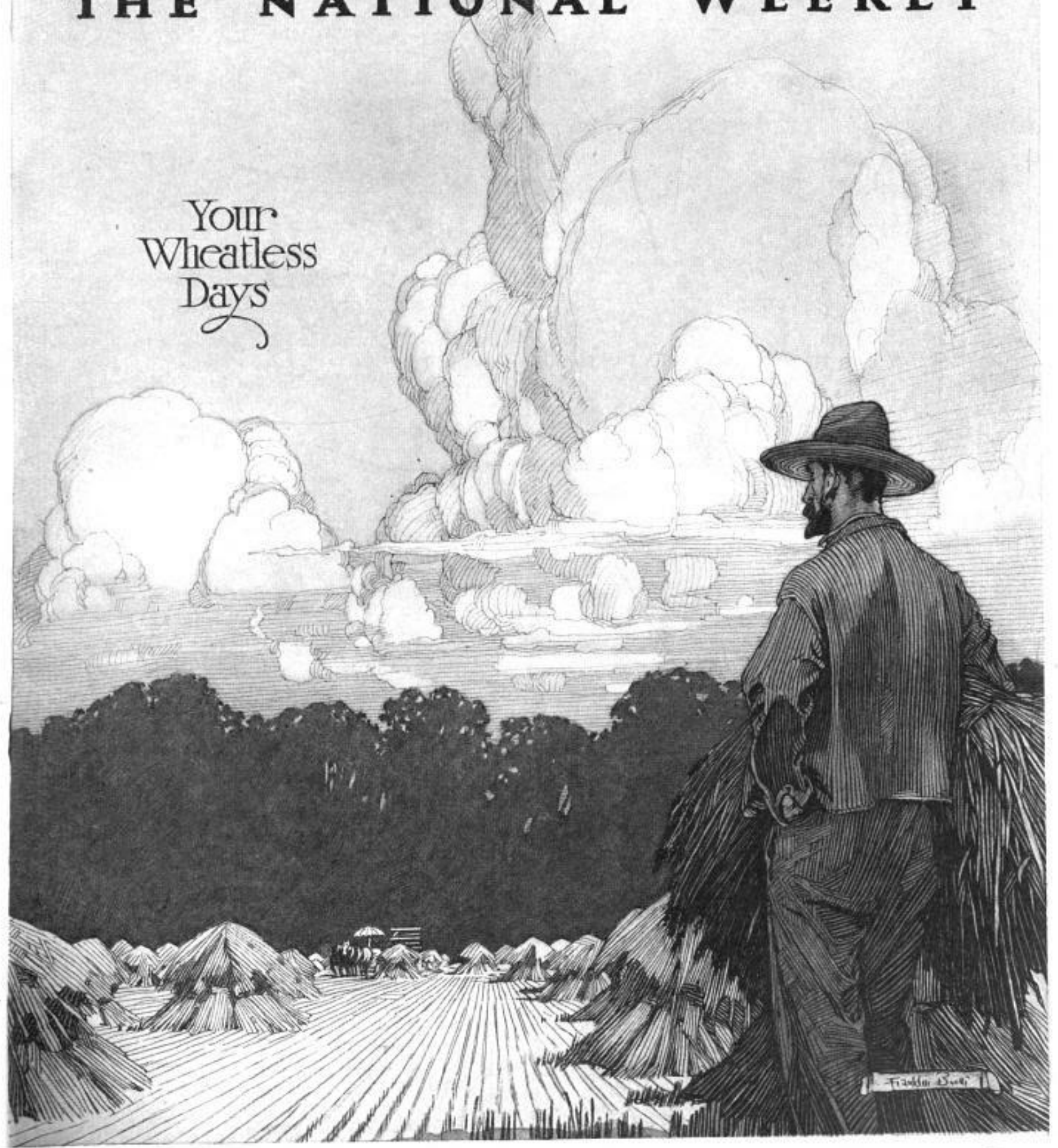
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# Collier's

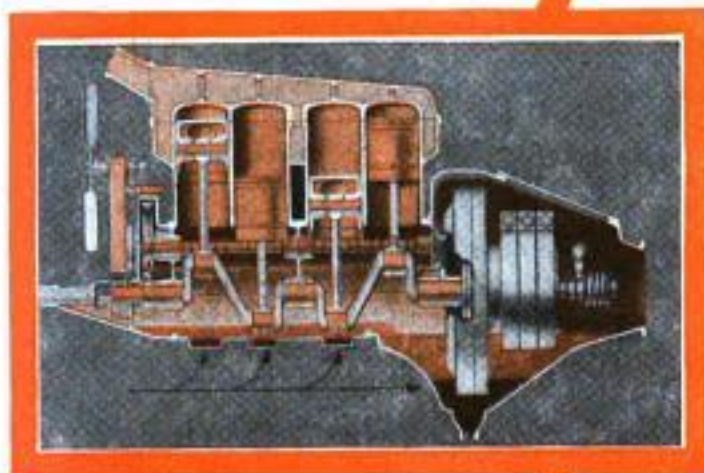
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Your  
Wheatless  
Days



more than a million a week





You cannot tell the amount of sediment in ordinary oil when the engine is running, but after it has stood idle for some time a black deposit settles at the bottom of the crankcase, as indicated by the arrows in the cross-section of the engine above.



Ordinary oil after use



Arrows point to the small amount of sediment in Veedol. Even after prolonged running so little sediment accumulates that only the slightest deposit can be found when the oil is allowed to settle in the crankcase. As shown by the two bottles, Veedol reduces sediment 86%.

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running

# Sediment or Oil?

*What percent of each do you feed your engine?*

**T**HINK what would happen if you tried running your engine without a sufficient amount of oil in the crankcase!

It would prove a costly experiment. Friction would soon rack the engine to pieces.

This is just what happens with inferior oil, which breaks down quickly under the heat of the engine, forming large volumes of black sediment.



Sediment has no lubricating value and crowds out the oil with lubricating qualities from points of friction where it is most needed.

## The menace of sediment

The Sediment Test first showed to the motorists of America how much sediment is formed in ordinary oil.

It brought home to them how dangerous to the engine is this excess of sediment and how any oil that decreases sediment *increases* power, reduces gasoline and oil consumption and prolongs the life of every working part.

As motorists discover that cheap, ordinary oil is the real cause of 90% of their troubles, they begin to ask for Veedol—the lubricant that resists heat and friction.

## What the Sediment Test means

The striking superiority of Veedol to ordinary oil in this respect is clearly illustrated by the Sediment Test, shown in the two bottles at the top of the page.

Notice that the ordinary oil, in the left-hand bottle, contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates in the form of steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces oil evaporation in your engine to a minimum. You will get from 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

When figured by miles of service, and not by cost per gallon, Veedol proves much more economical than ordinary oils, which evaporate rapidly under the heat of the engine.

## Made by an exclusive process

Veedol is made by a distinctive method—the Faulkner Process—recently discovered and used exclusively by this company.

## Try this road test with your car

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine *very slowly* for 30 seconds and then drain out all kerosene. Fill up with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and level straightaways.

You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

## Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

## Send for this 100-page book on lubrication

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.

### CONTENTS

- Part 1. Internal combustion engines—design, operation and lubrication.
- Part 2. Oils—characteristics and methods of testing qualities.
- Part 3. Transmissions, differentials and their lubrication.
- Part 4. Oil refining, Veedol products and lubrication charts.

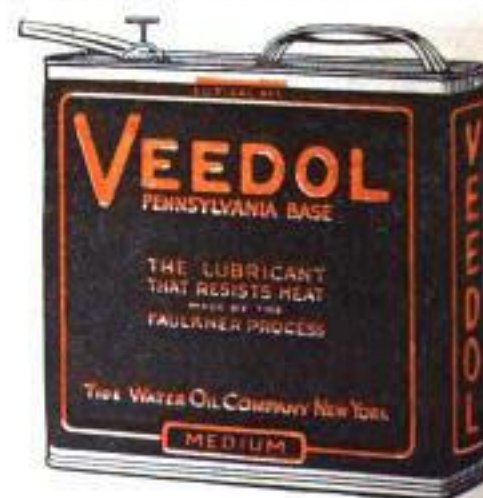
## TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY

Veedol Department

2129 Bowling Green Building, New York

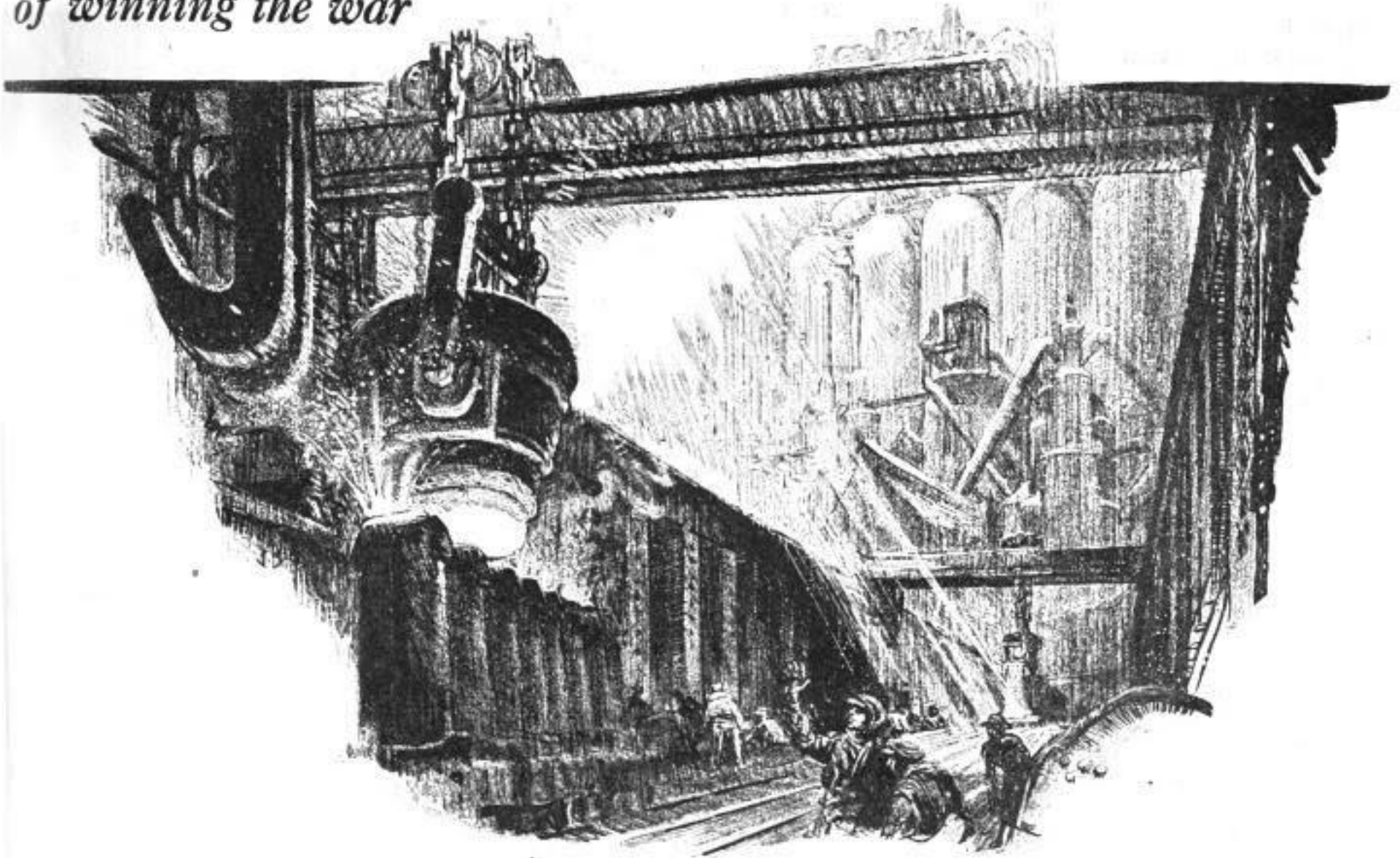
Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

All Veedol greases are of the same high quality as Veedol Motor Oils. Veedol Cup Grease is made in three grades, Light, Medium and Heavy, as is Veedol Graphite Grease, which is recommended for lubricating water pump shafts. Veedol Gear Compound gives efficient lubrication to the transmission and differential gears with the minimum leakage. It is fluid enough to flow back continually to the moving gears to be picked up, yet the consistency remains practically the same at full operating temperature.





*Every electrical engineering and manufacturing facility of this company is being applied "without stint or limit" to the vital business of winning the war*



*When Steel faced the crisis, Electric Power was ready to aid*

Some day, when there is time to tell the history of America's industrial mobilization, the romantic story of steel will be a source of pride to every American.

For a decade or more, wise men of business were certain that steel in America had reached top production.

But, when the war call came for "a bridge of ships," thousands of guns, and an endless supply of munitions—steel did the impossible. With furnaces flaming with patriotism, steel gave every ounce of energy to the cause. In 1917, tonnage reached forty millions—an output exceeding that of all other nations.

When steel faced the tremendous tasks imposed upon it, plant managers and production engineers turned to the General Electric Company. They

found G-E industrial power specialists prepared to render this additional service, and G-E manufacturing facilities ample to supply their needs in record time.

In unloading ore, charging open hearth furnaces, operating blast furnace blowers, rolling mills and giant cranes, electric motors and control apparatus have become indispensable.

And yet, steel is only one of the many war industries dependent on electric power. G-E engineers, located throughout the country, with the company's plants behind them, are also energetically engaged with the electrification of other expanded industries—food, textiles, coal, oil, chemicals, mines, metals; ships, aeroplanes, automobiles, munitions, central power plants, lighting and transportation systems—all essential to victory.

Look for this—  
the mark of leadership  
in electrical development  
and manufacture



# GE motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

## GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



# The Repair Man

Who Uses

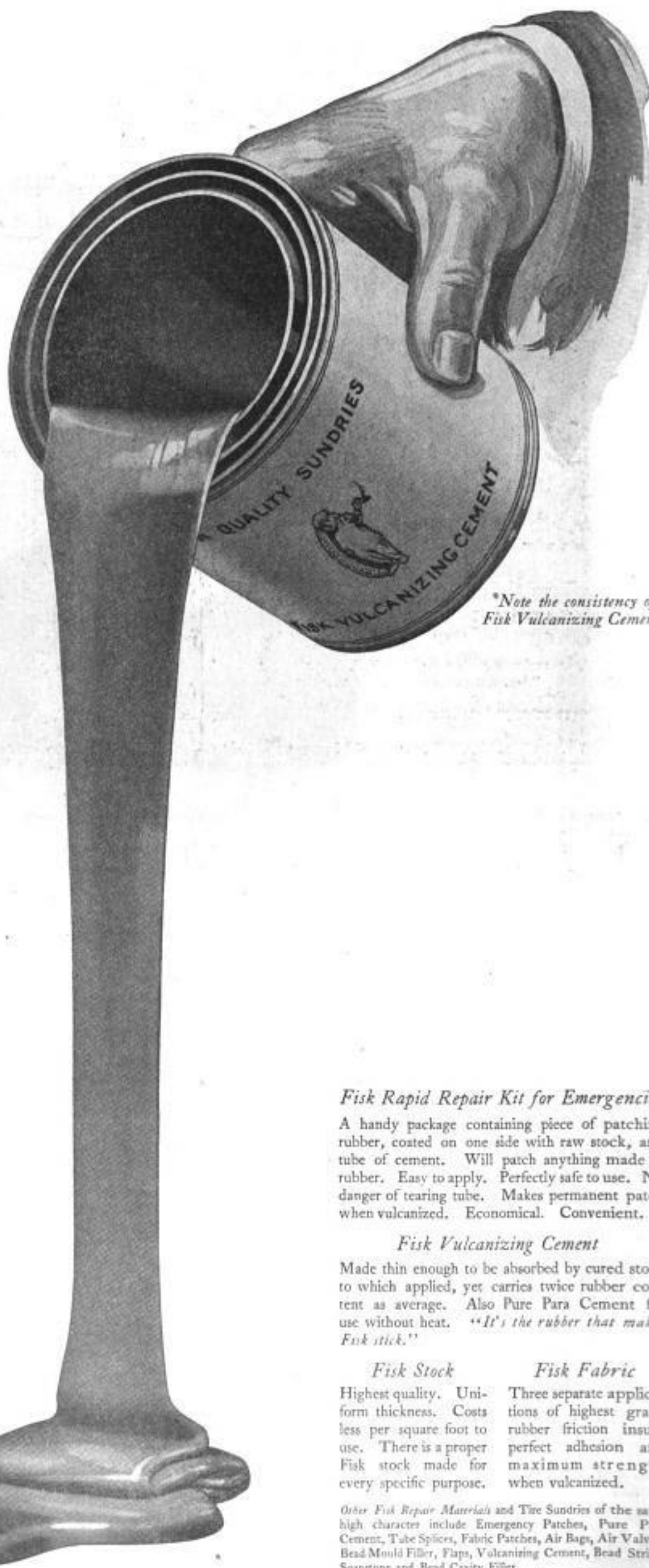
## FISK REPAIR MATERIALS

*is the man you  
can depend upon*

His daily association with repair materials and the repairing of rubber products has proved to his entire satisfaction the unqualified superiority of Fisk.

His convictions are the result of years of experience with Fisk quality—successful experience, with no trouble from “kicks” or unpleasant “come backs.”

The Fisk Rubber Company has long been the leader in the manufacture of repair materials and tire sundries, and was first in building a successful steam vulcanizer. This aggressiveness has been characteristic in the entire field of sundry production.



*\*Note the consistency of  
Fisk Vulcanizing Cement*

### *Fisk Rapid Repair Kit for Emergencies*

A handy package containing piece of patching rubber, coated on one side with raw stock, and tube of cement. Will patch anything made of rubber. Easy to apply. Perfectly safe to use. No danger of tearing tube. Makes permanent patch when vulcanized. Economical. Convenient.

### *Fisk Vulcanizing Cement*

Made thin enough to be absorbed by cured stock to which applied, yet carries twice rubber content as average. Also Pure Para Cement for use without heat. “It’s the rubber that makes Fisk stick.”

### *Fisk Stock*

Highest quality. Uniform thickness. Costs less per square foot to use. There is a proper Fisk stock made for every specific purpose.

### *Fisk Fabric*

Three separate applications of highest grade rubber friction insure perfect adhesion and maximum strength when vulcanized.

*Other Fisk Repair Materials and Tire Sundries of the same high character include Emergency Patches, Pure Para Cement, Tube Splices, Fabric Patches, Air Bags, Air Valves, Bead Mould Filler, Flaps, Vulcanizing Cement, Bead Strips, Soapstone and Bead Cavity Filler.*



# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 17, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 23

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



## THE THREE OF THEM

BY EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR eleven years Martha Foote, head housekeeper at the Senate Hotel, Chicago, had catered, unseen, and ministered, unknown, to that great, careless, shifting, conglomerate mass known as the Traveling Public. Wholesale hostessing was Martha Foote's job. Senators and suffragists, ambassadors and first families had found ease and comfort under Martha Foote's régime. Her carpets had bent their nap to the tread of kings, and show girls, and buyers from Montana. Her sheets had soothed the tired limbs of presidents and princesses and prima donnas. For the Senate Hotel is more than a hostelry. It is a Chicago institution. The whole world is churned in at its revolving front door.

FOR eleven years Martha Foote, then, had beheld humanity throwing its grimy suit cases on her immaculate white bedspreads; wiping its muddy boots on her bath towels; scratching its matches on her wall paper; scrawling its pencil marks on her cream woodwork; spilling its greasy crumbs on her carpet; carrying away her dresser scarfs and pincushions. There is no greater test of character. Eleven years of hotel housekeeping guarantee a knowledge of human nature that includes some things no living being ought to know about her fellow men. And inevitably one of two results must follow. You degenerate into a bitter, waspish, and fault-finding shrew, or you develop into a patient, tolerant, and infinitely understanding woman. Martha Foote dealt daily with Polack scrub girls and Irish porters and Swedish chambermaids and Swiss waiters and Halsted Street bell boys. Italian tenors fried onions in her Louis Quinze suite. College boys burned cigarette holes in her best linen sheets. Yet anyone connected with the Senate Hotel, from Pete, the pastry cook, to H. G. Featherstone, lessee-director, could vouch for Martha Foote's serene unacidulation.

Don't gather from this that Martha Foote was a beaming, motherly person who called you dearie. Neither was she one of those managerial and magnificent blond beings occasionally encountered in hotel corridors, engaged in addressing strident remarks to a damp and crawling huddle of calico that is doing something sloppy to the woodwork. Perhaps the shortest cut to Martha Foote's character is through Martha Foote's bedroom. (Twelfth floor. Turn to your left. That's it: 1218. Come in!)

In the long years of its growth and success the Senate Hotel had known the usual growing pains. Starting with walnut and red plush, it had, in its adolescence, broken out all over into brass beds and birds'-eye maple; these,

in turn, had vanished before mahogany veneer and brocade. Hardly had the white scratches on these ruddy surfaces been doctored by the house painter when—whisk! Away with that somber stuff! And in minced a whole troupe of near-French furnishings; cream enamel beds, cane-backed; spindle-legged dressing tables before which it was impossible to dress; perilous chairs with raspberry complexions. Through all these changes Martha Foote, in her big, bright twelfth-floor room, had clung to her old black-walnut set.

The bed, to begin with, was a massive, towering edifice with a headboard that scraped the lofty ceiling. Head- and foot-board were fretted and carved with great blobs representing grapes and cornucopias and tendrils and knobs and other bedevilments of the cabinetmaker's craft. It had been polished and rubbed until now it shone like soft-brown satin. There was a monumental dresser too, with a liver-colored marble top. Along the wall, near the windows, was a couch; a heavy, wheezing, fat-armed couch decked out in white ruffled cushions. I suppose the mere statement that, in Chicago, Ill., Martha Foote kept these cushions always crisply white, would make any further characterization superfluous. The couch made you think of a plump grandmother of bygone days, a beruffled white fichu across her ample, comfortable bosom. Then there was the writing desk, a substantial structure that bore no relation to the pindling rose-and-cream affairs that graced the guest rooms. It was the solid sort of desk at which an English novelist of the three-volume school might have written a whole row of books without losing his dignity or cramping his style. Martha Foote used it for making out reports and instruction sheets, for keeping accounts, and for her small private correspondence.

Such was Martha Foote's room. In a modern and successful hotel, whose foyer was rose-shaded, brass-grilled, peacock-alleyed and tessellated, that bed-sitting room of hers was as wholesome and satisfying and real as a piece of homemade rye bread on a tray of French pastry—and as incongruous.

It was to the orderly comfort of these accustomed surroundings that the housekeeper of the Senate Hotel opened her eyes this Tuesday morning—opened them, and lay a moment, bridging the morphean chasm that lay between last night and this morning. It was 6.30 a. m. It is bad enough to open one's eyes at 6.30 on Monday morning. But to open them at 6.30 on Tuesday morning, after an indigo Monday—The taste of yesterday lingered, brackish, in Martha's mouth.

"Oh, well, it won't be as bad as yesterday, anyway. It can't." So she as-



sured herself as she lay there. "There never were two days like that, hand running. Not even in the hotel business."

For yesterday had been what is known as a muddy Monday. Thick, murky, and oozy with trouble. Two conventions, three banquets, the lobby so full of khaki that it looked like a sand storm, a threatened strike in the laundry, a traveling man in Two-Twelve who had the grippe and thought he was dying, a shortage of towels (that bugaboo of the hotel housekeeper), due to the laundry trouble, that had kept the linen room telephone jangling to the tune of a hundred damp and irate guests. And, weaving in and out and above and about and through it all, like a neuralgic toothache that can't be located, persisted the constant, nagging, maddening complaints of the Chronic Kicker in Six-Eighteen.

SIX-EIGHTEEN was a woman. She had arrived Monday morning, early. By Monday night every girl on the switchboard had had the nervous jumps when she plugged in at her signal. She had changed her rooms, and back again. She had quarreled with the room clerk. She had complained to the office about the service, the food, the linen, the lights, the noise, the chambermaid, all the bell boys, and the color of the furnishings in her suite. She said she couldn't live with that color. It made her sick. Between 8.30 and 10.30 that night there had come a lull. Six-Eighteen was doing her turn at the Majestic.

Martha Foote knew that. She knew too that her name was Geisha McCoy, and she knew what that name meant, just as you do. She had even laughed and quickened and responded to Geisha McCoy's manipulation of her audience, just as you have. She knew the value of the personal note, and it had been her idea that had resulted in the rule which obliged elevator boys, chambermaids, floor clerks, doormen, and waiters, if possible, to learn the names of guests, no matter how brief their stay, and to call them by name whenever necessary or possible.

"They like it," she had said to Manager Brant. "You know that better than I do. They'll be flattered and surprised and tickled to death, and they'll go back to Burlington, Iowa, and tell how well known they are at the Senate."

When the suggestion was met with the argument that no human being could be expected to perform such daily feats of memory Martha Foote battered it down with: "That's just where you're mistaken. The first few days are bad. After that it's easier every day, until it becomes mechanical. I remember when I first started waiting on table in my mother's quick-lunch eating house in Sorghum, Minn. I'd bring 'em wheat cakes when they'd ordered pork and beans, but it wasn't two weeks before I could take six orders, from soup to pie, without so much as forgetting the catchup. Habit; that's all."

SO she as well as the minor hotel employees knew Six-Eighteen as Geisha McCoy—Geisha McCoy, who got a thousand a week for singing a few songs and chatting informally with the delighted hundreds on the other side of the footlights. Geisha McCoy made nothing of those same footlights. She reached out, so to speak, and shook hands with you across their amber glare. Neither lovely nor alluring, this woman. And, as for her voice—And yet for ten years or more this rather plain person, somewhat dumpy, no longer young, had been singing her everyday, human songs about everyday, human people. And invariably (and figuratively) her audience clambered up over the footlights, and sat in her lap. She had never resorted to cheap music-hall tricks. She had never invited the gallery to join in the chorus. She descended to no finger-snapping. But when she sang a song about a waitress she was a waitress. She never hesitated to twist up her hair and pull down her mouth to get an effect. She didn't seem to be thinking about herself at all, or about her clothes, or her method, or her effort, or anything but the audience that was plastic to her deft and magic manipulation.

Until very recently. Six months had wrought a subtle change in Geisha McCoy. She still sang her everyday, human songs about everyday, human people. But you failed, somehow, to recognize them as such. They sounded sawdust-stuffed. And you were likely to hear the man behind you say: "Yeh, but you ought to have heard her five years ago. She's about through."

Such was Six-Eighteen. Martha Foote, luxuriating in that one delicious moment between her 6.30 awakening and her 6.31 arising, mused on these things. She thought of how, at eleven o'clock the night before, her telephone had rung with the sharp zing! of trouble. The voice of Irish Nellie, on night duty on the sixth floor,

had sounded thick-brogued, sure sign of distress with her.

"I'm sorry to be a botherin' ye, Mis' Phut. It's Nellie speakin'—Irish Nellie on the sixt'."

"What's the trouble, Nellie?"

"It's that Six-Eighteen again. She's goin' on like mad. She's carryin' on somethin' fierce."

"What about?"

"Th'—th' blankets, Mis' Phut."

"Blankets?"

"She says—it's her wurruds, not mine—she says they're vile. Vile, she says."

Martha Foote's spine had stiffened. "In this house! Vile!"

If there was one thing more, than another upon which Martha Foote prided herself, it was the Senate Hotel bedcoverings. Creamy, spotless, downy, they were her especial fad. "Brocade chairs and pink lamps and gold snake work are all well and good," she was wont to say, "and so are American Beauties in the lobby and white gloves on the elevator boys. But it's the blankets on the beds that stamp a hotel first or second class." And now this, from Nellie!

"I know how ye feel, an' all. I sez to 'er, I sez: 'There never was a blanket in this house,' I sez, 'that didn't look as if it cud be sarved up wit' whipped cr-ream,' I sez, 'an' et,' I sez to her, an' fu'thermore, I sez—"

"Never mind, Nellie. I know. But we never argue with guests. You know that rule as well as I. The guest is right—always. I'll send up the linen-room keys. You get fresh blankets. New ones. And no arguments. But I want to see those—those vile—"

"Listen, Mis' Phut." Irish Nellie's voice, until now shrill with righteous anger, dropped to a discreet octave. "I seen 'em. An' they are vile. Wait a minnit! But why? Becus that there maid of hers—that yella' hussy—give her a body massage, wit' cold cream an' all, usin' th' blankets f'r coverin', an' smearin' 'em right an' left. This was afther they come back from th' theayter. Th' crust of thim people, usin' the iligent blankets off'n the beds t'—"

"Good night, Nellie. And thank you."

"Sure, ye know I'm that upset f'r distarbin' yuh, an' all, but—"

Martha Foote cast an eye toward the great walnut bed. "That's all right. Only—Nellie—"

"Yesm'm."

"If I'm disturbed again on that woman's account for anything less than murder—"

"Yesm'm?"

"Well, there'll be one, that's all. Good night."

Such had been Monday's cheerful close.

Martha Foote sat up in bed now, preparatory to the heroic flinging aside of the covers. "No," she assured herself again; "it can't be as bad as yesterday." She reached round and about her pillow, groping for the recalcitrant hairpin that always slipped out during the night, found it, and twisted her hair into a hard bathtub bun. With a jangle that tore through her half-wakened senses, the telephone at her bedside shrilled into life. Martha Foote, hairpin in mouth, turned and eyed it, speculatively, fearfully. It shrilled on in her very face, and there seemed something taunting and vindictive about it. One long ring, followed by a short one; a long ring, a short. "Ca-a-an't it? Ca-a-n't it?"

"Something tells me I'm wrong," Martha Foote told herself ruefully, and reached for the blatant, snarling thing.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Foote? This is Healy, the night clerk. Say, Mrs. Foote, I think you'd better step down to Six-Eighteen and see what's—"

"I am wrong," said Martha Foote.

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Will I step down to Six-Eighteen and—?"

"She's sick, or something. Hysterics, I'd say. As far as I could make out, it was something about a noise or a sound or—anyway, she can't locate it, and her maid says if we don't stop it right away—"



She was performing her morning job on the service stairway

"I'll go down. Maybe it's the plumbing. Or the radiator. Did you ask?"

"No; nothing like that. She kept talking about a wall."

"A what?"

"A wall. A kind of groaning, you know. And then dull raps on the wall, behind the bed."

"Now, look here, Ed Healy. I get up at 6.30, but I can't see a joke before ten. If you're trying to be funny!"

"Funny! Why, say, listen, Mrs. Foote. I may be a night clerk, but I'm not so low as to get you out at half past six to spring a thing like that in fun. I mean it. So did she."

"But a kind of moaning! And then dull raps!"

"Those are her words. A kind of m—"

"Let's not make a chant of it. I think I get you. I'll be down there in ten minutes. Telephone her, will you?"

"Can't you make it five?"

"Not without skipping something vital."

Still, it couldn't have been a second over ten, including shoes, hair, and hooks and eyes. And a fresh white blouse. It was Martha Foote's theory that a hotel housekeeper, dressed for work, ought to be as inconspicuous as a steel engraving. She would have been, too, if it hadn't been for her eyes.

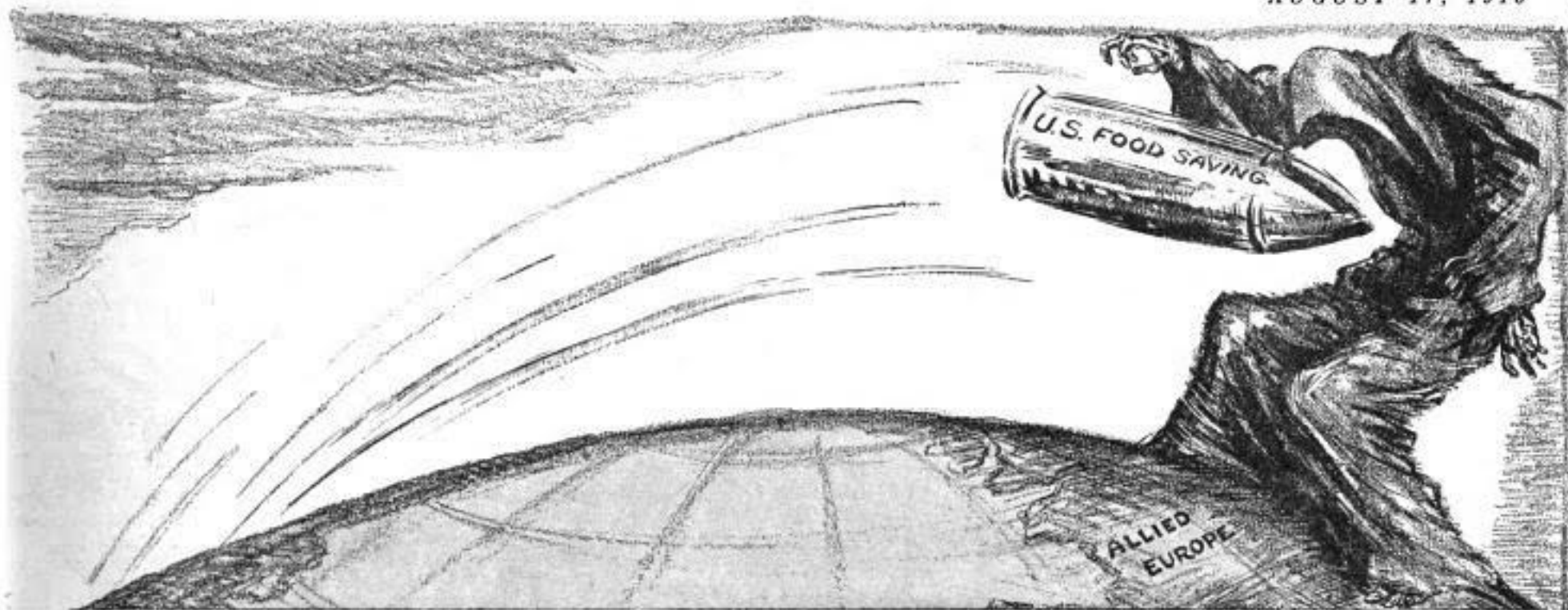
She paused a moment before the door of Six-Eighteen and took a deep breath. At the first brisk rattle of her knuckles on the door there had sounded a shrill "Come in!" But before she could turn the knob the door was flung open by a kimonoed mulatto girl, her eyes all whites. The girl began to jabber incoherently, but Martha Foote passed on through the little hall to the door of the bedroom.

Six-Eighteen was in bed. At sight of her Martha Foote knew that she had to deal with an overwrought woman. Her hair was pushed back wildly from her forehead. Her arms were clasped about her knees. At the left her nightgown had slipped down so that one plump white shoulder gleamed against the background of her streaming hair. The room was in almost-comic disorder. It was a room in which a struggle had taken place between its occupant and that burning-eyed hag, Sleeplessness. The latter had won. A half-emptied glass of milk was on the table by the bed. Warmed, and sipped slowly, it had evidently failed to soothe. A tray of dishes littered another table—yesterday's dishes, their contents congealed. Books and magazines, their covers spread wide as if they had been flung, sprawled where they

(Continued on page 27)







Drawn by C. R. Weed

# YOUR WHEATLESS DAYS

AMERICA'S RECORD IN ONE YEAR OF FOOD SAVING

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

**"FOOD Will Win the War—Don't Waste It!"**  
Do you remember how, just about a year ago, that slogan first struck your eye? You do, of course. It's never been very much in the background since then, either. Now it is time for a report. Has food won the war? What has it all come to, all the saving you have done? Has it been worth while?

Well, the war hasn't been won yet. You still have that to do. But, on the word of the Food Administration, the way you have backed it up, the way you have saved food, has prevented the war from being lost. Winning it remains; in this next year that task still lies before you. But it ought to be easy to do what Herbert Hoover will ask of you now. Because—what you have done has been so tremendously worth while. It has helped so much. It has given you such a definite part in the war.

I wish everyone in America could hear the big Food Administration building in Washington humming with the praise of what America has done. Your ears would burn, madam and sir—and particularly you, madam! This is what one man—who knows what he is talking about—says:

"There's never been anything like it in history. Here was a people that had never known want, that had never experienced famine or anything remotely resembling it—a people that had plenty within reach of its hands every moment. We asked the American people to do voluntarily more than any other people has ever been asked to submit to under compulsion. And the American people made good! They have saved more voluntarily than any country in Europe has done under the most stringent compulsion!"

Now, just what is it that you have done? And just what are you still called upon to do?

In the first place, the crops of 1917 were, in general, bad. That was true of the whole northern hemisphere. In the face of inevitable reduction of crop areas, directly due to the war, nature herself seemed to fight, for once, on the German side. So that the demands upon you had to be increased, proportionately, as the result of crop failures. Herbert Hoover wrote to the President in July that for the fiscal year 1917-18, ending July 1, the total nutritional production of the country was between 7 and 9 per cent below the average for the three previous years. That doesn't sound particularly dramatic or serious. But—the statistical genius of the Food Administration smiled, sadly, when I said so to him.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you what it means. If that nutritional production had been 15 per cent below average, nothing under heaven could have saved our allies in Europe from famine and disaster. The war would be over—we would be beaten!"

Now that we have turned the corner, it is permitted to tell how narrowly we skirted the edges of disaster. In July, 1918, there were less than 10,000,000 bushels of wheat in the United States—in storage, in transit, anywhere! We were within ten days of being out of wheat. We came to the new harvest with that slender surplus! And normally we carry over 60,000,000 bushels of wheat for seed alone. We have never before, even in years of blighted crops, carried over less than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat into the new harvest. We are

going to take no such chances in this coming year. To begin with, a bumper crop is in sight. The crop of 1918 looks to be safe. Barring a disaster now unforeseeable, Hoover will have a great store to work with. And already plans are being made that will end all uncertainty. There has been time, as last year there was not, to make things easier for you. You can't look for white bread this winter. But you can look for something that, all things considered, ought to please you even more.

As I write, Herbert Hoover has just landed in England. And he has gone to try to perfect certain plans and arrangements that will standardize bread and flour for all the Allied world—that will result in your eating Victory loaves and pies and cakes made from a standardized Victory flour that will be the only flour used in any country of the Allies. If Hoover's plan goes through, you won't be obliged, any longer, to buy a certain amount of corn meal or barley or rye or potato flour when you get a sack of white flour.

There won't be any white flour for you to buy.

The mixing of the white wheat flour with substitutes will be done scientifically at the mills, before it goes into the sacks, instead of in your kitchens, or the kitchens of the hotels and restaurants you patronize. There will be no wheatless days and wheatless meals. You won't have to wonder whether everyone is living up to Hoover's requests. You'll know.

## Don't Those Figures Pile Up?

**T**HIS new flour isn't coming because you have failed Hoover; it is a way of killing two birds with one stone. First, it will permit of more exact calculations in building up the reserve of two hundred million bushels of wheat which Hoover wants to have on July 1, 1919; second, it will save you a lot of trouble and red tape in doing what you have proved yourselves absolutely and happily willing to do, and what it is as important as ever that you should continue to do.

Reduced to figures, here is what you made possible:

We sent to our allies, in the fiscal year 1916-17, 259,900,000 bushels of cereals and cereal products. In 1917-18 we sent 340,800,000 bushels—an increase of 80,900,000 bushels. And in the first year our exports were all out of surplus—in the second we raised just enough for our own normal demand, so that it was only by reducing that demand that we were able to feed our allies.

You have to think over these figures before you can appreciate what you made possible! In 1916-17, out of a surplus of something like 200,000,000 bushels (we had a world's record wheat crop, you remember, in the previous harvest) we sent over 135,100,000 bushels of wheat and 2,300,000 bushels of rye—wheat and rye being the prime breadstuffs. In 1917-18, when, as the result of a subnormal crop and what was almost a corn blight, we sent 131,000,000 bushels of wheat—and every bushel of it you saved! We sent 13,900,000 bushels of rye, so that there was an increase of 7,500,000 bushels of the prime breadstuffs—all saved by you. Moreover, since those figures were tabulated, 10,000,000 bushels more from our scant 1917 crop have reached our allies—so that we actually sent more wheat out of our savings, in this last lean year, than we sent out

of our abundance the year before! And we also spared 10,000,000 bushels more to neutrals who faced starvation unless we helped them.

It isn't wheat alone. We have built up a surplus of bacon and ham "over there." For the first time since 1914 our allies have that comfortable feeling that comes when you know that if something happens to the deliveries you can scare up a bite in the ice box and on the shelves in the closet.

In 1916-17 we sent to our allies 2,166,500,000 pounds of meats and fats—which means all sorts of meats and meat products, canned and powdered milk, butter, cheese, vegetable oils, lard, and so forth. And in 1917-18 we sent 3,011,100,000 pounds—an increase of 844,600,000 pounds. That increase didn't come out of vastly increased production either! It represents what you didn't eat—it represents your meatless days, your abstention from bacon at breakfast, all your self-denials and sacrifices in the way of foregoing fried potatoes and extra pats of butter! And next year you will send even more.

The Food Administration, playing affectionately with figures, turns up all sorts of little statistics. For example, it says that from April 1, 1917, to April 1, 1918, we sent enough food over there to ration completely more than 21,000,000 men—and to give them, at that, an excess of protein and fat! Before the war we used to send enough to France, Great Britain, and Italy each year to ration about 6,000,000 men. We used to send, on an average—this was before 1914—153,260,963 pounds of bacon a year to the Western allies. In our first war year we sent 490,523,133 pounds. Was it worth while to heed that line the good hotels had all last winter on their menus: "Please do not order bacon"? Was it? We used to send 3,004,537 pounds of fresh beef—in our first war year we sent 235,368,478 pounds. How about those steaks you didn't order?

The corner has been turned in this matter of food. Hoover knows now, and so do you, that you can do all that is needful, and that we can supply the Allied world. This year, in all probability, we won't have to deny ourselves quite so sharply. We won't have a surplus. And we are facing the certainty that we can't have as big a harvest next year as we are looking forward to now. We have lost too many men—lent too many men to Pershing, rather. So we will have to keep on saving.

You know about flour. Sugar you'll have to use very sparingly—two pounds a month a person, for all purposes, from August 1 to January 1. There won't really be enough sugar for everyone again until peace comes. Even after peace we'll all have to go easy for a time. Meat and fat ought to be a little more plentiful in this coming year. There's going to be a big corn crop, and, since corn means hogs, bacon and pork ought to be reasonably abundant. The beef situation is looking up too.

One thing is certain. You can eat all you need. You can't waste any food, but you won't be asked to carry self-denial to the point of serious sacrifice. And still you will, by such sacrifices as Hoover will still have to ask of you, put health and strength into the peoples of our allies. You have begun to give them the infinite comfort of knowing that the ghost of famine can never stalk in their lands again!





# UNCLE SAM—EMPLOYMENT AGENT

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In an official brief, which was presented to Congress when that body was asked to authorize and finance the mobilization of labor which will be described in this article, there was one of those pregnant phrases which can come only from a man with vision enough to see a big thing in all its proportions, and the accuracy of thought that can express itself in words which tell the whole story and impress the memory:

"It is not enough," he said, "to think of this nation as *having* an army; you must think of it as *being* an army."

Now, that is what we must come to. If anyone still remains who thinks of the American Expeditionary Force as a sort of sublimated landing party of marines, sent abroad for duty while we go on with our accustomed affairs, he must soon come, voluntarily or through pressure, to disillusionment. He must come to see that *he* is one of the army, and he is going to find that much of the pressure of army discipline is slowly settling down on him. He will learn that this is no longer a world in which any man can do what he feels like doing at the time he feels like doing it. This is no ordinary emergency where the easy-going individual takes no more responsibility than to ask why the police don't attend to it. President Wilson saw it in its true proportions when he said that this is "a war of peoples." And that American army officer saw it when a foreign officer asked him a technical military question as to the depth of the American force holding a section of trenches. "The depth of the American army," he replied, "is from No Man's Land to San Francisco."

Now if this whole nation is to be an army in any true sense, an army composed on the one hand of an expeditionary force of five million men in France, and on the other hand of a supporting force at home composed of all the nation's workers, then we cannot go along with the five million organized to the highest degree of military discipline, and the other part, the industrial army, not organized at all, not coordinated, willing enough, eager enough, but stepping on each other's toes, getting in each other's way, neutralizing each other's efforts. Most particularly we cannot go along with the five million who are in France or to be in France, receiving a definite pay fixed by statute and absolutely equal as to all in the same rank; and, on the other hand, the industrial part of the army without a fixed pay—and, worst of all, with the various captains, colonels, and generals of industry permitted to lure and bribe the private soldiers away from each other. To bring mobility, continuity of effort, and stability of pay into the army of industry is the chief purpose of the taking over of labor which the Government embarked upon on the first of August. The purpose is to make industry as nearly like an army as it is practicable to do. The "army of labor" has long been a phrase with which political orators have flattered workers. That phrase will now come to express something approaching reality.

The essential thing about an army is mobilization under a single command, the shifting of masses of men to the points where they are needed at the time they are needed. And the industrial needs of a nation at war shift as rapidly as the military needs on the field of maneuver. At one time we need shells in the largest quantity, at another time rifles, at another time gas, at another time ships. It is to enable the Government to shift men

about with the greatest speed and economy of effort that our industrial workers are going to take on the aspect of an army. The Government is undertaking huge new industrial enterprises in widely distant sections of the country, many of them where there is little or no local labor supply. There is to be a huge nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals, Ala., docks and terminals at Charleston, S. C., chemical plants in Maryland, an ordnance plant near Pittsburgh, an armor plant in West Virginia. Each of these enterprises will call for labor in quantities of tens of thousands. In addition, private corporations doing war work will need labor in similar quantities. The Government must be able to assemble this labor and move it about. The Government must be able to move its army of workers from point to point, to meet the emergencies of war, just as General Foch was given the power to move the Allied soldiers from point to point to meet the emergencies of the actual fighting.

## Organizing Our Labor Army

UNTIL the first of August the industrial part of our army was quite largely unorganized and uncoordinated. To a great extent that is what it still is, for the step which was taken on August first was the merest beginning. Indeed, so small a matter was that entering step which the Government took on the first day of the present month that few realize the significance of what has happened. It can be expressed so as to appeal easily to the understanding in this way: Precisely as the Government has taken charge of the country's coal supply under Mr. Garfield; precisely as it has taken charge of food under Mr. Hoover; precisely as it has taken over the railroads under Mr. McAdoo—in the same way the Government, acting through Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor, has taken charge of the nation's labor supply. If you reflect on it a moment, you will see this thing the Government has done as an exceedingly striking event, and an especially interesting phase is the possibility of some striking personality emerging from it. If the phrase "staggers the imagination" were not old and trite, this would be an occasion to use it. But in this war imaginations have ceased to stagger. They have become permanently cataleptic.

The Government's first step is, as things are done now, rather cautious. Its officials restrict their operations to what is known as common labor, or, in some sections of the country, as day labor. Also they restrict their authority to the larger factories, to those which have more than a hundred employees. But, while these limitations are adopted for the purpose of the Government's own convenience in getting under way smoothly, there is no reason why the persons affected, and the public generally, should not know the whole story now. In taking over the control and distribution of labor, all the Government's self-imposed limitations are merely postponements. As one of the officials of the Department of Labor said: "Skilled labor we shall take over just as rapidly as we can. . . . We don't want to try to bite off too much the first bite."

The Government's policy is to assert for itself a monopoly over all labor, common and skilled. Its policy is, further, to outlaw all private employment agencies and make the United States employment service the only employment agency which may be patronized either by employers or workers for the

recruiting and distributing of labor. And the final step in the policy is to stabilize wages, which means, in effect, that wages are not to be determined by uncoordinated individual bargaining between employers and workers, but by Government agencies.

Public discussion of the Government's recent action has been rather loose and vague, it has been based quite generally on the assumption that it is a great social change which has come to stay. That may be so, but consideration of that has no place here or now. Roughly, people are divided by their temperaments or their interests into two groups: those who assume that the end of this war is going to mark a complete overthrow of the old relations of society—and the other group who fondly assume that the day after peace is declared they can breathe a sigh of relief over the turmoil passed and go down to the office to begin business again, as of August 1, 1914.

As usual the truth will probably turn out to be somewhere in the middle. But what can be asserted here and now as an indisputable fact is this: that this step of the Government has been taken without thought of anything except the necessities of war. The purpose is solely to end a condition of chaotic disorganization in industry, disturbing alike to the worker and the employer, and, most damaging of all, to the speedy and orderly production of war material.

I have talked with about every one of the large group which has done the working out of this policy and will be in charge of administering it. Some of them are bankers, some of them are manufacturers, some are teachers of political economy, some are social reformers. Although all of them have much admiration for the way in which the official heads of the unions cooperate with them, only one of them is himself a labor leader or a member of a union. If you probe for their inner convictions about things, you will find that some of them are radicals and some are conservatives. But neither their radicalism nor their conservatism is in the foreground of their minds in what they are now doing.

They are intent on only one purpose, and that purpose is to get guns, bullets, and ships to our army in France in the largest quantity in the shortest time. As the chairman of the War Labor Policy Board expressed it: "The labor policy of the United States in this time of war is nothing else than the fullest and most fruitful use of the man power of the nation consistent with the maintenance of those standards of decent industrial life which we must preserve." . . .

The men who are putting the machinery of this policy into motion are an unusually attractive group of young and middle-aged men. They have a fine zeal and enthusiasm, and it is a stimulation to the spirit to come in contact with them. But their zeal, their enthusiasm, is not for any propaganda nor for any scheme of social reform; it is wholly a concern for success in the practical details of the hard and complex job of mobilizing the workers of this nation as an effective industrial army. That is all that the United States Employment Service is attempting; and an explanation of what it is attempting is all that the present article contemplates.

## "Turnovers"

FOR American industry—for the labor element in American industry at least—war-time conditions began, not with our entrance into the war, but with the beginning of the war itself. The summer of



1914 was one of those periods when labor is easy, when the factory owner can hire all the men he wants "at the gate." If he needed 100 laborers, his custom was to insert an advertisement in the local papers, saying: "Wanted—100 laborers; good wages, steady employment." And in such a period as 1914 was a thousand men would appear at the gate. The factory owner had what was ideal according to his way of looking at it—a hundred men to go to work, and nine hundred at the gate to keep wages down. During the latter part of 1914 and the winter of 1915 this condition of abundant labor was accentuated. Imports and exports were cut off by the war; business was bad. But in the early spring of 1915 came war orders from the Allies. And the general spirit of these orders was: "Time is essential; price is no object." Under the stimulation of these orders, American manufacturers began to look about for labor. Very quickly labor became scarce, for our usual yearly crop of a million immigrants had not come in. Moreover, many of our foreign-born laborers had gone back to their native countries. With that fountain gone dry, the manufacturers sent out their "labor scouts." The first thing these did was to scour the farms. When the farms had been drained the labor scouts turned to the South. Trainloads of negro laborers were carried from the cotton fields to the munition factories of Pennsylvania until the Southern States made it too uncomfortable for the labor scouts to operate.

### Stabilized Wages

THEN the manufacturers began to steal from each other. "Get the men," they said to the scouts; "we don't care how you do it, but get them." Under this condition there began a period of bidding up wages which became a sort of mutual suicide on the part of the factory owners. Even before we entered the war the rule in the manufacturing world was constantly increasing wages and, because of the excessive "turnover," constantly decreasing efficiency. With our entrance into the war the condition became very much worse. In those early days there was no cooperation at Washington. An earnest young captain in the Quartermaster's Department of the navy would pound his fist on the table and say to a manufacturer from Philadelphia: "We must have these guns at once." And an earnest young captain in the Quartermaster's Department of the army would pound his fist on the table and say to a different manufacturer from Philadelphia: "We must have these shells at once." And the two Philadelphia manufacturers would proceed to outbid each other for whatever labor was in the market, and when that was exhausted would proceed to lure and bribe each other's mechanics.

Then came the cantonments. They, too, were a case of "at once." And finally came the ships. They, above all things, had to be built "at once." And in all that time Washington had not achieved cooperation. The army was bidding against the navy and the Shipping Board was bidding against both. There were cases where the same labor union in the same town was charging one price for work on ordnance for the army and another price for work on rifles for the army. Wages excessively high, high without rime or reason, was a bad enough result of all this, but it wasn't the worst result. The work was not being done. When they began to straighten out the intolerable chaos at Hog Island they found that local employment agents had a rake-off arrangement with some of the foremen. The agent would supply a laborer to foreman A and get a fee from the Government. At the end of the week foreman A would fire the laborer, as per arrangement, and the employment agent would place him with foreman B—and collect another fee—and each one of the fees he would split fifty-fifty with the helpful foremen. These cases are of official record: A Pacific Coast shipbuilder sent a labor scout to the Atlantic Coast to recruit a carload of riveters. On the way back, at Chicago, that carload passed another carload which Eastern shipbuilders had seduced away from Seattle. Secretary Wilson reported cases where the turnover was 100 per cent a week, which means that a factory employing a thousand men had to hire a thousand new men every week. At Bethlehem, in the course of a year, they hired 56,000 men while 49,000 quit work or were discharged. Of course all this was to an accompaniment of rising costs. But the rising costs were not the worst

result. The work was not being done. It was just this severely practical consideration, the prevention of excessive turnover, and the prevention of the wastage of labor which results from excessive turnover, that led to the action the Government has just taken.

After taking to itself exclusively the function of recruiting and distributing all labor, at once the most important and most difficult of the policies announced by the Government is the stabilizing of wages. The exact language of the official utterance on this point is:

"We cannot have labor stability while we have wage instability. We cannot have harmony or direction in labor distribution if we have discord and anarchy in wage scales applicable to the same territories and the same class of work for the same Government. When once we enter upon the question of wages, we are entering upon the most delicate and most difficult of all so-called labor problems. We do not, and we should be fools if we thought for a moment we should, seek to impose our will upon the industry of the country. We shall work out these problems in council and reach our decision with a discerning mind and the cooperative understanding of industry, which means fit representatives of the workmen and fit representatives of the employers. We are proceeding cautiously, but surely, and I hope firmly, with that problem, and just as soon as the decisions are reached, representing as they will the thought of the Government, of labor, and of industrial leaders, decisions will be carried out with firmness and without compromise."

This is an admirable statement within a most difficult field. Of course, as one of the members of the board said informally: "There can't be under present conditions any such thing as stabilization downward; what stabilization means is fixing wages at something near the present top—and then sitting on the lid." That is about the only thing that it is practicable to do. For common labor the present top will probably turn out to be somewhere between thirty and forty cents an hour. The wages of common labor in the various parts of the United States at the present moment runs from twenty-five cents an hour to upward of forty cents. The highest price paid is, as it has been for some years, the wage paid by Henry Ford, five dollars a day for an eight-

result more or less completely in doing away with geographical distinctions.

What will be done about the rates for the various skilled trades is at once a more distant and a more difficult problem. About all that can be said definitely now is that the Government intends in due time to take up the wage question in all trades and industries and try to bring uniformity and stability to each.

There are some minor policies in the Government's program: its representatives will avoid, so far as possible, the taking of labor away from farms; they will aim to meet local demands for labor from local supplies, and when transfers from one community to another are made they will aim to make these transfers for the shortest distances possible.

### England's Example

SO much for the policies. The more difficult part, of course, will be the mechanism that must be built up and perfected to carry the policies out. For this country it is as novel and as experimental as war itself. Every helpful person will wish for its success, and, whenever it has contact with him, will aid in its success. It is a most difficult job; it had to be done; some one had to do it; the "some one" upon whom that responsibility rested was the President, or, in a collective way, the Administration. It has been done with care and thought. It follows the advice and experience of many men; delegations of English labor leaders and employers have come over here to help; Americans have gone to England and France to study what was done there. As a matter of fact, the machinery which the Administration is setting up follows quite closely, almost step by step, what was done more slowly in England, we having the good fortune, of course, to be able to avoid whatever in England's experience turned out to be mistaken.

To make a start with, our Government had a very small number of official employment agencies in a few large cities, chiefly on the seaboard. They had been started during the hard times of 1907, chiefly with the purpose of finding jobs for immigrants out of work. Their function disappeared quite largely with the passing of acute hard times, and anyhow they never could amount to much in competition with private agencies. Starting with this negligible nucleus, the Government is just now establishing between four and five hundred official employment agencies, covering about every city of over fifteen thousand people. In addition there is an affiliated service which has about eighteen thousand volunteer representatives placed in most of the counties of the country. A most important feature of the mechanism is placed at its outer circle, where it comes in contact with the public. That is a system of Community Boards, which are being organized wherever the Government's employment service has a representative. To manufacturers

and to workers the headquarters of the local Community Board may come to approach in importance the local Federal courthouse, or even the local post office. To the public generally these Community Boards will be the point of contact with the Government in a field which includes the most intimate and practical parts of life. The chairman in each board will be the local representative of the Government's employment service. His function is to represent the national as distinguished from the local interest. One other member will be chosen from among the labor leaders of the community. The third member will be chosen from the local Chamber of Commerce, or some other organization representative of the employing interests.

All the rules and prohibitions so far laid down within this field by the Government seem to be aimed at the employer. But there are implications which will take care of the employee as well. A workman can quit, it is true. But after he quits, where does he go from there? If he tries to stay idle, he will collide with a good deal of unpleasantness. If he is within the draft age, he will be made aware of the "work or fight" rule. If he is beyond the draft age, he will be subject to the "idler" statutes already passed by many States. On the other hand, a worker who quits in one factory cannot get (Continued on page 24)



hour day. But the Ford scale never has had, and does not now have, any relation to the prevailing scale. After Ford the next highest rate now being paid is forty-seven cents an hour, which is paid by a small group of employers near Chicago. That too is exceptional. From that point downward the rate varies greatly in different sections of the country. In the South there are communities where the rate is still below twenty cents an hour. Inevitably the action of the Government in stabilizing the rate will



# FEET



*Napoleon once remarked that an army travels on its stomach. Perhaps so, in Napoleon's time; but nowadays that army travels best whose soldiers all keep their feet in first-class condition*



*Death assumes grotesque poses sometimes. Notice the fantastic position of this Austrian's feet*



French Official

*Once safely a prisoner, Fritz sits down to give the walking department a thorough overhauling*



Canadian Official

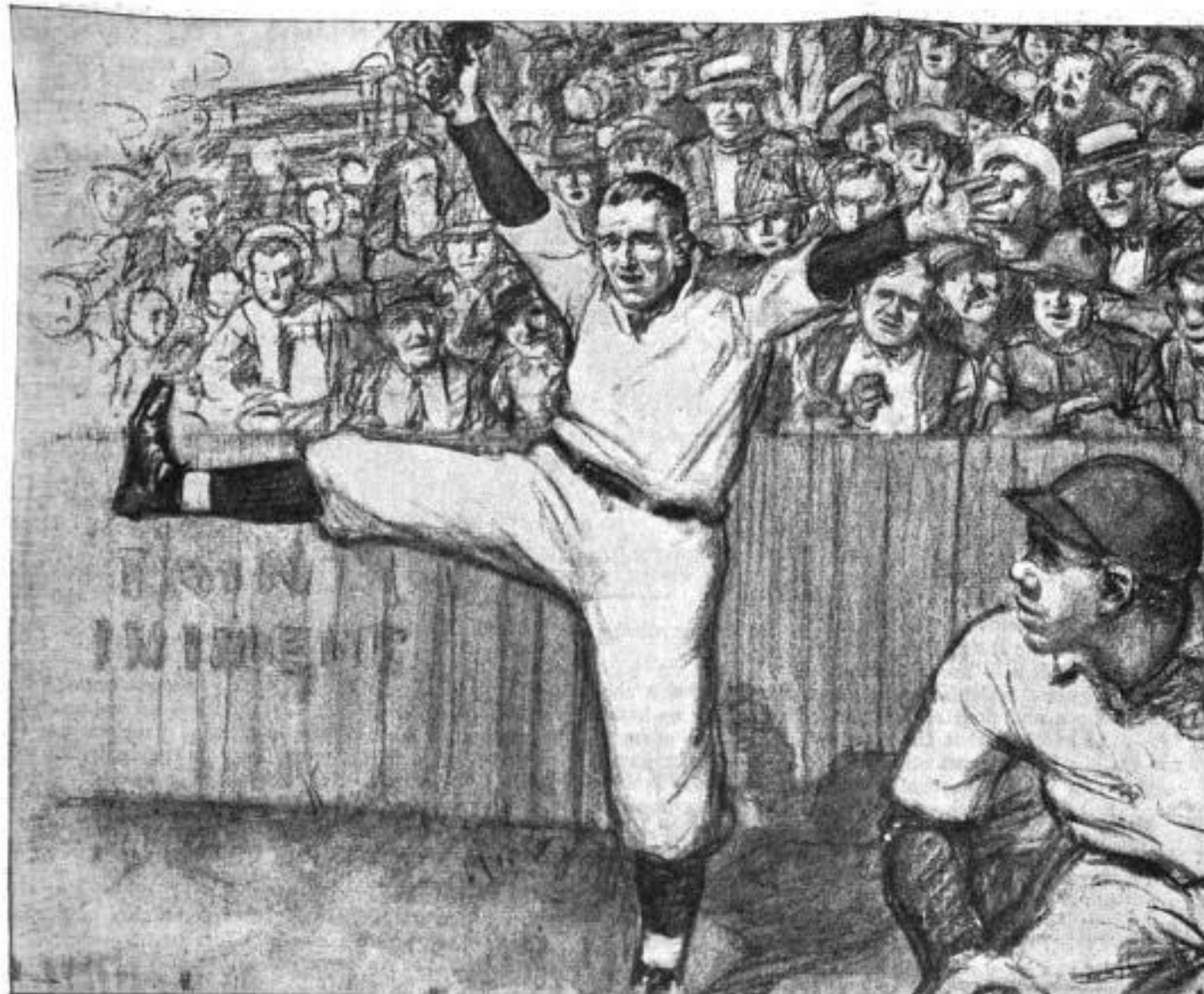
*Look at the limp feet of this badly wounded German—and look at his stiff hands*



*Uncle Sam's Medical Department sends out chiropodists to look after the feet of our boys*

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# "THERE'S HITS IN EVERY BAT"

BY JEROME BEATTY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

AS a general thing, young folks shouldn't be encouraged in their efforts to improve upon the work of the masters. The upstarts only profane the models they work from.

New York bartenders shoot carbonated water into New Orleans gin fizzes, brides add chocolate frosting to their grandmother's recipe for Washington pie, musical-comedy producers interpolate motor-car jokes in "Pinafore" and the boys return to the farm from the agricultural college and put gas grates in the old fireplace.

But there's one young fellow that improved on the masters by putting a little up-to-date zip into their work. He showed Shakespeare, Kipling, Plato, and Solomon where to dismount.

If you run through your volume of "Familiar Quotations," which is a best seller because it contains only unfamiliar quotations, you will find that the old boys have had much to say about the philosophy that there's something worth while in the worst of us. All the literary Ty Cobbs came up with that thought on third base, took a hefty swing, and drove it home. Their work was neat. But it remained for an umpire in the National League to show how much better it could be done with modern improvements.

BILL BYRON is this umpire's name, and his act was good. It was as if he had stood back tolerantly for a few thousand years and let Aristotle, Pope, Browning, and the others do their best with the thought. Then, finally growing impatient, he stepped forward, pushed Bill, Rudyard, Alexander, Robert, and the rest firmly out of the way and said: "Now if you fellows are through, I'll show you how to put that idea over." And he showed them.

It was at the Polo Grounds one hot afternoon when the Giants needed a few runs and had a couple of men on base. Dave Robertson was due at the

plate, and Byron turned and saw that the Giant outfielder, instead of hurrying up to take his turn, was hefting the bats in front of the Giant bench, picking them over as carefully as an old lady looking at sweet corn that she's buying from a strange huckster.

"Hurry up, Dave," said Byron. "There's hits in every bat, if you only swing 'em right."

There it was, said better than ever before! "There's hits in every bat, if you only swing 'em right!"

ARTHUR SCHULTZ was the kind of a bat that Dave Robertson would have thrown aside in disgust. Even an English boy, playing rounders, would know that there wouldn't even be a foul tip in a stick like Arthur Schultz, no matter who swung it, no matter who was pitching. Not that this is an effort to show up Bill Byron or his fellow philosophers. They're all right, those birds are. But—

The dope books are full of historical bonhead plays. There was Lot's wife who, in spite of sound advice to keep sprinting until she got to first, paused and looked back to see what the catcher was doing. There was Jesse James, who got up on a chair to straighten a picture and for the first and last time took his eye off the ball. There were the Zimmermanns, the German "diplomat" who told Mexico she could have Texas—all she had to do was to go and take it; and the Giant third baseman who chased Eddie Collins home. There was John Anderson, who stole second with bases full; Fred Merkle—

And Arthur Schultz, who made the greatest bonhead play of all.

Henry Schultz, Arthur's father, was an American citizen. He could have shown you naturalization papers to prove it, but he never did. He let you ask his friends or his enemies. Almost everybody in El Paso admired Henry Schultz. He had made a pile of money in the packing business, and he hated the Kaiser. He didn't say so. He didn't need to.

A stranger heard Henry Schultz say: "I wish my boy Arthur was in the German army," and the stranger went out and told a policeman of this treasonable utterance.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the policeman. "So do I. You don't know Arthur."

Henry Schultz once saw in a magazine an advertisement of an Eastern college which asserted that it made real men out of its students. Mr. Schultz read the advertisement over several times and sent Arthur to the school.

Arthur returned after a term and went bouncing into his father's office in the packing plant. Arthur wore strange clothes and spoke with a strange accent. He patted his lips with a silken handkerchief when he coughed.

"Go home!" exclaimed Mr. Schultz finally, and when Arthur had left Mr. Schultz called in his secretary.

"My boy is worse than ever!" he moaned. "Get me the advertisement that made me think that school would make a man out of Arthur."

The secretary found the ad and laid it before Mr. Schultz.

"Take a telegram!" he ordered.

"Going to raise the dickens with the school, eh?" the secretary observed.

"School? No," Mr. Schultz asserted. "I'm going to hire the fellow that writes their advertisements." And he did.

Then he sent Arthur to Yale and was elated when Arthur made the baseball team as a substitute infielder, but the next year he called him home by wire when Arthur sent him a photograph of the cast of the class musical comedy in which Arthur played one of the soubrettes.

Mr. Schultz's friends told him it wasn't all Arthur's fault. Arthur was an agreeable sort of a kid, famed as a story-teller, the life of every party, a natural comedian—but he always had had too much money to spend. Perhaps the fact that his mother had long been dead had much to do with the state of affairs.

"He's my own boy, ain't he?" Schultz would storm. "Where do you come in telling me I shouldn't give him money? He's a good boy. Some day he'll be all right."

WHEN he returned from Yale Arthur was put to work in his father's packing plant. He was given an executive position—"general supervisor of office service," he called himself. His duties were to watch over the office boys. His father paid him fifty dollars a week, and since Arthur lived at home and used one of his father's cars, as well as most of his father's charge accounts, he managed to get along. When the new year arrived Arthur Schultz had become an utter economic loss, a superblack sheep. Then he met Dorothea O'Rourke, the pretty little operator in the branch telegraph office around the corner from the Schultz packing plant.

It was one of the days that Arthur worked. He went to the telegraph office to correct some mistakes he had made in bills, and to his great delight he found that the manager of the branch was a lovely girl with sparkling brown eyes. She was an efficient young person and lost no time in transacting Arthur's business. The details finished, Arthur was prone to pause.

"I hope," he offered carefully—"I hope there will be many mistakes so that I can come often."

Her eyes snapped. She took a quick breath as if to retort sharply. But she caught her words and said only: "You seem to do very well at making mistakes."

She smiled grimly and turned away. There was a double meaning in her words that Arthur did not miss. Arthur at once applied himself to his duties as never before. He began to arrive at the office at nine o'clock in the morning, and he stayed late in the afternoon. And he began an orgy of mistakes. No ordinary mistake maker had Arthur been before. Now he was a past master. He showed what a first-class error artist could do when he put his heart into it. Three or four times a day he had to put on his hat and run down to the telegraph office to apologize or to correct an error or to ask if there wasn't something he could apologize for or if there wasn't some error he had overlooked.

Arthur was raving mad in his sudden love for Dorothea O'Rourke.

At first she rebuffed him, for she had heard of Arthur. But one day she laughed at him, and Arthur, who was no mean hand at understanding girls, immediately followed up his advantage and was allowed to take her to her home in his car that evening after she had finished work.



Henry Schultz noticed the sudden improvement in Arthur and boasted to his friends about how Arthur was taking an interest in the business. Two months had passed without Henry Schultz being called upon to pay any of Arthur's I. O. U.'s or to call up the newspapers to ask them to keep out any story about Arthur's escapades in restaurants.

So he raised Arthur's salary to seventy-five dollars a week and announced that Arthur would be made assistant to the assistant general manager, an appointment that Arthur declined with vehemence. His explanation was that he was doing some special work on his present job and that he didn't want it interfered with.

"What special work?" Henry Schultz scoffed.

"In connection with the telegraph service," Arthur explained solemnly. "You'll find out about it when I've finished it."

**H**ENRY SCHULTZ intended to investigate the new work, whatever it was, but bigger things came. The United States declared war on Germany, and Henry Schultz was genuinely glad.

He called Arthur into his office.

"Son," he said solemnly, "it's come. We're going to fight. It's not just for us over here, you know. We're fighting for your cousin Otto in Berlin, and his babies, and all the other babies in Germany. Do you know it, son?"

"Yes, father," Arthur answered quietly. "I know it."

"I'll hate to lose you." He stood and patted his son on the shoulder. "But it's for the best."

Arthur hung his head and shuffled his feet uneasily.

"That's all," said Henry Schultz. And Arthur walked slowly out of the office.

El Paso immediately knew it was in the war. Its Mexican troubles had put it close to the army and the National Guard, and it was glad the boys were going to take hold of a real job. From all around they came to volunteer. The streets began to fill with men in uniform, recruiting posters went up, and the silent men of the Secret Service came drifting into town, watching the Germans, fleeing from the United States, who were using El Paso as the gateway into Mexico.

Sons of Henry Schultz's friends entered training camps; Henry himself placed his services at the disposal of the Government. Arthur Schultz helped toward winning the war by keeping track of the men who left the plant to enlist. He put the stars on the service flag.

"Arthur will go soon," Henry Schultz said hopefully. "They won't need to draft him."

The Selective Service Bill passed Congress, became a law. Hundreds of slackers rushed to be married.

"Cowards!" snarled Henry Schultz as he sat at home reading about them in the evening paper. "Where's Arthur to-night?" he asked one of the servants.

"He took the car out. Said he would be back soon."

There was a loud and unusual honking outside, a rush of feet on the porch, and Arthur burst into the room, pulling behind him a little girl with sparkling brown eyes.

"Papa! Look!" he exclaimed. "My wife! We just got married!"

Three minutes later Arthur and his bride slunk out of Henry Schultz's home, fleeing from abuse, cast off, homeless.

There were many men in El Paso who hated

Henry Schultz. Most of them were Germans who did not believe as he did about the war, who considered him a traitor to the Fatherland. Among these Arthur Schultz found friends who gave him work to do. But none of his jobs lasted. Arthur didn't know how to work, and it was not long before Dorothea, who had not left the telegraph office, was the only visible means of support.

Then Arthur disappeared, and a few weeks later word came from Meco that Bill Daniels had signed him as shortstop for the Buzzards in the Arizona-New Mexico League.

Meco is a tiny mining town that lies on the border line, with Mexico just across the street from the post office. The six-club league of which Meco was a member played a short season and flourished. The salaries were as bad as the baseball that the men put up, but not even the Cubs in their pennant-winning days had supporters more loyal. Several times enthusiastic friends of Bill Daniels, when the Buzzards were behind, had offered to help out by shooting the pitcher of the opposing club, but Bill never would let them. He was superstitious and believed that shooting a pitcher never helped.

**B**ILL had percolated down to the Arizona-New Mexico League after a long but not entirely praiseworthy career in St. Louis. He knew a lot of baseball, and when Meco signed him to manage the Buzzards there was much rejoicing, for Bill was a second-class man in a fifth-class league. His health had been bad, he said, and he thought New Mexico was what he needed, so he started to work in Meco in the spring of 1917.

Bill was the most superstitious cuss in baseball. He believed in all the old charms and always was ready to try out a new one.

He introduced in Meco the "game in the ball bag" hunch that McGraw made famous. The idea is that if you're ahead in the eighth inning the game jumps into the ball bag, so that if you take the ball right out of the lot, the game is yours. The other club has no chance to make a ninth-inning finish and beat you.

He insisted that his outfielders always touch a base when they came in to take their turn at bat. Just a friendly tap with a toe. It made the base want you back and it pulled for you when you came up to bat.

As long as the club was hitting Bill never allowed one bat to rest on another in front of the bench. If the hitting fell off, he went to the other extreme and mixed up the bats like a pile of jackstraws.

In spite of all his arrangements to make the way easy for fortune, Bill found June coming along and the Buzzards were running second to the Sage Hens. Something was missing, and he finally figured out the trouble. He didn't have a "nut" on his club.

Baseball managers know the value of "nuts," who sometimes are good ball players, sometimes bad. "Nuts" are comedians, conscious or unconscious, who keep the men cheerful. McGraw for years always had a "nut" around. Clarke Griffith, in Washington, wouldn't think of starting a season without one. Hughey Jennings believes so strongly in "nut stuff" that he will not intrust it to an outsider. He does the work himself.

Bill sat in the sun in front of the Commercial House in Meco, his chair tipped back, silently pondering upon the situation. There was no doubt about it; he had to get something to put a little more luck into the team. He had thought about trying a hunchback, but he had found that while hunchbacks were first



Bill was the most superstitious cuss in baseball

rate for helping prize fighters they weren't worth much for baseball clubs.

A young man approached him.

"Mr. Daniels," he said, "I fain would join your baseball club."

"Huh?" said Bill.

"I want a job on your team."

"What have you done?"

"I have played shortstop for Yale; I have been kicked out by my father."

That sounded interesting to Bill. He had never heard that men who had been kicked out by their fathers were good luck, but they might be worth a try.

"What else?" he asked.

The young man paused. "If you must know," he answered finally, "I have conducted an exhaustive investigation into the ever-present problem as to why vests never meet trousers in the back, and I have found a cure. It is, never wear a vest."

Bill rose slowly from his chair, peering at the young man. A cartoonist would picture the scene by drawing a dotted line from Bill's eye to the young man's.

"I'll give you sixty a month," said Bill, closing in on him like a scientist who has spied a rare butterfly whose capture will make him famous.

"All right. My name is Schultz, Arthur Schultz."

"From El Paso?" Bill exclaimed.

"The same."

"The guy I've read in the papers about?"

"Right."

"You're hired. Get on a uniform, and we'll go over and I'll bat you a few ground balls."

**I**N Meco the boundary line runs down one side of town. All the business is on the American side. Across the line you find Mexicans in hovels, dogs, undressed Mexican children, and the ball park.

Its entrance was at the edge of Mexico. On the American side the laws were strict, but in Mexico one could gamble all one pleased and sell liquor in the stands to one's heart's content. That was why they played the great American game just outside of America.

Arthur, dressed in his old suit of Yale, walked beside Bill. Arthur noticed soldiers patrolling the border line, other soldiers in front of the custom-house, down the way. Since America had entered the war the border was carefully guarded night and day—not that America feared Mexicans, but because the Germans were using Mexico as a relay station between America and Wilhelmstrasse.

Arthur viewed this evidence of war somewhat uneasily.

"You in the draft?" Bill asked.

"No; I'm married."

"Fine. Marriage is a great thing," said Bill, who had deserted his wife and three children four years before.

As Bill and Arthur reached the line in front of the park one of the guards near by stepped up and patted the pockets of the two men perfunctorily.

"Silly, ain't it?" Bill asked. "This examin' everybody goin' both ways."

Arthur did a hand stand and kicked his feet in the air.

"I can't shake out a single incriminating document, general," he said to one of the guards.

Bill roared. "Say, George," he said to the guard. "Ever try to figure out how to make your vest meet your pants in the back? Don't wear a vest." He roared some more. So did the soldier.

"Gee, Bill," he said, "you're gettin' funnier every day. How do you think 'em up?"

Bill winked, subtly conveying the idea that it was a gift that few possessed.

In his first tryout as a shortstop Arthur fared badly. But his tryout as a "nut" was a great success, and Bill Daniels was well pleased as he trudged beside Arthur back to the hotel.

The correspondents of the El Paso papers were immediately apprised of Bill's "find" by Bill himself, who announced that nothing was too good for Meco and that at a great expense and by artful persuasion he had engaged the famous Arthur Schultz.

Back in El Paso Arthur's friends at first were glad, for they judged that he had at last determined to earn an honest living. But on the first trip the Buzzards made around the circuit it became apparent that Arthur was earning a living by deliberately making a fool of

(Continued on page 18)



"You seem to do very well at making mistakes"



# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN: REPORTER MORLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

GOOD, regular feeding! That's what a real man needs! And if he doesn't get it, how do you expect him to think, or reason, or theorize, or—anything?

So mused Lieutenant Flynn. He was fresh from a bad half hour with the commissioner of police. Instead of being praised for his activities of yesterday, he was condemned.

"I want results," the commissioner had said.

Now, in his own office, Flynn bewailed the politics that placed civilians in command of uniformed men who knew their business. Civilians expected so much. They didn't realize that it took time to apprehend criminals. And because they didn't realize that, they had no hesitation in telephoning a man, dragging him away from a nice hot breakfast, and bawling him out. He glared at the doorman. "Well, what do you want?"

"Reporter from the 'Planet' wants to talk to you, lieutenant."

"Tell him to go to blazes!" roared Flynn.

The doorman saluted and turned away. But the newspapers, with their occasional flattering commendations, were important to Flynn. Moreover, Morley of the "Planet" had saved him from making a fool of himself yesterday. But for Morley he would have publicly accused Endicott of a murder that he had not committed and, even though Endicott were dead, the resultant hue and cry would have been unpleasant for a detective lieutenant who is directly responsible to a civilian overlord.

Flynn reversed himself immediately. "Show him in. I'll tell him myself," he added, as a sop to pride.

The doorman grinned as he left the office. The "loot" was in a fine humor this fine morning.

"He's as cheerful as a pro-German to-day," he confided to the man from the "Planet."

Morley smiled. He was cheerful. He was always cheerful when a piece of news was elusive. When he had found it, and printed it, he was a solemn sort of individual. But on the trail he was different. He beamed upon Lieutenant Flynn as he entered the office.

Flynn stared at him. "Thought you worked on a morning paper, Morley," he growled. "What you doin' around so early in the day?"

"Busy-bee stuff, lieutenant," answered the reporter. "Been having headaches lately. Working too hard. Doctors advise early rising. Thought I'd come down and have a little chat with you and give you a great big, fat cigar."

Flynn looked at the great big, fat cigar. "Fifty-center," he commented, holding the cigar to his nose. He laid it preciously away in his desk. "After dinner," he stated. He eyed the reporter questioningly.

"Is that all? No words of gratitude. No pleasantries of the day, lieutenant?"

"Not even a pass

to let you talk to Endicott's servant, Morley," said Flynn.

Morley raised his eyebrows. "So soon? Do you have wireless here, or—"

"Cadoza phoned down before you'd left the building," chuckled Flynn.

"A worthy soul, devoted to his life's labor. But why mention me especially? Every other paper in town had a man trying to get to the negro."

"Maybe"—and Flynn was the least bit sour—"he thought you'd fake an interview, and he wanted me to warn you."

"Very thin, lieutenant." Morley still smiled cheerfully, but his eyes were sober. He had helped Flynn last night, but—Flynn was not a grateful sort. Too often the "Planet" had published important news before the police had stumbled upon it, and there was a certain jealousy in the heart of Flynn. But Morley had overcome this jealousy before. He had always something to offer Flynn in exchange for what Flynn might be able to do for him.

"I suppose," he said carelessly, "that Endicott's relatives have claimed his body?"

Flynn noted the carelessness. He was immediately suspicious. "You read your own paper, don't you? Endicott ain't got a relative on earth nearer than California. And they'd hardly have time to wire even by now. What's the idea?"

"Trade?" queried Morley.

"What do you want?"

"An interview with Endicott's servant twenty-four hours before anyone else has one."

It was hard. It was terribly hard.

How a newspaper man, who didn't take himself or his work—apparently, seriously, could always run across something that the police would give their eye-teeth to run across! It stumped Flynn. But Morley was always honest. If he made terms, it was because he had something to exchange. And, after all, the business of the police was to apprehend perpetrators of crime. If granting a favor to a newspaper man helped police business—

"What you got?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Better wire Endicott's distant relatives that it's a mistake."

"Eh?" Flynn was genuinely surprised. "What do you mean?"

"I went to the mortuary at Greenwich this morning. Fact is, lieutenant, I went out there last night. The story looked bigger to me every minute. And after I'd turned in my copy—well, I felt restless. I slept in Greenwich, and the first thing this morning I went over to view Endicott's body. I don't know why. I just did, that's all."

"And it wasn't Endicott? But how did you know?"

"I interviewed Endicott when he returned from France. He wore a glove on his right hand. Matter of fact, he wore two gloves, but the right one was very large. He said that it covered a bandage. Burn, he told me. Now, that was some four months ago, but a burn that had to be bandaged so long after the injury—Endicott had been in a hospital a week before he sailed for America—must have been some burn. It would leave a scar. There wasn't any."

"You get your interview with the negro," said Flynn instantly. "But"—and there was a trace of malice in his tones—"that won't be for a while yet. The doctors claim that trying to talk might kill him."

"So Cadoza said, but I didn't believe him," Morley



"It'll cost another ten to get in Breen's room"

was momentarily cast down. But his cheerfulness almost immediately returned. The more obstacles the more fun.

"Thanks, lieutenant. I'll give you a ring every so often. By-bye."

MORLEY had only one job at a time: to get to the bottom of whatever it was that engaged his attention at the moment. He had an advantage over the police in this; over Lieutenant Flynn. To offset this advantage, Flynn had system, organization, vast resources behind him. It was about fifty-fifty, Morley told himself.

He had not discussed the substitution of another body for that of Endicott. Beyond stating the fact to Flynn, the matter had not been hashed over. The lieutenant would have been willing enough to get Morley's ideas, and Morley would have been perfectly willing to listen to Flynn. But—they worked for different employers. Both served the public, but Flynn had his commissioner, and the newspaper man had his managing editor. Gingerly they exchanged tips, or favors, each praying in his heart that he would beat the other fellow to final solution.

Morley reviewed the situation. He was the best newspaper sleuth in the city, and he had attained that enviable rank by an uncanny knack of finding the weak link in a chain of events and pounding away at that link with remarkable patience. And the weakest link was always the one concerning which information might readily be obtained. There were four persons involved in the mystery—five, if he included the dead man who wore Endicott's clothing, carried Endicott's pocketbook, but who was not Farley Endicott: The woman who had telephoned Lieutenant Flynn; the servant of Endicott; the dead ex-convict; and Farley Endicott himself. These were the four persons brought together by tragedy, forming the ends or the middle of a chain of mystery.

Endicott could not be found. His only intimate friend, one Sam Whitney, had disappeared. No one remained who knew anything—and the reporters of the afternoon papers, judging by the late editions, had tried pretty hard to learn something of Endicott's recent doings—about Endicott's life of recent days or weeks.

The negro servant could not talk just now. The woman of the telephone was not accessible. And Breen was dead. But Breen had a record, a criminal record. Although he had not been in the clutches of the police lately, still— (Continued on page 22)



"Guy outside has some sort of tip on the Endicott story"





# Collier's

## *A Challenge Accepted*

THE labor situation in Great Britain has reached a phase which excites the anxious interest of all the Allied nations. From time to time we have had intimation that a group of labor leaders affiliated with the internationalists were preparing to challenge the Government on its war policy and its peace objectives. These willful and headstrong men do not pretend to speak for the British public. They do not even pretend to speak for organized labor as a whole. They represent at most less than one-third of the working people of Great Britain. Yet so great is their assurance that they aim to compel the Government not only to make an immediate and specific avowal of its peace intentions, but to submit the proposal to them for approval! As an alternative they threaten to call strikes in the munition and other essential industries. The great strike of munition workers in progress during the month of July was but a prelude to the coming political demands, a kind of flourish and challenge, to boast the power they can wield if the demands are not granted.

LLOYD GEORGE apparently has determined, and not too soon, to meet this challenge standing up. Late in July he gave public notice that if the munition strike was not ended on a day named he would conscript all of the strikers of draft age and send them to join the army abroad. That is a "work or fight" order that will appeal to the burly intelligence of the average man who can see no reason why highly paid operatives should be exempt from service in the war or subject only to occasional and self-determined service when all the rest of the community is ruled by the arbitrary dictates of military necessity without privilege of appeal. And the same average man will not willingly concede the right of these labor leaders, few in number and with a relatively small following, to use the sacrifices of the troops at the front and the civilian population at home as a pawn in the game of domestic politics. At any rate, the Premier had only to make his announcement to send the "young hotheads" back to their work. Now their grievances, if they have any, will be adjusted by the Minister of Munitions. But the danger is not yet over, and will not be over while the ambitious leaders are able at any time they choose to level a gun at the Government and bid it stand and deliver.

## *On This Side*

FORTUNATELY there never has been a powerful labor party in this country. Politicians who have "gone out after the labor vote" have found it an elusive and disappointing quantity, and have wept over the "ingratitude" of the workingman. The truth is that the American workingman, unlike the Englishman, refuses to be placed and kept in a caste, political or social. He properly leaves the business of collective bargaining to his representatives. But when he votes he votes as a citizen, not as a union man.

At the same time it cannot be said that the labor situation in the United States is satisfactory. There are still too many disputes, too many strikes and threats of strikes. Appeals to the patriotism of the workers have met with an amazing response in shipyards and steel mills. But in some quarters they have fallen on deaf ears. We read of a strike in an essential industry against the advice of the War Labor Board; of a threatened strike on the Great Lakes; it is even reported that a general strike will be called unless MOONEY is set free in California.

Most of the strikes end quickly. Most of the threats go up in smoke. They are openly condemned by the mass of union men. Yet they cause uneasiness and distrust at a time when these feelings are dangerous to the public welfare. How long will the agitators of the minority remain indifferent to sane advice from the moderate element? They ought to be able to guess the tendency of public opinion from the repeated suggestion that men of draft age who strike before submitting their claims to arbitration by properly constituted authorities be moved up to Class A and sent to the front. This suggestion undoubtedly springs from a knowledge of public sentiment to-day, and its drift.

COLLIER'S, with other friends of the unions, appeals to the discontented leaders to forgo their opportunities for immediate advantage and join with the rest of the people in generous contribution to the service of the country. They cannot pretend that labor has not been well treated by the Administration. There are complaints on the other side. Labor is more amply protected than any other

part of the community in its rights and privileges. It has been showered with compliments. It receives a rate of wages unheard of before. It sits in the Cabinet and rules most of the industrial boards of the Government. No one grudges the mechanic his prosperity. No one, with good sense, wants to curtail the legitimate power of the unions. But such a disparity as exists between the privileged workingman at home, who works when he likes and idles or strikes when he pleases, and the soldiers and civilians who are compelled to obey without dispute the orders from Washington is intolerable. It seems especially hateful that strikes should be going on and reports printed of slackness in even a small number of essential industries at a time when the lists of casualties at the front darken thousands of homes. As a paper maker in the army remarked when he heard of the strike in his trade: "This is a hell of a time to call a strike."

We say all this in a spirit of friendly admonition to a comparatively small but aggressive faction of American workingmen. The majority are committed heart and soul to the war. They have done wonderful things. But the leaders who have failed to comprehend the austere nature of the task set for the American people, and who are obstructing the military plans of the Government, should take heed of the signs.

Fortunately, the Government is not working entirely in the dark. Secretary of Labor WILSON is himself a labor leader. We shall soon know in which camp the Secretary of Labor stands.

## *Balancing the War Ledger*

OUR newspapers have now published, for the fourth time, their annual reviews of war history, the list of war declarations with dates, the list of principal battles on land and sea, etc., etc. The war review it would interest us to draw up (if any) would be no more statistical than the rest, but would include also a partial list of diplomatic triumphs and blunders, of politico-economic mistakes, and of politicians scrapped, in different lands, by MARS: all this to serve for future reference and leading. The costly tragedy of ignorant and half-hearted blundering by the Allies in their Balkan policy and Dardanelles adventure; the wabbling of Allied statesmen before the question: "Shall we permit socialist congresses, or discussion of our war aims?" the delay in the publication of those war aims (WILSON at last setting the example), the lack of foresight and intelligence in dealing with Russia, misled and misunderstood.

On the diplomatic page in the War Ledger we should give an enormous credit to our allies of Britain and France for their tact in dealing with America during the three years we took to "make up our minds." We should set down as against Allied intelligence the long delay in arriving at a unity of command under FOCH—gloriously justified; but we should not linger on this chapter, for the hesitation was natural, however foolish. We should recall the thrill that vivified the United States when the French Commission headed by JOFFRE and VIVIANI came to us in 1917. We should realize, in connection with the calling off of the April, 1917, offensive, when M. PAINLEVÉ was War Minister, and in connection with the pacifist campaign of 1917 and the near-treasonable machinations of former Minister MALVY, how vitally important it was, from the standpoint of the Alliance and of heroic France, that the early presence of some sort of an American army should serve that war-weary land as a counterirritant against the faint hearts. We should regard as highly important the French tour of Secretary of War BAKER in the spring of 1918: from that tour, and the German offensive of March, date the acceleration of the American effort, and especially of the transport of American soldiers, without which our entrance into the war would have proved a useless sacrifice.

And probably we should wind up our war review (not that we shall really write one) by quoting one of those soldiers' letters which we're so proud to receive; a letter like that of our friend CONNIE MURPHY telling MARY SULLIVAN that "it surely has been a hard game so far, but I have stood it well up to date. War is no cinch, but it's made us all realize what a good place home really is, and everybody's a little friendlier. Say, if the war hadn't happened the United States would have been a country only in name in less than five years. Now we're all united. Germany has hit all the curves so far, and she's knocked Russia clear out of the box, but we'll win the game even if it takes extra innings to do it!"



# Editorials



## One Newspaper Man Abroad

SOME ONE asked the Paris correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" if he had stayed in Paris "all through the war." "Which war?" countered the correspondent. For the "Post" man had gone through the siege days of '71 as well as the Taube days of 1914 and the Gotha nights and Big Bertha mornings of 1918. Very calmly, very sympathetically, very learnedly (being one of those rare Paris correspondents who has a classical "background" and also really knows France—not being a casual recruit from the sporting page or the police courts) the dean of the English-writing journalists of Paris goes on telling his paper in weekly or semiweekly letters what he sees and hears and guesses of the world news which Paris makes or exchanges. More than his colleagues, the white-bearded correspondent of the paper BRYANT once edited deals in reminiscence and casual anecdote; leisurely, and more often sage than fervid, he reports on things as they seem really to be rather than as readers a quarter of the way around the world would like things to be. But one of his recent letters was an exception; one felt in reading it that the veteran correspondent had unmistakably thrilled to the moment he recorded:

Suddenly, from the Madeleine to St. Denis's Gate—two miles along the Paris Boulevard which African monarchs long to see—there is a murmur rising to a roar, wave upon wave—"The Americans! The Americans!"

For an hour they pass, crowded into their motor wagons, with their motorcycles, side cars, rear cars, all the American automobile inventions, alongside and in between—all on their way to defend Paris. The men are tanned and fit. They smile wide and wave their broad felt hats over their close-cropped heads to the surprised crowd. Girls run up to them with roses and they stick the flowers in the barrels of their short, shining steel rifles. Onward they go, as a film at the cinema. Later we know that, through the warm afternoon, trains loaded with just such American soldiers have been passing over the belt lines outside the city. It was a wholesome thought to give Paris a sight of the new defenders.

For a newspaper man who for long years has been helping to make France better understood in America, and to bring the two republics nearer to one another, the chance to describe the events of that day in June, 1918, must have come as a truly great occasion. We know STODDARD DEWEY and we can appreciate the emotion underlying his description of a historic event comparable with GALLIENI's act in 1914 in loading the soldiers of the Paris garrison in taxicabs and sending them out to help win that first Marne victory which raised three names to enduring fame: his own, JOFFRE, and FOCH.

## D'Artagnan Is Not Dead—

ONE of the soldiers' letters that we've seen comes from a soldier of the sea. Here's a paragraph:

Believe me, dear, the French think there is nobody like a marine. All the French officers salute a marine, from a private up. All they look for is the marine insignia, and up goes their hand in their odd salute. From here to the front the marine brings from the Frenchman's lips the cry of "Vive villa Américaine!"

D'ARTAGNAN is not dead—though he doesn't speak perfect French any more. Apparently he served a while on our Mexican border and now he's joined the U. S. marines!

## What's Wrong with the German Press

A MEMBER of the National Board for Historical Research, Mr. VICTOR S. CLARK, reports in the "Atlantic" on "The German Press and German Opinion." Some readers will be surprised to learn that MAXIMILIAN HARDEN is not the only German journalist who criticizes his Government. "The Berlin papers attacked the Prussian food administration last winter quite as savagely as any American papers attacked the mistakes of the War Department. Peace policies, economic measures, political reforms, and social movements are argued with vehemence and abundant facts. . . . Many will recall a dispatch to the effect that the President's January message was to be distributed over hostile territory by Allied airmen, and that the German Government threatened reprisals upon aviators captured while thus engaged. The truth is that the message was immediately printed in the 'Reichsanzeiger,' the official gazette of the Imperial Government, and was widely reprinted and commented upon in Germany."

On the basis of such incidents, it would be easy to exaggerate the "freedom" of the German press. An American avoids that temptation just as he avoids fooling himself into supposing that there is no intelligence at all in enemy editors or generals or politicians, and no news in their newspapers. There is even intelligent opposition in Germany to the censorship. Says the "Frankfurter Zeitung":

So long as censorship is considered indispensable, it should be limited to purely military matters. Above all, it should keep its fingers out of other things and cease its attempts to gag the organs of public opinion. Otherwise its effect is to discredit the press, both at home and abroad, and to raise doubts as to its independence. Confidence in the press is too important an asset for Germany to sacrifice to the blunders of censors.

## Another Ally of Ours

THE really capable historian of this war will not fail to note that in mid July, 1918, the far-spreading grain fields of Da-

kota, Minnesota, and Montana were invigorated by three days' rain. The clamorous rush of airplane, artillery, and ship manufacture got twenty times more space in the daily papers, but that timely rain means millions of bushels of wheat. The very clouds were on our side last month.

## Paths

OUT on vacation one sees that man's mark upon this earth has been made rather outside the city. Street pavements have no response for our passing and the crowd men mutually obliterate all trace of themselves, but in the open country the trails that our human life has blazed are everywhere. A path will ramble up over the ridges on a short cut to the neighboring village; little paths dodge in and out among the wayside woods, making ever so vivid a pattern picture of children on their way to school; other paths slope more directly down through meadow and lowland to the river banks where small boys, cows, and fishermen take to the water for their several uses. There's magic in any path at night and morning, sadness in those choking to an end in weeds, joy in those kept clean by the life that flows its way. In the scent and coolness of these dim enduring trails one feels again what we owe those whose feet are now set in flaming paths of battle along the Marne.

August 17, 1918

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From Corporal Goetz of the field artillery to his brother in Indiana)

DEAR BROTHER FRANK:

You asked me some time ago to get you small souvenirs from the front, and yesterday I had the opportunity, for in a big air battle I saw a German plane falling to the ground a short distance from us, and I gave chase, and procured the enclosure. You may not know just what part of the machine it was, but it is a part of the rubber tire.

It will talk for itself, as to how the machine was on fire; and I may inform you that the occupants consisted of a captain and his assistant. The captain jumped from the machine, or maybe he fell when it was about a half mile in the air, and the other occupant, was still in the seat when it landed, but had his hand parallel to his forehead, and we are of the opinion that he committed suicide, as his pistol lay in the bottom of the machine. It was all I was able to procure, and I procured it under many difficulties, but as sure as I live, it came from a German airplane which was in battle above our heads, and downed amid flames.

The airplane itself looked as if it was a captured one, as it contained some American mechanism, also some English. The piece of rubber, when I received it, was fresh from the burn, but I suppose, by the time it reaches you, the odor will have evaporated. The tire was of German make, as German reading could be recognized on it. The Allies are sure superior in the air, for they are downing them mighty fast these days, especially the last few days in our neighborhood. Of course I was not allowed to go up to it immediately, as the machine contained bombs and machine gun bullets, also a camera which was not damaged in the least.

I am in the best of health.

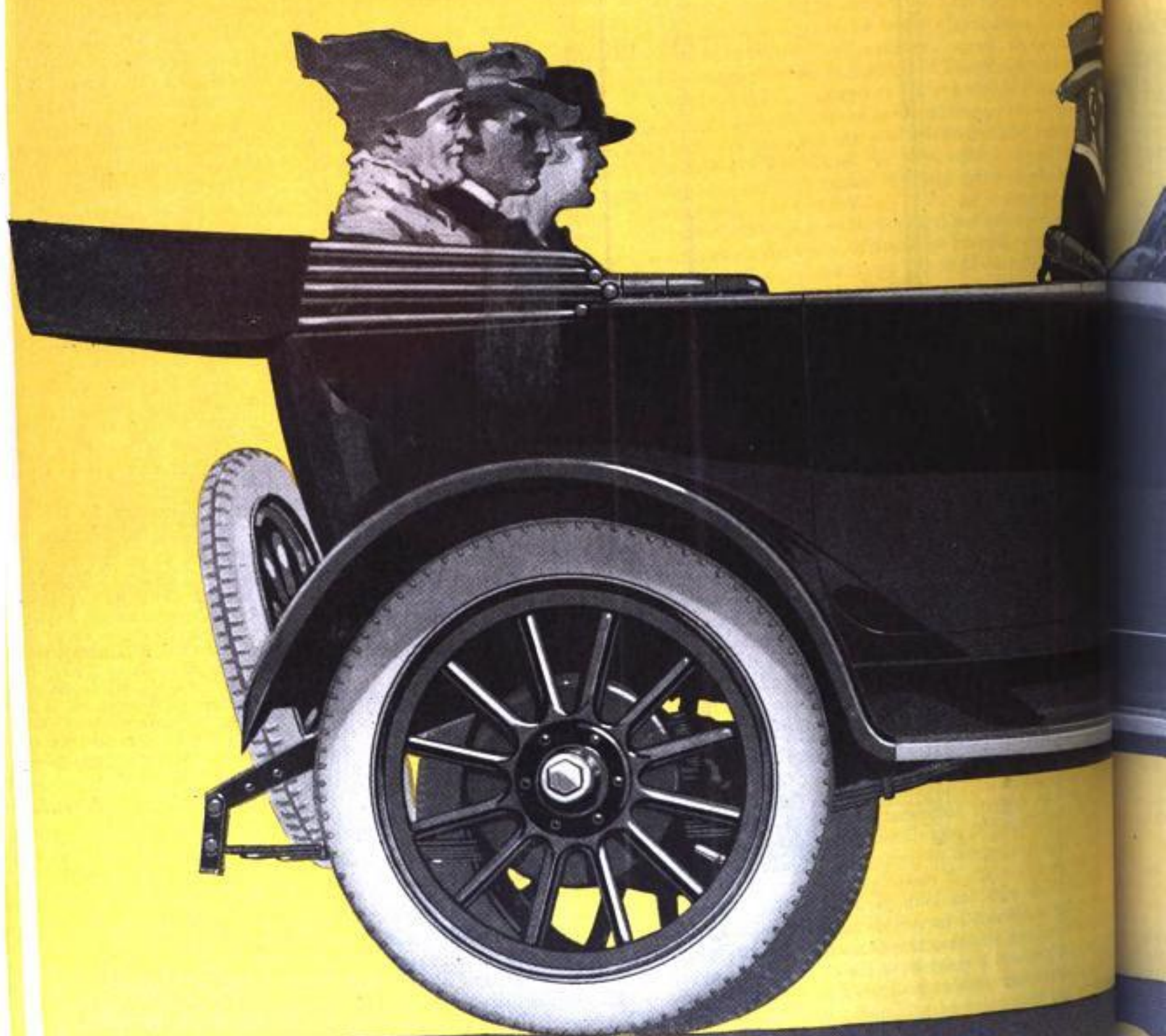
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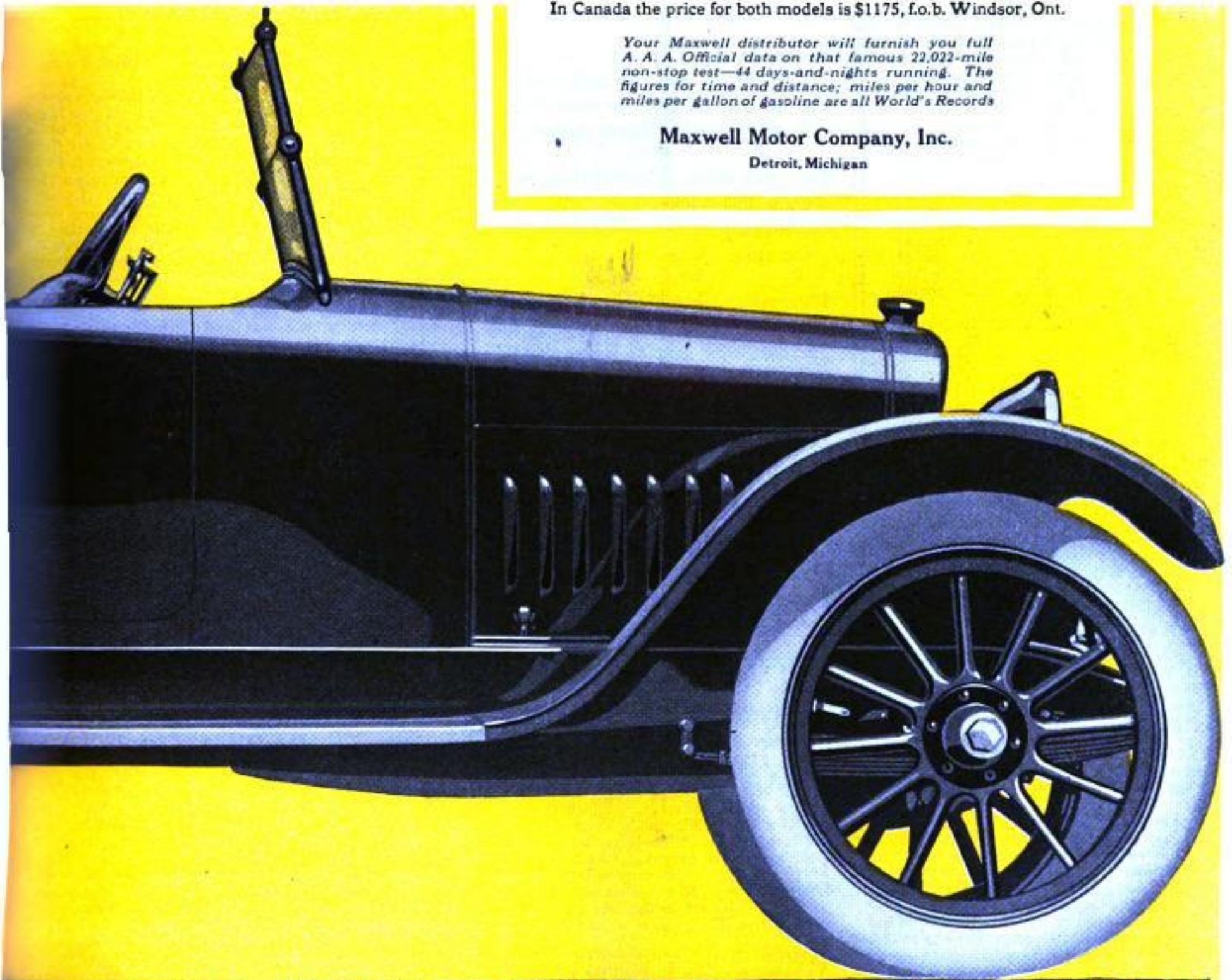
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# MOTOR CARS



# "THERE'S HITS IN EVERY BAT"

Continued from page 12

himself. He was such a bad shortstop that Bill Daniels played him only once. But his imitation of how Charlie Chaplin would imitate Douglas Fairbanks was a riot and brought out the crowds.

Bill was satisfied. The Buzzards had started a winning streak and in his heart he believed Arthur Schultz was the cause. In his interviews with the reporters, however, he pointed out the clever feats of quick thinking on his part that so often turned defeat into victory. About the only quick thinking Bill really did was to remember to carry out the game in the ball bag in the eighth inning. He wouldn't trust this important duty to anyone else. Since the fans knew how he felt about it, and realizing themselves that the idea had no little merit—as proved by exhaustive tests—they rather encouraged him and cheered him every time he started out of the lot with the game in the bag. Outside, soldiers and townsfolk welcomed his appearance with the bag and applauded as he ran from the gate across to his hotel, for when he appeared they knew the game was as good as won.

HENRY SCHULTZ sat at his desk, mumbling to himself. It had been a hard summer, a summer that had wrecked his nerves, a summer of disappointment piled upon disappointment. His boy had turned out to be everything Henry Schultz believed to be contemptible. And Henry Schultz blamed no one but himself.

His secretary laid a slip on the desk.

"Show her in," Henry Schultz snapped.

Dorothea Schultz's step was firm when she entered; her eye was steady. There was a flash of admiration in Henry Schultz's eye as he watched her come and take the seat across the desk from him. He had not seen her since the memorable night when he drove her and his boy from his home. Henry Schultz seemed to catch the flash of a thoroughbred in her movements, but his prejudice quickly routed such thoughts and he scowled.

"You sent for me?" Mrs. Arthur Schultz said quietly.

"Yes." He opened a drawer and drew out a large envelope which he emptied. A score or more newspaper clippings fluttered into a pile before him. He tossed the envelope aside and spread out the clippings. "This," he snapped, pounding the flat of his hand upon them, "is the result of your scheming!"

"I presume," the girl answered, leaning forward to look at them, "that they are from the sporting pages, telling of Arthur's work?"

"Work! Bah! His groveling, his clowning, his cheap, low babooning! An ass he is, deliberately, because he can earn money no other way. He is a beggar mimicking idiocy for money!"

"But he's a member of a baseball team. He plays—"

"Plays! Not baseball! Look at these notices! 'Schultz's Hobby Horse Imitation Feature of Buzzard Victory.' Here's another: 'Schultz in Mother Hubbard Pitches in Practice Game.' And this: 'Daniels Says Bonehead Schultz Brings Club Luck.'"

The girl smiled and scanned the clippings. "Have you the half-page article on 'Modern Court Jesters,' comparing Arthur with Touchstone? Oh, yes," she added in response to a snarl, "I see you have. Well?"

"I'm to blame," Henry Schultz admitted. "I know that. I gave him too much money to spend; I never handled him the way boys should be handled. Last winter he seemed to be getting on his feet, though. I figured he was going to turn out all right."

"That was when he met me," she smiled.

"I don't know when he met you. But I do know that you married him and encouraged him to dodge the draft. I thought if I cut off his allowance and made him go to work he'd get some sense into his head."

"Didn't you really think, Mr. Schultz," Dorothea said quietly, "that when you cut off his allowance he would leave me and come back to you?"

"I did," he confessed.

Dorothea let her arms rest on the desk and bent forward. "Mr. Schultz," she began, "how good an American are you?"

"There's another thing," he exploded. "As soon as Arthur married you he began running around with a lot of German swine who would like to have me assassinated because I am giving up every cent and every minute to help the United States win the war."

The girl nodded. "Well," she said, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to give my boy back to me. You could have helped him amount to something. Haven't

you any patriotism? You're Irish, aren't you? What are you, one of these anti-English Irishwomen?"

"What do you want me to do?" she repeated.

"I want you to get out of this part of the country. I understand you've been running over to see Arthur every Sunday. Leave him alone. Disappear. How much?"

Dorothea shook her head. "If I left, Arthur would follow me."

"He wouldn't know where you were."

"I'd tell him," she answered firmly. "Look here, Mr. Schultz. Arthur has failed. I admit it. He has failed. He has made great sacrifices—you'll know about them some day—and if you have in you the blood and the heart I think you have, you'll say he has tried to do the right thing. I'm working

finally saw her a few yards down, immediately back of the dugout. She had spied him, and when she caught his eye she smiled and waved a hand. He gave her a surly nod in reply.

He was suddenly startled by a cry for "Schultz! Bonehead Schultz!" There was no response. "Do the Charlie Chaplin!" the crowd cried. Bill Daniels looked toward the dugout and motioned. Arthur evidently made some answer not pleasing to Daniels, for the manager strode over to the bench and dragged Arthur into view. Bill kicked him viciously. Arthur turned a handspring and the crowd roared.

Henry Schultz clenched his fists. He was relieved when Arthur made a bow and hurried back to the bench. Evidently, Henry guessed, Dorothea had told Arthur that his father was to be there.

The crowd didn't need comedy to stimulate its interest after the game began, and Arthur Schultz dropped out of the picture until the Buzzards came to bat in the eighth. It had been a tight fight. In the fourth inning the Rabbits had got a man on third, but he died there. In the sixth Jimmy Morgan, the Buzzard second baseman, had reached third, but was caught at the plate trying to score on a short outfield fly. Those were the only instances in which base runners had passed second.

One run was all either side needed, one run and the pennant was theirs.

Two Buzzards were out and nobody was on base in the eighth when Bull O'Brien, the lumbering catcher, came up and took hold of a fast one and sent it up against the center field fence. It was a home run, by rights, but Bull got only as far as second. But when he reached there he was all tired out.

It would take nothing short of a long two-base hit to score Bull. A single would only put him on third. Thinking quickly, Bill Daniels called Arthur Schultz from the bench. There was one thing Arthur could do—he could run.

"Go out and run for Bull," Daniels said, slapping him on the back. He ordered out his pitcher, who was next at bat, and sent his substitute catcher to the plate. Here was the big game. A single meant the pennant. The crowd was going wild.

Even Henry Schultz sat on the edge of his seat. His son actually was taking a responsible part in a baseball game, out on second base, the man who, if he reached the home plate, would win a pennant.

THE pitcher for the Rabbits showed signs of uneasiness. The catcher and the first baseman went out and held a conference with him and when they returned to their places he took his time, threw—

"Ball one!" said the umpire.

There was another conference, and another ball. Three balls in succession the pitcher threw. It seemed to be all over for the Rabbits. The pitcher rubbed the ball in his glove. Then suddenly Arthur Schultz, who had been dancing around second base, let out a shrill whoop and dashed for third!

The crowd yelled in dismay and then changed to a shriek of delight—for the pitcher had been so astonished that he had thrown wild to third, and the ball went bounding into the stand, leaving Arthur a safe path to the home plate with the winning run. But in a flash the cries were those of terrible anger, for Arthur, yelling frantically "We win! We win!" continued his dash from third base—ignoring the home plate—straight to the dugout, seized the ball bag and fled for the gate in center field.

"The darn fool, he thought third base was the home plate!" somebody next to Henry Schultz yelled.

In a wild, mad mob the fans tumbled down out of the bleachers and sprinted across the diamond after the fugitive Arthur. They had bet all their savings on the Buzzards, and they wanted the lifeblood of the fanatic who had lost his reason and gummed up the game at the moment when victory seemed theirs.

As far as they were concerned, the baseball game, still a tie, was over. They were embarked upon a new game.

"Lynch him!" somebody cried.

Henry Schultz stood on tiptoe, holding his place in spite of men who crowded past him. With great relief he saw Arthur flash through the gate in the center field fence, twenty yards ahead of the nearest wrathful miner.

"He's got two ball bags!" exclaimed one of the few men who had not joined in the chase. "Where'd he get the other one?"

Mr. Schultz said hopelessly that he'd be darned if he knew. He felt a tug at his coat sleeve. He turned. It was Dorothea.

"Come quick," she ordered. "Get your car. This way. Around back."

## WHEN THE DEER COME DOWN TO DRINK

By Arthur Guiterman

*When the deer come down to drink,  
Their antlers shake the dark, wild cherries;  
The moss in which their small hoofs sink  
Is gemmed with scarlet partridge berries.*

*They glide where waves of bracken veil  
Some fallen forest king's disaster,  
Or Indian pipe are clustered pale  
On stems of moonlit alabaster.*

*The bucks with proud heads lead the way  
Through rocky glade and ferny hollow;  
The does, with dappled fawns that play  
As softly as their shadows, follow.*

*Among the oaks a squirrel chirrs;  
A porcupine—the lubbard!—lurches  
With rattling quills among the firs,  
A blue jay scolds among the birches—*

*Then all is still. A furtive mink  
Alone steals up through brush and cumber  
To watch the deer come down to drink  
And feed where water lilies slumber.*

with him; whatever he has done is the result of my influence. That was why I married him, because I knew what I could make of him."

"You admit it!" Schultz stormed. "You made him this contemptible joke of every penny newspaper!" He hammered his fist on his desk.

"Now wait!" There was a tone of command in her voice that Schultz instinctively obeyed. He settled in his chair. "The baseball season ends next Saturday. After Saturday, take him—if you can."

"If I once get a chance to talk to him—"

"Drive over to Meco. I think," she said slowly, "if you see him out on the field doing these things, you'll appreciate him more when the time comes."

WHEN Henry Schultz arrived in Meco in his motor car from El Paso the Buzzards and the Rabbits were on the field, practicing. It seemed as if all Arizona had come over into Mexico to see these nine innings which were to decide which of these two clubs had struggled for a pennant in vain.

Bookmakers were everywhere about the field, silver dollars clinking in the black bags that swung from their shoulders. The tiny rows of shelves, called a grand stand by courtesy, could hold only half of the crowd, but Henry Schultz managed to find a place on the lower row of the third-base bleachers.

To his right, extending back under the stand, was the dugout of the home team. The Rabbits were warming up on the diamond, and the Buzzards were on their bench. He leaned forward, trying to see Arthur, but the sides of the dugout were in his way. In front of the dugout was Bill Daniels watching a couple of his pitchers working out their arms.

Henry Schultz looked around for Dorothea and





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She led him down to the Buzzards' dugout, through a little door and out of the park through a small gate in the fence. From across the line they could hear shouting and shooting.

"How can we save him?" Mr. Schultz exclaimed.

"He'll have to take care of himself," Dorothea said grimly. "Here. This way." They turned around the fence corner.

Standing there was a stocky man with a black mustache, holding tight to a man in baseball uniform.

"All right," said Dorothea to the stocky man. "Mr. Schultz," she smiled, "I want to introduce Mr. Daniels, until recently Arthur's boss."

Mr. Daniels swore loudly and writhed in the clutches of the stocky man.

"You ain't got no right!" Mr. Daniels declared. "This is Mexican soil."

"Quick!" Dorothea commanded. "Mr. Schultz, help. Take him to your car."

Without knowing why he obeyed orders, Mr. Schultz seized one side of the struggling Mr. Daniels. The stocky man took the other side, and they rushed him around to the front of the park where they dumped him into the back of Mr. Schultz's motor car, over which the chauffeur was standing guard. No one else was near except the soldiers. Everybody seemed to be surrounding the hotel over on the other side of the line.

The soldiers came running up. Dorothea ran to meet them. She fumbled at her belt. Something shone in the sun, and the soldiers saluted.

She hurried back. "Arthur's treed in the hotel," she said. "You beat it to El Paso with Daniels. I'll get the soldiers and get Arthur out and we'll come along."

"All right," said the stocky man. "Let's go," he said to Mr. Schultz's chauffeur. And with the protesting Mr. Daniels, still arrayed in his baseball uniform, between them, the stocky man and the bewildered Mr. Schultz sped on toward El Paso.

"YOU see it was this way," Arthur explained to his father late that night as he sat in the Schultz library, with Dorothea curled up on the couch beside him: "Dorothea had been in the Secret Service for a long time, watching telegraph messages. She promised to marry me if I would work for my country—"

"The United States," Mr. Schultz put in.

"The United States," Arthur nodded. "So I joined the Secret Service. They thought I would be valuable working among Germans. When you disowned us, that really was more than we hoped for"—he smiled—"it helped."

"Well, they wanted to get the goods on whoever it was that was carrying money and messages across the line somewhere near Meco. They were suspicious of Bill Daniels. So I volunteered. The only way I could get on his team was by acting a fool—I wasn't a good enough ball player. I wasn't much of a detective either. I couldn't get the goods on him."

"Nobody could," came from Dorothea, in defense. "He was the head of them all; the biggest German spy in the Southwest."

"Anyway, out on second base to-day, I got him," Arthur continued. "I happened to let my eye rest on the ball bag, underneath the bench. I saw that somebody was under the stand, pulling away a board under the bench and beside the bag. Then it came to me how they were getting the stuff back and forth across the line—in the ball bag, changing them when nobody was looking."

"So I forgot all about the ball game, ran in, yelled to Dorothea to get Daniels, and managed to grab both the bags, and I got away."

"And the stuff that was hidden beneath the linings of the bags," she said proudly, "was the greatest haul of German spy stuff they've ever made in this district."

"But it was you who captured Daniels!" Arthur said. "You and dad and the Secret Service man gave him the rush back across the line. It was illegal!"—he grinned—"but you got the reward."

"The reward?" Mr. Schultz asked quietly. "We get the real reward. It's Dorothea."

WHEN El Paso heard about it, El Paso rubbed its chin and said: "Arthur Schultz a hero! Well! Well! As Robert Louis Stevenson says: 'There's good in the worst of us!'"

What El Paso meant was: "There's hits in every bat if you only swing 'em right."

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Photograph of one of the 44 x 10 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires now in daily service on the Goodyear Akron-to-Boston truck fleet.

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GOODYEAR  
AKRON



# *The Proof of the Pudding*

**T**HE present sensational popularity of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires for Motor Trucks is in vivid contrast to the conditions of their development.

Several years ago, when we first equipped our own trucks with experimental pneumatics, they were a favorite target for ridicule and scorn.

Even in their crude state, however, these pioneer pneumatic truck tires disclosed such important possibilities as to hold us to their improvement and perfection.

The place they now occupy in relation to motor truck efficiency is the best proof that these possibilities have been realized in fact.

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and fuel mileages, for enlarging areas of profitable operation, for affording maximum traction under all conditions, are matters of indisputable record.

In all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit, in both passenger and freight service, they are establishing new standards of competence and worth.

All the virtues of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks that have been evident elsewhere, are spectacularly reaffirmed in our Akron-to-Boston motor transport experience.

Over a 1500-mile circuit, in summer and winter service, our seven-truck fleet is regularly plying on an average round-trip schedule of less than 8 days.

Shod with pneumatic tires, these trucks attain speeds in excess of 30 miles an hour, and even during 20-below-zero January weather they kept going when rail freight was stalled.

Such performance has a meaning for every truck manufacturer and user, so important that it cannot safely be disregarded.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# CORD TIRES



## THE FLYING FISH

Continued from page 13

Morley was a cynic and had little faith in the ability or intention of the habitual criminal to reform. Breen must have kept in touch with his pals of the underworld. Some of them might know something. Morley threw away his cigar and left the Park Row restaurant where he had lunched.

"HALLOWE'EN JOHN" DRURY was a philanthropist. His private beneficences were many, but inasmuch as they were extremely private, transacted though they might be on crowded street corners, it was to his public philanthropy that he owed his nickname. Once a year, on the last day of October, Drury gave a dinner to whatsoever of the city's forlorn cared to attend. It wasn't much of a dinner, but the down-and-outer is not fussy about quality; quantity is all that interests him. So Halloween John was beloved of the city's submerged, and annually hailed as a rough diamond by the city's press.

But a few, a very few, knew Halloween John for what he really was. They knew that his cheap saloon and restaurant—the same place in which he gave his highly advertised yearly dinner—was a place where a thief might exchange, for one-sixth its value, any article to which he might not be able to show a clear title. And these few knew that when a thief was highly desired by the police, Halloween John was not above giving information to the police.

But in the meantime he served his purpose. Morley had no scruples about using the man, despise him though he might. He entered his shabby place now.

"And how's the 'Planet' standing now, Mither Morley?" inquired Halloween John. He waved aside the reporter's proffered money. "This wan's on the house. Here's a go."

Morley sipped the flat beer. "The 'Planet' stands where it has always stood, John," he replied: "on the firm foundations of truth, honor, and—the news."

"And it's the last brings you to me, I'll wager," said Halloween John.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, John," remonstrated Morley. "You know, you're the most interesting scoundrel I know. It's instructive to drop in here, to marvel at you, to wonder how you get away with it. If these poor tramps hanging around here knew—"

"You needn't be after tellin' them," growled Halloween John.

"I won't," promised Morley. "But I wanted to ask you about—"

"Nawthin' doin'," declared Halloween John. "I ain't had a regular 'gun' in here in six months. Nawthin' but petty-larceny birds, and—"

"Don't squeal till you're hurt," advised Morley. "Listen. You read the papers this morning? Yes? This man Breen—the one killed in Farley Endicott's apartment? Know nothing about him?"

"Beyant what the papers printed—he had a record, didn't he?"

"But not recent. Know anything about him?"

"Not a thing," avowed Halloween John.

"Sorry. I'd hoped you could give me a line on him. It's a good story."

"It is that," agreed Halloween John. "Have another drink, Mither Morley?"

Patently, Halloween John wished to change the subject. Morley shrugged his shoulders.

"Why doesn't Flynn want me to get anything from you?" he asked.

"Flynn? Sure, Mither Morley, I ain't seen the lieutenant, if it's him you mean, in months."

"Oh, well, any of his men, then. What's the idea? But it doesn't matter." He sipped the second glass that

Drury had set before him. He put the glass down and turned away. "Oh," he said over his shoulder, "I was up at Sing Sing last week. Did you know that Izzy Paralti gets out next month? Fact. Fourteen months off for good behavior. Izzy must have been mighty anxious to get out to behave as well as that. Told me that he'd been railroaded. If Izzy ever finds out who tipped the police off— Well, so long, John."

The saloon keeper walked along the bar, keeping pace with Morley. "For God's sake, Mither Morley, where do you get your dope? Flynn himself swore he'd never let a word be known."

"Flynn didn't give you away, John. I have a way of putting things together. But I never talk—much. Sure you don't know a thing about Breen? Or has Flynn forbidden you?"

"Flynn nor any of his men ain't been near me. Why should they?" There was no customer in his

dress soon, even if, indeed, they had not already paid the place a visit. But, to find it out, he had not been compelled to promise further information to Flynn. As a matter of fact, it might very well be that the police had not yet discovered Breen's address. It might be that Halloween John was the only person who knew it, and that Flynn would not think of consulting Drury in the matter. For Drury was not the source of all knowledge. It was only a happy accident that had led Morley to the saloon keeper. The police might exhaust every other available source of

"Nix, mister," grinned the woman, "you don't softsoap me that way. And that boy is the livin' image of his father, and his father's a good man, but he never won no beauty prize. I guess you're a newspaper man, ain't you?"

Morley grinned. He had an infectious grin. He was not handsome, and in repose his face was too severe to be even good-looking. But when he smiled women and children liked him at once. "I hope I am," he laughed. "Got anything against newspaper men?"

"Not a thing, mister, but my husband said some of you gentlemen would probably be around, and for me not to forget that the price of meat goes up every day."

Morley's face sobered. "It certainly does, Mrs.—"

"Garley," she supplied for him.

"And if the 'Planet' could do anything to relieve the strain for the Garley family—"

"Honest to gracious, mister, you ain't got an idea what it costs to feed a man and three children. It's sumpum terrible."

"I believe you," said Morley.

"And if I should tell you what I knew, mister?"

She paused and looked at the newspaper man. Morley drew a bill from his pocket. Her glance shifted to the bill. She shook her head. Morley put the bill back into his pocket.

"Lemme have it, mister," she said hastily. "I'll tell you what I know, though it ain't so much at that. But Tom, that's my husband, he's night watchman in a factory downtown, and when he gets home mornin's there's usually sumpum to do

round this place, and he's half dead with sleep when he does turn in, and never notices the papers much, and I'm so busy with the children— Well, anyway, we didn't see a paper till just half an hour ago, and we read about this murder on University Place, and—leastwise, I read about it, and I wakes Tom up, and I says to him: 'I'll bet it's the Mr. Breen that lived upstairs,' and after he reads it he says he wouldn't wonder if I'm right, and I tell him to go downtown, and he says that he guessed he'd better, and that maybe some newspaper men would come along, and if they did there wouldn't be no harm in showin' them Breen's rooms, and then I tells him about the girl that calls here yesterday, dressed just like the paper says the lady what telephoned the police was dressed like, and Tom says that's sumpum would interest the papers, and he guessed he'd telephone them first, and I says he'd better not. Because, mister, the bulls might get sore, but if a newspaper man should come here and pretend like he was a detective, and I let him in, thinkin' he was one, the bulls couldn't blame me, and— But it'll cost another ten to get in Breen's room, mister."

Morley's hand was in his pocket immediately. At the outside he had only a few minutes before the police arrived, and there might be some clue in Breen's room that would give the 'Planet' the glory of solving the Endicott mystery.

On the way upstairs he questioned the woman as to the habits and friends of Breen. But beyond the fact that somehow or other, though apparently he did not work, the man managed to pay his rent, Mrs. Garley knew nothing of her erstwhile lodger. Nor could she tell more of the woman visitor than had the drug clerk who had watched her telephone Police Headquarters.

And Morley did not dare search the box that was in one corner of the room. To do so would lay himself open to charges by the police. How Flynn would enjoy putting something over on the sleuth of the "Planet!"

The room was practically bare. Poverty was written in its bareness. And yet the dead (Continued on page 24)



"A girl gave me twenty yesterday for the address"

place just now, but Drury looked affronted about him. He leaned across the bar.

"The God's truth, Mither Morley, is this: Breen was in here last week. He tells me that he has a scheme up his sleeve, that there's money in it, and—well, I let him have a few dollars to tide himself over."

"And the scheme?"

But Halloween John knew nothing of that—at least so he vowed and protested to Morley.

"But you know his address? No? All right, John, Paralti is very anxious—"

"Sure, I know his address, then. But you won't mention me to a living soul?"

Morley eyed the man curiously. "What's on your nerves, John? The killing of a broken-down ex-convict—where do you come in?"

"He was killed, wasn't he?" demanded Drury. "Killed dead as Judas, wasn't he? And this Endicott, whose place he was found in—he's dead, ain't he? And the nigger—he's dyin', eh? That's what's on my nerves. Them killin's."

Morley straightened out his sneer. He did not like treacherous cowards, and Halloween John was a treacherous coward. "Any idea who did it?"

"God forbid," said Halloween John.

#### Chapter XIV: A Road of Mystery

MORLEY, as he swung off a Third Avenue car, was well pleased with himself. There was no doubt, of course, that the police would know Breen's ad-

information before turning to Halloween John. Morley certainly hoped so.

A random shot fired in the dark! Morley had paid a visit to Sing Sing last week, and he had talked with Izzy Paralti; but Izzy had been rendered meek and mild by his confinement in Sing Sing, and had shown no disposition to wreak vengeance on whoever was responsible for his capture by the police. It merely happened that Morley had had, months before, a confidential chat with Isaacs of the district attorney's office, and so knew that Halloween John Drury had furnished, or caused to be furnished, the evidence on the strength of which Izzy had gone to jail.

But Drury's expression had been too innocent when Breen's name was mentioned, and—Morley had Breen's address. That Halloween John had told the truth as to his knowledge of the dead convict, Morley did not believe for a moment. The saloon keeper had been too frightened, even for him, coward that he was. But there is such a thing as pushing a man against the wall. Halloween John could be visited again, later. Meantime—

THE same woman who had observed Leila Kildare visit Breen yesterday was hovering in her open doorway.

"You goin' to Mr. Breen's?" she asked.

Morley paused. "I hoped to have a look at his place. Have you the key?"

"Yes, I got the key all right. Me and my husband look after the house for the owner, but there ain't anyone going to get in there, mister, except the police."

"Have the police been here?" asked Morley.

"They ain't been here yet, mister, but they will as soon as my husband gets downtown."

"Then you read the papers this mornin', eh? Is that your son? What a handsome boy he is!"



# Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

## GINGER ALE



Just off the ice—eager to get at thirst. Who is the thirsty one? Let Clicquot Club show you how delightful a genuine ginger drink can be. Not merely relieves the thirst—it satisfies. Serve at mealtime, after theatre, at bedtime—any time when thirst bobs up in your throat. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of purest cane sugar, juices of lemons and limes, Jamaica ginger and crystal-clear spring water. Safe and healthful for old and young. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist, and keep a few bottles on ice.

**Buy it  
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THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.



*Food will win the war—Don't waste it*

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

# HEINZ Vinegars

57



**G**OOD vinegar makes a relish, sauce, or salad dressing taste better—and rarely gets the full credit it deserves. Poor vinegar often spoils the flavor—and rarely catches the blame. The difference in cost between the best and the cheapest is nothing compared to the wide difference in flavor.

We know from our own experience how much depends on the goodness of vinegar. For the delicious 57 we must have the best vinegars that can possibly be made.

So, we make them ourselves.

Into Heinz Vinegars go only the finest materials—clean, pure and wholesome. Into their making go the utmost skill and care—characteristic of Heinz methods.

Then Nature is put to work to add the necessary touch of perfection. Heinz Vinegars are aged in wood. Month after month they slowly mature and mellow until, more than a year old, they have an aroma and an exquisite delicacy and flavor that delights the most critical.

First we made the vinegars we need for Heinz condiments, pickles and foods. Now we offer them to those housewives who also want the best. Heinz Vinegars in sealed glass packages have become leaders among the 57 Varieties.

## Malt, Cider and White

*in pints, quarts and half-gallons*

**In bottles filled and sealed  
in the HEINZ establishment**

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*

## Uncle Sam—Employment Agent

*Continued from page 9*

work in another, for all employers are or will be forbidden to take on labor directly. He will have to go to the local representative of the Government Employment Service, and he will undoubtedly be asked to give good reasons why he left his previous employer. In England they tried to handle this by statute. The worker had to get a "leaving certificate" certifying that he had left with the consent of his employer, or a certificate from a local Government board that this consent was unreasonably withheld. But this was found to be too much in the nature of coercion, and the statute was repealed.

In not only this respect, but in all respects, our Government has profited by the experience of England. The chairman of our War Labor Policy Board was sent to England by President Wilson to study the English system before our system was put into effect.

### The "Clean Sheet" Days

**W**HAT has been described here is by no means the whole of the Government's machinery for dealing with labor during the war. There is space merely to mention the body which has been set up to deal with strikes. The one observation that can be made on this phase is that with us labor is more steadily at work and more contented than in any other of the nations at war. You read in the newspapers on occasional days of strikes here and there of a few hundred or a few thousand men. But by an ancient law of what constitutes news, you never read of the very many days which are marked by a clean sheet on the bulletins of the Taft-Walsh

Board, days when, throughout the length and breadth of this land, forty million workers toiled steadily from morning till night turning out the instruments for overcoming the Kaiser and keeping our whole economic machine under full head, with never a strike.

### On or Off the Job

**A**S to all the problems of society after the war, it seems to me a clue to the answer is to be found in some placards which the Department of Labor has issued to be hung in shops and factories. One series reads:

"After this war, only those who have helped win it will amount to anything."

"Since the beginning of the world, classes and peoples have won power as they have proved themselves to be necessary for the defense of the State."

Now ask yourself what class, after the war is over, will be looked upon as having in the greatest degree "helped win it"? What class will have most "proved themselves to be necessary for the defense of the state"?

Somebody who cares to do any figuring about politics and society in the United States after the war is over must take as the central, dominating factor the five million men who will have fought in France. Those men will compose by far the largest single group in our twenty or thirty million voters. It will be neither surprising nor unreasonable if their thought should be something like this:

"I saved this country and I want my piece of it; we fought for this country and we propose to have a good deal to say about running it."

## The Flying Fish

*Continued from page 22*

occupant of the room was involved with Farley Endicott, millionaire, in matters that—Morley shook his head. He must go back to Hallowe'en John and try to learn more of Breen. For the woman protested that she knew absolutely nothing of Breen.

Yet, as Morley started to leave, the woman remembered one more thing.

"Besides this girl, there was another visitor to Mr. Breen."

"Yes?" Morley encouraged her.

"Just after she left with Mr. Breen a swell man come up and knocked on my door. He wanted to know where Mr. Breen was, and I told him he'd had a lady call on him. He seemed pretty much upset about it."

"Describe him," said Morley.

"Well, he was slick-lookin' and wore good clothes—kinda sporty clothes. His coat was belted in, and his mustache was waxed. He looked kinda like a dago, but I wouldn't be sure of that."

"And that's all you can tell me? There's another twenty in it for you, Mrs. Garley."

**T**HE woman passed her hand across her forehead. Patently she was honest and was thinking hard.

"No other visitors? No friends? Nothing at all?"

"Well, he was a little behindhand with his rent a week ago, and I told him that he'd have to kick in, the landlord bein' hard as a rock, you know. And he promised it to me the next day, and I said that promises didn't help the landlord, and where would he get it, and he said I'd be surprised if I knew what swell friends he had. He said he had a friend stopping at the swellest private hotel in New York, whatever he meant by a private hotel, and that he'd get the money for me to-morrow. Well, he done it, and when I asked him did his swell rich friend give it to him, he looked kinda black and said no. And that's all, mister. Do I get the twenty?"

Morley paid her. It was not much that she told him, but, according to servants at the Wanderers' Club—so said the early editions of the afternoon papers—Mr. Endicott had been stopping at the Hotel Birmingham while his apartment was being made ready for him.

Morley hesitated. Keeping information from the police was not exactly within the scope of a reporter's duties. He wanted to seal the lips of Mrs. Garley with regard to this last bit of information, but—While, for another bill, she would probably promise to keep quiet, there was such a thing as

*noblesse oblige.* Flynn would not hesitate to play a shabby trick upon him; but, after all, Flynn served the public more directly than did the press. Flynn had a right to information, and Morley had no right to keep it from him.

So Morley left the building. From a near-by cigar store he telephoned his office.

"Just to let you know, boss," he told his city editor, "that I've been on the job since dewy dawn. I wonder if you hounds on the desk appreciate the work that a faithful slave like myself performs every day? It's a hard life, boss, and—"

Hanly, city editor of the "Planet," knew his Morley.

"How much have you had to spend for information, Rod? Why the camouflage?"

"Well, I've run up a nice little expense bill, at that, boss," chuckled Morley, "but when I'm exchanging the time of day, why jump on me with petty financial matters?"

"Because there's an auditor downstairs who demands results for expenditures," said Hanly. "And I don't want a million dollars spent unless the yarn's worth it."

"It is," said Morley without hesitation.

"Then the 'Planet's' bank roll is behind you. What have you got?"

"Oh, not so very much, but light may break by and by."

"Well, I've something that may help you. The Art Photo Company, on Thirty-first Street, telephoned in—at least its proprietor did. I've been trying to get you ever since. Says, he thinks, from the description in the papers, and the name, that he has some dope on this Breen person. I've been trying to get you at your house, but nothing doing."

"Dewy dawn was right, boss," said Morley. "Slept in Greenwich. Wanted to take a look at Endicott's body."

"Well?"

"It wasn't Endicott."

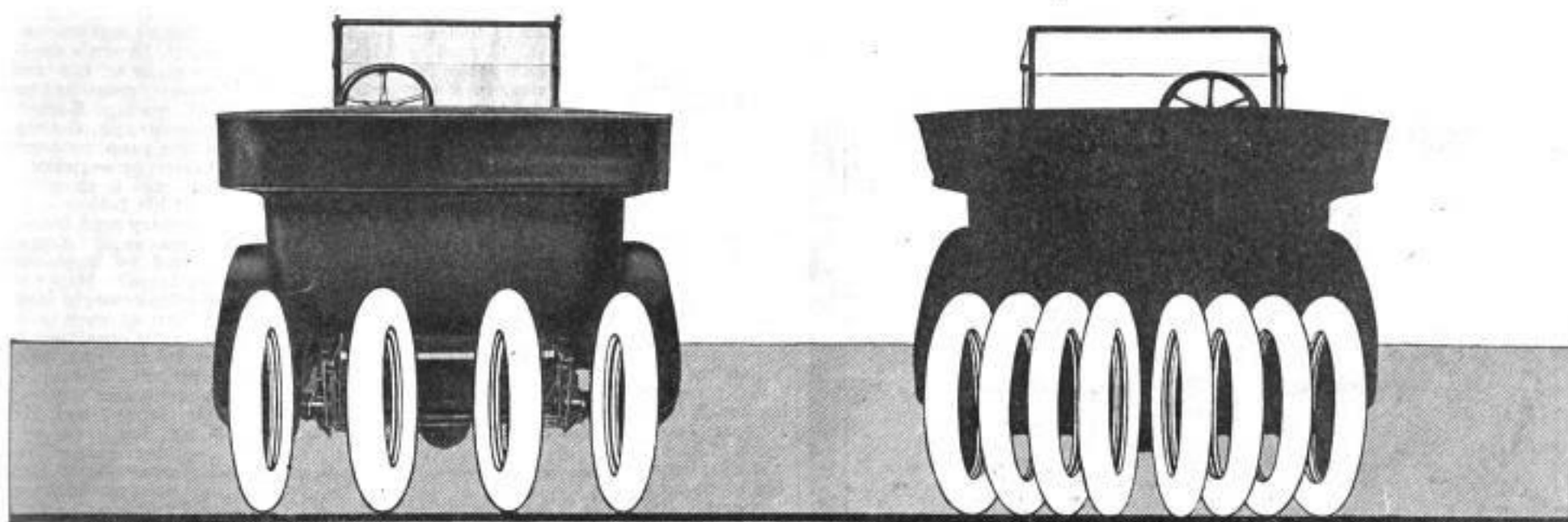
"Police know?"

"Had to tell them. They'd have found it out by now, anyway. Somebody would have happened along—probably some friend of Endicott's has been there already. Anyway—looks like a yarn, eh?"

"Rather," agreed the city editor. "And I got the Art Photo man to promise to keep his story until I got a man up to him. Was just going to send some one else. Go to it!"

He rang off abruptly. The Endicott mystery was a big yarn, a mighty big yarn, but there were other stories to be printed in the morning "Planet."





## How Many Tires Does *Your* Car Need To Go 10,000 Miles?

The above question is of direct interest to you. It makes no difference whether you are concerned about motoring economy for personal reasons, or simply as a principle of national conservation.

The average car (on the right) either heavy, or rigidly-built, or both—to go 10,000 miles, needs an extra set of tires, or eight tires in all.

The Franklin Car (on the left) to go the same distance—and further—needs only the four tires on the car, or half as many as the other.

There could be no clearer illustration of the timely economy of the Franklin Car; nor a more direct indictment of *unnecessary* motor car weight.

For it is excess weight that prevents the average heavy and rigid car from equaling the publicly-known Franklin tire-mileage. The action of the weight of an automobile on the tires is similar to a hammer blow—and the heavier the hammer, the harder and more destructive the blow. Heavy weight pounds out tires prematurely. And the heavy car owner, accustomed to paying for tire-mileage he doesn't get, accepts this as a matter of course—until he meets a Franklin owner.

For Franklin owners get a consistent delivery of 10,000 miles or more to the set of tires.

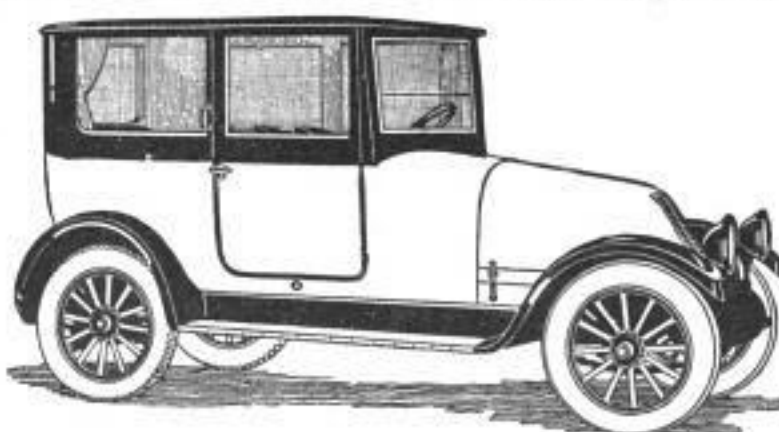
The reason lies in Scientific Light Weight and Flexible Construction. The Franklin weighs 2445 pounds—the right weight for a full-size five-passenger car. It also carries the minimum *unsprung* weight—weight *below* the springs, that contributes to the pound and shock tires must meet.

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The proprietor of the Art Photo Company got down to business immediately Morley had introduced himself. "Listen, friend," he said. "I used to work on a newspaper. Staff photographer. I know what photos, in a big story, are worth. And I know what inside stuff is worth too. Now, I got a picture, and I got some dope that can be printed. How do we dicker?"

"Exclusive stuff?" demanded Morley. "I know what paper pays the most. You work for it," replied the photographer tersely.

"Police?"

"I don't have to go to them. If they come to me— But you won't send them."

"Hardly," said Morley. "How much?"

"Well, a girl gave me twenty yesterday for the address of this man Breen. A hundred?"

"If I use anything you tell me—a hundred," agreed Morley.

"Fair enough. You'll use it all right. Listen!"

Morley listened. The girl who had telephoned Headquarters was, without the faintest doubt, the same girl who had visited Breen and taken him away from his lodging house, and that same girl had obtained Breen's address from this photographer. And the photograph itself, that Breen had had copied—Morley understood at once. Blackmail. It was quite obvious. Afraid to send the original. Breen had had copies made. And some one else beside the girl in the case had known of the copies. A man had called and also obtained Breen's address; the same man, according to the photographer's description, that had called, too late, on Breen.

It was not hard to reconstruct part of the mystery. The photographer, in anticipation of this visit from a "Planet" man, had struck off a copy of the photograph. Morley studied it. "Pretty old picture—the original?"

"Twenty years or so, I should judge," said the photographer.

BREEN was an ex-convict. This man in the photograph had been an old pal of Breen's. Or an old enemy. It didn't matter. What did matter was that Breen had had copies made. And certainly he had had them made to threaten the original of the picture.

He had mailed a copy of the photograph. Otherwise the original would have not been so hard pressed to find Breen's address. For surely either the girl or the man who had later called at Breen's address had been the emissary of the original of this photograph. Perhaps both of them had come from the threatened man? But that didn't seem quite reasonable. The girl had called on Breen, lured him to his death. But he must not lose sight of the fact that it was the girl who had telephoned Police Headquarters. Still, she might have lost her nerve afterward. In that case, what about the man who had obtained Breen's address? And why was Farley Endicott involved?

Morley was compelled to confess to himself, as he left the photographer's, that he had not gone very far on the road to solution of the mystery. If the mysterious man who had followed the girl to Breen's had in any way answered to the description of Endicott, there would be some sense in the jumble, but that man could not possibly be Endicott. He differed too greatly from the ex-flyer in the Lafayette Escadrille.

It was, without doubt, the most highly involved affair that had ever come to his attention. And, therefore, Morley was quite merry as he walked toward the Hotel Birmingham, the photograph of the convict carefully stowed away in a pocket. He even whistled. Newspaper work wasn't so bad when a chap had something like this to exercise his brain over.

But it would be more cheerful, he admitted, if there were something definite into which a fellow could set his teeth. "A swell, rich friend at the swellest private hotel in the city." That was the individual from whom Breen expected to obtain money, but from whom he had not obtained it.

Endicott had been stopping at the

Birmingham. That was different from the ordinary hotel in that it was more or less of a family hotel; exclusive too. It would correspond to Breen's description of the stopping place of his "swell, rich friend." Suppose Breen had been trying to blackmail young Endicott? Absurd, but—the photograph, the original photograph of the man in convict garb, had been taken some score of years ago. Endicott was a chap filled with proper pride. If his father— No, Endicott's father's history was too well known. But an uncle, say? Suppose that Endicott had had an uncle who had served a prison term? Might not Breen think that Endicott would gladly pay for the suppression of such news? And Endicott might have employed the girl to lure Breen to his apartment. But it didn't go down with Morley, his own reasoning though it was.

He was a stubborn chap, was Morley, quite certain of his own opinions. He had interviewed Endicott, sized him up, and nothing in the world would convince the newspaper man that Endicott was the sort of chap who would submit to blackmail. Besides, Endicott wouldn't send two persons on the same errand, and—

But he was at the Birmingham now. The head clerk knew him—there was hardly a hotel man in the city who did

not know Morley—and greeted him with a bantering smile.

"The Endicott mystery, eh? You're late, Mr. Morley. The police have come and gone, and all the other newspaper men. But there isn't a thing to tell you except that Mr. Endicott left here day before yesterday and that we have read of his unfortunate death last night."

"Uh-huh," said Morley. "Took his baggage with him, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the clerk. His eyebrows lifted.

"You've read the papers, you say. The man Breen—did he ever call upon Endicott?"

"Not to my knowledge," asserted the clerk.

Morley wheeled away. The solution to the puzzle, the putting together, even, of bits of it, was not to be done here. Then, on an impulse, he turned. "A swell, rich friend," the woman, Mrs. Garley, had said.

"Ever see anyone who looked like this?" he asked the clerk.

The man stared at the photograph. He shook his head.

"The Birmingham doesn't cater to convicts, Mr. Morley."

Stumped again! Still there remained Hallowe'en John Drury.

But that worthy benefactor of his fellow men did not recognize the photograph. At least, if he lied, Morley could not be certain that he lied. Even the threat of Izzy Paralt failed to wring from Hallowe'en John admission of recognition.

"Sure, I dunno every gun in the game. Mister Morley," he protested. "And this is a copy of an old photo, you say? Maybe this gun was a headliner when I was in me swaddlin' clothes."

"And you don't know that he's the man that Breen was blackmailing?"

"Sure, I've told ye I know nawthin' about Breen and his schemes. That's the last word out of me, Mister Morley, because it's the truth."

WELL, even though he had arrived at no solution, he had a mighty interesting yarn to write for the readers of the "Planet." And it would be a long story. He stopped at a telephone long enough to be assured by Lieutenant Flynn that Fabian's condition was still such as to render it dangerous for him to receive interviewers. And Morley knew that, tricky though Flynn might be, he would still keep his pledged word. There was no new angle to be "covered" to-night. He headed for the office.

He had written about half a column when an office boy came to him.

"Guy outside has some sort of tip on the Endicott story, Mr. Morley. Mr. Hanly says for you to see him."

It was Raoul, head waiter at the Birmingham.

(To be continued next week)





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## Three of Them

Continued from page 6

lay. A little heap of gray-black cigarette stubs. The window curtain awry where she had stood there during a feverish moment of the sleepless night, looking down upon the lights of Grant Park and the somber black void beyond, that was Lake Michigan. A tiny satin bedroom slipper on a chair; its mate, sole up, peeping out from under the bed. A pair of satin slippers alone, distributed thus, would make a nun's cell look respectable.

Over all this disorder the ceiling lights, the wall lights, and the light from two rosy lamps, beat mercilessly down upon the woman in the bed.

SHE stared, hollow-eyed, at Martha Foote. Martha Foote, in the doorway, gazed serenely back upon her. And Geisha McCoy's quick intelligence and drama sense responded to the picture of this calm and capable figure in the midst of the feverish, overlighted, overheated room. In that moment the nervous pucker between her eyes ironed out ever so little, and something resembling a wan smile crept into her face. And what she said was: "I wouldn't have believed it."

"Believed what?" inquired Martha Foote pleasantly.

"That there was anybody left in the world who could look like that in a white shirt waist at 6.30 a. m. Is that all your own hair?"

"Strictly."

"Some people have all the luck," sighed Geisha McCoy, and dropped listlessly back on her pillows. Martha Foote came forward into the room. At that instant the woman in the bed sat up again, tense, every nerve strained in an attitude of listening. The mulatto girl had come swiftly to the foot of the bed and was clutching the footboard, her knuckles showing white.

"Listen!" A hissing whisper from the haggard woman in the bed. "What's that?"

"Wha' dat!" breathed the colored girl, all her elegance gone, her every look and motion a hundred-year throw-back to her voodoo-haunted ancestors.

The three women remained rigid, listening. From the wall somewhere behind the bed came a low, weird monotonous sound, half wail, half creaking moan like a banshee with a cold. A clanking, then, as of chains. A s-s-swish. Then three dull raps, seemingly from within the very wall itself.

The colored girl was trembling. Her lips were moving, soundlessly. But Geisha McCoy's emotion was made of different stuff.

"Now, look here," she said desperately. "I don't mind a sleepless night. I'm used to 'em. But usually I can drop off at five, for a little while. And that's been going on—well, I don't know how long. It's driving me crazy. Blanche, you fool, stop that hand-wringing! I tell you there's no such thing as ghosts. Now, you"—she turned to Martha Foote again—"you tell me, for God's sake, what is that?"

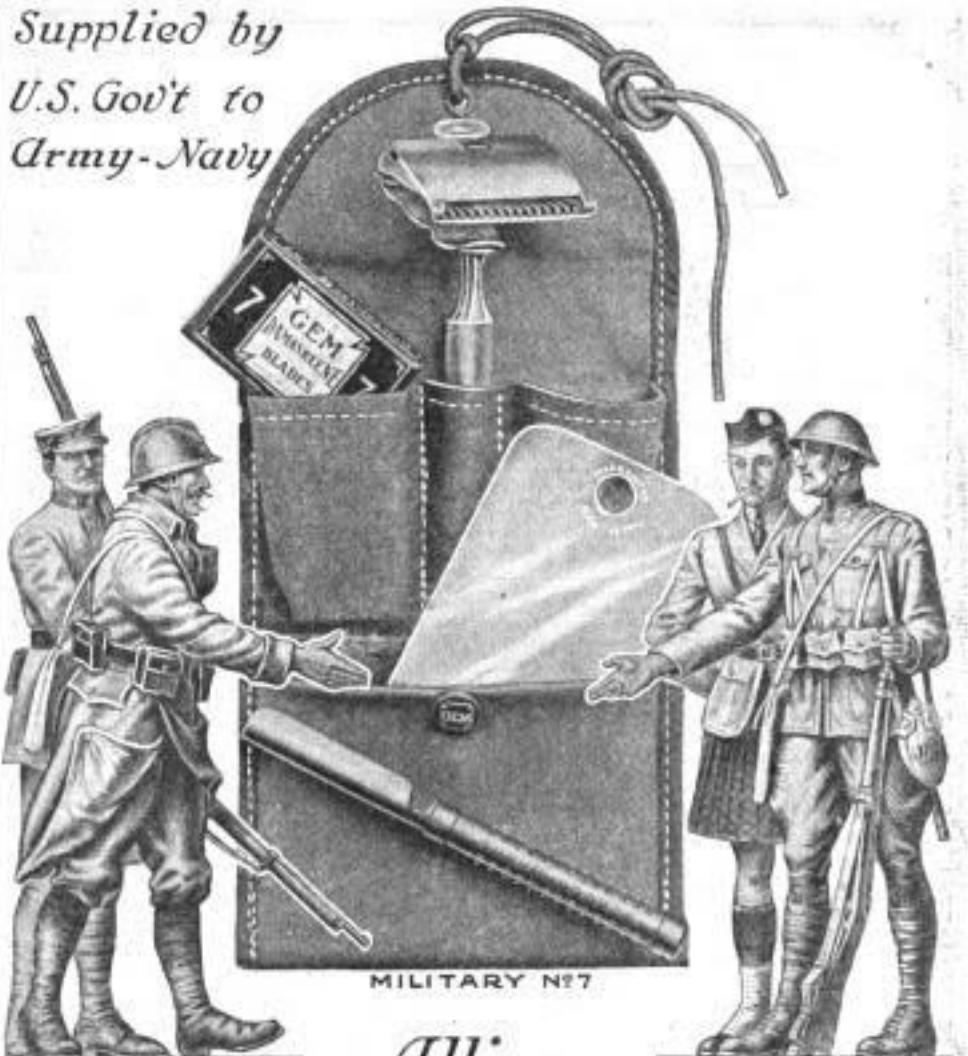
And into Martha Foote's face there came such a look of mingled compassion and mirth as to bring a quick flame of fury into Geisha McCoy's eyes.

"Look here, you may think it's funny, but—"

"I don't. I don't. Wait a minute." Martha Foote turned and was gone. An instant later the weird sounds ceased. The two women in the room looked toward the door expectantly. And through it presently came Martha Foote, smiling. She turned and beckoned to some one without. "Come on," she said. "Come on." She put out a hand encouragingly and brought forward the shrinking, cowering, timorous figure of Anna Czarnik, scrubwoman on the sixth floor. She was the scrubwoman you've seen in every hotel from San Francisco to Scituate: A shapeless, moist, blue calico mass; her shoes turned up ludicrously at the toes, as are the shoes of one who crawls her way backward, crablike, on hands and knees. Her hands were the shriveled, unlovely members that bespeak long and daily immersion in dirty water. But even had these invariable marks of her trade been lacking, you could not have failed to recognize her type by the large and glittering mock-diamond comb which failed to catch up her dank and stringy hair in the back.

One kindly hand on the woman's arm, Martha Foote performed the introduction. "This is Mrs. Anna Czarnik, late of Poland. Widowed. Likewise childless.

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Also brotherless. Also many other uncomfortable things. But the life of the crowd in the scrub girls' quarters on the top floor. Aren't you, Anna? Mrs. Anna Czarnik, I'm sorry to say, is the source of the blood-curdling moan and the swishing, and the clanking, and the ghost raps. There is a service stairway just on the other side of this wall. Anna Czarnik was performing her morning job of scrubbing it. The swishing was her wet rag; the clanking was her pail; the dull raps her scrubbing brush striking the stair corner just behind your wall.

"You're forgetting the wail," Geisha McCoy suggested icily.

"No, I'm not. The wail, I'm afraid, was Anna Czarnik, singing."

"Singing?"

MARTHA FOOTE turned and spoke a gibberish of Polish and English to the bewildered woman at her side. Anna Czarnik's dull face lighted up ever so little.

"She says the thing she was singing is a Polish folk song about death and sorrow, and it's called a—what was that, Anna?"

"Dumka."

"It's called a dumka. It's a song of mourning, you see—of grief, and of bitterness against the invaders who have laid her country bare."

"Well, what's the idea?" demanded Geisha McCoy. "What kind of a hotel is this, anyway? Scrub girls waking people up in the middle of the night with a Polish cabaret. If she wants to sing her hymn of hate, why does she have to pick on me?"

"I'm sorry. You can go, Anna. No sing, remember! Sh-sh-sh!" Anna Czarnik nodded and made her unwieldy escape.

Geisha McCoy waved a hand at the mulatto maid. "Go to your room, Blanche. I'll ring when I need you." Martha Foote felt herself dismissed too. And yet she made no move to go. She stood there, in the middle of the room, and every housekeeper inch of her yearned to tidy the chaos all about her, and every sympathetic impulse urged her to comfort the nerve-tortured woman before her. Something of this must have shone in her face, for Geisha McCoy's tone was half-pettish, half-apologetic as she spoke.

"You've no business allowing things like that, you know. My nerves are all shot to pieces anyway. But even if they weren't, who could stand that kind of torture? A woman like that ought to lose her job. One word from me at the office and she—"

"Don't say it, then," interrupted Martha Foote, and came over to the bed. Mechanically her fingers straightened the tumbled covers, removed a jumble of magazines, flicked away crumbs. "I'm sorry you were disturbed. The scrubbing can't be helped, of course, but there is a rule against unnecessary noise, and she shouldn't have been singing. But—well, I suppose she's got to find relief, somehow. Would you believe that woman is the cut-up of the top floor? She's a natural comedian, and she does more for me keeping the other girls happy than—"

"What about me! Where do I come in! Instead of sleeping until eleven, I'm kept awake by this Polish dirge. I go on at the Majestic at four, and again at 9.45, and I'm sick, I tell you! Sick!" She looked it too. Suddenly she twisted about and flung herself, face downward, on the pillow. "Oh, God!" she cried, without any particular expression. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" That decided Martha Foote.

SHE crossed over to the other side of the bed, first flicking off the glaring top-lights, sat down beside the shaken woman on the pillows, and laid a cool, light hand on her shoulder.

"It isn't as bad as that. Or it won't be, anyway, after you've told me about it."

She waited. Geisha McCoy remained as she was, face down. But she did not openly resent the hand on her shoulder. So Martha Foote waited. And as suddenly as Six-Eighteen had flung herself prone she twisted about and sat up, breathing quickly. She passed a hand over her eyes and pushed back her streaming hair with an oddly desperate little gesture.

"They've got away from me," she cried, and Martha Foote knew what she meant. "I can't hold 'em any more. I work as hard as ever—harder. That's it. It seems the harder I work the colder they get. Last week, in Indianapolis, they couldn't have been more

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indifferent if I'd been the educational film that closes the show. And, oh, my God, they sit and knit!"

"Knit!" echoed Martha Foote. "But everybody's knitting nowadays."

"Not when I'm on. They can't. But they do. There were three of them in the third row yesterday afternoon. One of 'em was doing a gray sock with four shiny needles. Four! I couldn't keep my eyes off of them. And the second was doing a sweater, and the third a helmet. I could tell by the shape. And you can't be funny, can you, when you're hypnotized by three stony-faced females all doubled up over a bunch of olive-drab? Olive-drab! I'm scared of it. It sticks out all over the house. Last night there were two young kids in uniform right down in the first row, center, right. I'll bet the oldest wasn't twenty-three. There they sat, looking up at me with their baby faces. That's all they are. Kids. The house seems to be peppered with 'em. You wouldn't think olive-drab could stick out the way it does. I can see it farther than red. I can see it day and night. I can't seem to see anything else. I can't—"

Her head came down on her arms, that rested on her tight-hugged knees. "Somebody of yours in it?" Martha Foote asked quietly. She waited. Then she made a wild guess—an intuitive guess. "Son?"

"How did you know?" Geisha McCoy's head came up.

"I didn't."

"Well, you're right. There aren't fifty people in the world, outside my own friends, who know I've got a grown-up son. It's bad business to have them think you're middle-aged. And, besides, there's nothing of the stage about Fred. He's one of those square-jawed kids that are just cut out to be engineers. Third year at Boston Tech."

"Is he still there, then?"

"There! He's in France; that's where he is—in France. And I've worked for twenty-two years with everything in me just set, like an alarm clock, for the time when that kid would step off on his own. He always hated to take money from me, and I loved him for it. I never went on that I didn't think of him. I never came off with a half dozen encores that I didn't wish he could hear it. Why, when I played a college town it used to be a riot because I loved every fresh-faced boy in the house, and they knew it. And now—and now—what's there in it! I can't even hold 'em any more. I'm through, I tell you. I'm through!"

"There's just this in it. It's up to you to make those three women in the third row forget what they're knitting for, even if they don't forget their knitting. Let 'em go on knitting with their hands, but keep their heads off it. That's your job. You're lucky to have it."

"Lucky!"

"Yes, ma'am! You can do all the dumb stuff in private, the way Anna Czarnik does, but it's up to you to make them laugh twice a day."

"It's all very well for you to talk that cheer-o stuff. It hasn't come home to you; I can see that."

MARTHA FOOTE smiled. "If you don't mind my saying it, Miss McCoy, you're too worn-out from lack of sleep to see anything clearly. You don't know me, but I do know you, you see. I know that a year ago Anna Czarnik would have been the most interesting thing in this town, for you. You'd have copied her clothes, and got a translation of her sob song, and made her as real to a thousand audiences as she was to us this morning; tragic history, patient animal face, comic shoes and all. And that's the trouble with you, my dear. When we begin to brood about our own troubles we lose what they call the human touch. And that's your business asset."

Geisha McCoy was looking up at her with a whimsical half smile. "Look here. You know too much. You're not really the hotel housekeeper, are you?"

"I am."

"Well, then, you weren't always—"

"Yes, I was. As far as I know I'm the only hotel housekeeper in history who can't look back to the time when she had three servants of her own and her private carriage. I'm no decayed black-silk gentlewoman. Not me. My father drove a hack in Sorghum, Minn., and my mother took in boarders and I helped wait on table. I married when I was twenty, my man died two years later, and I've been earning my living ever since."

"Happy?"

"I must be, because I don't stop to think about it. It's part of my job to

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know everything that concerns the comfort of the guests in this hotel."

"Including hysterics in Six-Eighteen?"

"Including. And that reminds me. Up on the twelfth floor of this hotel there's a big, old-fashioned bedroom. In a half hour I can have that room made up with the softest linen sheets, and the curtains pulled down, and not a sound. That room's so restful it would put old Insomnia himself to sleep. Will you let me tuck you away in it?"

Geisha McCoy slid down among her rumpled covers, and nestled her head in the lumpy, tortured pillows. "Me! I'm going to stay right here."

"But this room's—why, it's as stale as a Pullman sleeper."

"I'm used to it. I've got to have a room mugged up, to feel at home in it. Thanks just the same."

Martha Foote rose. "I'm sorry. I just thought if I could help—"

Geisha McCoy leaned forward with one of her quick movements and caught Martha Foote's hand in both her own. "You have! And I don't mean to be rude when I tell you I haven't felt so much like sleeping in weeks. Just turn out those lights, will you? And sort of tiptoe out, to give the effect." Then, as Martha Foote reached the door: "And, oh, say! D'you think she'd sell me those shoes?"

MARTHA FOOTE didn't get her dinner that night until almost eight, what with one thing and another. Still, as days go, it wasn't so bad as Monday. She and Irish Nellie, who had come in to turn down her bed, agreed on that. The Senate Hotel housekeeper was having her dinner in her room. Tony, the waiter, had just brought it on, and had set it out for her, a gleaming island of white linen, and dome-shaped metal tops. Irish Nellie, a privileged person always, waxed conversational as she folded back the bedcovers.

"Six-Eighteen kinda ca'med down, didn't she? High toime, the divil. She had us jumpin' yist'iddy. Some folks ain't got no feelin', I dunno."

Martha Foote unfolded her napkin with a little tired gesture. "You can't always judge, Nellie. That woman's got a son who has gone to war, and she couldn't see her way clear to living without him. She's better now. I talked to her this evening at six. She said she had a fine afternoon."

"Shure, she ain't the only wan. An' what do you be hearin' from your boy, Mis' Phut, that's in France?"

"He's well, and happy. His arm's all healed, and he says he'll be driving his ambulance again by the time I get his letter."

"Humph," said Irish Nellie, and prepared to leave. She cast an inquisitive eye over the little table as she made for the door—inquisitive but kindly. Her wide Irish nostrils sniffed a familiar smell. "Well, for th' land, Mis' Phut! If I was housekeeper here, an' cud have hothouse strawberries, an' swatebreads under glass, an' sparrowgrass, an' chicken, an' ice crame, the way you can, whiniver yuh loike, I wouldn't be a-eat-in' cornbeef an' cabbage. Not me."

"Oh, yes, you would, Nellie," replied Martha Foote quietly, and spooned up the thin amber gravy. "Oh, yes, you would."

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Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Volume 61 Number 23

AUGUST 17, 1918



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

## How Package Goods Fit Into the "Work or Fight" Order

**I**N peace times a man may be justified in choosing his work where the hours are shortest and the labor lightest—but now he must give his energies where they'll fit in the best and accomplish the most.

The Government has not issued its famous "work or fight" order, however, because it does not believe that, within reason, a man's time is his own to save or squander as he will. The order was issued because a man cannot do this just now because of the acute shortage of man power. A man of military age has no right to waste his time in New York—when in a munition plant across the East River there's a vacancy existing in the ranks of the war workers.

The occupations of men and the essentiality of industries are under close scrutiny in these days of America's fight for world liberty.

\* \* \* \*

And now it may seem a long jump to you, but let's apply the "work or fight" order to certain things which are a part of our daily lives.

Every day you eat something that you buy packed in a box—oatmeal, crackers, sugar, tea, coffee.

How does the magnifying glass of war's needs show up the essentiality of these packages? Wouldn't it be better if these goods were sold "loose" and the time and labor spent in packing them applied to more useful purposes?

There's been a lot of porous thinking along these lines; hence this little talk to explain why every housewife can continue buying package goods with an easy conscience and an untroubled brow.

\* \* \* \*

Just around the corner from us is the huge red-and-white building of the National Biscuit Company. In order

to get the real facts about package goods we hurried around there the other morning with our little notebook.

It was not long before we discovered that we had come to the right place. It seems that the National Biscuit Company was one of the pioneers, if not the pioneer, in putting up package goods.

Biscuits were known to the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians

edible condition as long as it remains in the package."

"Still," we persisted, "wouldn't there be a considerable labor saving if that packing were done away with?"

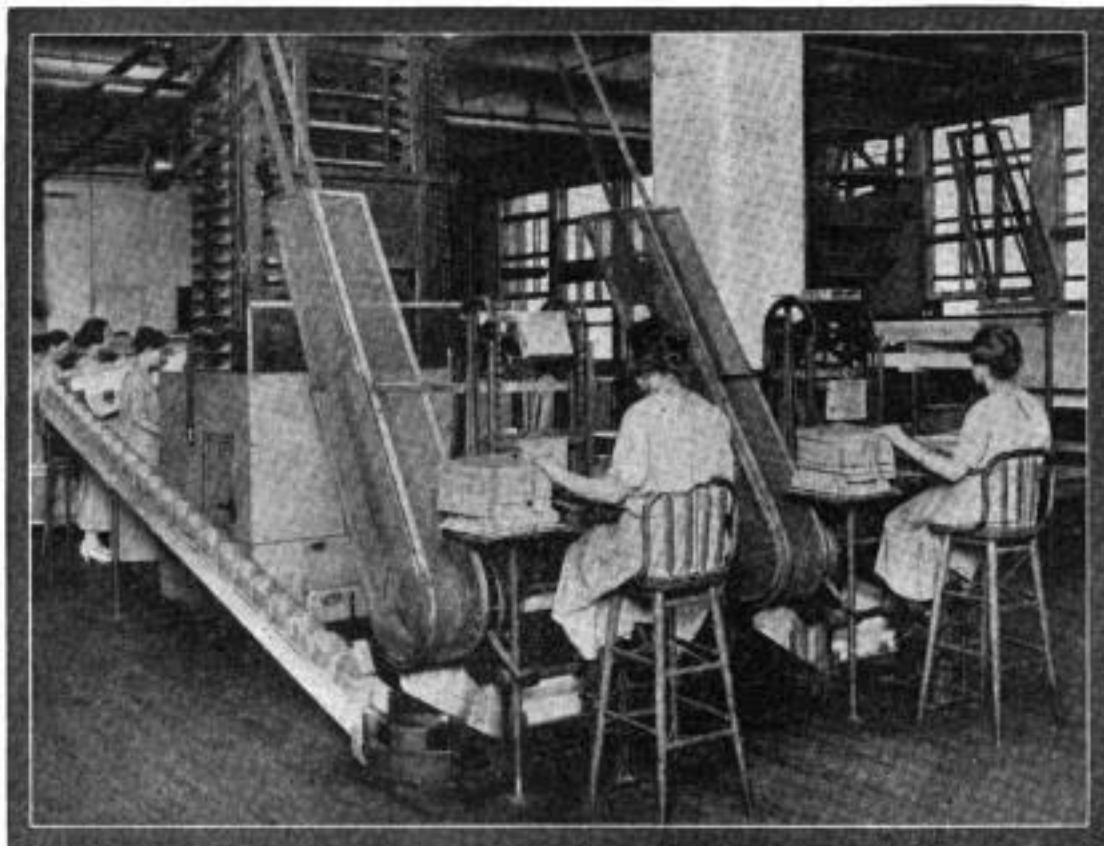
The man interviewed smiled as he took out a pencil and jabbed a few notes on a pad. "You'll grant that such products as crackers have to be packed some time," he said. "If they're not packed by us they're packed in the grocery store. Well, listen: Our packing machines, attended by one girl, pack about ten thousand packages a day. A grocer's clerk working at top speed couldn't accomplish more than fifteen hundred packages a day. In other words, the machine and the girl release the labor of approximately seven men. These men, if you wish, can be employed more productively molding bullets in Bridgeport or firing them in France."

So there you have it! In two vital ways, package goods answer war's demands. They help eliminate waste. They help conserve labor.

The full importance of this, however, is not realized until you multiply it by tens of thousands of packages; until you consider everything sold in packages, oatmeal, tea, sugar, and a hundred other products besides crackers.

It is advertising which has created the national demand for package goods so that the housewife in Portland, Oregon, buys exactly the same packages as the housewife in Portland, Maine.

And we want to close with this thought: If the man or woman in Vladivostok bought the same packages and brands as the man or woman in Petrograd; if the same machinery for the distribution of intelligence and of goods had been built up in Russia, as it now exists in America, that unhappy country would not be in the state of disintegration it is today.



*This photograph, loaned by the National Biscuit Co., shows how the modern food-packing factory conserves man power by the use of machinery and girls. Up the incline on the left travel 20,000 packages a day; later they are packed by another machine and girl at the rate of 10,000 a day.*

and the rest of those ancient peoples who were old when the world was young. Or, as the gentleman whom we interviewed put it, "Biscuits have been known for 6,000 years, but not until after 5980 of those years had passed were they put up in packages."

But we hadn't gone around there to dig into ancient history. On the contrary, we wanted modern facts.

"Don't bulk goods cost less than package goods?" we asked.

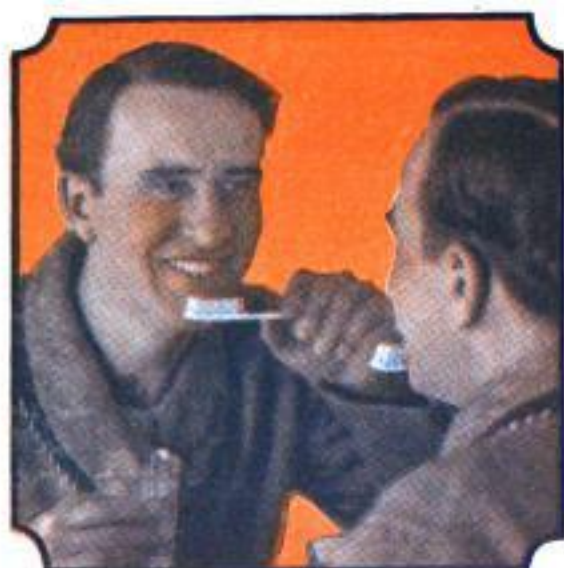
"When you take into consideration the waste on food that is sold in bulk," he answered, "you'll find that package goods nearly always cost less. Crackers as sold from the doubtful depths of bin and barrel grew soft and soggy. But every cracker sold in a package, because of the packing, is in fine, crisp,





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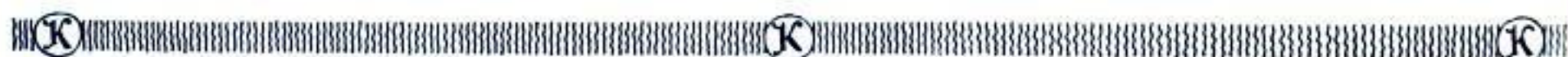
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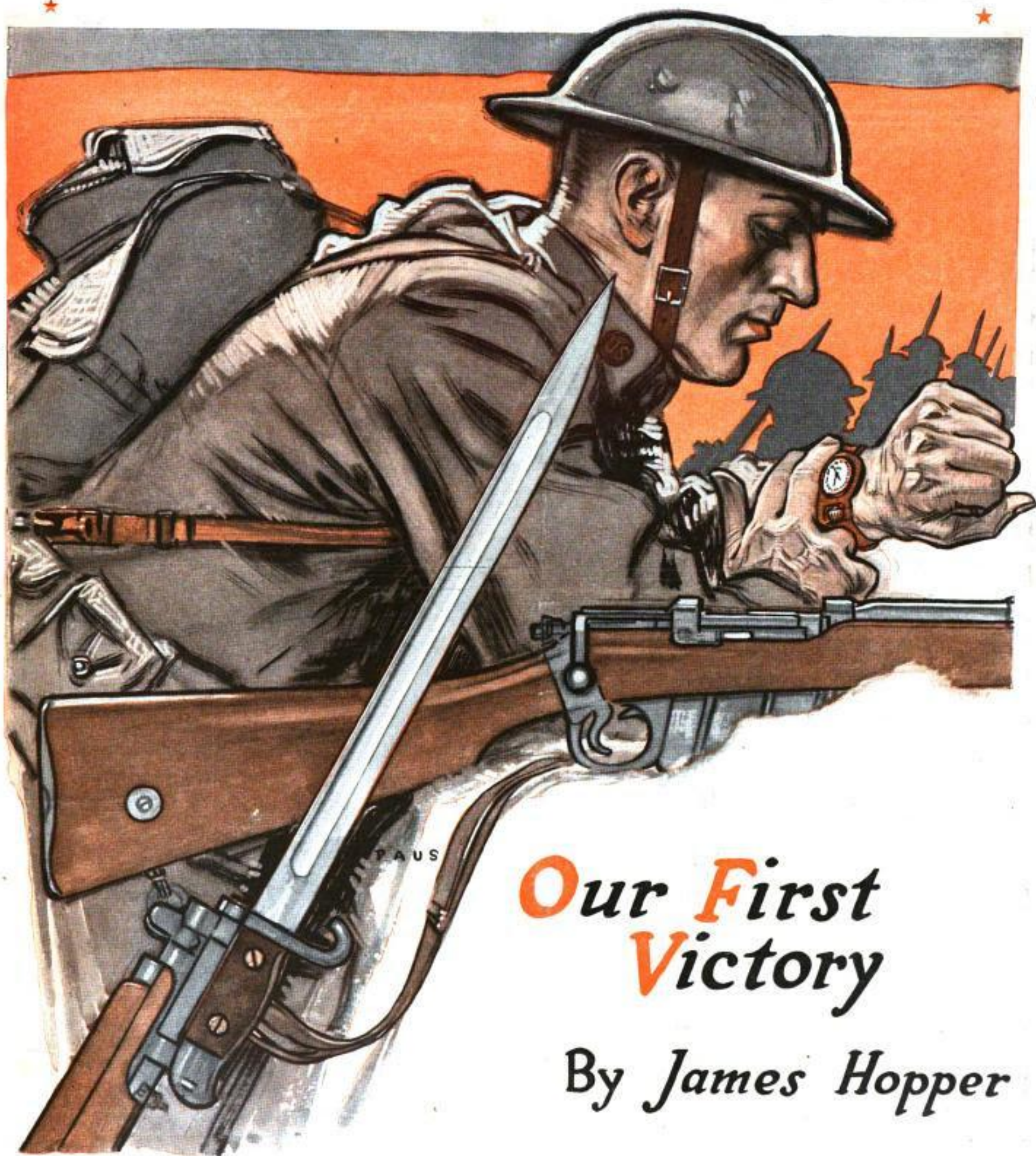


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and comfort is carried on a 120 inch wheel base—8 inches more turning play than most big cars. That is *efficient designing*.

And, when you've bought the car, back of you stands the pioneer organization that made it; originators of many features now considered essential in automobile construction, able and willing to help you for all the years that the car shall last. That is *real service*.

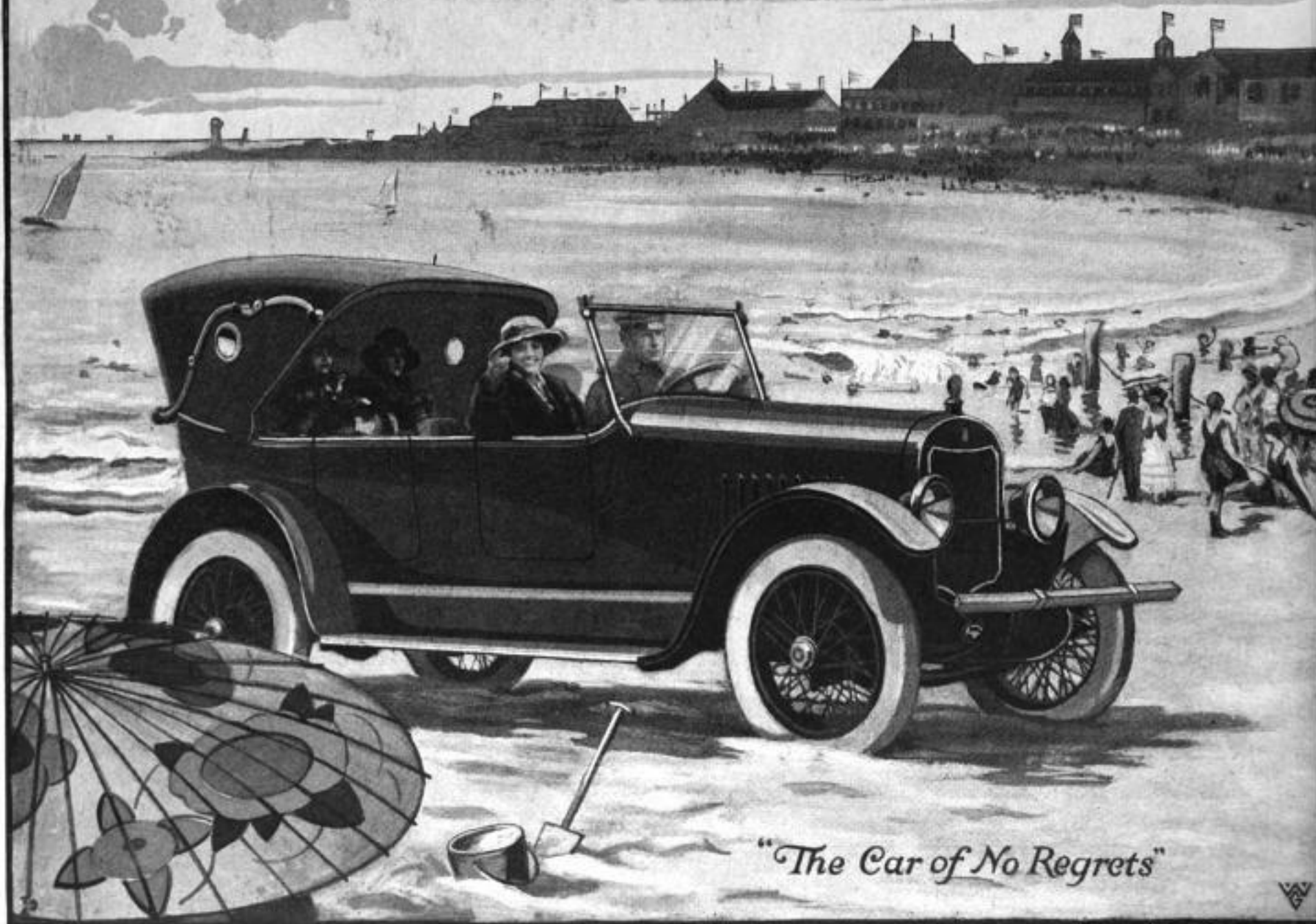
Prove these things for yourself by a demonstration and you will surely own a KING.

FOURSOME

TOURING CAR

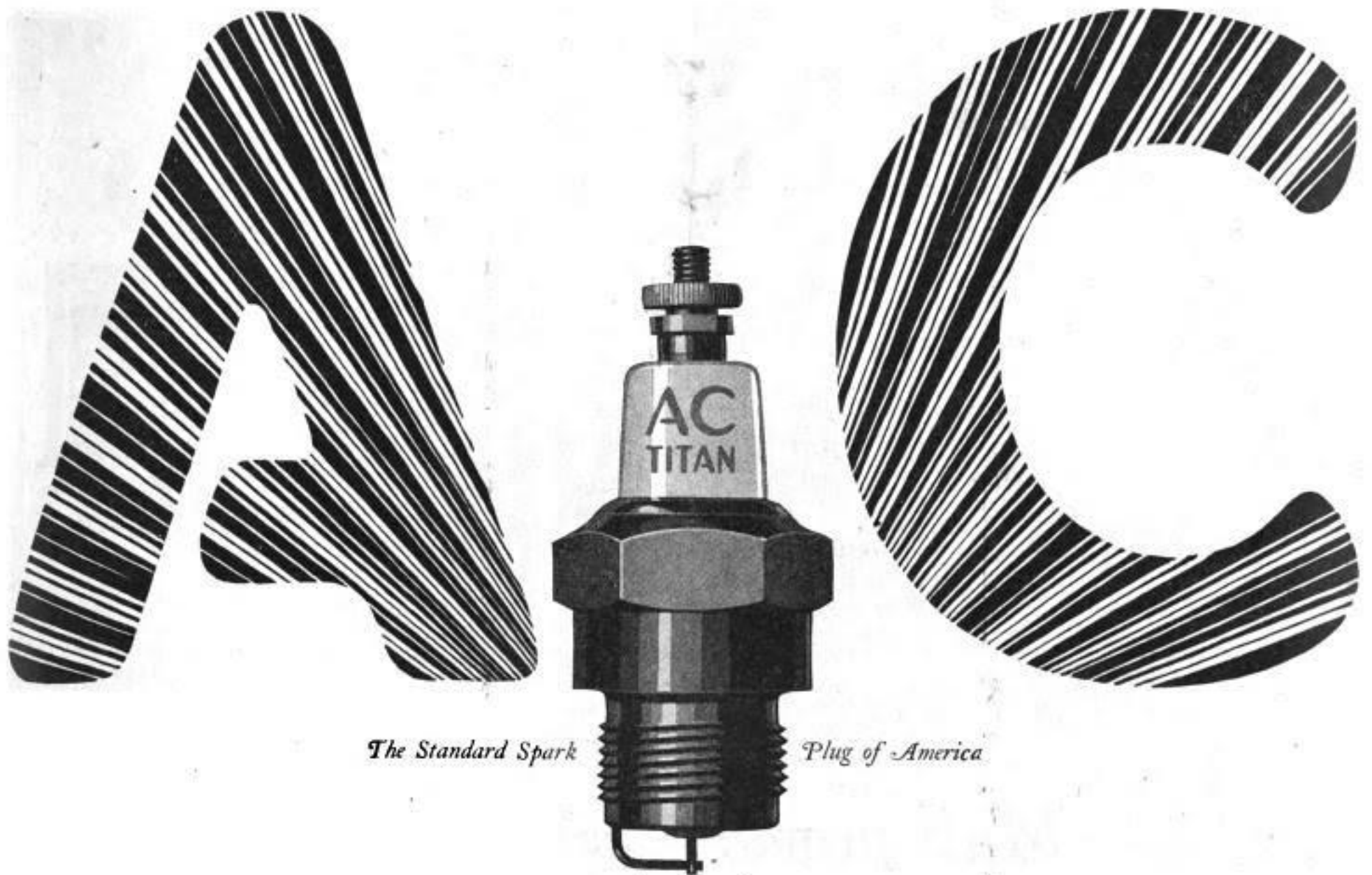
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KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



*"The Car of No Regrets"*





The Standard Spark

Plug of America

## Most Builders Believe Them Best

When the engineers of by far most leading automobile manufactories specify one make of spark plug year after year, there must be good and sufficient reason for it.

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And this overwhelming preference, expressed year after year, has belonged to the AC Spark Plug, made at Flint, Michigan, U.S.A.

This is the spark plug which bears the initials of the originator, the recognized spark plug authority in this country.

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The maker of AC Spark Plugs is rightly proud of his product. AC has become more than a mere designation; it is an infallible guide to safe buying and an unqualified guarantee of service.

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Look for the letters AC. They are the initials of the originator—glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

*Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion; also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.*

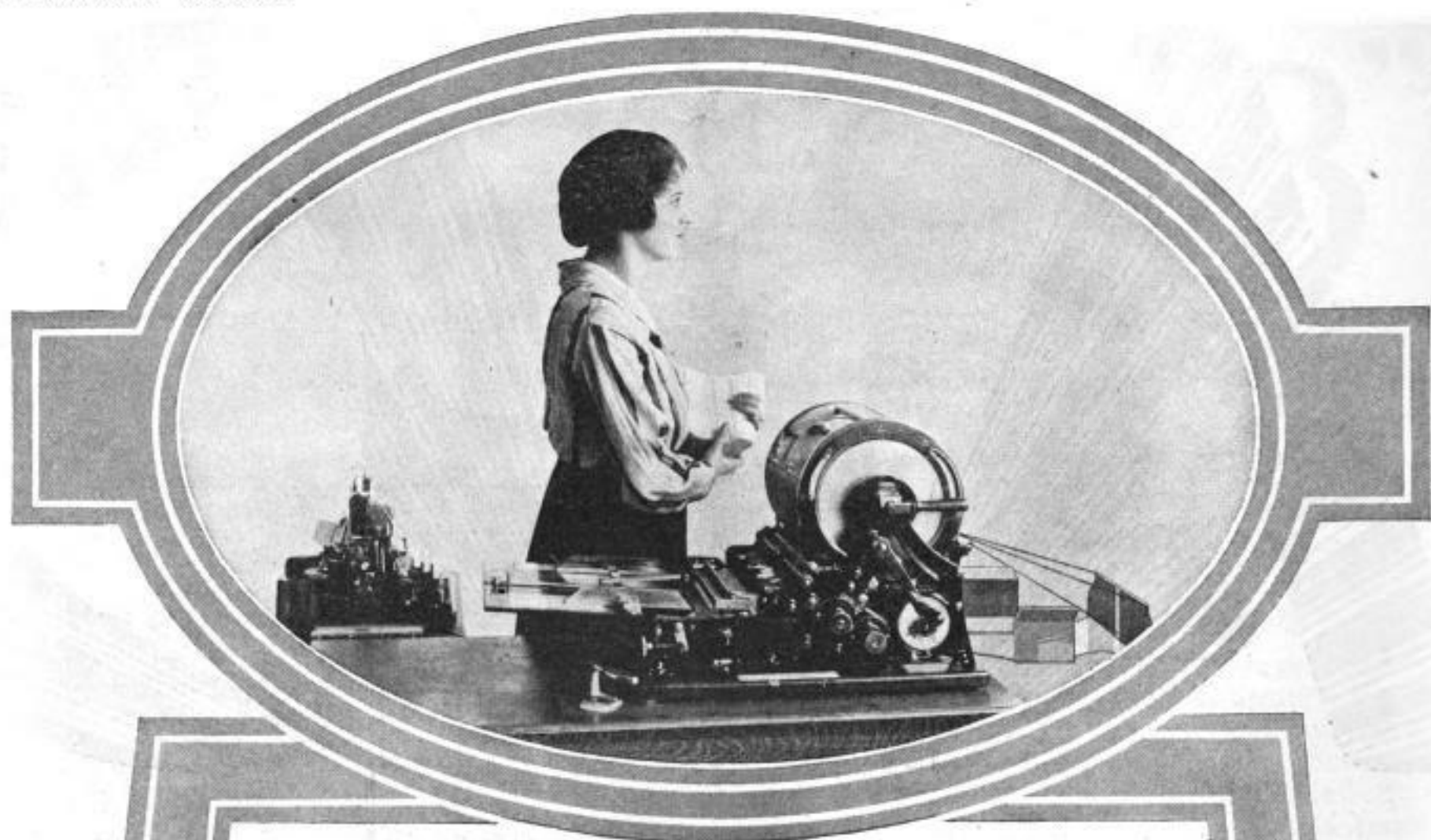
Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, Michigan

All these well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	Cadillac	Davis Tractors	Federal Trucks	Hatfield	Liberty	Moreland Trucks	Packard	Rock Falls	Singer	United States
Advance-Rumely	J. I. Case	Deere Tractors	Ford & Son Tractors	Haynes	Locomobile	Murray	Paige	Rutenber Motors	Smith Motor	Motor Trucks
Tractors	Chalmers	Delco-Light	Fulton Trucks	Hudson	Marmion	Nash	Peterson	Samson Tractors	Wheel	Walls Tractors
American	Chandler	Diamond T	F.W.D. Trucks	Hupmobile	Maytag	National	Peerless	Sandow Trucks	Stearns-Knight	Waukesha
La France	Chevrolet	Trucks	Gabriel Trucks	Jackson	McLaughlin	Netco Trucks	Pierce-Arrow	Sanford	Stephens	Motors
Anderson	Cole	Dodge Bros.	Genco Light	Jordan	(Canada)	Oakland	Pilot	Saxon	Sterling Motors	Westing
Ipsoson	Continental	Dorris	G. M. C. Trucks	Jumbo Trucks	Menominee	Old Reliable	Premier	Scripps-Booth	Sterling Trucks	White
Rockway Trucks	Motors	Dort	Gramm-Bern-	Kissel Kar	Trucks	Trucks	Rico	Seagrave Fire Trucks	Stewart Trucks	Willys
Buffalo Motors	Crane-Simplex	Duesenberg	stein Trucks	La Crosse	Midland Trucks	Oldsmobile	Robinson Fire	Signal Trucks	Stutz	Overland
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# Collier's

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 24, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 24

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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## PERSHING

*Posed in Paris for S. J. Woolf, Collier's artist with the American Forces*





# OUR FIRST VICTORY

BY JAMES HOPPER—PART I

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ON May 27 the Germans began their second great effort of the year with a drive against the Allied lines between Soissons and Rheims. On the following morning, May 28, the American force, a little west of Montdidier, attacked and by frontal assault took the village of Cantigny. Cantigny thus becomes the name of the first battle fought by America in the big war, of the first battle fought by America in Europe. It is the name of the first village taken by Americans in this war, of the first village ever taken by Americans in Europe. What follows is the story of Mr. Hopper's personal adventures in that battle. —THE EDITOR.

AT the beginning of it all—I see it now—was a “hankering.” Ever since the beginning of the war I had been tormented by a “hankering.” A small demon was within me who kept whispering: “But going over the top, what does it feel like?” I gave little attention to the small demon. Whenever he became too troublesome I slammed him carelessly on the head with a platitude as with the flat of a board, and he would roll down into the cellar of me and be quiet. Soon, however, I would hear him again whispering. “But going over the top, what does it feel like?” he whispered. I gave little attention to him. I didn’t think he could ever get me.

Add to this the fact that I had very badly managed my affairs. Knowing that the attack was going to take place, I had wandered for several days among the batteries in search of an observation point from which it might be viewed, then had wasted time vacillating as to which of three or four such points I should choose, then in vacillating as to whether I should go to any of them or simply watch the returns come in at divisional headquarters. And all the time, besides, I had wondered whether I should do any of these things whatsoever, and not some other thing—I didn’t know just what—more violent and new (I suppose the little devil was at work there). Result: With the attack staged for tomorrow at sunrise, I was standing to-day at sunset without a plan, without a provision, caught napping. The observation-post idea had proved no good: all my army friends were telling me that from an observation post I should see only smoke and get only gassed. On the other hand, it had been decided that in the deep cellar of divisional headquarters there would be room for only one correspondent. The others would get the bulletins from him—nothing dramatic here. I stood near divisional headquarters at sunset, listening to this and sweating. The battle was starting in twelve hours, and it was starting without me. I was scooped, euchred, fished!

## “Will You Take Me Along?”

IT was then that, using my wits—an extremity to which all lazy men are brought at last—I thought of the colonel of the divisional machine guns. I had gone on an expedition with him a month ago, one jolly night bespangled with 150’s and 210’s; he was a good friend, and his headquarters were in the village. I went to see the colonel. I found him eating his dinner, alone and hurriedly. His hair was combed neat and slick, his face was rosy with a late wash—he was clearly going somewhere. I asked him where. He jerked his chin in the direction of Cantigny. He had a post of commandment there, a dugout, close to the lines—

young Lieutenant C., his adjutant, had been working at it all day. Could the affair be seen from there? I asked. He said no; the P. C. was dug into the hill, but it was into the side of the hill opposite that facing Cantigny. He munched a while, then added: “But maybe if a fellow crawled to the top of the hill, by lying on his belly at the top, he could see something.” I said: “Will you take me along?” He said: “No.”

He said it politely, but still it was no. He explained that he was sharing the dugout with an infantry colonel, that the dugout was small, that it would be greatly crowded, and he did not think he had the right to bring me up there. I did not insist. It was more reasonable not to go, anyway, and since Fate had decided the thing for me, well and good. But I asked where Lieutenant C., his adjutant, was. He was still up there at the P. C. He had seen to the digging of it, and was finishing up. He was coming back here to-night, then going out again with provisions. Then he’d stay there with the colonel till the show was over. I felt the little demon stir in his cellar.

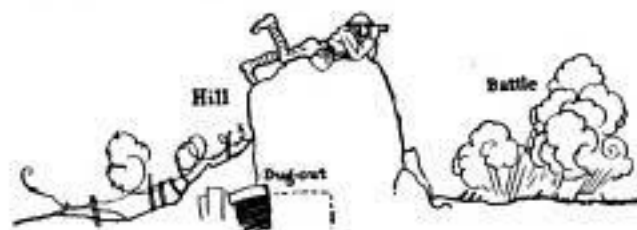
The colonel went out into the night. I knew a part of his way—along heavily shelled roads, through two stumps of villages in which gas lay pooled—with the end of it a troubling mystery. And so I watched him depart with sad envy, because I was not going, and also with a fat, comfortable sense of security, because I was not going. I went back into the little house (it was all shored up with trees, the ceiling thickened and strengthened with cement and sandbags) and sat by the fire with the sergeant major till Lieutenant C. came in. He came in reeling with a combination of fatigue, grip, and gas; he came in shouting for food and a bath. Soon I heard him splashing in an inside room; then he was at the table. When he had finished eating I questioned him—the same questions I had asked the colonel. At first his answers were the same. The

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American gunners swabbing out a trench mortar after firing

post of commandment was very near the lines, but dug into the side of the hill opposite Cantigny. I wouldn’t be able to see anything from there. A silence, then he went all bright. “But a fellow could crawl to the top of the hill, and lie on his belly up there, and look right down upon the whole thing. That’s where he was going to go if the boche threw gas. He wasn’t going to stay in that P. C. (gas runs downhill and collects in holes). He’d rather stay up there and take the shrapnel and the H. E.’s!” He went on with a description of the position. It was all so simple and so clear. You crawled up a little ways—and there you hung, above a battle. Immediately I had a vision, thus:



It was altogether too tempting. “Will you take me along?” I cried. He looked me straight in the eye; he grinned. “I’ll be tickled to death!” he said. Whoof! I sat down. Here it was, all settled. I was going up there.

It was all settled, but everything was not settled within me. Everything rather churned there. We were to leave at eleven; there were two hours to wait yet. We sat by the fire, smoking. It was an open fire—how pleasing it would be to sit here all night and go to divisional headquarters for the returns at dawn! Young Lieutenant C. sat and smoked, trying to regain strength for the toll to come. I watched him covertly, and plotted. I wasn’t engaged so much in deciding whether I should go with him or not; I was hunting words for some plausible and not too embarrassing excuse not to go. The hands of my watch moved slowly. Finally, though, they were a quarter to eleven. Young C. arose. He put on his belt; he put on his overcoat. He slipped on his gas mask; he put on his steel helmet. So far I had not moved. I sat still by the fire as though I had not noticed him. I waited a little longer—and I knew now what he was going to do. That boy was possessed of all the finest points of an exquisite tact—he wasn’t going to mention my promise to go with him at all! I need not go, and I need make no explanation; I was safe. Then I felt myself go to my feet. I rose, faced him, and said: “Well, old boy, do you want me to go with you?” He looked at me as he had done the first time, and, smiling with undeniable welcome, answered: “Yes, really, I’d be glad to have you along.” Immediately he followed with a qualification, i. e.: “But, of course, I don’t want to advise you to go.” It came too late. To my horror, between the two sentences in that second, I had heard myself say: “Well, I’ll go.”

## Mask Misery

SO I put on my belt, my trench coat, my gas mask and helmet, and together we went out into the night—just the way I had seen the colonel vanish before. But we went in a Ford, out to the battle in a little Henry Ford. The moon, just past full, was up at tree height, but



we carried, of course, no lights, and the groups of men we passed, and the low-rumbling convoys, were dim. As we came to the village of R., in which the Germans had been dropping gas shells, we put on our masks, and immediately, through the goggles, the vaguely moonlit night became one of impenetrable blackness. I had an English respirator with which one breathes through a rubber tube held between the teeth, but our driver, and the runner sitting by his side, had French gas masks, which allow free play of the maxillaries, and they were making free use of this opportunity all the time. "Look out, look out for that truck!" the runner would rasp; and the driver, wildly swerving, filled his mask with sulphur—"Blankey-blank-blank-blank, stop that yelling at me!" Past the village we took off the mask and ran free for a moment. Then I got a dreadful whiff—a sickening perfume of banana, pineapple, and orange, rising fast to a pungency that had no name. I gave a shout of warning, put on my mask—and the thing would not work. I pulled and pulled at the tube between my teeth, and got no air. I had held my breath while putting on the mask: I knew I needed a new one very soon; I worked desperately at the tube, straightening it, twisting it, pinching and releasing it—no air came; I was going to die. I was just on the point of tearing the mask off, for a breath of *anything* that might be outside (I was like a diver about to remove his helmet and suck in the whole sea) when at the last possible moment I saw where the trouble lay. Because of the provisions in the car my knees were hunched up high; the bottom of the box, which in an English respirator contains the neutralizing chemicals, lay on my lap, and the valve through which the air enters the box and thence the tube was smothered in the folds of my trench coat—of course I was getting no air! Thus can one die a glorious war death in a Ford! We ran out of the gas in a little while and came to the place beyond which we could not go with a car. Camouflaging ours by the simple expedient of running it into brush, we unloaded it and then sent it back, keeping one man with us. The two runners which were to meet us here had not come, so we went on, carrying boxes under our arms, on our shoulders, on our heads. It was hard work; we sweated. Besides our burdens we had our overcoats, our helmets, our gas masks, our canteens, our musettes; every hundred feet we had to stop, and then we caught, full, dreadful whiffs of air from the cemetery of X., churned by boche shells. Yet in some indefinable way it was good to be here. The mystery of the hour mingled with the mystery of the place. It was midnight; the full moon was up. We were going along the bottom of a little draw; immediately to our right was a low hill on the other side of which was the enemy, and constantly, above the brow of this hill, his magnesium rockets came peering with their strong white flashes. Our feet trod a land arid, crumbly, and pitted with past shell fires; every now and then small groups of men passed us, silent, erect, and vague, their khaki melting into the moonbeams, their slung rifles black—our infantry, percolating thus into their position of assault.

At length we arrived at our post of commandment. It was, as young C. had said, a short tunnel dug into the base of the hill. Behind it, still farther in, was that of the colonel commanding the infantry. By its side was an artillery P. C., then another dugout for the operators of the telephone exchange to which came the wires of all the units—the foot of the hill looked like a rabbit warren. The excavated earth had been thrown up before the entrances in a rampart, and inside

of that, filling the space, clogging the dugout entrances and overflowing out into the open ground, men slept in blankets, shelter halves or without cover, on their sides, their bellies, on their backs,

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At the post of commandment, receiving a message for an artillery barrage

hunched or sprawled or plaited one into the other, all sleeping profoundly. Within our dugout one candle burned upon a board spread with maps; the colonel slept in its shadow, just beneath the telephone. He slid out of his sleep, immediately alert, and rose as we entered. I came in sidewise, with Lieutenant C. as shield, shrinking as small as possible and wondering what greeting would be mine.

The greeting proved satisfactory. The colonel saw only C. at first, and a blur behind. But when he had recognized the blur he said merely: "Well, I'll be d—d," with great cordiality, and grinned—and I knew I wouldn't be thrown out to the boche.

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Above—Americans in shell holes throwing hand grenades. At left—A member of the gun crew receiving instructions

The attack was to begin at four-forty-five with the regulating fire of the massed artilleries. At five-forty-five this was to become the destructive fire, and at six-forty-five the infantry was going over the top. I passed the remaining hours of the night in and out of the dugout. Within, to the wavering light of the guttering candle, the two officers napped in turn, answered telephone queries, or recapitulated over their maps all the dispositions already made. Outside there was the moon. Sleeping men sprawled about the mouths of the caves; mysterious and silent groups trickled by on

their way to the positions of attack. The boche was shelling the back areas leisurely. You could hear clearly the shells passing over us—whhee, whhee, whhee, whhee—on their way to the roads, the cross-roads, the cantonments, the billets—the places from which we had come. Meanwhile we were getting very little—just a few shells, that fell somewhere to our right, and others which, coming in sudden small squalls between long intervals of quiet, fell into a field straight ahead, increasing still, if it were possible, its strange resemblance to a scape seen in the moon. From the trenches there came not a sound. It was what is called at the front a quiet night. Once, when we were all three in the dugout, sitting on the floor, scrunched up against the wall, I thought I smelled gas (I have discovered in this war that I have an extremely good nose for poison gas and all other perils). The others disagreed with me, and, disagreeing, began to sneeze. We went outside, and all the men stretched there, in all the postures of abandon beneath the moon, were coughing and sneezing in their sleep—a strange thing to see. One of them turned over, raised his head, sniffed. "Hell," he mumbled contemptuously, "it's only some of that fool sneeze gas," and immediately was asleep again. The colonel and the lieutenant were sniffing and listening. The shells which had been falling to the right had now a queer sound. They went through the air with a sort of liquid vloo, vloo, vloo; they burst with a fake, false sound, like that of the fire-crackers which in our childhood we called "punks." "They're throwing gas at us, all right," said the colonel. "It's the lachrymal," said the lieutenant in the tone of a connoisseur. A sleepy voice from the ground ascended to us: "Those don't kill a guy, do they, lieutenant?" "They do if you get enough of them," the lieutenant answered, but the questioner had regained the land of Nod before the answer had fallen back to him. We stood listening a little longer. Then the shells to the right took on once more the good solid sound of the high explosive, and a little cool breeze, sliding up the draw, blew the noisome vapors away.

### The Whole Show

AT about three in the morning I decided I must do some reconnoitering—still with the idea in mind of finding a place from which I could view the attack. I had for guide Lieutenant C.'s simple and alluring description—the hill, the top of the hill, me on top of the hill, the battle beneath me; I started out confidently. I followed the shallow valley for one hundred yards till clear of the dugouts, then turning to the right went straight up. There was first a very steep bank, about thirty feet high, up which I had to claw my way on all fours. I thought this was the hill young C. meant, and that I would find myself looking down the other side immediately. But that wasn't it at all. From the top of the bank the hill still rose, less steep, but with no end in sight. I went on. But the farther I went on the less the place fitted the description I had of it. I was skirting the edge of a wood, and the ground continued to rise ahead of me. Finally I came to some dreadful shell holes. Each was big enough to take in a house, and they were so close that the lips of one overlapped the lips of another. I was all alone, the light of the moon changed common things into strange shapes, a weird silence lay in this little corner—and there were the shell holes, extraordinarily eloquent of what had been and what might be. A sudden fear gripped me, and I sneaked back to the P. C.!

I remained within the dugout a little while—but I couldn't keep still, my watch was galloping so fast toward the moment. As I stood in front of my cave, Colonel E., who was in command of the infantry, came out of his lair. "What are you doing here?" he asked as his eyes lit on me, then immediately, with eagerness: "If you want to see the whole thing, go right up the top of this hill. There's an O. P. [observation point] there from which you can see the whole show!" He was pointing up the same hill from which I had just so precipitously descended, but into the depths of the wood I had skirted. I was delighted; this was just what I wanted. I did not ask the colonel (Continued on page 28)





# ON THE EDGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY DENMAN PINK

AS far as Jeanne's personal life was concerned, what little was left of it ebbed and flowed to the daily rhythm of the mail. She felt it begin to sink lower with the fatigue of preparing and serving the lunch for the six noisy children, always too hungry for the small portions, so that at the last she divided most of her own part among them. It ebbed lower and lower during the long hours of the afternoon when she strove desperately to keep the little ones cheerful and occupied and at the same time to mend and bake and darn and clean and iron and carry out ashes and in coal, her long slim pianist's fingers reddened and roughened till they bled, because cold cream was far too costly a luxury. It sank to its stagnant lowest during the tired end of the day when the younger children, fretful with too much indoors, disputed and quarreled; and when, as she prepared the evening meal, she tried to help the older ones with their Latin declensions and Greek verbs so that they might be worthy sons of their father. And oh, the nights, the long nights, when she woke again and again, dreaming that she saw André wounded, dreaming that some one called to her in a loud voice that he had been killed at the head of his men.

But after midnight she felt the turn of the tide. In less than twelve hours there might be a letter. She dozed, woke to make the round of the children's beds to be sure that they were covered, and noted that it was three o'clock. In seven hours she might have news again. She slept, and woke to hear the church clock clang out five, and knew that if she could but live through five hours more—

IN the morning the countless minor agitations: the early rising in the cold; the smoky kindling of the fire; the hurried expedition for the milk through the empty streets, dripping with the clammy fog of the region; the tumultuous awakening of the children, some noisily good-natured, some noisily bad-tempered; the preparation of the meager breakfast in the intervals of buttoning up blouses and smoothing tousled hair; then, as school time approached, the gradual crescendo of all the noise and confusion into the climax of the scampering departure of the three older ones, blue-nosed and shivering in their worn, insufficient wraps; the gradual decrescendo as she dressed the thin, white bodies of the younger ones, and strove to invent some game for them which would keep them active and yet allow her to do the

morning housework—all these tossing, restless waves were the merest surface agitation. Beneath their irregular, capricious rhythm she felt physically the steady, upward swelling of her expectation as the clock hands swung toward ten.

Till then she knew nothing, nothing of what might have happened during the portentous night behind her, for every night, like every day, was portentous. There was no calamity which was impossible. The last four years had proved that. Anything might have happened since the last news had come in from the outer world—anything, that is, except the end of the war. That alone had come to seem impossible.

And yet, in spite of that great flooding tide of her expectancy, when the ring at the door finally came, it always gave Jeanne an instant's violent shock. Her heart flared up like a torch with hope and fear, its reflection flickering on her thin cheeks as she hurried to the front of the house and, her delicate work-worn hands shaking, opened the door on Fate.

First her eye leaped to see that there was not the official-looking letter without a stamp which she had received so many times in her bad dreams, the letter from his captain announcing that sous-Lieutenant Bruneau—no, it had not come yet. She had another day's respite.

She could breathe again; she could return the white-haired postman's "Bon jour, Madame Bruneau."

Next, even on the days when there was a letter from André, she tore open the Paris newspaper and read in one glance the last communiqué. After this her hands stopped shaking. No, there was no specially bad news. No horror of a new offensive had begun. Then she could even smile faintly back at the tired old face before her and said, in answer to his inquiry: "Oh, yes, all pretty well, thank you. My own are standing the winter pretty well. But my brother's children, they have never really recovered from the nervous shock of that dreadful experience of bombardment, when they lost their parents, you know. Of course none of the six are as plump or as rosy as I would like to have them; Michel is growing so fast."

"You ought to thank God, Madame Bruneau, that they are too young. There are worse things than being thin and white."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur Larcade," she apologized hastily for her unmerited good fortune compared to his. "What news from your sons?"

"Still no news from Salonique. A letter this morning from Jules's surgeon. They are not sure whether he will ever be able to walk again. The wound was so deep—an injury to the spine."

A wordless gesture of sympathy from her, a weary shifting of his heavy letter bag, and he went on to the next door, behind which another woman waited, her hands shaking, and beyond that another one, and then another.

IF it was to be a good day, if there had been a letter from André, she opened it hurriedly and read it all in one look, even though the children clung clamoring to her skirts, even though the fire smoked and threatened to go out. Then she set it carefully in the bosom of her dress and put on the faded caps and patched wraps and darned mittens to take the children out for their outing, while she did her marketing. They were too small to leave alone, even for half an hour.

During the painful experience which her marketing always was she felt warmed and sustained by the letter tucked inside her dress. Everything cost more than the month before, twice as much as the year before when her income was the same minute sum as now.

But André was alive and unhurt.

She looked longingly at the beefsteak which the older boys needed so much, her own children, and bought instead the small piece of coarse pork which must make a stew for them all, those other children of her blood whom the war had thrown on her hands.

But she had a letter from her husband in her bosom.

She priced the cauliflowers, sighed, and bought potatoes, and less of them than she had hoped to have, the price having gone up again. She was horrified to find that rice cost more than it had, an impossible sum per pound, even the broken, poor-quality grade. She would try macaroni as a substitute. There was no macaroni, the woman clerk informed her. There was none at all, at any price. Jeanne turned to another item on her list. The doctor had said that the children absolutely must have more fruit in their diet—fruit! Well, perhaps she might be able to manage prunes. They were the cheapest fruit—or they had been.

"Prunes, Madame Bruneau? They are only for the rich." She named a price which made Jeanne gasp. She calculated the amount she would need for one



portion each for her big family. It was out of the question. She was really aghast, and appealed desperately to the woman clerk. "What do you do?" she asked.

"We do without," answered the other woman briefly. "But your children? Growing children can't be in good health without some fruit."

"They're not in good health," answered the other grimly. "My Marthe has eczema, and the doctor says that Henri is just ripe for tuberculosis." Her voice died.

Jeanne closed her eyes during the instant's silence which followed. The woman clerk shoved aimlessly at the sack of dry beans which stood between them. Then they both drew a long breath and began to add up together the cost of Jeanne's purchases. She took out her pocketbook, paid soberly, and went on to the baker's.

Here a girl weighed out for her with scrupulous care the exact amount of bread allowed for the family, and took the bread tickets along with the money in return. At the sight and smell of the fresh-baked bread the children began their babbling, begging clamorous demand which Jeanne dreaded almost more than anything else. She winced away from this daily pain, crying out, trying hastily to stop them before the tears came: "No, no, my darlings, you can't have any now. No, Jacqueline, don't tease auntie! Annette, dearie, you know if mother lets you have any now there will be just that much less for you at lunch and dinner. You know I can't give you any of what belongs to the others." She was imploring them not to ask her for the food she could not give them. Anything but that! The daily repetition of this poignant little scene was intolerable. If she could only leave them at home, could only spare them that daily ordeal of the visit to the bakeshop where their poor little heads were turned at the sight and odor of all that food. Not to have bread to give them!

SHE was almost on her knees before their shrill, insistent demands when she felt her husband's letter crackle against her breast, and stopped short. She was on the edge of losing her head, like men after too long shell fire when they walk dazedly straight into danger. She knew better than this! The tragic manner would never do for little children who cannot live and thrive save in gayety and lightness of heart. She was only making a bad matter worse.

She summoned all her strength, put her hand on the letter in her bosom, and burst resolutely into a hearty laugh: "Oh, children, just see that funny picture of the little kitten! He's chasing his tail, do you see, round and round and round. Annette, do you know how he feels! See, I'll hang this string down your back, and you try to catch it by turning around quickly. See, the faster you turn the faster it gets away from you. Maurice wants to try? Well, we'll just hurry home, and I will give you a piece of old red curtain cord, and you each can have a tail and be a little kitten. And when the big ones get back from school you can show them how to chase tails. Won't they laugh?"

They were safe in the street by this time, the bakeshop forgotten, the loaf in the basket hidden, the children looking up, laughing through their tears at Jeanne, breathless, pouring all her vitality into her cheerful face and bright voice, so that there was not enough left to keep her knees from shaking under her.

Back to the house quickly, lest the wretched war coal, half black stones, smoking sullenly in the cook stove, should go out in their absence. The invention of the curtain-cord tails was still valid, even after the pork had been put on to cook with the potatoes. The children were still playing, still un-exacting. Jeanne would have time to read her letter.

She put the paper-thin potato parings to cook in an old kettle for their three hens, who occasionally presented them with a priceless fresh egg; and, wiping her cold, wet, potato-stained hands (was it possible that those hands had ever played Beethoven and Debussy?), took her treasure out of her bosom and unfolded the double sheet, warm still from the warmth of her body.

This time she read it slowly, taking in, absorbing,

to the last cell of her consciousness, every one of those words, written by candlelight, underground, to the thunder of shells exploding over the abri. They were plain, homely words enough, rambling, unstudied familiar phrases, such as husband and wife write to each other when they have shared their daily life for many years and still try to go on sharing what may be left to them of days in common.

IT had rained, as usual, all day long, but the new trench boots had kept his feet almost dry. Yet he was ashamed of the price she must have paid for them—she, straining every nerve to buy food to keep the children well. He was a man, a grown-up, and the war had done for them forever. Let him shift as best he could. Everything ought to go to the children; there would be little enough. But they must have the best chance we could give them. Whoever else was responsible for the war, certainly the children had nothing to do with it. And they must be the torch bearers. Did she remember how he had always wondered why no musician had ever composed music on that theme? He could conceive such a noble symphonic poem called "The Torch Bearers." He had wondered all day if the coal had finally arrived at Méru. It went beyond his imagination how she could manage at all, the days when the coal supply was so low. In their little underground abri they had a stove—yes, a real stove. It had been left there by some American ambulance men who had used the abri before them. So they were really warm, part of the time, and occasionally almost dry. But the wood they were burning—it made him sick. It was what his men tore out from the ruined village houses near which the trenches ran. Of course it could never be used for houses again, but when you know what it is to have a home of your own, and how it grows to be a part of you, it is not much fun to put parts of other people's houses into your stove. No, he did not need any new socks. He did not need anything; she need not go on trying to slip in some new luxury for him out of her impossibly small budget. Did she remember that poor Dury, the youngest of his men? He had been shot yesterday; a stray ball, not meant for anybody in particular—such a silly way to be killed. And now there was the letter to write to his mother. Heavens,

snapping at him, and you know your brother cared enough sight more for Jacqueline than for him. Don't you blame yourself. Take it easy!"

Jeanne laid the letter down with a little exclamation, half a laugh. How ever did André know she did not love the little nephew who reminded her so of the sister-in-law she had never been able to love? She had not thought that anybody could guess that the child to whom she was always the gentlest was the one—and here was André, quite casually as usual, walking into her most secret places! How he knew her! How he knew the meaning of her smallest gesture, the turn of her most carefully worded phrase! How near he was to her! How there was no corner of her life where he did not come and go, at ease, and how she welcomed him in, how she rejoiced to feel him thus pervading the poor, hurried, barren inner life of her, which had bloomed so richly when they had lived it together. How married they were! That was, after all, an achievement to have wrested that glory from so horrible a thing as life had come to be. Let the heavens fall, she had known what it was to be one with a noble human soul.

She stood up, her thin face glowing, her tired eyes shining, as they always were after reading André's letter. It was the only moment of the day when she felt herself wholly alive.

THIS was the high tide of her daily life, poor, scanty trickle of life it was, even at its best, compared to the fathomless deep surge of the fullness of the days before the war, days when it had seemed natural that André should be there always, that they should profoundly live together, that there should be some leisure, and some music mixed with their work, and warm rooms and clothes and food as simply as there was air to breathe.

A whiff of acrid coal smoke in her face, a wailing cry from Maurice, who had pinched his finger, a warning half-hour stroke from the kitchen clock—she came back to the present with a start and strove loyally to use for that present the little renewal of strength which came from a momentary vision of the past. She changed the drafts of the stove, stirred the stew, and, gathering the weeping child up in her tired arms, began to make a funny non-

sense song, purporting to be sung by the hurt finger. Her voice was obliged to pass through a knot in her throat, but it came out bravely, and in a moment the children were laughing again, their thin faces turned toward hers like little pale flowers toward the sun.

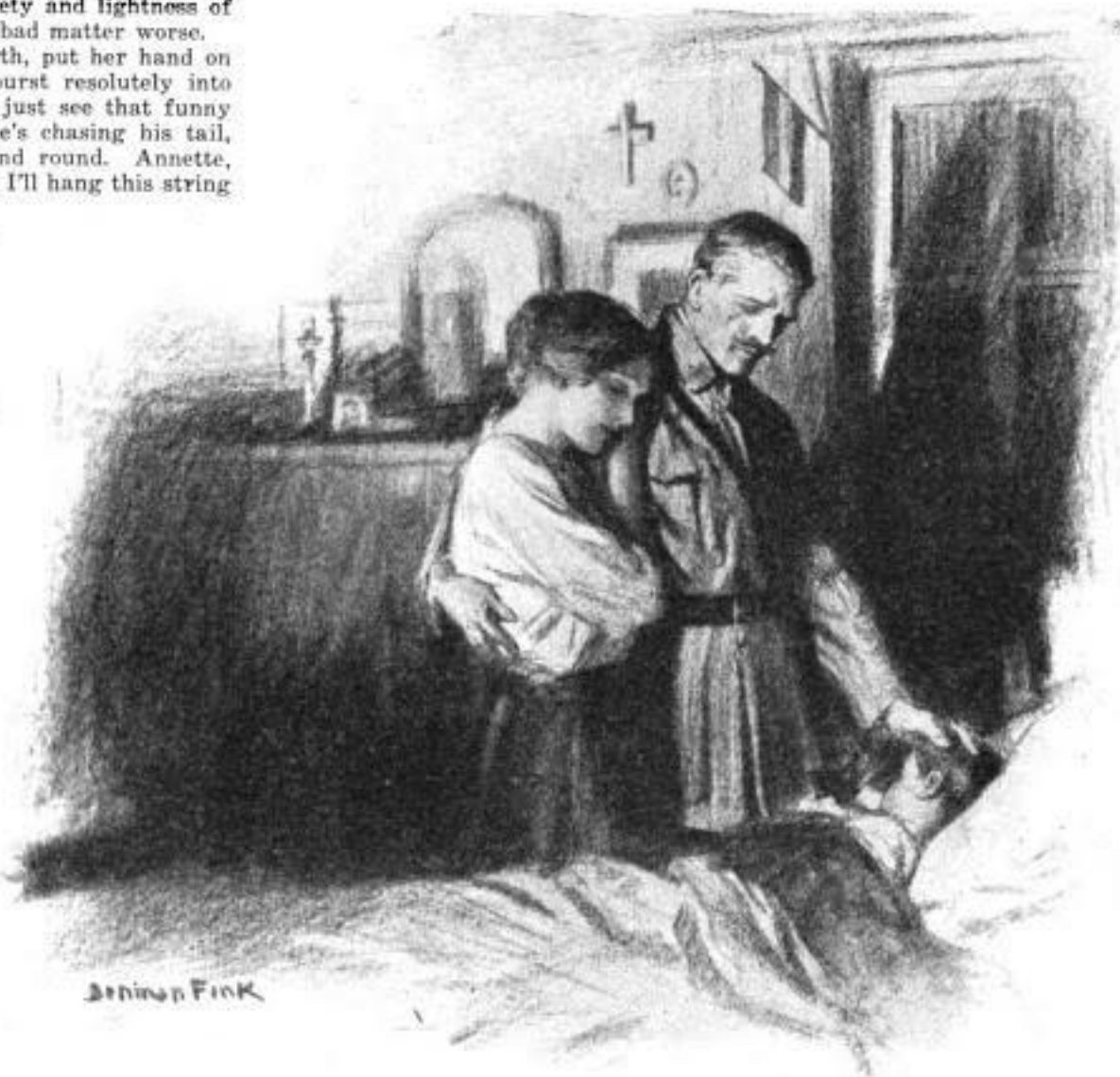
Then there was the table to set, of course in the kitchen, since there was no coal for another fire in the cold house. How Jeanne suffered from this suffocating necessity to do everything in one small room! It made an intolerable trial of every smallest process of the everyday life, to prepare food, and eat it, and play, and wash, and study, and bathe the children, and dress and undress them—they were like pigs in a sty, she often thought, working feverishly to keep a little order and decency in the room which seemed to her fastidious senses to reek stiflingly of the effluvia of too-concentrated human life.

As she worked she felt, like an inward bleeding, the slow ebbing of her forces. The good moment of the day had come and gone. There was nothing to look forward to now till the mail of the next morning.

And this was a good day, one of the best, when there had been no special

activity on the front, when the daily letter from André arrived on time. But what of the days when the communiqué announced laconically: "Heavy artillery fire between Fresnes and Villers-Raignault"? (André was stationed at Fresnes.) Or worse, when the great offensive began, when all personal letters from the front were stopped, when day after day the communiqué announced: "Violent fighting all along the Champagne front."

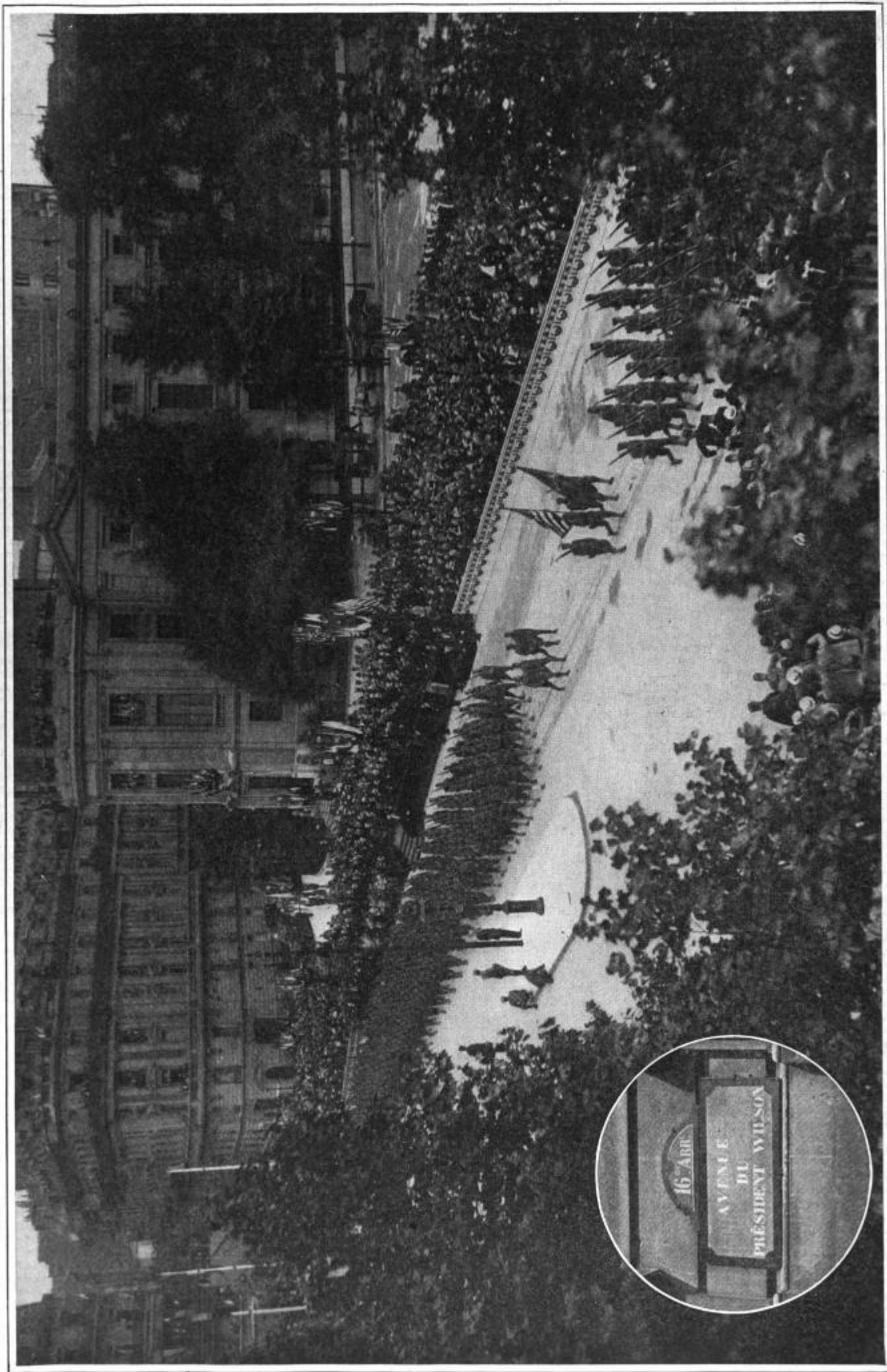
The feeble, tired old mail man, shuffling on his rounds, was a very snake- (Continued on page 24)



André put his hand on the sleeping boy's forehead and looked down at him silently

how he dreaded the letters written to the parents of men who died or disappeared! He hoped little Maurice's throat was better. What a sickly child that poor kid was! He was evidently one who would have to be nursed along all through his childhood, and since the war had killed his parents, it fell to his poor aunt to do the job. And then— "Now, see here, Jeanne darling, don't kill yourself over that little boy because you feel so guilty at not loving him more. He's not a lovable kid. His own mother, poor nervous thing, never could keep from





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American troops marching up the newly named Avenue du Président Wilson (formerly the Avenue du Trocadéro) in Paris. The statue of George Washington may be seen between the trees at the extreme left

JULY 4, 1918



# TRENCH HUMOR

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A SHRAPNEL shell banged in the air near by. The white smoke puff trembled and changed shape in the light spring breeze; the echoes boomed back from the encircling hills. Another and yet another. The echoes ran together, and the noise of the explosions sloshed up and down the valley in irregular waves, a confusing flood of sound.

A dozen or more of us were sprawled out lazily on ground and bench before a poste de secours tunneled into a side hill. On the wooded ridge immediately above us were our front-line trenches and across the shallow, open valley the German advance positions.

A corporal rolled his head lazily around until he was able to watch the shrapnel smoke puffs, and yawned noisily, stretching his arms above his head in a slow gesture expressive of physical content. "Wonder what ails the Old Man to-day?" he said idly. "The old rascal acts peevish. You don't reckon some of our boys been over in his back yard devilin' him? Into his chicken coop or somep'n?"

"I hear he's out hi-diddlin' around the other night in the rain an' gets rheumatism in his wooden leg," a private chipped in. "They say it's pesterin' him so he can't get no sleep an' he's gettin' grouchy. I dunno nothin' 'bout it: that's what they tell me."

A lieutenant stretched out, face down, raised himself on his elbows, put his chin in his palms, and grinned at me. "You've heard about the old wooden-legged guy across the way, haven't you?"

I had not.

"He's the boche division opposite us," he explained, raising his voice a little as the noise of the shrapnel bursts increased. "We don't know his name, but he's a little old guy with a wooden leg, and he's a kind of a caretaker over there. He looks after the trenches and goes up and down the line at night sending up flares."

"He was in the war once, that old guy," a sergeant explained gravely. "He got his leg shot off, so they sent him down here to take care o' the trenches. I think the Gover'ment give him the job as a kind o' reward for havin' been in the fightin'."

"I hear the Kaiser's give him a deed to the place for lookin' after it while everybody's away at the war," another private observed. "I dunno; that's what I hear."

A stretcher bearer drawing a drink from a hanging canvas water bag joined the gossip. "His wife's a hellion," he said.

A private rolled up to a sitting position, his eyes wide with surprise. "Is he got a wife? I didn't know that. I thought from the way he acts he's an old bach' an' hated women."

"Sure, he's got a wife," the stretcher bearer continued. "That's what makes him so touchy. You know the other mornin' when he put that barrage over on us? Well, how that come was this: He was out at night in the trenches, like he always makes his rounds, you know, goin' from place to place settin' off flares an' shootin' some o' the guns, an' all such, an' when he gets back home in the mornin' his foot an' his wooden leg's all covered with mud, see? Well, just as he gets to the door o' his house—just before he's ready to go in—one of our seventy-fives lands alongside him pretty close, an' he ducks in quick to get under cover, see? He's so flustered he don't stop to wipe his foot an' his wooden leg on the mat outside, an' when his wife turns around from fryin' the supper to have a look there's bocoo mud on her kitchen floor that she's just got done scrubbin'. She tears into the old boy wide open, an' keeps gassin' him all day long, an' he don't get his sleep, so that night he's mean in his mind, an' he blames it all on us 'cause we pester him with a shell after his night's work's done an' make him forget to wipe off his foot an' his peg, an' that's how he gets in wrong. So he goes peggin' around that night from one place to another shootin' off everything he's got at us."

"I wonder if we couldn't fix it to have the ole

woman come over an' mend up our clothes?" a private speculated. "I'm out with a raidin' party the other night, an' we got orders to establish contact with the enemy. All I do is establish contact with bocoo barb wire! I go out all het up an' ready to die for my country an' be a hero, an' all happens to me is I get plastered over with mud an' all scratched up till I feel like a match box. My pants is tore somep'n scandalous!"

"Don't blame the Old Man for that shootin' that's goin' on now," a private who had seemingly been asleep through all the controversy came warmly to the defense of the mythical peg-legged adversary.



Above—Mess time in a front-line dugout. At left—It looks like a stray stovepipe, but is really a trench mortar



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"Then's his nephews firin' off them guns."

"Is he got nephews too?"

"Sure. They been fightin' in the Great War, an' they got tired, so

they give 'em permission to come down here an' visit with the Old Man an' get rested up. They claim we make it almost as tough down here as it is up at the war, an' they're sore about it. They figure fightin' down here like we do is worse'n bombin' hospitals or cuttin' up women an' children. They claim that before us Americans come down here this was all a nice, quiet rest camp where a poor soldier could get his sleep. They claim there wasn't a war till we come along an' broke the peace, an' now look at the world! It's in a terrible state. Ain't a place left for a Heinie to take his comfort. That's why they're doin' that shootin'."

"Ah, well," the stretcher bearer sighed hopefully, "we'll be goin' up to the war one o' these days."

"They can't ship us too quick to suit me," a corporal growled.

There was an earnest murmur of assent.

"You said something!"

The lieutenant laughed. "Shall I tell you about that kid that writes home about how he always wanted to cross the Atlantic? A lieutenant I know was censoring mail, and he came across this one: 'All my life,' the kid writes to his folks, 'I've had the most intense desire to cross the Atlantic. Ever since I can remember it's been my ambition to cross the Atlantic. Here I am in France and, believe me, my ambition is still unchanged. I'm just as eager to cross the Atlantic as I ever was.'"

"I guess the Old Man's nephews must 'a' got tired

playin' with the guns," a corporal observed. "Seem to've let up. Dawggone! I wish they wouldn't be so stuck up an' offish! I wish they'd come on over an' pay us a little visit. I like to open one up an' see what makes him act so. You reckon they got some little dingus or other inside of 'em different from the rest of us!"

One quality of the American soldier aids greatly in making him the excellent fighting man he is—his sense of humor. Having fought as a hero, he takes his relaxation as a clown. Persistently he kids the war, the boche, his comrades, and himself. If the boche remains quiet for a few days, he fabricates

some fantastic legend like the tale of the little old one-legged man across the way to account for the comparative inaction, relaxing his nerves in a bath of nonsense that leaves them refreshed and ready to meet the shock of the next emergency. His sense of humor, his persistent will to josh everything and everybody at every opportunity, is a splendid asset. This war is too serious to be taken seriously at all times, by those who are really in it.

The sergeant rose and yawned.

"I'm going down into the ice house," he said, referring to his dugout, "and pack a couple o' hours' sleep into my system. If the Kaiser comes while I'm asleep, have him wait for me."

## Breakfast Pills

"WANT to take a little run up through the trenches?" the medical lieutenant asked me.

I did. We went up a steep wooded hill and into a communicating trench. In places the ditch was roofed over with barbed wire thickly laced on a skeleton of timbers. Frequently we were obliged to stoop to pass under this protecting roof. Had it not been for my steel hat, I would have been many times a casualty within ten minutes. Time and again that blessed hat banged jarringly on timber or musically on sharp-toothed wire. One can play quite a tune with a steel hat on barbed wire. The little melody my hat was executing as it scraped along under the wire was hauntingly familiar, but I was unable to place it. Then a shell exploded reasonably—or rather unreasonably—near by, and I at once recognized the metallic strain. It was very plainly "Home, Sweet Home." Yes, indeed!

We came at last to a dugout in a front-line position, and the lieutenant there commanding piled up to greet us. He was a blond, blue-eyed, chunky youngster, a master at laughter and war. He had been wounded in a raid several weeks before, and this was his first day back in the line. (Continued on page 22)





# Collier's

## The New Draft

WHAT is the "fighting age" and what are its limits? Is a man apt to be a better soldier at twenty-one, thirty, or forty? How old were the guardsmen in "Twenty Years After"? PORTHOS had reached a goodly age when he hurled (with one hand) the barrel of powder into the ranks of his enemies. JOHN BURNS of Gettysburg was seventy-one. Fiction and history both attribute great fighting powers to men of years. There were old as well as middle-aged men at Bunker Hill and Lexington. There must have been a large number of regulars and National Guardsmen over thirty-five in the divisions that fought the Prussian rear guard to the death north of the Marne a few weeks ago. We know of men in the forties who would stand the strain of a campaign better than many youngsters. But they are not numerous, and it is not likely that the War Department, in raising the age limit to forty-five, contemplates sending these venerable persons to the front, no matter how ardent they may be to spear or bomb the fleeing Germans.

It is true that there is no fixed border line for middle age, but there is a general and well-established area. The aged only flatter themselves when they say that "old age is more confident and courageous than youth." It is more confident and courageous in speech, but not every man can be "a Scipio or a Maximus, with stormings of cities, with battles by land and sea," "practicing rapid marches, dashing on a foe, hurling spears from a distance, or using the sword at close quarters." A man who is too old for baseball is too old for fighting. The number of individuals over thirty-five likely to see active service will be small. Even if they have the physical strength, they cannot possess the nervous resistance either for the adventures of the battle field or for the tedium and distress of a winter campaign. It is still to the youth of the country that we must look for victory. They alone have that blessed "sense of invulnerability" of which our gifted contributor, JAMES HOPPER, felt flashes when he went over the top at Cantigny and, armed only with the implements of his writing trade, captured a score or more of battle-weary Germans. It is this characteristic of sturdy, well-nourished, nimble, iron-nerved youth that made our men such terrible fellows to the Prussian Guard at Château-Thierry and Seringes.

## The Middle-Aged Young Men

WHAT will be done with the older men? The Government will not follow the amiable policy of the Germans in placing their "volunteers"—middle-aged men and boys who were exempt from compulsory service—in the first lines, where they were pretty sure to be killed or captured. The number of bald-headed, nearsighted, nerve-shattered prisoners—professors of languages, botanists, entomologists, theologians—taken in the early days of the war led the Allies to the false conclusion that German man power was exhausted. Our men of thirty-five to forty-five will not be required—and they will not be permitted, we hope—to get in the way of men who can march twenty miles in a day and then attack the enemy. Even France with all her pressing need of fighting men seldom puts soldiers over thirty-eight into the actual line of battle. Among other sacrifices, our old stagers will have to deny themselves the joy of combat. But places will be found for them, not without honor. They will release for more active service younger men who are now employed in the office and routine work of the army and navy. They can be as useful in the commissary or the ordnance; they can draw up orders, buy horses, or serve in the intelligence bureaus as well as men of thirty-five. They will do their part—and an excellent if modest part it will be—in the army of 5,000,000 men which our Government with wise opulence of its powers has determined to throw against the now shaken forces of Germany.

It is to the other end of the draft extension that the country must look for the mass of its new combatants. Objection has been raised to the drafting of young men of eighteen, but in the end we feel sure General CROWDER will have his way. The opposition stands on sentimental, not practical, grounds. Young men of eighteen or nineteen are malleable; they learn quickly in a school which they enter eagerly. Thousands of them joined the marines and were among the "first to fight." LLOYD GEORGE speaks with wonder and pride of the fighting of British boys in their nineteenth year after six months' training. But General WOOD is convinced that four

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months' hard training in this country and six weeks in France is enough to make first-class soldiers of our youngsters.

The country must not expect a sudden and theatrical termination of the war merely because our program is to place an enormous army in the field. Such a war as this does not take a lively course. The report of the capture of the Crown Prince is still premature. But men and munitions and the reawakened American determination, to go steadily on and do a thorough job, will tell in the end. More confidence ought to be created among the Allies, more dismay in the hearts of the Germans, by the new draft than by the recent military successes of the troops in France. Its effect on this country cannot be overestimated. It places the full services of a great majority of able-bodied men at the disposition of the Government. It ties them up directly with the winning of the war. The mere act of registration, in a sense, makes soldiers of them, not merely interested spectators of the unfolding of the great drama. The country will be all the better, the struggle made all the shorter, by the general appreciation that all that the nation possesses is drafted for the war.

## L'Avenue du Président Wilson

JUST as a matter of history, it may be worth noting what none of our newspaper correspondents abroad got round to reporting. That is the fact that it was a French socialist, Comrade FIANCETTE, who introduced in the Municipal Council of Paris the resolution, signed by all his fellow socialists of the council, for naming a street of Paris after the President of the United States. "The war," said FIANCETTE, "which has produced so many acts of sublime heroism, has not been very favorable, in our old European countries, to developments in the domain of Thought. The courage and sacrifices which the war has lavished would thus run the risk of having been in vain if one voice had not been raised in the torment to tell the way of the harbor of peace toward which all humanity looks." Perhaps it was because the socialists were so much for the resolution that certain reactionary members of the Municipal Council showed ill temper about it; anyway, it was voted unanimously in the end, and the Avenue du Trocadéro became the Avenue du Président Wilson, and the Paris Municipal Council greeted that President's "noble figure" in "rendering once again homage to the illustrious Chief Executive and to the great people of the United States."

## Beginning To-Day—

THAT the fourth issue of the Liberty Loan, coming in October, is to be for at least \$6,000,000,000, twice the amount of the third loan, is striking evidence of the Administration's confidence in the American people and its new spirit of team play. And the Government is perfectly right to count upon the nation's sending these \$6,000,000,000 over the top to back up the 2,000,000 men of our army who will be in France by the time the loan campaign is finished. Just as the fighter must train for his part, however, so must we civilians train for ours. We must train ourselves in thrift. We must train to save. And we must start the training now.

## Russia

A RETURNED life insurance man, writing in the "Economic World," etches this picture of Russia's revolution:

But in all the talk nothing about the country or its honor. Among the hundreds of banners, afloat and carried in procession, one seldom, if ever, saw "Long Live Russia." It was always "Down with this," "Down with that," or "Hail to this," "Hail to that." Never "Hail Russia." The national flag, the national hymn, were cast aside. Patriotism was extinct.

"The yellow dog was loose in the land," continues the life insurance man, and a corporation friend of ours added when we showed him the article: "Yes, and that's the soil TROTSKY and LENINE sowed to the thistles of anarchy." Probably neither of these statements would seem judicious to President WILSON, who is one of the few Americans who haven't forgotten that misrule, spoilsmanship, and czarism prepared the soil for the sowing of LENINE and TROTSKY's thistles. A country is, after all, very much what its rulers make it—whether its rulers are crowned heads or the mob.

## Pershing's Apache Scouts

ONE of the several highly important things LUDENDORFF didn't foresee when he put on the market a new style of warfare last March—incidentally borrowed after true German fashion from the French of NIVELLE and the British of BYNG—was how directly this



# Editorials



new, open warfare played into the hands of our contemptible little American army. To be sure, in the Ludendorff program the Americans, who could never get across the Atlantic and who couldn't fight if they did, supposedly did not count; but whatever LUDENDORFF really believed of the Americans when not speaking for publication, it is certain that LUDENDORFF did his best to make them count sooner than most of us expected. That happened when the German General Staff abandoned trench warfare for open battle.

Ditch warfare is a dirty sort of business, but it is a highly complicated and mathematical and standardized process. What we legitimately had to fear when we thought of the appearance of our troops on the battle line was the long time that Americans would need, not only to learn, but to unlearn. They would have to unlearn the traditional native "zip," the personal daring, the high spirits of Americans playing a game, and reduce themselves to clockwork. A good many of us read with mixed feelings how hard it was to keep the men of our first contingents from outrunning orders. In trench warfare outrunning the predetermined "objective" may be almost as bad as not attaining said objective. There was good reason for apprehension of what would happen when American dash ran up against German machinery. Then LUDENDORFF removed all fears by coming out into the open.

That it should have been our own divisions which marched shoulder to shoulder with MANGIN's poilus in the first heartening Allied effort of nearly a year, that it should have been our own contemptibles which went through the German line, which beat off counterattacks, which recaptured villages after they had been lost, is due largely to the fact that FOCH's blow against the Marne salient began with complete surprise instead of the painfully mathematical preliminary bombardment. The follow-up was a matter of fighting in streets, forests, and on river fordings, instead of across a gridiron of perfectly plotted and registered trenches. American imagination, initiative, and pluck were given full play. PERSHING's Apache scouts, after working effectively against VILLA, found a welcome opportunity against the German General Staff.

## The Spirit and the Truth

DOROTHY CANFIELD told us, in a story we printed several weeks ago, about the furlough of a French soldier in the devastated region where they're fighting again. When we printed "The Permissionnaire" it seemed to us one of the truest and best stories the war had produced. DOROTHY CANFIELD's story in this week's COLLIER'S is called "On the Edge." It deals with a rather more sophisticated couple than Sergeant NIDART and his wife PAULETTE, but we can't help thinking it equally good. We in America talk about war denials and sacrifices; read "On the Edge" and you will find out what the reality of sacrifice can be like, and what (after four years of it) is going on behind the smile of France. To say that a certain story is true—meaning that the events happened in real life in the same sequence—is not to say anything very important; but these stories by DOROTHY CANFIELD are true in a more real sense than that: they are true because their reader has seen into the hearts of men and women; because, with her, love and understanding are one.

## 'Ware the Wolff Bureau!

THE common noun "truth" has so frequently in the course of history been seen in the company of certain small adjectives that it has become habit on spying the adjective to assume also the noun. Thus there are hard truths, and bitter truths, and plain truths, and brutal truths, and most of us have too easily fallen into the belief that because something is plain, or hard, or bitter, or brutal, it is likely to be true. Even after four years of instruction in German morality, the habit occasionally peeps out. Because the German physiognomy is woefully plain, because the official German vocabulary is hard and bitter, because the emanations from the Berlin press bureaus are so frequently brutal, there is now and then an inclination to wonder whether truth doesn't lurk behind. Well, it doesn't.

Put it another way. Lies are the refuge of the victim and the slave. The master and conqueror is under no compulsion to lie. And since the Prussian walked, even before the war, as a conqueror, with ramrod backbone, and clicking heels, and rattling saber, it seemed absurd that he could ever be under the need of fibbing. Only the fact is that the Germans have lied in their official communiqués, as in their White Books.

The point is of importance. For some time we have been reading our casualty lists. They will grow longer with time, but they will never be as long as the Germans will make them out to be. Already the mobilized German press has spoken of American cannon fodder. Soon they will have us bleeding white. They will go on publishing stories like the following:

"An American prisoner captured on July 29 said that of the first battalion of the 110th Regiment only thirty were left and no reinforcements had arrived since that time."

The comment on this is suggested by Colonel REPINGTON: "The German claim that they had disposed of 600,000 of our men by April and had captured

1,500 of our guns was an absurd exaggeration which Americans can safely divide by two." As times grow harder for the Germans it may be necessary to divide by more than two.

## Keep That Garden Growing!

EARLY lettuce, peas, string beans, etc., are now only pleasant memories, their once tidy rows grown to towering weeds. But that gives you no license to quit the garden patch for this year. The war continues, our soldiers and sailors and allies must be fed, and there are other autumn crops besides tomatoes and pumpkins. Talk to the nearest seed-store man and find out what can be done on your land between now and Christmas. There are varieties of spinach which can be planted in late August, covered with straw as frost threatens, and eaten pretty well into the winter or carried over for an early start next spring. Mother Nature differs from most of us amateur gardeners in that she never sleeps on the job, and very seldom loafs. How far the coldest weather suspends her operations depends upon the protection her handiwork receives. There is a lot of good growing temperature left yet in this year 1918, and it is for us to use it to the utmost advantage. "Work while they fight" is the only motto that leaves a civilian with any self-respect at all. Time and the need press.



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

## Apropos of What King George Said to Mr. Hoover



IT was on the veranda of one of those fashionable hotels on the New Jersey coast where the only indication of the war is an occasional airplane buzzing overhead and the gray wool and clicking needles in the hands of the women. Two of these women sitting in their easy-chairs apart from the others had evidently plunged into one of those sudden and violent friendships which a vacation at the seashore seems so readily to nourish.

Said one of them: "I'm so glad to get away from housekeeping even for a short time. It's so difficult to get along with all those substitutes they're making us use instead of wheat. Fortunately, I stand in pretty well with Thompson, my grocer, and when I go marketing in my flivver I can get him to slip me an extra five pounds of white flour into the car without anybody noticing it. Then he charges it on the bill as something else, like washing soda or prunes."

"Well, my grocer isn't as agreeable as that," said her friend, "and it makes me furious that I have to buy all that silly cereal stuff every time I want a little white flour. At that, I can only get a limited amount. I don't see what difference it makes if you or I use a little more or less. And now we're put back on sugar rations again. It's a shame! My husband has such a sweet tooth. He's got to have four lumps in his cup of coffee. I can't see that the extra two lumps make any difference."



The discussion about their wrongs had heated them somewhat, and they changed the position of their easy-chairs so that the

ocean breezes might blow more directly upon them.

And yet that very day there appeared in the newspapers an item showing what remarkable things the women of America, fortunately so unlike these two, had accomplished by their food savings. Hoover, you will remember, appeared before King George of England. The King had sent for Hoover so that he might thank him for the great voluntary effort of the American people which had, he said, "supplied Great Britain with the vital margin of food which enabled her to pass over the winter."

Think of it! Dig into the real meaning of those cold words "the vital margin of food." The difference between health and sickness, the difference between hope and despair, the difference between the energy of accomplishment and the gnawing bitter desuetude of slow starvation.



And the food that America has saved has been a stream of life flowing not only into Great Britain, but also into France, and Italy, and the other Allied countries—a stream of life for men, and women, and little children.

And who can tell how much the food that America has sent overseas has had to do with our recent glorious successes between the Aisne and the Marne?

It seems miraculous that at such trifling sacrifice we could do such tremendous good.

\* \* \* \* \*

For, as you look back upon the rationing we have had to undergo, can you remember any real sacrifice in the way of giving up? Any man or

woman who complained because of bread that wasn't quite white or sugar that wasn't quite sufficient should be sent to the trenches for a while so that the realization of what war really is might come to them.



The very substitutes offered in place of the rationed foods were often more palatable than the originals.

The large national advertisers were quick to seize this opportunity, not only to save such food as wheat, but to enable America to save without suffering. They not only changed their products to conform to the Food Administration's requirements, but through the machinery of national advertising they were enabled to tell millions of people about these new requirements.

Their advertisements not alone urged the saving of wheat, but showed what could be used in the place of wheat. And it is always easier to get a man to stop doing or eating a certain thing when you give him something else to do or eat instead.

And this we believe is a splendid illustration of the value of the national advertising machine which has been built up to such an extent that it functions throughout the country—an illustration of its value at all times, but especially in war times.

It enables the United States Government and any large producer of foodstuffs or anything else to speak directly and forcefully to the consumers of the entire nation.

Advertising is a means of reaching the entire thinking population of the United States with the least expenditure of time, money, and man power.



# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN: EMPRESS OF MEXICO?

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MCCORD smiled. His smile developed into a malignant chuckle. "It is humorous, my dear. You yourself, being fair-minded, will admit the absurdity of pitting your woman's brains against mine." His lips lost their mirthful twist. His voice grew harsher. "Did you think, my dear, when you decided to prove treacherous to me, that I would permit the plans of years to be jeopardized because of a girl? My dear, you are important to me—very important. It is my intention to make you my wife. What has happened—your treachery—it matters nothing. Perhaps it is all for the best. It has shown you what sort of man I am."

"It has indeed. A murderous boast."

His glance became pitying. He shook his head.

"In time of war, to speak of murder," he scoffed. "But this will pass, Leila, my dear. You are young, and you have youth's ambitions. It is not granted to every small-town girl to be shown a throne!"

"You are serious?" she asked.

"You mentioned the unavoidable—shall we say, erasing?—of certain persons who stood in my way, my dear." He leaned back in his chair, that seemed so huge because his body was so frail. "Does it seem to you that I would take the necessary risk involved in that—er—erasing unless there was something great at stake?"

She shuddered. He leaned forward again.

"Listen, my dear. In every generation there is born one who must lead. It is inevitable. It is ordained from the beginning that such a one shall be first among his fellow men."

"And you are he?" Hope might fail her, but courage never. She made no effort to hide her amused contempt.

"I know; I know. You are thinking that I am insane. Well, I will not deny that. According to the puny standards of the day, a man who dares greatly for himself, dreams greatly for himself, is a madman. Napoleon was that sort of madman."

"And died a prisoner," she reminded him.

He took up the gage eagerly. "And do you know why, my Leila? Because the whole world was arrayed against him."

"As it is arrayed against every criminal."

"Criminal? Because of that photograph you saw? You are hopelessly small-town, provincial, my Leila. You judge the great by the standards of the little. And yet I do not condemn you for that attitude. From great affairs one turns for rest and solace to the woman who dreams not too much. It is because you are yourself, Leila, that I have chosen you."

She sighed. Against his intense egotism it was useless to tire herself out with protests.

"And yet," he went on, "one wishes to be understood. You, Leila, misunderstand. You think in terms of police rules, when I think in terms of governments, of nations. It is wrong to kill, therefore I am a murderer. Yet, if I sent armies into the field—what then, my Leila?"

"There is a difference," she told him.

HE shook his head. "No, my dear. The men who serve me are soldiers as truly as those who serve upon the battle fields of Europe. For I, Leila, I whom you see seated here, am the ally of one of those warring powers of Europe. No? You hesitate to believe me? My dear, I am Harmon Rayde."

He said it as though he were stating that he was ruler of the world.

"You have heard of Harmon Rayde?" he asked.

"Who has not heard of him? As the lowest sort of traitor—"

He laughed. "A head is raised above the mob, and cowards hurl epithets. Oh, my dear—but let it pass. To know that I am Harmon Rayde is to know that I do not speak lightly, is it not?"

"When you speak of thrones?" she jeered.

"When I speak of thrones," he asserted. "My dear, the world knows of me merely as a figure that moves in the dark. But across the ocean my great ally knows me as the ruler of a nation. Have you ever wondered, my dear, at the turmoil that exists in the nation to the south of us? Have you ever wondered that another Diaz does not appear there, to rule with an iron hand? My dear, that other Diaz lives; he rules. Because my great ally is not ready for me to strike I do not rule openly. I put up a puppet, and the puppet is knocked down. But when the moment comes—"

"And you are an American?" she queried.

He threw his hands wide. "I am a citizen of the world, and—you will grow, Leila. You will live

with me, and you will learn. Such petty things as national boundaries—you will look beyond them. You will know that a man, a real man, a man fit to lift himself above the herd, knows no such thing as nationality. I offer you a throne, Leila. I do not want you to answer me now. I understand your feelings. But they are childish feelings. When you have had time to think—"

"Please." She

stayed him with up-lifted hand. "I want you to know, Mr. McCord, that before you even talk with me, I must be assured that Mr. Endicott is unharmed?"

"So? To make terms, eh? And if he is unharmed?"

She could think of no ready reply.

"If Endicott is allowed, in my own good time, to go free, you will consider my offer?"

This talk of thrones, of "great allies"—he was an insane, wicked old man. But to make a promise even to an insane, wicked person is yet—to make a promise. "After I am certain that Mr. Endicott is free, then I will at least consider what you have to say," she told him.

"Equivocation!" He laughed. "Ah, well, it does not do to be angry too long with that which one loves. Ah, Leila, to-day is my triumphant hour. To-morrow, when the United States not only is at my mercy, but knows that it is at my mercy—what is a life more or less? Endicott will be able to do me no harm. And yet, if I thought that you cared for him—"

She colored. "I know him so slightly."

"And yet he risked so much! But we shall see, my Leila; we shall see."

It was a new McCord. All the venomous malignity remained, but there was a triumphant merriment that was strange to her. He talked like a madman, and yet—Harmon Rayde! Even a "provincial, small-town girl," as he had called her, knew that if newspaper report were one-tenth true, not even the submarines of Germany were more dangerous to America than Harmon Rayde.

She held her features calm, but she was glad when a knock sounded on the door, and McCord left her alone. If only she had told the police everything! It would have meant Endicott's death at the hands of McCord, but what did her capture mean but the death of Endicott?

If the wondering porter at the Bellevue would report her abduction! But would he think it was abduction? Oh, she was a silly, foolhardy girl, to have thought that unaided she could cope with Harmon Rayde!

And even if the porter had noticed her struggle—She had driven up to the Bellevue, had entered the restaurant, had eaten there. She had had no quarrel with her companion, the alert-eyed young man who had represented himself to be a newspaper man, but who was one of McCord's followers, lying in wait for her at the Greenwich mortuary, as any but a conceited girl would have known.

Indeed, the waiter who had served them would probably have decided that they were close companions, so earnestly had she talked to the man. For she had decided to tell everything to this newspaper man, gain his help, his advice. Later she remembered something familiar in his walk, as he left the dining room ostensibly to telephone to his paper. Now she knew that he was the man whom she had seen under the arc light in University Place last night. His mustache was gone, but he was the same man. And McCord called him "Benchley."

Little dapper man! She might have known that his features spelled dishonesty. But he had been so plausible! Well, it was not until she noticed that

her car had been dismissed, and that a closed car was waiting to take them into town, to the "Planet" office, that she had suspected



"It is not granted to every small-town girl to be shown a throne!"

anything. Then, seeing another man inside the car, she had drawn back. But her companion had urged her into the car. And the porter who had bowed them out the Bellevue door might well be pardoned if he had not realized that abduction was happening before his eyes. For she had been too surprised to scream, had resisted only slightly, and—she was captive to McCord.

Though death itself were the price exacted from him by McCord for attempting to aid Leila, Endicott would not reproach her. She knew this. And knowing it she—But how could one tell? Besides, she mused, as McCord had said, she was a provincial, with provincial ideals, and in the provinces a woman is not supposed to think about a man until the man has unmistakably shown that he is thinking about her. Unless she surrendered to McCord, Endicott would die. And even if she did yield to McCord, how could she be certain that Endicott would be spared?

And then she forgot herself, forgot even Endicott. McCord was Harmon Rayde, and he boasted of empire. It was all very well to think him insane, but across the ocean a maniac, lustful for power, had hurled a whole world into war. McCord had said that this was his triumphant hour. Could it be possible that he really did have the United States at his mercy? And if this incredible thing were so, was not she to blame?

### Chapter XVI: Wrecked

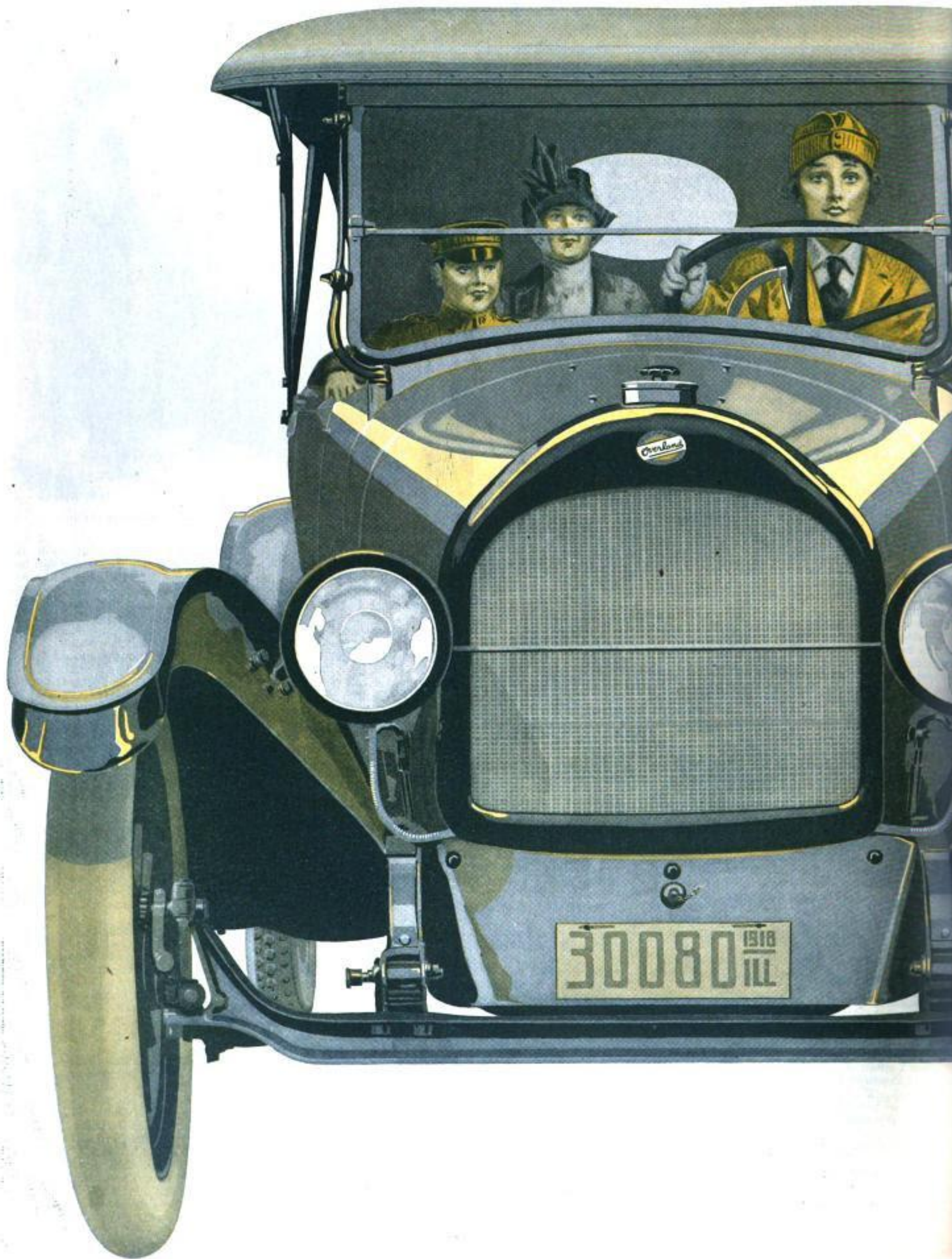
AT a signal from the host the last servant tiptoed from the room. In the same moment laughter and chaffing died away. Every eye was turned upon Burchard Penlow. From his place at the head of the great table, that was dwarfed by the immensity of the hall in which it stood, Penlow surveyed the gathering. It was his big moment, the big moment of his life.

Penlow had begun life, business life, as an office boy. At thirty he was a bank president. At fifty he was one of the richest men in the world, and one of the most generous. Now, at sixty-five, retired, practically, with an honorable life behind him, a life that had included a term in the United States Senate and an ambassadorial post in Europe, Penlow was facing the great moment of his life.

Around his table sat diplomats, financiers, great soldiers. And to him, a private citizen, they lent their eyes and their ears. He rose to his feet. He laid his hand upon the shoulder of the diffident, blushing youth who sat at his right.

"It was not, as you all know, for purposes of entertainment, gentlemen, that I brought you here this







# Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

## The Thrift Car

# Model 90—Just What A Car Should Be

American families select their favorite automobiles for one or more of *five* reasons:

*Appearance, performance, comfort, service or price.*

One car may be famous because of its number of cylinders, another for its body design, another for its low price—

And so it goes until you come to Model 90 and then you discover this important fact back of its 100,000 now sold:

Model 90 has been purchased because it *combines all five* of these essentials for complete satisfaction.

True, in many cases its quality *appearance*, big-car stylish design, and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases it is the *performance* of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

Its 32 horsepower motor, the perfected fruition of years of experience, is a "giant for power and a miser with fuel."

It is not only the things Model 90 *does*, but the *way* it does them, that makes Model 90 owners so enthusiastic—

The way it consistently meets every driving need day-in-and-day-out, through congested traffic, over steep hills, in fair or bad weather, and for short or long rides, proves its adequacy for every motoring need.

Then, too, it is so very simple, convenient, and easy to handle. It has a handy arrangement of everything for its control, narrow turning radius, and an easy operating clutch that is especially appreciated by women drivers.

A large number of Model 90 owners when asked the reason for their choice have mentioned *comfort* first.

When you have inspected this car and driven and ridden in it, you, too, will understand why comfort accommodations have contributed so much to Model 90's fame.

It has a spacious interior, a tall man can stretch his legs, five adults can ride without cramping, the seats are wide and the upholstering deep!

Then there is the buoyancy with which it travels, due in a large

measure to its rear cantilever springs, large tires, and scientific distribution of weight.

*Service* is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

Behind Model 90 stand nationwide service facilities of the highest order, quick, competent, courteous, and at reasonable cost. No matter where you tour, Overland service is accessible at your beck and call.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And today, above all else, a car must be *economically* efficient.

*Five points of Overland superiority:*

**Appearance, Performance,  
Comfort, Service and Price**

Light Four Model 90  
Touring Car, \$395

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio  
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars  
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

*f. o. b. Toledo—Price subject  
to change without notice*



evening. That the spies of our enemy across the ocean might not suspect our real purpose it has seemed that the distinguished visitors from England and France were merely resting from their arduous labors. But our real reason is this young man whom I now present to you, and who will tell you, more clearly than I am able, the purpose of this gathering. You have all met him, but I introduce him to you again, Mr. David Wrightson."

Young Wrightson turned to his host.

"Mr. Penlow," he said, "dismisses too lightly his own part in my being here. If what I have to show you gentlemen to-night has any practical value—and I will stake my life, my soul, that it has—it is due to Mr. Penlow. For I came to him penniless, with only a dream to justify my intrusion, and—Mr. Penlow has made the dream real."

THERE was muffled applause. Penlow had served his country; had given civilization—though his was not the brain to conceive it—the weapon whereby barbarism was to be forever defeated. It mattered not that another would receive the applause: he had served.

"The world faces to-day—has faced for three years—a condition that menaces all that we hold dear, a weapon in the hands of an unscrupulous, piratical foe that cannot be challenged. You gentlemen, of course, know that I mean the submarine."

"Six months ago I conceived a weapon that would counteract the activities of the underwater boats, that would destroy them. I went to Mr. Penlow. He listened to me, and—Gentlemen, I won't go into technical details, but I will show you!"

Penlow was no fool. It was unbelievable that this slim young chap who spoke so confidently had accomplished what he said, but—Dayton, Ohio, an American town, had given two American boys to the world, and those two boys had conquered the air. Skeptical the visitors were, but it was noticeable that none of that gathering of fifty distinguished men spoke as they followed their host and young Wrightson from the great hall. For the past few days members of the Allied Mission and men prominent in the political, military, and financial life of the United States had been visiting the Penlow Farm. They had noticed—though only a few had known the reason—that one immense building was fenced off from the rest of the estate and carefully guarded. All were to know the reason now.

For their host and Wrightson led the way, through a long corridor, low-ceiled, to this building. A guard opened wide doors, turned on hundreds of electric lights, that were mirrored in a placid pool, at least two hundred feet long, and half as wide. Attendants—heavily armed, it was noticed—led the guests up short flights of stairs, to a narrow balcony that ran around the edge of the pool. Like schoolboys watching an aquatic event between trained athletes, they leaned over the balcony railing, straining their eyes at some bulk that lay on the bottom of the pool. The silence was broken by whispered questions that died away as Penlow raised his hand. But it was not Penlow who wished to speak. It was young Wrightson. He stood on a little platform projecting over the pool at a distance of two feet from the water. He spoke in a low voice, but the acoustics of the great arched building were excellent and, even with its nervous tremors, his words were clearly distinguishable.

"We have had to do this on a small scale, gentlemen," he began. "For the Government to have aided me would have been foolish. For I had nothing but a mess of figures. I had nothing practical. But Mr. Penlow believed in my dream, and—"

He shook off his nervousness. With a slim forefinger he pointed. "That shadowy mass there, gentlemen, is a model of a submarine. It is lying perdu—may we call it—the ocean bed. So the enemy submarines lie when destroyers are cruising overhead."

"Now, there is only one way in which the submarine lying on the bottom, or cruising along below the surface, can be located. That is by airplane. Flying above the surface of the water, one sees further into its depths than when sailing on its surface. The airplane, seeing, can attack in only one way. It can drop a 'depth bomb,' trusting that this latter will explode near enough to the enemy submarine to destroy it. But it is not certain. The submarine cannot ordinarily attack the submarine because it

cannot see its enemy. But if the submarine—our submarine—could fly in the air, locate its prey, and, like a bird that swoops down upon a fish—"

"Good God!" ejaculated a grizzled old chap who wore a navy uniform.

Wrightson looked up at him.

"You see"—he smiled wryly—"why I did not go to the Government. It was too absurd. But it has been done, gentlemen."

His voice lost its scholarly intonations: "Kelly, Purdue, Hathway!"

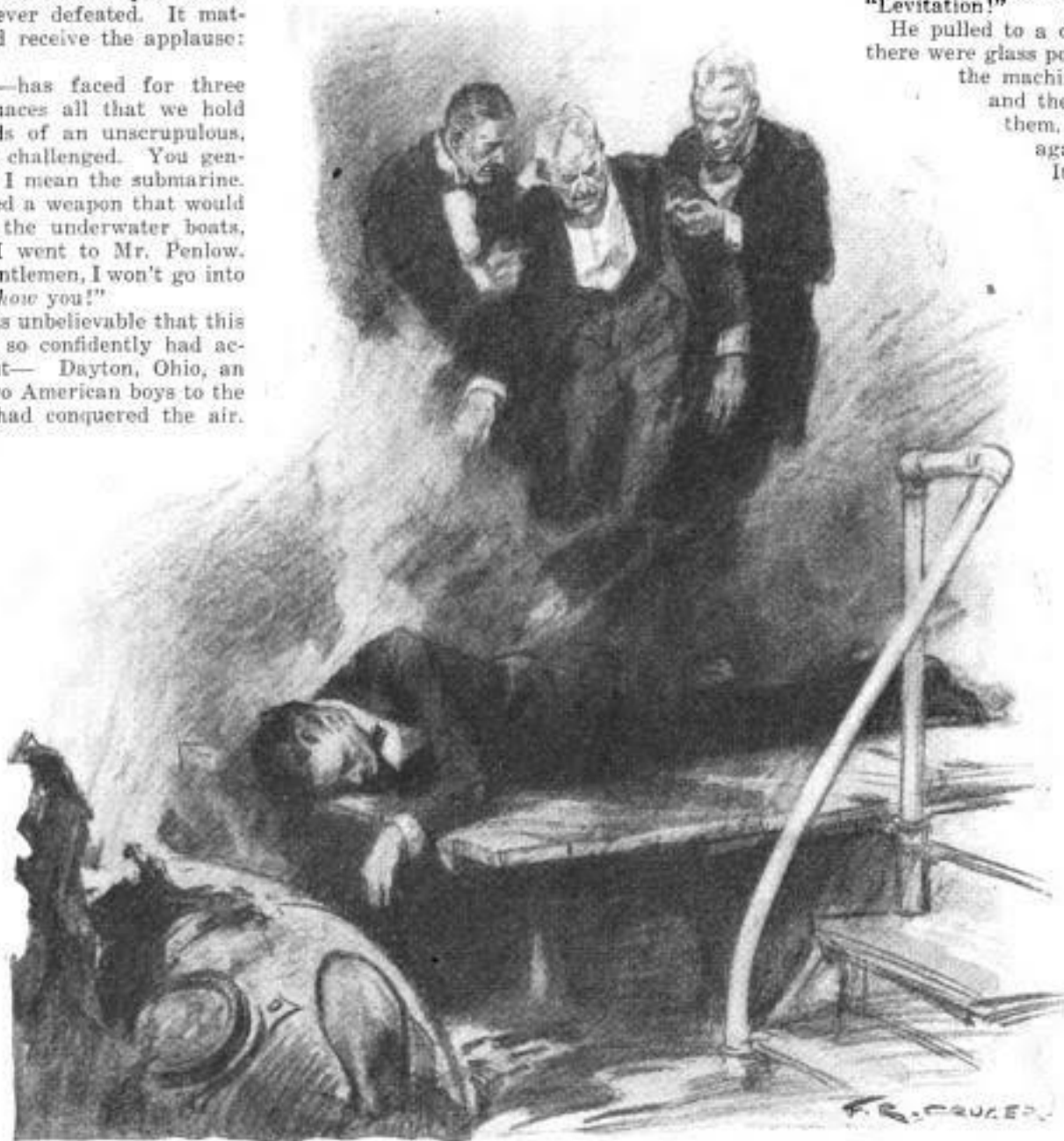
Three men, in working clothes, joined him on the platform. Wrightson spoke to them swiftly. They moved toward a great double door.

"Where's Munoz?" demanded Wrightson.

"Ain't he here, sir?" countered one of the men.

Wrightson whirled on the platform. "Munoz! Munoz!" he called.

A man dressed in the Penlow livery answered:



The great moment of Burchard Penlow had become the triumphant hour of Curzon McCord!

"He hasn't returned, sir. I'm quite sure. His valet said that he'd not been around to-day at all, sir."

"Not around?" Wrightson's nervousness returned, intensified. "But where has he been?"

"I kinda wondered, sir, orders bein' so strict. But his valet said you'd given him permission to go into town yesterday—"

"For an hour, yes," snapped Wrightson. "He was ill. Wanted to fill a prescription. He didn't come back yesterday?"

"Anything wrong, Mr. Wrightson?" Penlow called.

The inventor wiped perspiration from his forehead. "Why, no, sir, except that Munoz, my assistant—chief mechanic, you know—he isn't here."

THE sturdy old man in the United States naval uniform voiced the suspicion of everyone: "Honest?"

Wrightson smiled. "It isn't that, sir, that I fear. Munoz—I'd stake my life on him. Portuguese. My father was a ship captain. Brought him from the Azores twenty years ago. Munoz is all right. Besides, there is but one copy of the plans of my invention. And I have that copy here." He tapped his breast. He smiled. "It's just—unaccountable. But unimportant. The men here can do anything that he could do. And I won't keep you waiting, gentlemen. Just a moment."

At his signal the three men swung open the double door. They drew aside and let Wrightson precede them into a room. Those opposite the opened door craned farther over the balcony rail. They could distinguish little, however. And even as they strained their eyes there came a buzzing, and those opposite the door involuntarily dodged.

For a flying machine, different from anything yet that had made men marvel, moved, propelled by the blades that had buzzed in their swift revolution, through the door. It did not hesitate; it rose, at an angle, directly into the air. It shot toward the balcony, lifted, rose almost vertically toward the great arched ceiling, turned, dived down, and almost stopped twenty feet above the pool.

"Levitiation," cried a French savant.

Wrightson, only head and shoulders visible, smiled a negative. "Not quite. Counteracting propellers enable me to keep in the air practically without motion. That's all." He bowed to the storm of applause that swept the building. He lifted one hand. "Wait, please," he begged. "So far I have shown you nothing but an improved airplane. But—"

He was a better doer than teller. He disappeared inside the fish-shaped machine, whose planes were hardly greater, proportionately, than would have been the fins of a twelve-foot fish. It was the scant size of these planes that had made the savant cry "Levitiation!"

He pulled to a door over his head. And, though there were glass portholes in the sides and bottom of the machine, they were thick and rounded, and the onlookers could not see through them. The machine burst into flight again. It rose almost to the ceiling.

It hovered. Its occupant—they knew that he was demonstrating what would occur in the North

Sea when the Allies should be equipped with these machines—located the model submersible on the bottom of the pool. Headlong the machine dived. Ten feet from the surface its dive became a slanting approach. At an angle of forty-five degrees it entered the water. Straight toward the sleeping submersible it swam, paused above it, and—the demonstration, as far as the assembled guests were concerned, was over.

They hardly noticed the machine come to the surface, glide to the platform.

"One hundred of those machines, and there won't be an enemy submarine left!"

"Can't see the blamed thing come. Right on top of 'em, leave your bomb, easily equipped with torpedoes, twenty times as large—"

"And a battleship! What price a Hun battleship?" It was a British naval officer speaking now. "Sights her from the air. Approaches, dives, torpedoes her—"

IT was into this hubbub that young Wrightson emerged from the cockpit.

"What do you call her, Wrightson?" cried one of England's greatest statesmen.

The inventor grinned. "I think of her as the Pacifier," he replied. "But she's named the *Flying Fish*."

It was the end, within a comparatively few months, of the war. So everyone present felt.

Penlow, modestly in the background, smiled at the ovation tendered the inventor. And, because he was in the background, he was first to notice the stranger in the main doorway. Penlow knew every man about his place. A spy could so irrevocably wreck the plans to end the war. "You!" cried the millionaire. "Smeath! A stranger—"

The stranger fired—from his hip—with the deftness that spoke of long practice; he fired at the millionaire. Penlow took the bullet in his shoulder. Wrightson, hearing the shot, turned. The intruder fired again, and the young inventor pitched forward on the little platform.

There was one moment of hesitation. In surprise attack even the bravest pause a fraction of a second, to gather scattered wits. Then there was a rush down the stairs, to attack the half dozen more strangers who, armed with automatic pistols, had crowded through the doorway. What hundreds more might be behind them no one paused to reckon.

But the advance guard was too late. Three bombs struck the floating *Flying Fish*. As the guests charged through the open door there were none to resist them. The intruders had fled, leaving behind them two sorely wounded men and the burning wreckage of the invention that was to pacify the world. The great moment of Burchard Penlow had become the triumphant hour of Curzon McCord!

(To be continued next week)



# TORBENSEN

## INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

### To Motor Truck Engineers:—

Here you see clearly the basic design of Torbensen Drive. It is elementally like this in all sizes, though, of course, individual parts in each size are designed specifically for the work they are intended to do.

Look particularly at the design of the I-Beam—the patented construction that has given Torbensen Drive its leadership. See the very small gear reduction at the differential, and the very large one where the jack-shaft pinions mesh with the internal gears. This accounts in part for the light weight of Torbensen Drive.

Close examination of this Torbensen rear axle shows how carefully excess weight has been eliminated without in any way affecting strength.

There are many things about Torbensen Drive that are extremely interesting from an engineering standpoint.

We will gladly supply blueprints of any size axle from  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton to five tons, free and without obligation. Kindly request them on your letterhead.

**TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.**

### To Motor Truck Users:—

The drawing below is an intimate view of Torbensen Drive. Engineers can see from it instantly why Torbensen Drive has become the undisputed leader in the truck rear-axle field.

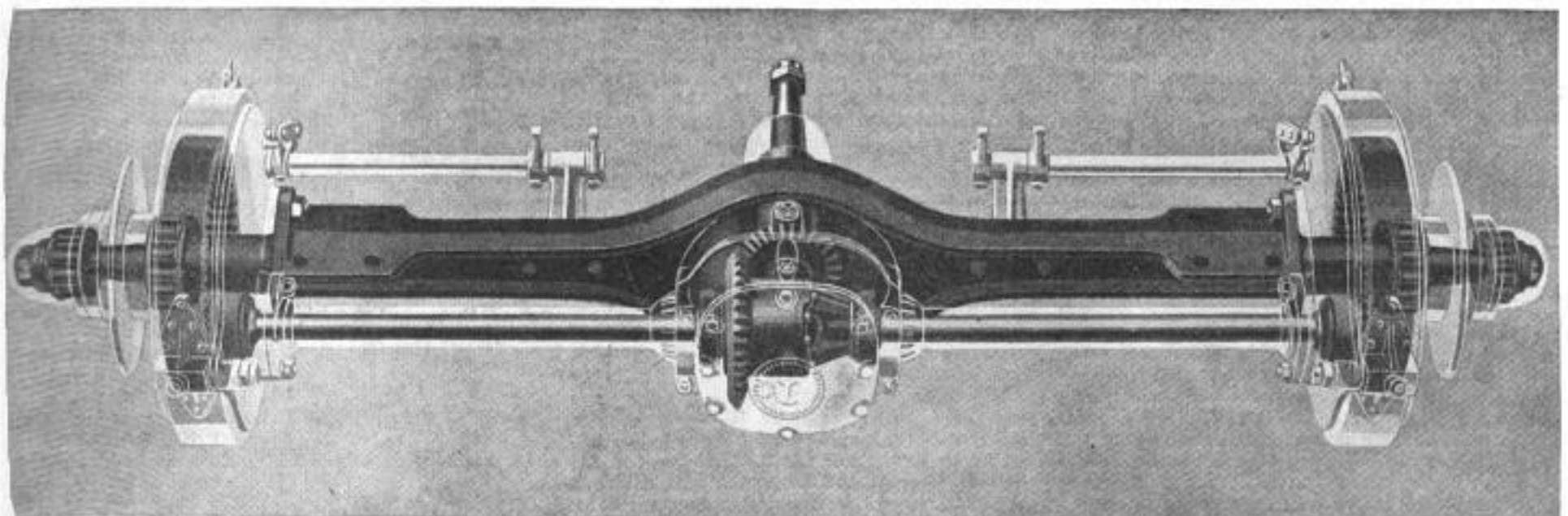
Its mechanical features give Torbensen Drive 45 per cent greater road clearance—which makes the truck less likely to stall on bad roads and in snow.

The patented I-Beam—particularly—makes this Drive very strong—at the same time keeping it much lighter in weight than other types of equal capacity. This light weight increases rear-tire mileage about 20 per cent, saves gas and oil, and cuts repair costs to the minimum.

In every way, Torbensen Drive has proved itself the essence of economy and reliability—and the evidence lies in its very extensive use. There are now fifty thousand Torbensen Drive axles in service.

The iron-clad Torbensen Gold Bond Guarantee makes unfailing rear-axle service certain. Torbensen Drive is the only rear-axle drive that is definitely guaranteed.

**THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.**  
Cleveland, Ohio



**Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks**



# THE EVOLUTION OF ARMAGEDDON

BY W. BEACH THOMAS

CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE FOR THE LONDON DAILY MAIL

FOR the 1918 offensive the German High Command prepared, as their papers said, an "irresistible formula" for "the last battle of the war," as they meant it to be. The formula used by the Allies in 1917 appeared sufficiently complicated and terrific. Very reluctantly and after long delay, the Allies were forced—partly by the gibes of the enemy—to employ the two most repellent forms of warfare, gas and liquid fire; and they added many more legitimate and strictly military inventions. So it came about that the Germans fell into their own pit.

Their defeat at Arras, as at Vimy—one of the most glorious battles of the war—was driven home by a host of new and old forms of terror. The British used for the first time "Thermit," a form of shell that lets drop a cascade of atoms of molten metal. The falling fragments were so brilliant that at a mile or more distant they resembled a firework display, and their splendor was hardly dimmed even by full sunshine. The "Thermit" was only rivaled in spectacular aspect by the "Golden Rain," which was one of the many rocket signals for the artillery. The British used also shells, or rather cylinders, of burning oil, that blazed with crimson fury along the line of German trenches, disappearing into an impenetrable murk of sepia smoke. These and other trench-mortar shells were all clearly visible to both sides in their course through the air. I know nothing more portentous than to watch fifty or sixty of such cylinders tower up, twist over and over like a flock of tumbler pigeons till they reach their summit; and then descend like wild ducks that have reached their feeding ground. For a second or two after they touch ground nothing happens—they just vanish. Then you would say that the mouth of Hell had suddenly opened.

These and other cylinders containing poison gas are all thrown by trench mortars; and this trench artillery, as it is now called, has reached such proportions that I have known it to drown completely the sound of the bigger artillery, until both have been quenched by the intolerable rattle of the machine guns, being used in mass for barrage purposes as well as on direct targets. Explosive tubes for breaking barbed wire were used. Armed motor cars of an older type, as well as tanks, followed up the infantry. Airplanes flew low, using Lewis guns and light bombs, against both infantry and gunners.

## Chemical Terrors

THE Germans had these and some other weapons and methods of attack to choose from when they prepared their new attack; they decided that chemical means were on the whole more effective than mechanical means. Defensively they relied largely on smoke. Around their own guns they erected "smudges" or stoves for emitting dense smoke, in order that their artillery (which had been knocked to pieces in last year's battles) might lurk in decent obscurity. Next they prepared great quantities of smoke bombs and smoke shells to hide the advancing infantry in case the spring mists did not arrive. It was said at the beginning that this war would be fought in a fog, and it is true in a chemical sense that every battle is fought in a deeper fog. The coming of this fog is an amazing spectacle. In the midst of a fair scene suddenly explode a number of shells that you might think were the ordinary shrapnel bursts which are a continuous feature of the battle front all day and every day. But in this case you

will see no wicked little flash or spark, and instead of a quick dispersal of the smoke, fantastic forms grow rapidly in the air and reach out downward and sidewise. A common shape is the likeness of an octopus with growing feelers or tentacles, thin and airy in substance, and an opaque body swelling rather faster than the feelers, and at last quite absorbing them. In a few minutes the whole landscape vanishes behind it. The fog of

and the weather is obscure enough, the attack is launched; the waves of infantry advance, usually in five lines. Some, but not nearly all, carry the old standard tools: guns, bayonets, and bombs. (It is curious that the old practice of shooting the rifle from the hip during an advance has been resumed on both sides.)

Some carry squirts, for clearing out dugouts, some wire, some "stink bombs." In the German attack two pieces of apparatus were more or less new. The first was the small flame thrower, which has been much improved since its first appearance. Though I have seen British flame throwers used both in practice and in action, we have shrunk from their general employment. The best will carry over 100 yards, emitting a scarlet flame of great breadth and height, so hot as to char even a stony and grassless surface. But the favorite German flame thrower is much smaller and is manhandled. Its range is short, but it has an equally destructive flame. The instrument has been manufactured in great quantities, and is now a quite common addition to the soldier's burden. The bearer needs an extra dose of courage—if he is hit, he is instantly calcined—and in the case of the larger machines, the effect of a shell is much the same as if a dump were

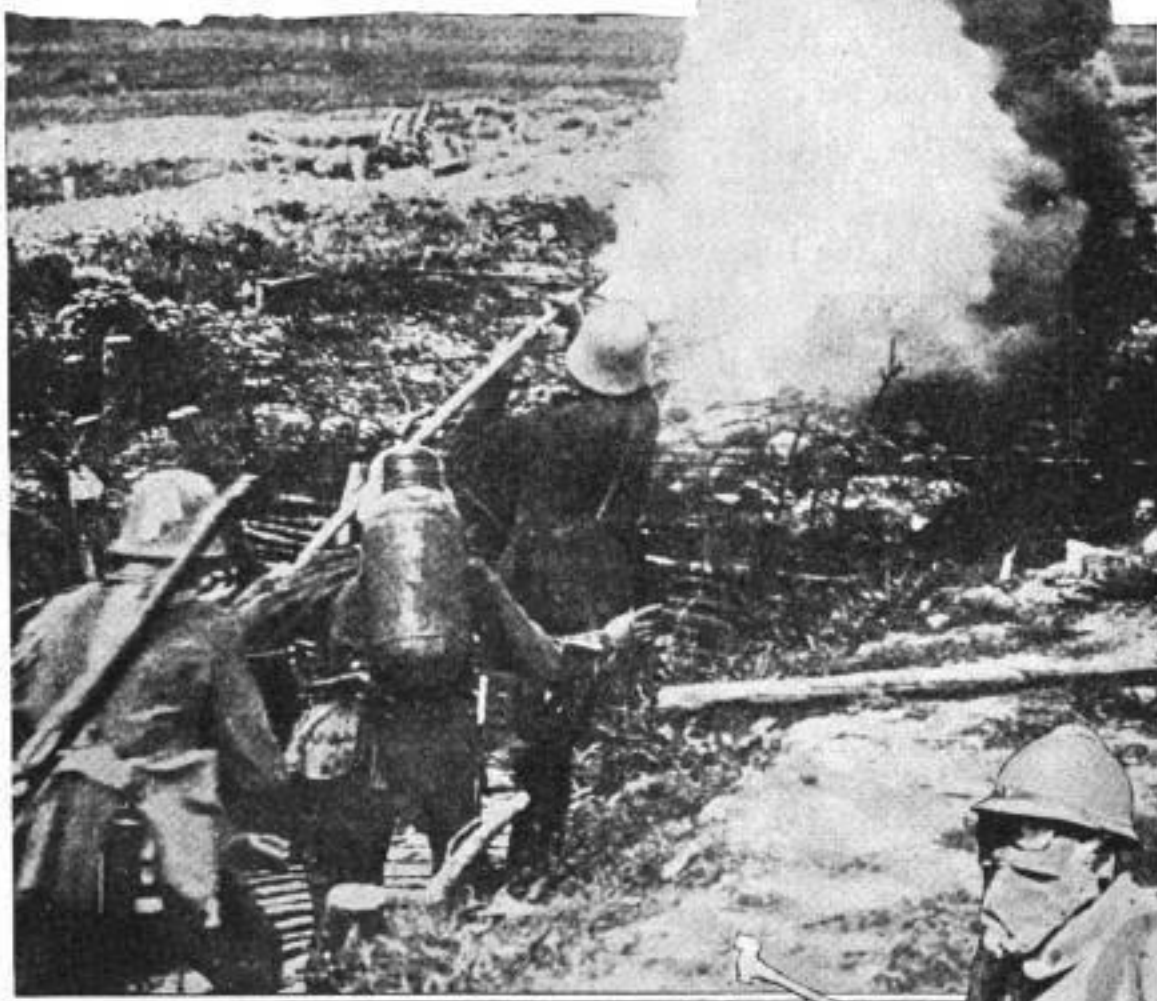
hit. And the danger begins even earlier than this in the history of the flame thrower. I think the most pitiful of all the letters I have read during the war was the account given by a German mother of how certain girls of their little country town had been shriveled

to cinders owing to an accident in the "fire-making factory." Throughout the letter ran, like the motif of a Greek tragedy, the continuous note of terror lest lawless vengeance prepared against others even during peace should inevitably devour its authors.

## Guns and Shells

SUPPOSE the attack to have been successful, how was the next obstacle to be overcome? The chief instrument on which the German High Command relied for this second stage of the offensive was an adaptation of a British invention. The

best of the small trench mortars used last year was known as the Stokes. It can shoot so fast that four shells will be in the air at the same time; and they explode with almost the power of a field-gun shell, though they are nearer two than three inches in caliber. The Germans appear to have built a mortar somewhat on this model with this difference in structure, that it could be carried (Continued on page 28)



The soldier who operates a flame thrower needs an extra dose of courage—if he is hit he is instantly calcined

war has indeed descended and begins to complicate every issue. From sheer alarm, if for no other reason, machine-gun bullets and shells are always loosed in myriads into that mysterious cloud, lest it should contain a bellyful of fighting giants. Imagine the picture (and I give it without exaggeration—indeed, exaggeration is beyond my powers) of the task of the giants, in khaki, blue, or gray, if they happen to be following the cloud. It is probable that gas shells are being rained on them as well as shrapnel and high explosives and bullets. They must all don the gas mask, which is an apparatus not easily managed and apt to obscure vision, even if the glass can be kept clean. Possibly the sun is not yet up, so that the men must face a triple gloom: the obscurity of twilight, the confusion of their masks, and the mass of artificial smoke.

So much for the more or less negative side of the combat. Offensively the German High Command divided the attack into two parts. The first problem was how to overcome the immediate trench system in front. The second and harder problem, which happily they did not quite master, was to supply the advancing infantry with weapons capable of breaking through other trench or shell-hole defenses. Chemical warfare of a peculiarly repulsive nature was again preferred by Ludendorff for the first stage of the onslaught. The Allied trenches and gun emplacements were soaked with gas, chiefly the new mustard gas, which is a purely German concoction. While this soaking process is going on, shells with fuses so sensitive that they explode immediately on contact are fired at the wire. When that is cut to small strips and the enemy is thought to be sufficiently gas-soaked



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# REPUBLIC

*Internal Gear Drive*

## MOTOR TRUCKS

*Built by the Largest Manufacturers of Motor Trucks in the World*



## TRENCH HUMOR

Continued from page 11

"Some of the boche got in here last night and tapped our wires," he informed us, giggling.

I looked at the chaos of down timber and barbed wire all about us and marveled that a man could possibly get through there in the dark, much less locate and tap a telephone wire.

"Oh, they know this war game," the lieutenant assured me, still laughing.

"They know it better than we do, eh?"

"Sure. They've been at it all their lives."

"Do you think we can learn it well enough to handle them?"

The lieutenant stopped laughing and stared at me in surprise. "Why, certainly! It doesn't take us a lifetime to learn a thing. The boche isn't doing anything to us that we're not doing to him."

Then he laughed again and called my attention to a monster shell that stood on end at the entrance to his dugout. "See this pill they sent over to help us digest our breakfast?" he laughed. "It's a dud, of course. But if it had exploded when it hit we wouldn't have had any bother with our food."

Thus does fear of the raving Hun depress the American.

We climbed on through communication trenches, making for another front-line position. The American batteries had begun handing the boche a little mid-afternoon hate, and the sky above was noisy with the intermittent grumbling of their passage. The sound of their passing overhead is exactly like that of a fast train grinding over a track that has many curves. There is the shoving grind of the wheels as they take a curve, the pulsing, easy purr of the straightaway, and then again the grumbling grind as the flying flanges bite into another turn. One gets the impression of a series of aerial tracks arching above over which small and incredibly swift trains of destruction are whirling to their terminal in the German lines.

## Educate or Kill

WE found our way through a confusing system of deserted trenches to a front-line position on a wooded hilltop, and there, on guard, we came upon a group of boys, all from a small inland town that I well know. It is a little town on a prairie. It has a small, red frame railroad station, one main street on which are all the business houses, one high school, a coal and lumber yard, and a grain elevator. Most of the residents are retired farmers. It is an event when anyone moves away from that town, and a similar occasion of importance when anyone from outside the immediate district moves in. It has one opera house, usually dark, where comes an occasional small road show and where the lyceum entertainments and lectures are given in winter. In the summer, in a near-by grove, the Chautauqua provides verbal food for thought and some musical and comedy stimulant for a few days. I know the muddy little swimming hole where every one of those boys learned to dive and tread water.

A little more than a year ago that town and its people were as peaceful as moonlight, secure in their provinciality, and but slightly troubled by the war that raged in another world. To-day they read the casualty lists with fearful eyes, and the postman's mail sack is heavy with letters from France. To-day the boys who learned to tread water in that muddy little old swimming hole are standing competent guard in a front-line trench on the western front in France, calmly facing history's most powerful and barbarous military power, and dealing with the life-trained boche better than blow for blow. Each of those boys is a typical American, which is to say that an ancestor had at some time fled from some one of the countries now at war to escape the identical injustices that, cumulative and fused into a definite evil idea by Germany, are responsible for Armageddon.

One of them, a slim, very young, blue-eyed chap, took me aside. "Say, listen, tell me something," he said very seriously. "How do the folks back home feel about this thing now? Do they know we got a war on over here?"

I told him something of the awakened spirit of the country.

"Well, that's fine," he said fervently. "You know when we left nobody seemed to have much idea

about how big a job this is. Since I've been here I've been thinking that if they could find out all there is to do they'd turn in an' back us up right."

Are the people back home awake? Hardly a man I talked with but brought that up. And the wistful, anxious way they ask the question! It was worth while to be able to answer it in the affirmative!

On the way back we stopped in at a line lieutenant's dugout. "Nothing much doing now," he apologized. "Would you be able to stay over until this evening and watch the book agents work?"

"Book agents?"

"Propaganda," the line lieutenant explained. "Pam-

phlets they pick for scout work. The other one is a slight, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed youngster only a little over five feet. He could put on short pants and ride half fare without question on any road in America. That's the type they pick for scout work.

While we were at dinner a runner came in.

"Thus-and-so reports three Germans makin' their way toward G. C.," he reported. The major ordered certain people to be told of the presence of the Germans, and the runner departed.

"A., you see if you can get in touch with those three fellows when you go out to-night," the major said between bites, speaking to the physically abbreviated member of his Mutt and Jeff scouting duo.

"All right, sir," said A.—also between mouthfuls—"I'll try and run across them." As casual as that.

The meal over, I turned in in the bed belonging to the smaller of the two scouts. He was somewhere out in No Man's Land with a grenade in his hand silently paging the three Germans.

A little before three o'clock in the morning he turned me out. He was wet and weary. The tall scout had risen and was putting on his clothes.

"See anything?" he asked his comrade casually as he wound his puttees.

"No," said the smaller of the two, slipping out of his tunic. "Not a thing doing."

The tall scout said he'd see me later, and departed. A liaison officer came for me, and with him I walked out, through the first light of the coming dawn, to the trenches to watch stand-to.

The trenches that had apparently been deserted the afternoon before were lined with silent, alert men standing on the fire step with their rifles resting on the parapet before them. A trench mortar began banging rapidly from its emplacement near by, and almost coincident with its first roar a bird in the trees overhead started its morning song. The roar of the gun didn't stop the song. That was a bird of the battle field, and no doubt it would feel uneasy if quiet prevailed. We could see the trench bombs whizzing through the air, turning swiftly end for end in their flight. I stepped in to the gun emplacement and watched the crew work. It's a sweet job. The gun is just a short iron barrel that looks very much like a stray piece of stovepipe set at a certain angle. It is muzzle-loading. That's what makes firing it a sweet job. A man takes one of the bombs and chucks it down the muzzle. The propulsion charge is in the bomb itself, and the jar of striking the breech sets it off. A man throws it in, but it throws itself out. A rule of the game, I believe, provides that the man who drops the bomb into the short barrel must get his hands out of the way quickly, to avoid deflecting the missile from its course.

## Gone to Breakfast

THE bombardment ceased, and there ensued a perfect illusion of peace. Not a gun in all that battle area disturbed it. For more than an hour we lounged on the ground behind the trenches or squatted on stumps and talked of many things, among which war was not included. We spoke of the world as it had been and would be. There was no reference to this ghastly, stupid interim of war.

It was full day when I returned to the battalion headquarters. While I was at breakfast there the tall scout who had been dressing himself that morning when I got up ambled in and took his place.

"See anything?" he was asked.

"Oh, nothing much. I didn't see a soul. I found this on a table in a dugout over there. Some of that propaganda stuff we shoot over. Some Heinie had been looking it over."

"Guess the old guy with the wooden leg had gone home to get his breakfast," some one suggested.

"Probably. It's an awful job for an old one-legged man. They ought to give him a boy to help out."

A car was waiting for me. I said good-by and went out to it. The guns were at it again, both boche and American, and the sky overhead was streaked with the rusty, grinding sound of their passage. It had been a very quiet day and night in that sector. A communiqué covering the period would probably read: "There is nothing to report."

Mr. McNutt's next article from France will appear in an early issue.



## SUN WORSHIP

By Marion Patton Waldron

If I should seek a god for myself,  
I would choose thee, Sun.  
I have no need of the terraced temples  
Of Babylon,  
I who worship with answering fire  
As men had done  
Ages before the gates of Persepolis  
Were begun.

Come, magnificent! Lave my white limbs,  
Beautiful one;  
Heal me with honey and spur me with wine  
Till I leap and run;  
Strike, till I fall, till I swoon in ecstasy,  
Blind me and stun;  
Fill me with thee, fill me and fructify,  
Sun!



phlets and such like. We're going to shoot some over later on this evening."

"You shoot pamphlets over to them?"

The lieutenant nodded. "With the trench rifles. We've either got to educate 'em or kill 'em."

Truly, it's a queer war! We spank 'em with H. E. and shrapnel and then shoot over a few plain facts in the hope that those who have sense enough to read may have sense enough to run while the running is good.

## Paging Three Germans

IT was near to sundown when I left. I went back to battalion headquarters and had dinner with the major and his staff. There I met his two scouts who do patrol work in No Man's Land and investigate and report on the living conditions in the German trenches. One of them is a huge fellow, some six feet four, and built in proportion. That's the





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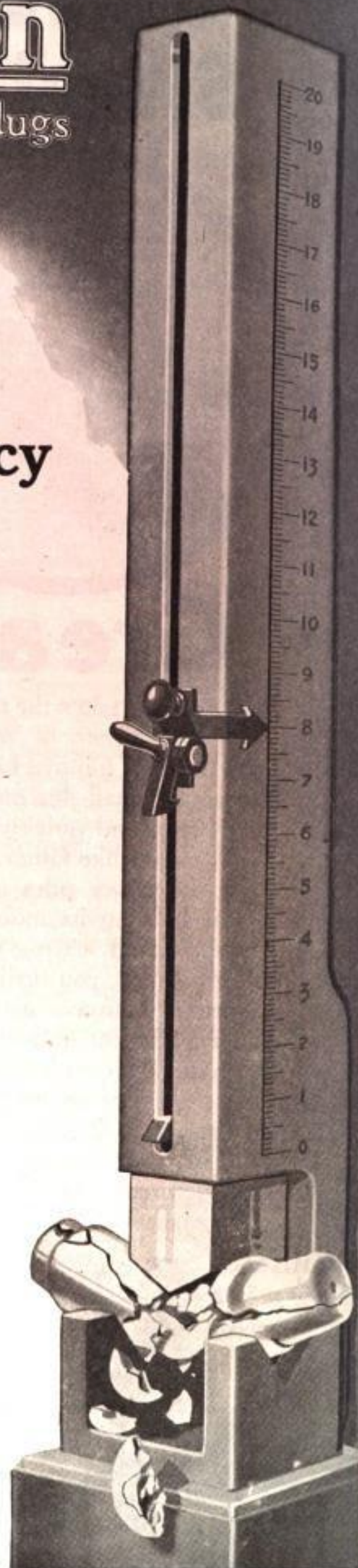
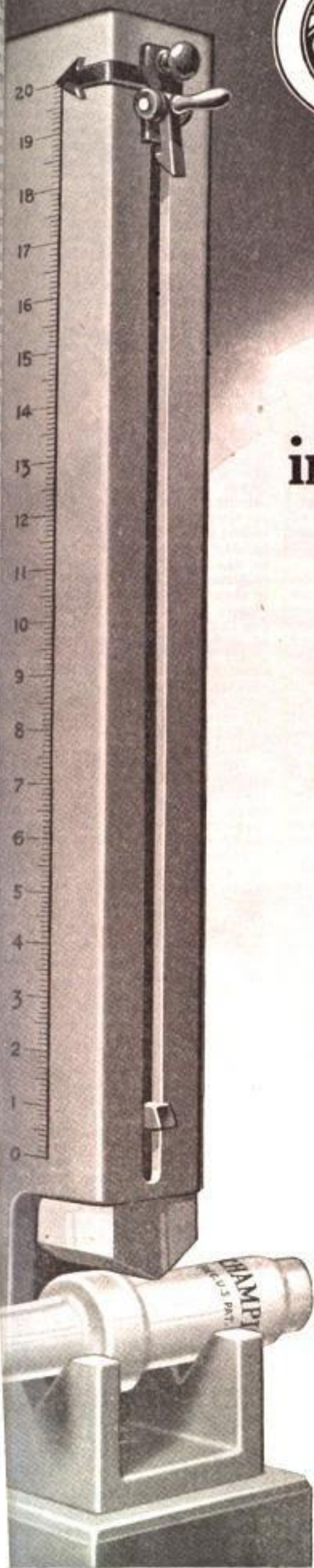
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After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer. Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

## On the Edge

Continued from page 9

crowned horror to the dry-eyed women, waiting and hoping and dreading to see him come. Always there were cases of hysteria at such times; old Madame Vielé, who shrieked out suddenly in the market place that she had seen her son fall dead before her; Marguerite Le-maire, who, returning from Paris on the night train, had found her husband in the compartment with her, had kissed him, held his hand, wept on his breast—and suddenly she was alone, with the train rushing on through the darkness to Méru, where she was met by the news of his death.

**A**T such times Jeanne braced her shivering limbs and throbbing nerves to steady rigidity and bore her burden as though she had the strength of eternity in her heart. Scraps of phrases from André's letters came before her eyes, as voices speak to tranced saints. As she worked she saw, written before her: "Whoever is responsible for the war, the children are not." Or again: "We are all evil creatures, God knows, and our motives must be mixed in this war because they are mixed in everything else. But with whatever of virtue there is in me, I am fighting for what I think best fit to survive in the world I wish my children to inhabit." Or again, for her own comfort: "Dearest darling Jeanne, the very powers of hell cannot take away from me the ten years of supreme happiness you have given me."

The days went by, one, two, three, four, five, with no letters, with no words at all beyond the steady advance of the Germans. The nights went by, the long, long nights, not black and empty, but filled with dreadful lightning visions of what might be happening, even at that instant, as she lay in her bed. Jeanne felt no fatigue, no hunger, no consciousness of her body at all, at such times. It happened once, after one of these long, numb days, that she cut her hand deeply, and did not know she had done it till she saw the smears of blood on her skirt. Her first thought was that it was the only skirt she possessed and that she must not spoil it with her blood, because there was no money to buy another.

It was that very evening, after she had tied up the wound on her hand and was beginning to undress the younger children, interrupting herself frequently to help Jacques with his Latin, that she heard the front door of the house open and shut.

She went as cold as ice. Her heart stopped beating, her hair stirred itself on her head. It had come. Some one had brought a telegram with the bad news.

She put the children on one side, quietly opened the kitchen door, and stepped out into the cold twilight of the hall.

André stood before her, a shadowy figure in the obscurity, pale, unshaven, muddy, smiling, a strange, dim, tired, infinitely tender smile. His arms were outstretched toward her.

For a moment—a long, silent, intense moment of full life—she knew nothing but that he was there, that she held him in her arms, that his lips were on hers. Nothing else existed. There was no war, no danger, no fear, no wonder how he could have come. There was nothing in all her being but the consciousness that they were together again. She was drowned deep in this consciousness; the blessed flood of it closed over her head.

Presently the door of the kitchen opened, and the littler ones trooped out to find her. They could live but so few moments, those littler ones, without sucking at her vitality.

She fell at once into the happy confusion of the usual leave of absence, crying out to the children: "See, see, papa has come! See, Uncle André is here!"

It seemed to her the children were singularly apathetic, not instantly molten joy as she had been. The younger ones were even a little shy of him, who was, after all, an unknown man to them; and more than a little jealous of him, who came to share with them their maman, their auntie, the source and light and warmth of their exacting little new lives. It seemed to Jeanne that they looked even more queerly at him this time than usual, and that there was in the sidelong glances of the older ones an element of strangeness. Their father was becoming a mere legend to

them, she thought with a painful contraction of her heart.

She found herself talking a great deal, in a quavering, excited voice, gone back to her old exuberance of expression. It seemed to her that she finally asked André how it could have happened, his coming, and that he explained across the children's clamor that his regiment had gone down to the gates of hell in the offensive and that what was left of them had been given a twenty-four hours' leave of absence.

Oh, yes, she understood with no further words, she who knew by heart every way of communication between his sector on the front and her door; he had reached Paris by the 3.20 train, had hurriedly changed stations, had caught the 4.40 train out and reached Méru at twenty minutes of seven. And oh, she had not been at the station to meet him! But of course he had not had time to telegraph. So, if it were only a twenty-four hour leave, he would need to take the midnight train back. He had come so far, so far, for five hours with her.

She thought this all out while flying to get him some food, to open the can of meat, precious kept for just such a golden chance, to heat the potatoes which were left, to set Jacques to grinding some coffee—real coffee, such as they never used—to uncover the sacred little store of sugar, wide, to his hand! And at the same time to talk to the children. How unresponsive children are, she thought; how quickly they outgrow whatever is not immediately present. It is hard to remember that four years, so long in the life of a child, is all eternity to a young child; his utmost imagination cannot compass it. She said all this to André, to explain the children. How absurd to try to explain them to André, smiling his deep understanding of them and of her, far deeper than she could ever fathom!

Then she was driving them all upstairs to bed, leaving the kitchen to André, the big tin bathtub and the clean underclothes which she had always ready for the first ceremony of every return from the trenches. If only there were more hot water! But she always let the fire go down toward night, to save coal. For her there was no need of fire. She could put a blanket around her shoulders and wrap her legs in a rug of an evening as she sat writing her letter to André by the poor light of the one lamp, filled with war kerosene, which smoked and glimmered uncertainly.

She hardly knew what she was doing as she hurried the children into their beds in the cold rooms. Hurry as she might, there were six of them; and many, many of the priceless, counted-out moments had passed before she ran down the stairs, as madly as any girl racing to meet her lover.

André was there, at table, washed, shaven, a little color in his lean, deeply lined cheeks under their warlike bronze. When he heard her step flying down the hall, he pushed back from the table and, his napkin across his knees, a good light of laughter in his eyes, he held out his arms to her again, crying like the traditional bridegroom:

"Alone at last!"

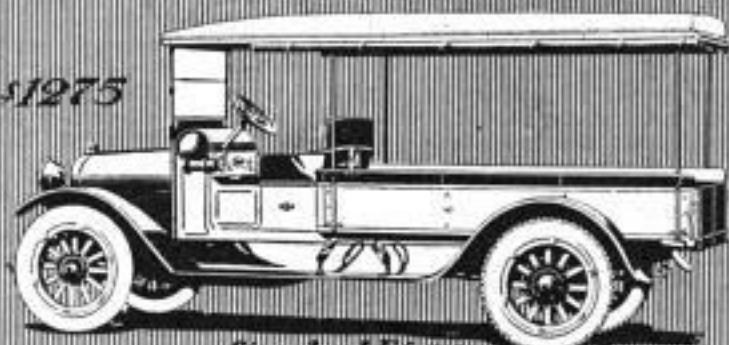
**S**O it began on the light note, that incredible good fortune of their evening together, she perching on his knee, watching him eat, filling his plate, pouring out more coffee, talking, laughing—yes, really laughing as she only did when André was there *en permission*. When he had finished she cleared the table, made up the fire, recklessly putting in lump after lump of the sticky, resinous coal and opening all the drafts. They sat down together before the stove, beside the surly ill-conditioned lamp, and their tongues were loosened for much talk—light, deep, sad, hopeful, brave, depressed, casual, tragic. They poured out to each other all the thousand things which do not go into letters, even daily ones. She heard of the unreasonable irritability of his captain, and the plain, restoring good faith of the old colonel; the heroism of the men, the cowardly slinking back to a clerical position at the rear by young Montverdière, the son of their député. He heard of her struggles with the boys' Latin and mathematics, and with the little ones' alphabet: "Just think, André, Annette, the obstinate little thing, will not admit that B's name is

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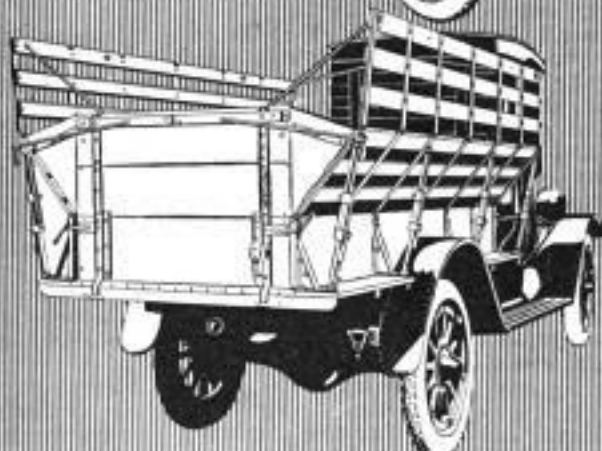
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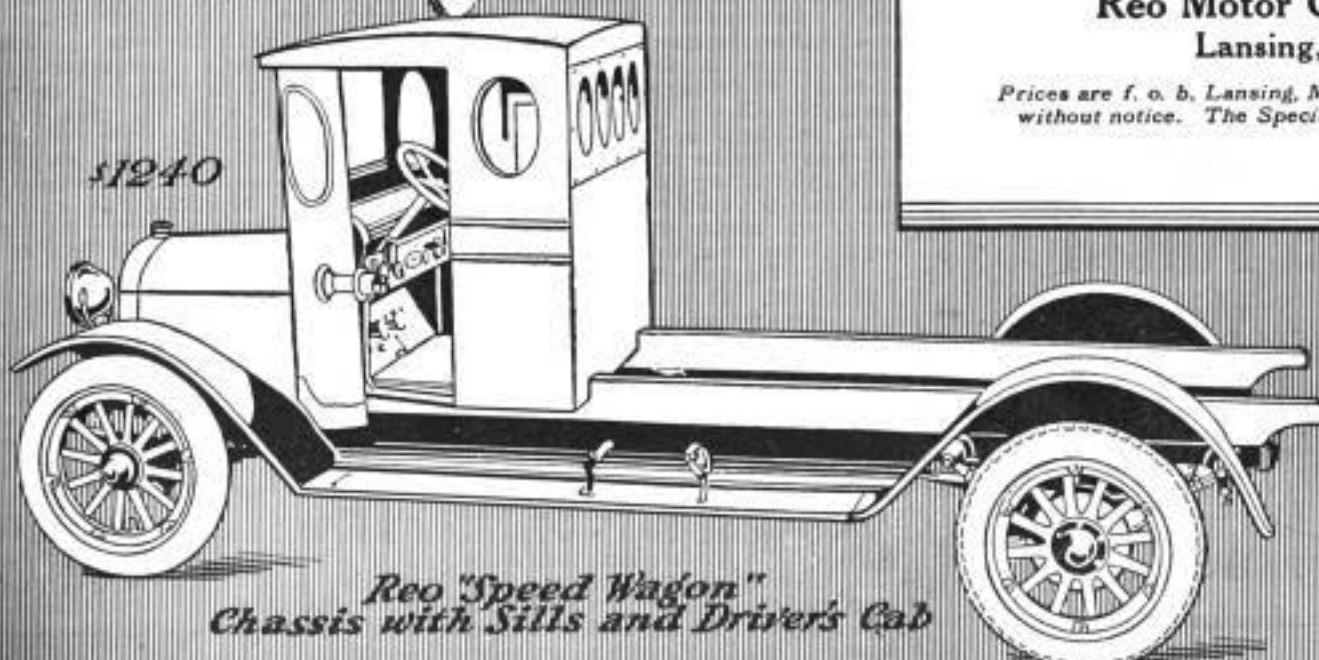
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### Puffed Rice

### Puffed Wheat

### Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except  
in Far West

B. She says it is 'loof' and she knows it is because she dreamed it was—haven't children the most absurd ideas?"

She spoke out with a Frenchwoman's frankness of her moments of horror, of despair, of doubt of the war's meaning, of revulsion from the industrial system which had made the war possible. There deep answered deep; he brought to her the venomous hatred of war which fills the trenches to the brim: "It is not glorious; it is infamous. I am not a hero; I am a murderer. But there are worse things. It would be worse to have peace, with the German ideas ruling the world. No, every one of us would better die than allow that to happen. Yes, I have had too—who hasn't?—moments of doubt, moments when the horror of our stupidity was too great, when I have thought that any other way would be better than war. But not since the Russian affair, not since the Germans marched into defenseless Russia. Russian children will be brought up in German schools, to form a new generation of Germans. I would kill my children with my own hands before having them added to these ranks. No, since Russia there seems no other way but to go on to the end, and to make that end an end to war forever." The worn phrases, dubious and tarnished on the facile tongues of public orators, repeated there in that dimly lighted room by that worn man and suffering woman, became new, became sacramental.

THEY clung to each other for a moment again, and gradually felt the tension of the spirit melt away in the old cure of simple bodily nearness. His cheek against hers—at the sensation she became just a woman again.

She stirred, she smiled; she told an amusing story of their queer old neighbor; she interrupted herself to say reproachfully: "But I do love little Maurice! I don't love him as I love the other children, but just because of that I love him more, because I pity him so."

"That," he said with conviction, "must be true because nobody but you would be capable of such mixed language and emotions."

She had laughed at this and, remembering suddenly that she had a box of cigarettes for him, jumped up to get it. He was amazed. Where, in Heaven's name, had she been able to get cigarettes in France in 1918? Ah, that was her little secret. She had her ways of doing things! She teased him for an instant and then said she had begged it for him from an American Red Cross camion driver who had stopped there to get water for his radiator. The recollection brought to mind something painful, which she poured out before him like all the rest. "Oh, but, André, what do you think the woman in uniform sitting by him said? Of course she couldn't have known that I understand English, but even so—She looked at me hard, and she said: 'These heroic Frenchwomen people make so much fuss about, I notice you don't see any of them turning out to run cars or distribute clothes to refugees. Much they bother themselves for France. They stay right inside their comfortable homes and do fancy-work as usual.' Yes, she said that. Oh, André, it hurt! I was ashamed that I could be hurt so cruelly by anything but the war."

This led to talk of America. "All our hope is with them, Jeanne. You mustn't mind what one woman said—very likely a tired woman too, fretted by being in a country where she doesn't speak the language. All the future is in their hands, and, by God, Jeanne, I begin to believe they realize it! They are really coming, you know; they are really here. I see them with my own eyes, not just doctors and nurses and engineers and telegraphists, as at first, but real fighting men. They are in the sector next to ours now. They fight. They fight with a sort of exuberance, as though it were a game they were playing and meant to win. And they all say that their country is back of them as France is back of us, to the last man, woman, and child. They're queer fellows. They remind me a little of our Normans and a little of our Gascons, if you can imagine the combination. Whenever there is a difficulty they have a whimsical, bragging little phrase, that they draw out in their sharp, level voices: 'Never you mind; the Yanks are coming.' It made me smile at first, at their presumption, at their young ignorance. But there is something hypnotizing about the way they say that jerky un-

lovely phrase, like the refrain of a popular song that sticks in your mind. It sticks in mine. 'The Yanks are coming!' The Russians have gone, or rather the Russians never were there, but 'the Yanks are coming!'

Jeanne had been looking at him hard, scarcely hearing what he said, drawing in a new conviction from his eyes, his accent, the carriage of his head. "Why, André! you are really hoping that it may end as it ought!" she interrupted him suddenly. "You are really hoping—"

He nodded soberly. "Yes, my darling, I really hope."

He was silent, smiled, drew her to him with a long breath, his arm strong and hard about her. They might have been eighteen and twenty again. "And I know," he whispered, "that you are the loveliest and the best and the bravest woman in the world."

The tears ran down her cheeks at this—happy tears which he kissed away. When she could speak she protested, saying brokenly that she was weak, she was helpless in the face of the despair which so often overcame her, that she was perilously poised on the edge of hysteria.

"Ah, who isn't near that edge?" he told her. "Not to go over the edge, that is the most that can be done by even the strongest in these days."

"No, no," she told him. "You don't know how weak I am, how cowardly, how I must struggle every day, every hour, not to give up altogether, to abandon the struggle and sink into the abyss with the children."

"But you don't give it up," he murmured, his lips on her cheek. "You do go on with the struggle. I always find the children alive, well, happy. You weak! You cowardly! You are the bravest of the brave."

The clock struck ten.

They went upstairs hand in hand to look at the sleeping children and to try to plan some future for them. Jeanne told of her anxieties about Michel, the oldest, who had silent, morose fits of brooding. "He's old enough to feel it all." The littler ones only suffer physically.

André put his father's hand on the sleeping boy's forehead and looked down at him silently, the deep look of strength and comprehension which was like the wine of life to his wife. She thought it was a benediction to the boy which no priest could better. André took his watch out of his pocket and laid it on the table. "See here," he said, "I'm going to leave this here for Michel when he wakes in the morning. I only use the old wrist watch nowadays. It may please the little fellow to know I think him big enough to have my watch."

"He'll make it a talisman—it's the very thing!" she agreed, touched by his divining sympathy for the boy's nature.

They roamed through the cold deserted rooms of the much-loved little home, unused because of lack of fuel, but the wan, clustering memories were too thick even for their tried and disciplined hearts. They went back into the smoky kitchen, shivering.

The clock struck eleven.

As it struck twelve, Jeanne turned back from the door, the lamp in her hand, the last echo of his footsteps faint in her ears. She stood for a moment, trancelike, staring at the yellow flame of the lamp, her eyes wide. Already it seemed impossible that he had been there. She felt horribly, horribly tired, hardly any other sensation but that. She went upstairs, undressed rapidly, blew out the light, and lay down beside little Maurice. She slept with him, that she might be sure to watch over him carefully enough, fearing that she might not rise in the cold so readily for him as for the others. Almost at once she fell into a profound sleep.

SHE woke with a start, to find herself standing up in her nightgown in the darkness, on the cold floor, in the middle of the room, the cold, damp wind blowing in on her from the black opening of the window. And at once she knew what had happened—knew it as though some one had just finished telling her.

André had not been there at all that day. He had been killed, that was it, and her intense longing had brought his spirit straight to her for a moment, and all the rest she had imagined.

Staring into the darkness, she saw it all with perfect lucidity. That was



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why he had looked so dim and shadowy  
when she had first seen him in the hall;  
that was why his smile had been so  
strange. That was why the children  
had seemed so queer; she understood  
now, it was because they saw no one  
there and because they heard her talk-  
ing to herself.

Did she, then, often talk to herself,  
that they should do more than look  
sidelong and askance when she did it?  
Yes, she must have been slowly going  
near the edge of dementia during the  
last weeks, and quite over the edge into  
madness the last five days of suspense.

A deadly chill shook her, so that her  
teeth chattered loudly in the darkness,  
audible even to her ears. What did it  
matter? André had been killed. There  
was no meaning in anything any more.

THE cold settled around her heart, an  
icy flood, and congealed in her veins.  
She felt herself to be dying and ran  
out to meet delivering death.

She heard André's voice saying clear-  
ly: "Whoever else is responsible for the  
war, the children are not. They must  
not suffer if we can help it."

There was a pause when the world  
seemed to be slowly shifting under her  
feet. She knew what was coming. In  
an instant it came. In all that was left  
alive of her she knew that she must try  
to go on living for the children.

She turned her back to escape, and  
in a spiritual agony like the physical  
anguish of childbirth, she put out her  
hands to grope her way back to the  
fiery ordeal of life.

Her hands, groping in the darkness,  
fell on something cold and metallic and  
round—André's watch, which he had  
left for Michel!

But if his watch was there, he had  
been there himself.

She ran trembling to the match box,  
struck a light and looked. Yes, there  
was the watch, and a burned-out ciga-  
rette beside it.

The match went out suddenly in the  
cold, damp breath from the window.

André had come, then! And she—  
she was in such a pass that she was  
incapable of believing that her hus-  
band had been with her for an hour.  
Stretched on the rack of long separa-  
tion, her body and brain had lost the  
power to conceive of happiness as real.  
She felt now that she had not really  
believed in his presence any of the time.  
That was why she had fancied the chil-  
dren looked oddly at him. She had not  
been able to believe it!

But she did now! It had reached her  
very self at last, the knowledge that  
he had been there, that he had been of  
good cheer, that he loved her, that he  
thought the war might yet be won for  
the right, that he had even laughed,  
had said—what was that quaint phrase?  
"The Yanks are coming!"

She took the watch up in her hands,  
laid it against her cheek, and began to  
cry sweet, weak, childlike tears.

She groped her way back to the bed,  
weeping silently, the watch clutched  
tightly in her hand.

She lay down beside the unloved little  
orphan, whom she loved through pity;  
she took him in her arms; she felt the  
watch cold and hard and actual against  
her heart, and, the tears still on her  
cheeks, she fell once more asleep, smiling.

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Entered at the New York Post Office as  
second-class matter. Entered at the Post  
Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as  
second-class matter. Copyright, 1918, by  
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Volume 61 Number 24  
AUGUST 24, 1918



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## The Evolution of Armageddon

Continued from page 20

up in parts. They also manufactured some more mobile and handy field guns. In the attack of March 21 and subsequently these mortars, prepared in vast quantity, and a few field guns were brought up close behind the advancing infantry, who thus found themselves in each new position still under the protection of an effective artillery. The difficulty of supplying enough ammunition—and even small mortar shells are very heavy—was partly surmounted by the use of little armored cars, more handy but much less powerful than the tank.

But the battle is not only lost or won at the place where the infantry are. The variety of the destructive art is hardly less palpable behind the trenches than in them. I watched many engagements during the Somme battle from less than half a mile in perfect security. Such security has quite vanished. This year every army has multiplied its long-range guns and never ceases to shell back areas. Most roads are dangerous places even up to ten and fifteen miles to the rear. The seventy-mile gun is, of course, an amazing novelty—but the use of batteries of guns of a ten- or twelve-mile range makes much more difference to the battle itself. One result is that the work of the gunners themselves is now three times more dangerous than it was.

The effectiveness of intense counter-battery work by heavy guns was a discovery of the Allies and went far to win the great battles of Vimy, Arras, and Messines. The accuracy of fire is often amazing. In one battery at Messines I found five German guns out of six smashed up. The work of the gunner is more complicated and evokes more courage with each new battle. The day after the Battle of Arras I saw German infantry trying to lynch their own artillerymen, who were corralled with them in a great prisoner's cage, just behind the battle. "They betrayed us," said an infantry corporal from Munich. "And all the shells we heard came one way, and that was from your side." So hot was the feeling that their captors had to send additional soldiers to protect the German gunners. Since then the enemy has learned his lesson, and no batteries to-day are the safe places they often were during earlier battles. It is a fact that targets have been hit at the first shot at a range of twenty-five miles, and any discovered battery within eight miles is doomed. At the best it is smothered with gas shells which compel the use of the mask.

Gases; flames; stink bombs; poison bombs; bursting bombs; smoke bombs and shells; seventy-mile guns; shells

with time fuses, with supersensitive contact fuses, with delay-action fuses that burrow deep before exploding; "tracer" bullets, that show their track in the air; inflammatory bullets, that fire what they touch; portable artillery, that you may almost put in your pocket; automatic rifles; light and heavy machine guns, firing several bullets a second; armored cars of every pattern—all these and many besides do not exhaust the armor of the God of War. Most of them are stale and dull—and perhaps comparatively ineffective—beside the weapon that is in the forging, and that weapon is not mean, dastardly, cruel, or even rigidly scientific, for it can only be used by men of human skill and courage; and it is in this department that the German have been markedly inferior; I mean in the use of the airplane.

## The Last Weapon

THE most conservative critics believe that the last and greatest development of the war will be seen in the air. I suppose the Americans are, with perhaps one exception, the most naturally inventive people in the world; and a good part of the country's energy is focused on preparation for this aerial warfare. Flying by night is a new accomplishment, and no defense has yet been found. In some recent experiments three-inch guns have been mounted on airplanes, and many planes have been made capable of carrying a score of men or an equal number of bombs. Even during the Somme battle, when the British possessed a moral if not a material mastery in the air, German soldiers, even of the better regiments, began to grow rebellious through sheer terror of British airplanes. A German soldier's letter before me says: "The will soon swoop down and pick us up of the trenches by the scruff of our necks; and nobody challenges them from our side. Our own airmen do nothing but swagger into the restaurants and theatres of Lille, showing of their iron crosses." If this sort of nightmare afflicted soldiers in 1918 when a fleet of twenty airplanes was a thing to marvel at, what may not happen in 1919 if the dash, proper to American character, is given full play by the standardizing factories! The air above German trenches and batteries will be as full of eyes as Plato's heaven; and low-flying planes and night-flying planes will rake every trench and every concentration point perhaps even land large numbers of troops behind enemies' lines.

Then, at last, Armageddon will have found itself indeed.

## Our First Victory

Continued from page 7

for further details—I could see he was busy and concerned, but went to his adjutant a moment later. "Colonel E.," I said, "tells me there is a good O. P. up there. Could you tell me exactly where it is and how to get there?" "There will be an O. P.," he replied, with heavy corrective emphasis on the "will," "there will be an O. P." "But Colonel E. says there is one up there; couldn't you tell me where it is?" "There will be one," he answered, "there will be one—a fine one—in a few days. But there isn't any now." "But," I repeated stupidly, "Colonel E. says there is one." "Oh—his face lit up—"I know! He means the one that was there. That's been bombed to h—!" I retired into my dugout once more.

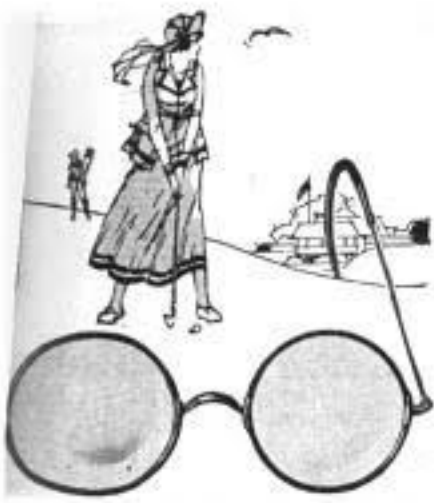
## "Which Way Is Cantigny?"

MY watch was in my palm; every time I looked at it, it had jumped forward. The artillery preparation was to start at four-forty-five; now it was four-fifteen, and I had nothing ready! I went out once more. I went the way I had gone before, climbed the steep bank, then up the hill, along the little wood. As I skirted it, little by little the gold of the moon was turning into a faint bluish-gray light. I came to the shell holes, but passed them this time. The hill kept drawing me on. Again and again I thought myself at the top, and each time I found it rounding upward still ahead of me. It was a very bare hill, ravaged by past shellings; I felt shockingly exposed, so that when I came to a sunken way I sprang into it. The sunken way obliqued to the right, but I followed it a few hundred feet—and suddenly I was near the

top of the rise, with a young officer before me, silhouetted high against the first rosiness of dawn. I ran to him. Before us a plateau spread, sloping away the slightest bit; in the faint light I could see wheat fields waving to the slight cool wind, and meadows replete with poppies. I said to him: "Which way is Cantigny?" "Cantigny?" he answered. "Why, there it is, right in front of you!" He pointed across the plateau—and at the end of the long gentle slope Cantigny lay, pretty as a stage setting among its trees, just visible in the bluish morning mist. But the trench was at my feet; bayonets stood out of it; it was full of men—of boys! They filled it, packed shoulder to shoulder, and many of them slept standing, held up between their comrades and the close walls, their foreheads resting against the parapet. "Who are these men?" I asked. "Machine-gun men," the officer answered. But a little ahead was another trench also full of men. "Who are these?" I asked. "The 14th Infantry," he answered. By Jove! I was in the front lines—standing above the front lines. Between the two trenches a communication gut ran. "Where could I go to see the show?" I asked. "Get into the communication trench," he answered cordially. This was too abrupt for me. Ingloriously I turned and slid all the way back to the P. C. once more.

A little before four-forty-five we all came out of our burrows to watch the bombardment, which was to begin at that time. We faced the west, curious and a little anxious. The batteries were back there, four or five kilometers. I knew where some were, through long





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familiarity; others I had stumbled on in my wanderings of the past week—new batteries, everywhere, which had sprouted overnight like mushrooms in pretty woods, in hollows, along roadsides, in village streets, camouflaged. They were, of course, altogether invisible to us now; it was the western horizon we searched. And promptly at the appointed time came the first shot—from the west, a silken, tearing, whistling sound, which seemed to travel a long time, then passed overhead, and turned to a hard and abrupt explosion on the plateau above and behind us. Another followed, another, twenty, thirty—the air was soon filled with a great whistling clamor, though the work held still, in some indefinable but clear manner, a character of reserve and observant precision, of something formidable in leash. At the same time, as if a curtain had been raised, the morning came to its full light—a perfect morning, a light blue sky dappled here and there with very delicate white clouds—and again from the west, but from the high depths of it, the planes came winging. The slanting light gave them a waferlike thinness; you looked at one, then suddenly knew there were three; looked at three and suddenly knew there were nine—there were squadrons of them. They came, broad-winged and leisurely; some had bright pennons hung out; they gave to the morning an extraordinarily festive air; it was as if we were at the beginning of a great holiday. We looked at each other and smiled; we half expected to hear bells begin to ring.

### We Laughed Like Fools

**MEANWHILE** we were watching for the German return. It was an anxious moment, for we had been raided twenty-four hours before and had lost two prisoners. If those two men had not held silent, in spite of brutal boche pressure, in a minute batteries removed from the emplacements we were shelling would hurl back a storm of steel. We watched curiously, and soon knew that our boys had held true. The boche seemed to be well smothered. He was shelling, as far as we could see, in only three places. First of all, to the left, he was throwing shrapnel on the Villers-Tourelle road. At regular intervals a shell burst with the characteristic shrapnel c-c-r-r-rump; a gray-black cloud took swift form and hung suspended above the road. High explosives were falling on the fields before our dugout and into the shallow vale leading from them back to the first-aid stations and the rear; we saw groups of our infantry, caught out there in the open, scatter and run for cover like quail, and in spite of our concern for them could not help laugh, for with the beginning of the action we had all mysteriously become happy, foolish boys. Then, to our right, an empty field, with no one and nothing in it whatsoever, was being most furiously shelled. Big 150's were hurtling into it in squalls. You could see each projectile strike the earth, as if in a gigantic game of bowls, and immediately a great geyser rose in the air, black and massy at the base, yellow at the center, gray and white and plumed at the top—just such fantastic formations as one sees in popular illustrated weeklies and does not believe true.

For an hour this regulating fire continued in a smooth, unbroken sheet, then at five-forty-five it leaped up several degrees in the scale of violence, and held there. An invisible roof of dreadful sound was above our heads, made of the warp of screeching trajectories; our ears told us of it so imperiously that whenever we looked up and found we could still see the sky it was each time with a fresh surprise. Beneath this storm of incredible uproar, thinking of the boche at the receiving end, we looked at each other, smiling happily. We invented a game. The day before, wandering through the woods back there, I had come upon a French battery of ———. I recognized its voice now in the multitudinous clamor. At regular intervals one of its shells started from over there, near the horizon; it came majestically, with leisure, ripping slowly the silk of the sky from end to end. I told the others, and, standing close, we amused ourselves picking this iron string out of the stupendous lyre of the massed artillery. We would listen to the shell coming from far, far, a long, long time, coming a little flat-wheeled—wwhhee, wwhhee, wwhhee, wwhhee, wwhhee. Over our heads it became a banshee screech; we looked at each other in delighted anticipation. Another mo-

ment, and—b-h-booo-oom!—with a sound three times as heavy as any of the other explosions, she burst somewhere behind us where we knew was the boche. Then we opened our mouths wide and laughed like fools.

The answering fire was not changing much. Still, on the empty field to the right, two hundred yards away, the heavy concentration, the incredible geysers rising high; still, on the flat before us, and the shallow valley beyond, shelling also now and then the entrance of our dugouts, squalls of high explosives; still, on the Villers-Tourelle road, the shrapnel, with its c-crrump and its high cloud. But we were having some casualties. A lieutenant of engineers, passing, said: "We've had two of our officers killed." A little later word came that a shell had fallen in a quarry, killing and wounding many men. I saw stretchers passing along the small valley that led to the first-aid stations. Beneath the vastness of the spectacle, though, both bearers and borne looked small, like toys, and we were held from giving much heed to what was tragic by the strange joy which was in our hearts. Several times I had run out into clear and climbed the steep bank beyond the P. C., to look up the hill to the plateau on top. And now, as I repeated the performance, I saw the French tanks go into position. They rushed up there, out of a wood, through brush that was a tender green, tearing and trampling, then deployed, and were still. Each had the tusk of a rhinoceros, but was painted a reptilian color. I rushed back to the colonel and told him what I had seen, and asked him if he didn't want to see it. He did, and we ran out. We made a dash for it, climbed the bank, stuck our heads above it—and there remained only one tank. The others had moved out of our line of sight; I can't describe my disappointment at showing the colonel only one tank when I had promised him twelve. But a new squall of boche projectiles was raining. We slid down the bank and ran back to the protection of the rampart which had been raised in front of the dugouts. We were just within it when a shell burst hard above our heads. Our heads went into our necks, our necks into our shoulders. A rain of twigs, of clods, of stones tinkled down upon our helmets; we sprinted into the P. C., giggling like children caught in the sprinkle of a hose. "To h—— with your tanks!" cried the colonel.

### In Five Minutes

**BUT** once more my watch was galloping toward a fateful hour. It was now six-thirty. In fifteen minutes we were going over the top, and I had not yet decided what to do. Should I go up into the communication trench so obligingly offered me by that young lieutenant earlier, or should I look for another observation point, or should I do neither of these things and simply stay where I was, to follow the attack from beneath, as it were, subterraneously, from the cellar? I did not know, and, what is stranger still, I felt an invincible repugnance to thinking about it. I did not know what I was going to do, I was not thinking of what I was going to do, but there was rising within me like a tide an assurance more and more complete that I was going to do something. Something—I did not know just what—but something. I went out again to listen to the bombardment. A new sound sprang into it to which the heart answered with hammer beats—the terrific flat-tongued tat-tat-tat-tat-tat of hundreds of machine guns. But the colonel was at my elbow inviting me to breakfast. "Come in and have some breakfast," he was saying. "Oh, I don't want any breakfast," I answered, almost peevishly. I was absorbed in that singular joy which had taken hold of me with the beginning of the action; I felt a bit—well, as though I were being asked to have breakfast before communion. But he insisted, and I went into the dugout with him. "Come, grab a plate and a cup," he said. "But in ten minutes we're going over the top," I objected. "What of that?" he said. "Have some breakfast," he added heartily, and sank the patent opener of his knife into a tin of preserved pears. Squatting amicably, he, young C., and I breakfasted. I remember swallowing three canned pears whole, as if they had been oysters—but I couldn't stay still. "We're going over in five minutes," I said, and went out once more.

(To be continued)



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## You Can Fix That Puncture in a Jiffy

Goodyear Self-Cure Tube  
Patches require no cement and  
they stick tight and hold fast

**FOR** a quick repair and a sure one, use Goodyear Self-Cure Tube Patches. They are die-cut, cementless, easy to apply, and in an emergency they are worth their weight in gold. They are made of exceedingly resilient rubber and will stretch with the tube. They will not pull loose at the edges. Always carry a supply in your car; they may be the means some time of getting you home. Remember the last thousand miles are the cheapest.

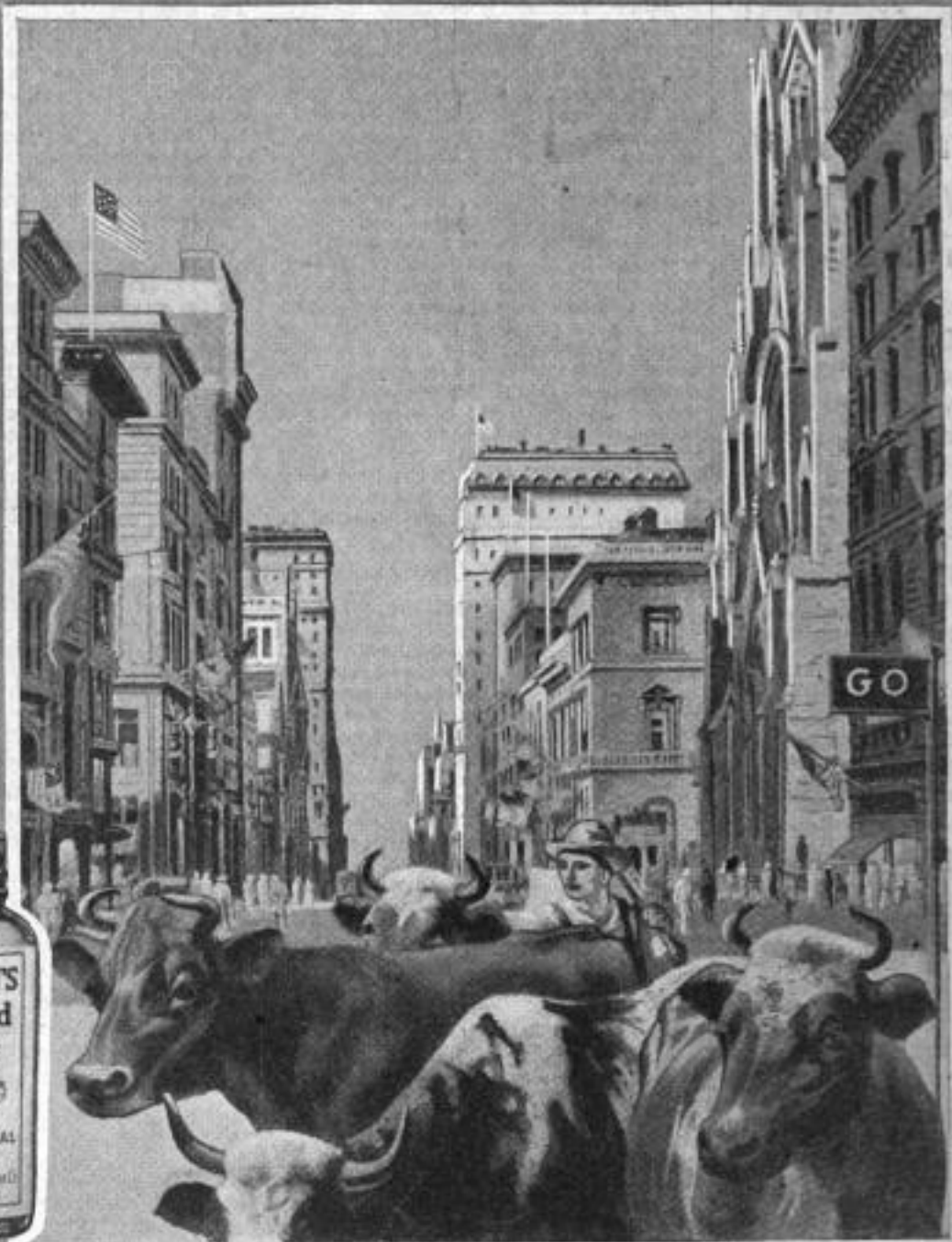
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**GOOD YEAR**  
TIRE SAVERS



# Borden's

## THE NATION'S MILK



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Not so many years ago herds of cattle were driven through city streets; and housewives waited for their milk supply to be drawn from cows in front of their homes.

Imagine that today—a herd of cows ambling down Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, Tremont Street.

Gail Borden foresaw in 1857 the enormous value of a pure, dependable milk supply. His genius made possible the preservation of milk—to his vision is due the

distribution of Borden Milk Products the world over.

Wherever milk is needed—for babies, for the table, for cooking—there is a Borden product, pure in quality and convenient in form, backed by the Borden name. In metropolitan centers and at the out-of-the-way cross roads, grocers and druggists can provide you with Borden's Milks. They will tell you that the Borden name on milk is a guarantee of purity and quality—that Borden's is the nation's milk.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, New York

*Borden's*  
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## Jerusalem Regained

1099—GODFREY DE BOUILLON      1917—ALLENBY

**B**ACK from the Holy Land, home from the Crusade, came the adventuring nobles, squires, and men-at-arms, by devious ways, perilous and slow. In castle halls and village inns they told their hero tales of Jerusalem's first capture; and it is from scattered fragments of song and legend that we must piece together our picture of that crowning triumph of mediæval chivalry.

Yesterday a soldier of Britain set the flag of the Empire over the Holy City's temples, mosques and battlements. And close on the heels of the news came photographic confirmation as precise as Allenby's own uncolored reports to the War Office.

Thus today does history record itself while in the making, almost automatically. Largely because of photography, today's hero tales can never recede into the mists of folklore; the story told by photographs remains authentic, even through another thousand years.

That which photography does for the historian is but a part of its work, not only as an art, but as a science of record contributing vitally to all science. And the Eastman Kodak Company, like a great university—because of its many co-ordinating departments, tireless laboratory research and frequent additions to the equipment of science—constantly renders the world a real institutional service.

If it isn't an  
Eastman it isn't  
a KODAK





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Tobacco Co.

## What's the answer when you get so much fun out of smoking;

*when you come out of the water or off the road and fire up a jimmy pipe or roll a makin's cigarette—and feel like you must sing out: "Oh Boy"; when, you sit up late o'nights to get in that extra-little-puffing; when, the go-to-it-again listen hits you before you're out of the sheets and you want to tell a thousand men what you know! What's the answer, what's the answer? That's smoking!*

Gee, it beats-the-breakfast-bell how Prince Albert does wallop joy into your smokesystem like every day was Christmas! And, just slip a mental-mem behind your left ear that P. A. jogs at the joy-jolt-job every minute by the clock, passing out Prince Albert fragrance and flavor so lavishly you'll wish you had been born twins so you could draw double-rations. P. A. *quality* certainly turns the taste-trick!

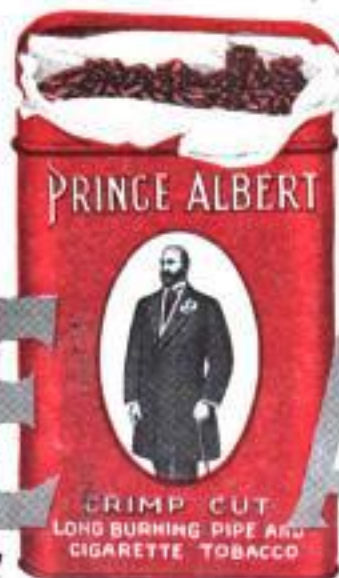
For what ails your smokeappetite, go to P. A. like it was your leetle ole pay check. And, don't take anybody else's word, but

cash in yourself on the fact that *Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat.* That's cut out by our exclusive patented process. No matter how fussy your tongue may be, P. A. will handle it as gently as summer breezes biff the little flowers!

All you ever hankered for in smokes is *yours-in-a-hurry* quick as you connect with a tidy red tin of Prince Albert! Might reel you off a couple of yards about how P. A. punches-in-smoke-sunshine, but words haven't been invented that really express Prince Albert's satisfying qualities. *Get that information direct!*

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that sure enough keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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the national joy smoke



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5 cents a copy  
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August 31, 1918

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



*The Bird  
Of Serbia*  
By  
Julian Street

More than a Million Every Week





Painting by F. C. Fohn

© Comm. on Pub. Inf. 1918

# "AMERICA'S ANSWER"

*Second U. S. Official War Feature*

## See our boys go over the top at Cantigny!

**G**ENERAL PERSHING himself sent to this country the material included in "America's Answer"—the second Official Government War Film.

See our boys building a 3-mile pier in a French port; assembling American locomotives, baking bread—each loaf stamped with the company's trade-mark.

See huge heaps of Yankee shoes being salvaged—quantities of worn out underwear being put in shape for our boys by motherly French women; American motor trucks swung off ships and freed from their crates by Austrian prisoners.

See American soldiers going over the top at Cantigny—the French tanks and flame-throwers in action—the capture of German prisoners.

This stirring war film is a fitting sequel to "Pershing's Crusaders," which is now appearing in thousands of motion-picture

theaters throughout the country. If it hasn't been shown in your town, ask your theater manager to get it.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER feature-picture every American will surely want to see is "The Bridge of Ships"—a two-reel film telling a graphic picture-story of the ship-building achievements of the U. S. Government.

\* \* \*

ALSO look for the Official War Review, a digest of current activities of the American, French, British and Italian troops on the Western Front. Shown each week at your favorite theater.

\* \* \*

IS YOUR BOY *over there?* Or *perhaps your brother or husband?* Do you want to see how he is living—what he is doing and how he is doing it? His life in the new environment is vividly portrayed in these impressive war films prepared by Uncle Sam for the folks who have to stay at home.

"Thrilling"—  
"Colossal"—  
"Wildly Enthusiastic"—

### New York Sun

"Beside real films of this sort, efforts of cinema directors, however thoughtfully conceived, pale into comparative insignificance."

### New York Times

"The music, the tableau and almost every scene of the film brought forth cheers."

### New York Herald

"One watching that picture feels that he is actually in the battle."

### New York Telegraph

"There is a thrill in every foot of film."

### New York Journal of Commerce

"Given before an audience which was wildly enthusiastic."

### New York Commercial

"Portrays as no other medium has yet depicted the colossal magnitude of our war preparations. Many questions are at once made clear in the thrilling picturization."

### New York American

"Really this is a representative picture, in which the fathers, mothers, families, and friends of American soldiers may rejoice."

The exposition of Captured War Trophies will be held in the leading cities of the United States. Watch for announcements.

*Presented by*

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

Through the Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.





# TO THE PRESIDENTS Of America's Largest Concerns:

What happened when one concern met war-time conditions by reducing  
the price of its standard product from \$100 to \$49

By Burton Wynne

**T**HE new Oliver Plan has been the most discussed sales policy of recent years. It is revolutionary—but only so, as applied to typewriters. Its principles are founded upon long-practiced and successful ways of distribution.

It is called the most liberal offer—yet to skeptics it sounds "too good to be true."

It heralds a day of universal typing.

I know the new Oliver Plan, as I knew the old. I sat in at all the discussions. We knew the sensation this plan would create. Yet all the time we wondered why others had not acted along these obvious lines.

For years \$100 was too much for a typewriter, even as fine as The Oliver No. 9. The facts and figures were condemning.

It costs money to maintain a force of thousands of traveling salesmen and agents—salaries, commissions, traveling expenses. And numerous large branch houses are also expensive.

And then came the "dark forces" in typewriter competition. They demanded their toll. In all, custom made it cost \$51 to sell an Oliver.

Another shackling influence, as sinister as high cost, was the public conception that typewriters belonged solely to business. The channels of distribution had become static.

Yet millions of people are logical users. Thousands of teachers, for instance, thousands of farmers, even thousands of school boys and girls.

But instead of going after this new business, routine had brought on an era of con-

*This is a time when business men should exchange ideas. It is a time, if ever, for closer co-operation. So here is an account of the unusual plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company—how it adopted radical ideas, how it won a larger market. What this Company has done may guide others, so that the manufacturers and the public alike may profit.*

centrated effort. Needless replacements were more common than new users.

The new Oliver plan has overcome these two grave handicaps, taking a risk that few concerns would care to assume. And it has won!

The plan has been in effect since March, 1917. With this Nation's declaration of war it was one of the first harbingers of thrift.

Sales have increased amazingly. "Self-selling" appeals as much to the user of 100 Olivers as to the individual user.

The \$100 Oliver now sells for \$49—the identical machine, brand new. And note the easy way to buy, as shown below. Who can resist? Who can conceive a fairer way?

What concern, what individual can willfully insist on yester-year's costly ways of selling?

Were you to read the thousands of letters I have just gone through, you'd realize what this plan means, not only to the giant concern using many Olivers, but to the far-away user who has hitherto toiled at longhand.

I note particularly a letter which ends "Best wishes for your plan from a little country merchant and chicken rancher."

It is signed by C. K. Fossum, of Harstine, Washington.

He also says: "This is my first experience in operating a typewriter. The only instruction I have had is the little book you sent with the machine. And now I am sure I can write three letters on this Oliver to one with a pen. I expect some folks won't believe this, but if they could see me ticking off these few lines they would be convinced."

I quote this one letter from the pile because it typifies the revolution now taking place in the typewriter world.

It shows better than abstract statements just why Oliver has won a new and broader field.

It breathes the spirit of friendship which every concern covets, the thing of which success is made.

The *how* and *why* of the Oliver Plan—too long to tell here—may be found in a booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," sent free, if you mail the coupon.

And below is the Oliver, The Plan, and The Coupon. Note the simplicity. The coupon is primarily for individuals who wish to take advantage of the free trial and installment plan, rather than for big concerns. To the latter we suggest writing for details as to our allowances for used machines or present equipment.

Thousands will now cut out the coupon and send it. How about YOU?

Canadian Price \$62.65

The Oliver Typewriter Company  
102B Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## This Is The Oliver



### Some of the Leading Users Are

U. S. Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania R. R., National City Bank of N. Y., Diamond Match Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Columbia Graphophone Co., Baldwin Locomotive Works, Montgomery Ward & Co., and others of equal rank.

Over 600,000 Olivers Sold

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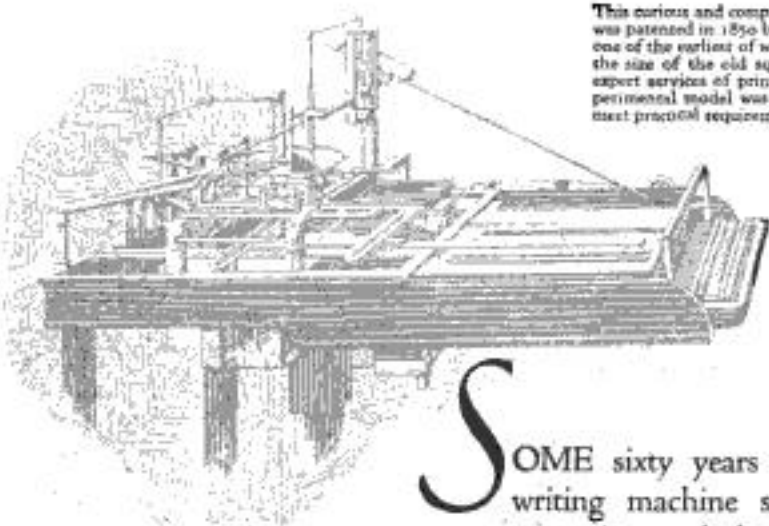
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This curious and complex mechanism, Eddy's "Typographer," was patented in 1850 by Oliver T. Eddy of Baltimore, and was one of the earliest of writing machine inventions. It was about the size of the old square piano, and probably required the expert services of printer and mechanic to operate it. An experimental model was constructed, but the machine did not meet practical requirements.

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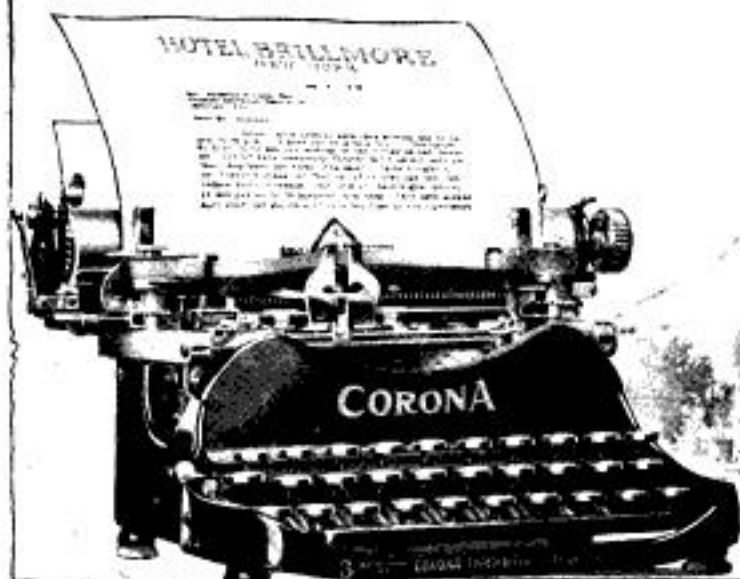
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*The duration of the war depends upon the way each individual American THINKS and SPEAKS and ACTS every day from now until the hour of final triumph!*

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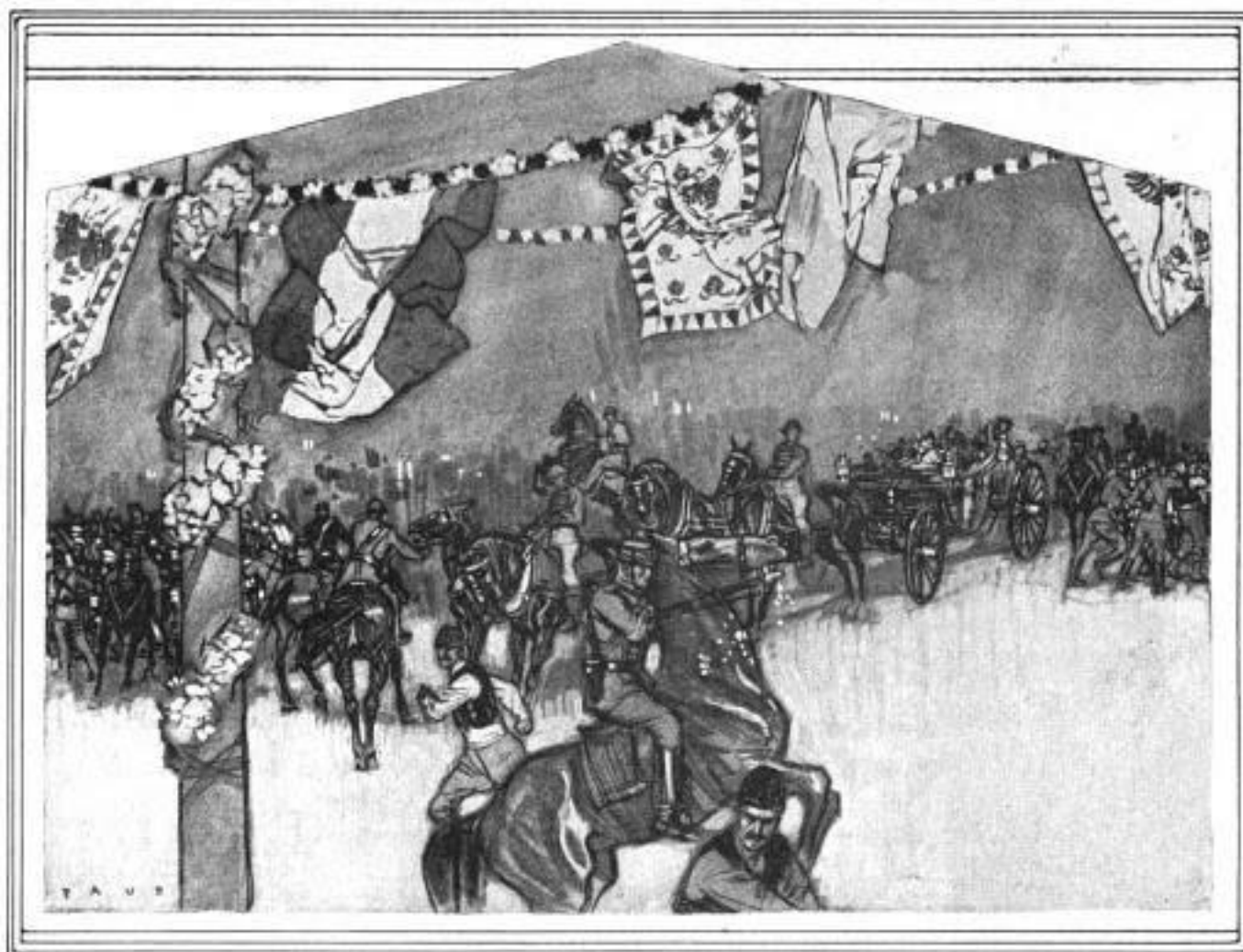
# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

AUGUST 31, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 25

Price: 5 cents a copy; \$2.50 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 28, 1913, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



# THE BIRD OF SERBIA

BY JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

"HERE'S a queer item," remarked the man at the window end of the long leather-covered seat, looking up from his newspaper and apparently speaking in general to the other occupants of the Pullman smoking compartment. "There's a dispatch here announcing the death from tuberculosis of that Serbian who shot the Archduke of Austria at Sarajevo. It seems he has been in prison ever since. I thought he had been executed long ago."

Four of us, strangers to one another, had settled in the smoking compartment at the beginning of the journey from Chicago to New York, and as we had been on our way nearly an hour it seemed time for conversation.

"They didn't execute him," replied a man who sat in one of the chairs, "because he was under age. It's against the law, over there, to execute a person under twenty-one. This boy was only nineteen."

"The law wouldn't have cut much figure over here in a case like that," replied the first speaker.

"Perhaps not," returned the man in the chair, "but respect for law is one of the few benefits that seem to go with autocratic government. I don't find that dispatch in my paper. May I borrow yours?"

The other handed over the journal, indicating the item with his finger. "I had almost forgotten that fellow," spoke up a third traveler. "The rush and magnitude of the war have carried our thoughts—and for the matter of that, our soldiers too—a pretty long way since the assassination occurred. Yet I suppose historians, digging back into the minute beginnings of the war, will all trace down to the shot fired by that Serbian."

"That's what the paper says," returned the one who had begun to talk. "It speaks of 'the historic shot fired in Serbia' as the thing that fired the world."

"And in doing so," declared the man who had borrowed the paper, "it falls into a popular error. The shot was not fired in Serbia, but in Austria-Hungary, and the boy who did the shooting was an Austro-Hungarian subject."

"But that doesn't seem possible," interposed the man who had spoken of the historical aspect of the case. "If he was an Austrian subject and did the shooting in Austria, how could Austria make that an excuse for attacking Serbia?"

The other looked from the window for a moment before replying.

"It was one of the poorest excuses imaginable," he returned. "Autocracies

can do those things; that's why they must be stamped out. As you said, historians will trace back to the assassination. It so happened that I was over there at the time and got a glimpse of what lay back of the assassination—microscopic, unclean forces of which historians will never hear, yet which seem peculiarly suitable in connection with Austria's crime. But I had better not get to talking about all that."

As though in indication of his intention to be silent, he closed his mouth firmly. It was a strong mouth and could shut with finality. Everything about him expressed strength and determination mixed, as these qualities often are in the highest type of American business man, with gentleness, good nature, and modesty. I liked his looks. He was the kind of man you would pick out to take care of your watch and pocketbook—or your wife—in case of emergency. I wanted him to go on talking, and said so, and when both the other men backed up my request, he began in a spirit evidently reluctant but obliging:

"FOR some years before the outbreak of this war," he said, "I represented a large American oil company in southeastern Europe, where we had a considerable market. My headquarters were at Vienna, but my travels took me through various countries inhabited by people of the Serb race, and I found it advantageous to learn to speak the Serbian tongue, both for business reasons and because I enjoyed making friends among the people. In order to practice the language and form some knowledge of the people, I made it a custom, when traveling, to stop at small hotels used by the Serbs themselves, in preference to the more cosmopolitan establishments; or, where the small hotels were not clean, I would sometimes take a room with some Serbian family.

"In Bosnia there was one very attractive little city to which I was always particularly glad to go. It was a place of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants and lay in a lovely, fertile valley among the hills; and you may judge something of it by the fact that the Serbs coupled the adjective 'golden' with the town's name. Not one American in a thousand—probably not one in a hundred thousand—had ever heard of the place then, yet it was the capital of Bosnia. The Austrian governor of Bosnia had his palace there, and the life of the place was like that of some great capital in miniature. One thing about



the town which interested me was the way in which its people and its architecture reflected Bosnian history. In the first place there were many Serbs there, the more prosperous of them dressing like conventional Europeans—except that the fez was worn by almost all of them—and living in low, picturesque Serbian houses, with roofs of tile or flat stone shingle; the rest peasants in the Bosnian costume, who came in from the outlying agricultural regions. But also there were Mohammedans—leftovers from the days of Turkish dominion—and the town had

of impressing visitors—and perhaps also the inhabitants themselves—with the 'benefits' of Austrian rule—as though palaces, parks, pavements, and prostitutes were sufficient compensation to the Serbs for the racial unity and freedom which have been denied them, first by one nation, then by another."

"But," some one broke in, "up to the time of the present war, didn't the Serbs have Serbia?"

"The present kingdom of Serbia proper was inhabited by Serbs," returned the other, "but the Serbia we know is only a small part of what was, long

ago, the Serbian Empire. Since the fall of the empire, in the fourteenth century, it has been the great ambition of the Serbs to become again a unified nation. Bosnia was a part of the old empire, but was conquered by the Turks, and later taken over by the Austrians. The story I am about to tell you shows, however, what an enduring race consciousness the Bosnian Serbs have maintained.

"OUR district manager for Bosnia lived in the town of which I have been speaking, and when I first went there he took me to a small but particularly clean and attractive hotel, run by an Austrian Serb. As

is usual in small hotels in Europe, the proprietor's family took part in the work of running the place; and as I used to stay there frequently, sometimes for two or three weeks at a stretch, I soon came to know them all well. As the years passed I became really attached to them, and there were many signs to show that they were fond of me. Michael, the father, exercised general supervision—though he was not above carrying a trunk upstairs; Stana, the mother, kept the accounts and superintended the cooking, which was excellent; the two daughters worked in the kitchen and sometimes helped wait on table. Even the boy, Gavrilko, the youngest member of the family, helped after school with light work, though he studied hard and was not very strong. I often sat with them at their own family table at one end of the dining room; I called them all by their given names, and addressed them with the 'thee' and 'thou' of familiarity.

"When I first knew Gavrilko he was twelve or thirteen years old. His father, though of pure Serb blood, had acquired, with years and experience in business, a certain resignation to the existing order of things. He had seen several wars and revolutions, and as he grew older had begun to think that peace under Austrian domination was better than continual conflict, whatever the cause.

"The boy Gavrilko was, however, more like Stana, his mother. Stana could grow old, but the flame in her, the poetry, the mysticism, and above all the Serbian racial feeling, never diminished. Gavrilko learned the Serbian folk stories and songs at her knee; also he learned from her Serbian history, which, under Austria, was not taught in the schools; for the Austrians have long desired to crush out Serbian racial feeling.

"Gavrilko and I became great friends. He was hungry for knowledge and never tired of asking me about the United States and our freedom, free speech, and free opportunity—all of which, of course, seemed very wonderful to one growing up in a decadent, bureaucratic empire, made up of various races held together against their will. In return I gathered from Gavrilko a considerable knowledge of Serb history and legend—and you may be sure that, in what he told me, neither the Turks nor the Austrians came off very well. Even as a lad he always referred to the Austrians as *shvaba*—a Serbian word meaning something like our term boches—and by the time he was sixteen he had promoted them to be *proclate shvabe*, which may be freely translated as 'damned boches.'

"FOR a long time I took his strong anti-Austrian utterances lightly, considering them the result of boyish ebullience of spirit, but as he grew nearer manhood, and the fierceness of his feeling seemed to increase rather than diminish, I became concerned about him; for it is no wiser for an Austrian Serb to call the Austrians *shvaba* than it would be for an Alsatian to call the Prussians boches.

"As Gavrilko grew up, his passionate racial feeling disturbed me more and more, though, of course, I sympathized with it. I determined to make an opportunity for a serious talk with him on the subject, and to that end suggested that he go with me to the neighboring hills for a couple of days' gunning; for Bosnia abounds in game.

"Gavrilko proved to be a very good shot. He would shoot wild pigeons, grouse, and woodcock from the hip, and he even brought along a pistol with which he could hit a hare at a considerable distance. These exhibitions of skill were, however, accompanied by remarks which did not make it easier for me to broach the topic upon which I wished to speak to him. When he would hit a pigeon he would exclaim: 'There goes another member of the Hapsburg family!' or: 'That one was a *shvab* tax collector!' or, mock-heroically, 'So much for you, you nobleman of brilliant plumage with a *von* before your name. The peasants will not step out of the road and bow down before you any more!'

"'Look here, Gavrilko,' I said when we sat to rest upon a fallen tree, 'you have your home here, so why not make the best of a bad bargain, and be like the rest of the young fellows?'

"'You think I am not like them?' he replied. 'That is only because you do not know them as you know me. Every *momeche* who is a worthy descendant of the race that fought to the death at Kossovo—the Field of the Black Bird—is of the *comitajia*. We younger fellows are to be *comitajia* also. We have our meetings in the same *kafana* where the others meet to make their plans. When we are a little older they will take us in and we shall all work together.'

"'But, Gavrilko,' I protested, refusing to be put off with a jest, 'to be concerned in a revolution would be the worst thing that could happen to you.'

"'No, not the worst thing. Worse than being a Serb and joining in a revolution would be to be a Serb and fail to lift a hand in the struggle for freedom.'

"'Revolutions,' I said, sententiously, 'do not pay, Gavrilko.'

"'But since when has that been so?' he countered quickly. 'There was, for instance, the French Revolu-

minarets and other architectural signs of the Turk. And last there were the Austrians—the Austrian governor, Austrian soldiers in uniform about the streets, Austrian minor officials everywhere; and in new buildings, parks, and boulevards, Austrian taste. For, after taking Bosnia, under the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, the Austrians, knowing well that their grabbing policy was criticized, went to some pains to beautify the Bosnian capital, with the object, it is commonly understood,

"'I wish it were already dead!' she exclaimed petulantly"





lution. Did not that pay? And there was the American Revolution. Surely that paid! And there was the revolution of Serbia against the Turks. That is paying too! His luminous black eyes, so like those of a wild deer, snapped as he spoke. Then his expression changed quickly to one of amusement over my discomfiture, and he added with a little laugh: 'I have an American friend—a gentleman who manages the business of a large oil company over here. He can tell you, as he has me, of the benefits of the American Revolution and of American freedom. I promise you that some day you shall meet him face to face—let us say to-morrow morning when he is shaving.'

"It seemed to me that I had taken an unfortunate line with him there, so I tried another."

"Well, then, let us put it on selfish grounds. There is no great reason why you, personally, should be dissatisfied. You have good prospects in your father's business. The thing for you to do, in the natural course, is to marry and settle down. And certainly a man who has a sweetheart such as yours hasn't any business in a *comitajia*; for such things lead to prisons and executions, not to domesticity."

"What makes you think I have a sweetheart?" he demanded, flushing.

"Haven't I seen Mara?" I returned.

"Well, what of it?"

"If you can resist Mara," I told him, 'you have more strength than I would give you credit for.' And it was quite true, for Mara, who lived next door to the hotel, was a beautiful young thing, and they were much together."

"Mara is a flirt," said he.

"What matter," I returned, 'so long as she flirts most with you?'

"But does she like me best?" he mused. "There is this fellow in the Government railways who comes as often as he can to see her. He has the advantage of being a connection by marriage, and is very handsome. Really too handsome for a man. I am glad he does not live here all the time."

"You have the advantage of living next door," I encouraged. The one thing that might interfere is this idea of yours about being one of the *comitajia*."

"Still," he protested, shaking his head doubtfully, 'a man's first duty is not to the woman he loves, but to the race he loves, because both she and he belong to it. You know our old song?' And he sang there in the woods:

*"Douchko, my soul, I love thee second best;  
Thou art the dearest part of Serbia to me;  
But after all thou art but a part, even as  
I am a part;  
And it is Serbia, always Serbia, that to-  
gether we love most!"*

"Consequently I was much relieved to see, as I returned from time to time, that the boy-and-girl romance between Gavrilko and Mara was naturally and charmingly developing into something more mature."

"When, in the summer of 1913, I arrived for one of my periodical visits, Gavrilko came rushing to my room, and seizing both my hands told me that he and Mara were now betrothed. He was then eighteen and she seventeen—for you understand, of course, that these dark South Europeans develop younger than our people do. Both families were pleased, and I felt that the dangers I had feared for Gavrilko were past, and was duly thankful. I went out and bought a necklace for Mara, and when I gave it to her, she and Gavrilko made me clasp it around her neck, and he said to her, very seriously: 'Yes, and our dear friend shall be the godfather of our first child. Is it not so, Maro douchko?' And Mara, taking me by the hand, told me it was quite true, and that she was going to love me as much as Gavrilko loved me, and that, moreover, they were going to have hundreds of children, and that every one of the children should love me too. It was all indescribably naive and pretty until Gavrilko unfortunately added: 'Yes, our children will love you, and they will love us, but most of all they will love the idea of a free Serb race.'

"At that a cloud passed over Mara's face."

"Oh, Gavrilko!" she cried impatiently, 'shall we never hear of anything but the Serb race? Is there nothing else in the world? Must that come before your thought of your friend, here—indicating me—before your thought of me, of the children we hope to have, of everything? Must you have Serbian freedom on your bread in place of cheese, and in your glass in place of wine? Sometimes I think your eyes shine more brightly when you speak of our race than when you call me *douchko*—my soul. I ask myself, is it indeed the soul of Mara that he loves, or is it the soul of the race?'

"Maro, my dear child," I put in, 'I believe you are jealous.'

"Of whom, pray?" she demanded, turning upon me and flinging her head back proudly.

"Not of an individual," I answered, 'but of a people.'

"Perhaps it is true," she returned with a shrug. 'Well, what of it?'

"Only this: that a woman with nothing more concrete than a whole race to be jealous of is in no very sad plight."

"But I tell you I demand to be loved for myself!" Mara flashed back.

"Gavrilko sighed deeply, as though at the hopelessness of making her understand his point of view. Then, mournfully, he hummed:

*"Thou art the dearest part of Serbia to me;  
But after all thou art but a part, even as  
I am a part;  
And it is Serbia, always Serbia—"*

"But Mara would not let him finish."

"Enough!" she cried. 'I detest that song! You know how I detest it!'

"Gavrilko looked at me and shook his head. 'Oh, these women!' he exclaimed. 'What they do to one!'

"Then, gazing reflectively at Mara, he added in the tone of one attempting (Continued on page 19)

# FOUR TICKETS TO PARADISE

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK



SINCE that momentous August of 1914 we have become accustomed to the downfall of kings. We read in our morning's paper of the abdication of a throne with no more interest than we give to the weather report

and certainly not with anything like the distrustful avidity with which we attack the puzzling details of the new income tax. And yet when the massed and panoplied hosts of autocracy have all given way before the swift rush of khaki-clad democracy there will still be left right here in America a hundred thousand little kings.

For each head of a business is an autocrat, each office is in itself a kingdom arranged according to a plan that won approval before the days of Charlemagne. There is the king and his court; there are his favorites and those powerful but not in favor; there is the small gentry of clerks and stenographers forming the outer fringe, and sometimes, far away, there are the serfs and vassals, hewing wood and drawing water, delving in mines, toiling in factories. And you will have to exhaust the whole purple roster of history to find a greater variety of kings than we have here—rulers who are weak, and rulers who are strong; rulers who are kind and paternal, and those who are cruel and rapacious; rulers whose ways are an inspiration to the writers who love to prattle of the golden rule in business, and rulers whose methods it would be far better to bury beneath the grime of centuries.

IN the large office of the powerful firm of advertising agents, Fairweather & Linn, Inc., the indisputable favorite was Miss Marjorie Browne. She was the private secretary of A. Price Fairweather himself, and she knew far more of the ins and outs of A. Price's life than even the portly gentleman in question. And she commanded his kingdom with a downright thoroughness that would have put to shame the tactics employed by the Pompadour or Du Barry or Nell Gwyn or any of those dear, brazen hussies of ancient days. On strictly moral grounds, too, Marjorie had every right to put them

to shame. Not, of course, that she would have succeeded. They were, it is understood, a shameless crew. But the point to be made clear is that A. Price Fairweather had an imposing wife and two more than imposing daughters, who ran with a high hand the social affairs of a suburban community on Long Island, and there was no need for Mrs. Fairweather ever to bother her stately and carefully marcelled head about Marjorie. Not in that way. Let this be understood at once.

Marjorie had gained her power by being able to think a little faster than anyone else in the Fairweather & Linn office—not excluding Mr. Fairweather. In fact, she did much of his thinking for him. This suited him perfectly, for it left him a great deal of time to swell around at directors' meetings and wave a large black cigar and talk in vague and beautiful terms of prestige and influence and impression.

IT was a bright Monday morning in February. Marjorie stood beside A. Price's desk while that great man contemplated her as one does a very efficient waitress ready to scribble down a delectable order—with approval, with satisfaction compounded of good humor and great expectations.

"There's nothing very important in the mail this morning, Mr. Fairweather," she said briskly. "Nothing except a letter from the American Tire Company complaining about the advertisements we have submitted them lately. It's signed by the president."

Mr. Fairweather's good humor, at best rather a transitory element, immediately vanished. Grumbling unintelligibly, he held out his hand for the letter and read it while the cloud of disapproval settled itself irrevocably upon his Roman features.

"Who writes this copy?" he demanded.

"Elwood Wickes."

"Is he any good on other accounts?"

Miss Browne hesitated, knowing that to cite Elwood Wickes's failures would be like signing his death warrant.

"What else?" growled A. Price Fairweather inexorably.

"Well, we tried him on Kwick-Shave, and he fell down; we tried him on Hiawatha Silks, and almost lost the account." Again she hesitated, but Mr. Fairweather's "Yes?" insisted that she go on.

"Then we put him on catalogue work, and he wrote a description of Eastern Motors that necessitated the recall of the catalogue. As a last resort we gave him the American Tire Company account."

"My God! What a record!"

"Will you have to let him go, Mr. Fairweather?"

"Let him go!" cried A. Price Fairweather ominously. "We ought to have him drawn and quartered."

Picture the scene and you'll understand how much like a kingdom it is. Here you have the very inmost chamber of the monarchy: Palatial; glass and mahogany; a view through crystal-clear windows of the turrets and towers of New York over which wisps of white steam gyrate against the intense blue of the sky. And at his desk the autocrat, A. Price Fairweather, his cigar smoldering, regarding with knit and dangerous brows that fateful letter on the heavily embossed letterhead. Beside him his favorite, Marjorie Browne, that alert type of young business woman. And in an outer office—in effect, miles away—a little round man sits, gazing peacefully at the pad of blank paper before him, hoping for an inspiration which doesn't come, wondering meanwhile somewhere at the back of his mind how he's going to get the money to send Matilda to a sanitarium, for a sorely needed respite from household cares and the insistent demands of little Matilda and little Elwood and the very small Jackie. And yet, despite this unanswerable question, fairly placid, nibbling happily on the end of a pencil, entirely unaware that in the inner office at this very minute his doom is being pronounced! Sob stuff? Oh, certainly! But the kind of sob stuff that you're apt to find in real life any day around any corner where unwittingly you may happen to venture.

"We'll let Wickes go on Saturday with a week's pay," said A. Price Fairweather. "Don't forget to send him to me on Saturday morning."

He made it a rule not to dismiss a man without speaking to him personally and giving him a bit of sound, fatherly advice. If there was one thing that A. Price liked better than anything else, it was giving fatherly advice. He was a rank sentimentalist, and he thoroughly believed that his parting admonitions had saved many a wayward young fellow and put him back on the path of industry and rectitude.

MARJORIE was not surprised at A. Price Fairweather's ultimatum in regard to Elwood Wickes. Wickes had proved woefully inefficient. It was regrettable, but it was also inevitable.

Marjorie, you know, was almost irritatingly efficient herself. But, most decidedly, she was not one of those straight-up-and-down, sexless creatures whom we usually associate with the obnoxious word "efficiency." Marjorie was ridiculously pretty in rather a boyish fashion. She had nice brown hair with a tendency to crinkle, kept severely in check,





however, by binding it tightly around her small shapely head, and she had the kind of eyes which are so difficult to describe—eyes of a lustrous sheen, and turquoise-gray in color. Sometimes there were slightly blue shadows beneath those eyes and a slightly drawn expression about her firm lips which might indicate that she was worrying about her job. But she wasn't. She never was. The chances were that she was thinking about Adele, her fluffy young sister, who was passing through the most dangerous age of schoolgirl flirtations. Marjorie had to look after Adele. She was the head of that small family and the main support, and the breadwinner and all the rest of those things which sound noble and praiseworthy until you have to assume them at an age at which you should be going to dances and matinees or playing basketball or doing any one of a hundred things more desirable than breadwinning.

Perhaps, more rarely, that worried look was caused by John Casson, who insisted upon waiting for Marjorie. He'd been waiting so long that Marjorie had conscientiously tried to discourage him. But he refused to be discouraged, and it did not seem fair to keep him in a state determined but rather pathetic. Marjorie had decided that she couldn't marry anyone until Adele was in a fair way toward earning her own living. Certainly, although he was perfectly willing, she wasn't going to inflict Adele upon John Casson. She knew Adele too well. Not even her love for her foolish little sister could hide from Marjorie Adele's petulance and willfulness and her extravagant demands for pretty clothes and trinkets.

No, Marjorie Browne had traveled no royal road to her present influential position with Fairweather & Linn, nor any primrose path. And the way she had traveled had left its marks upon her. She gazed out upon the world clear-eyed and sane. She was not sentimental about things. She believed that a man—or a woman—should receive what he earned, no more and no less. And if a man failed he must expect to take the consequences.

All this explains how Marjorie Browne felt toward Elwood Wickes. She was vaguely sorry for him, but she felt that Mr. Fairweather had been eminently just in his decision. Wickes had failed, not once, but several times, and in the relentless game of business he deserved no further consideration. And yet a certain pity for him haunted her. He was so—so futile! From the very start he had showed so little ability. He had been engaged immediately after the first call of the draft had taken so many of the brightest, the most alert and most eager young men from offices. There was a dearth of good copy men. So they had engaged Elwood—and regretted it ever since.

Marjorie passed his desk more than once that day, and a little contempt crept into her regret. For the first time she passed Elwood Wickes was lying back in his chair and tossing a small paper weight up and deftly catching it again in a preoccupied and amiable manner. The second time he was reading a sporting extra under the supposed protection of his desk drawer, pulled out for the purpose to act as a shield. Evidently not the least consciousness of his fate had come to him. "The poor thing!" thought Marjorie. "I guess he deserves what's com-

ing to him." And she put him in the background of her thoughts and, in time, would have forgotten all about him. Elwood Wickes in due course would have joined that crowd of shadows who have worked for the great firm of Fairweather & Linn and failed.

But Tuesday of that week happened to be Lincoln's Birthday. And Lincoln's Birthday happened to be one of those mild, sunny days that interrupt occasionally the icy spell of February and beguile people out into the parks and the open streets.

One of John Casson's ways of showing his determination in regard to Marjorie was by appearing inflexibly every holiday and dragging her away from the cares of her small apartment in West Sixteenth Street and the petulant demands of Adele.

ON this particular holiday he dragged her as far as the Casino in Central Park, where they had an extravagant and delightful lunch. After lunch they wandered in desultory fashion around the winding paths until they came to a small bridge over a pond in which some hardy ducks were sailing around on the muddy water, fringed with broken ice, and doing acrobatic turns by sticking their heads beneath the surface so that their bodies stood vertical in a manner that showed plainly enough that February and ice and snow made very little difference in their ducky young lives. As John Casson and Marjorie stood there watching these acrobatic ducks a small party of four came around the bend and out upon the bridge—a short, round little man with three children in tow looking for all the world as if he were a duck of larger breed with his flock of little ducklings waddling after him. When he saw Marjorie he beamed and raised his hat, and she recognized, to her dismay, Mr. Elwood Wickes.

Now, children, it sometimes seems, betray more glaringly than anything else the state of their parents' exchequer. For parents will bedeck their children more extravagantly than they deem it good taste to bedeck themselves; velvets and furs, laces and feathers, will be inflicted upon the children, while parents must be content with sober cloth and plain hats. And, on the other hand, parents will darn and polish and patch their children while their own last year's dress goes unturned and their overcoats are left straggly as to cuffs and collars.

As little Matilda and Elwood and Jackie were presented to Marjorie and John Casson (if you can call it "presented" when all they did during the ceremony was squirm more tightly around and between their father's legs), Marjorie saw plainly enough the darning and the polishing and patching that had

gone on here—sometimes without result, for little Matilda's velveteen coat was almost beyond the point of any more darning and little Elwood's shoes were visibly parting where sole and vamp should by rights be most thoroughly joined.

"Are they all yours?" asked Marjorie with a slight gasp.

The short, round little man beamed more broadly. "Yes, indeed! And they're a great crew too. Never give their daddy a minute's peace when he's got a holiday like to-day."

"Where's Mrs. Wickes?" asked Marjorie.

Rather a chastened look came over his face. "Well, you see, Mrs. W. isn't as well as she might be. I like to get the children out of her way for a while so she can lie down and get a little nap. It's pretty hard work for a woman with three healthy kids like ours and having to do her own work, and all." His face lighted up with a sudden inspiration. "Why don't you come home with us and see Mrs. W.? She'd love to meet you and—the gentleman. We're going home now—just came around to give the kids a peek at the ducks. We just live a step from here. My wife will probably have a cup of hot tea waiting for us, because she was so afraid we'd get cold out. Really, Miss Browne, she'd love to meet you."

Marjorie Browne looked at John Casson, who in turn tried to shake his head at her without having Mr. Wickes notice it. But on an impulse Marjorie said with decision: "Yes, we'll be glad to go with you, Mr. Wickes."

TOWARD the upper end of Central Park on the west side there is a sudden break in what the real-estate people like to call the great desirability of the neighborhood. The tall white apartment buildings, the stately brownstone houses, yield to a few noisy blocks of barefaced tenements where a sprawling mass of humanity runs and shouts and gossips and carries, without disguise or affectation, its beer can to the corner saloon. It was to one of these tenements that Mr. Wickes led them.

"It's not very nice, Miss Browne," he assured her. "Not that I'm ashamed of it, for it has its advantages. It's nice for the kids because they can play in the park instead of in the streets. Matilda and I are planning to move to the country somewhere as soon—as soon as we can make arrangements."

They climbed three flights of stairs, and Mr. Wickes, opening the door with his latchkey, ushered them into a front parlor. "I'll go back and tell Matilda you're here," he said. He hurried back, and little Matilda and Elwood and Jackie, after gazing at Marjorie and John Casson for a disconcerted moment, wheeled as if with one accord and fled after their father.

Whatever the patches on the children's clothes





had failed to tell, that little parlor made plain. It revealed the whole story. Evidently, once upon a time, there had been a certain pretentiousness, a spick-and-spanness about its department-store paintings and its rose-plush installment furniture and ornate lace curtains. But the pretentiousness had vanished before the onslaught of that determined band of small children. The wall paper bore the marks of small grubby hands; the furniture betrayed its essentially veneered character through many a scratch and gash.

Marjorie gave one glance around the eloquent room and, leaning toward John Casson, said in a desperate whisper: "John, he's going to be fired Saturday. What can I do? I don't believe he's got a cent to live on until he can get another job."

Before John Casson had time to answer this impassioned appeal, Mr. Wickes returned with a frail little woman with light fluffy hair and a deprecatory manner. She was no sooner introduced than she murmured something about a cup of tea and retired once more to the rear of the apartment.

Meanwhile Mr. Wickes seated himself, and immediately the three children precipitated themselves upon him. Little Jackie sat on his lap, little Elwood found an unsteady seat somewhere between his knee and his foot, and little Matilda hung over the back of his chair. All three, from these various vantage posts, regarded Marjorie Browne with a solemn and unwavering stare. "It was almost as if they knew their father's troubles and held me responsible for them," she confessed to John Casson later.

Mrs. Wickes presently returned with a pot of tea, cups, and a plate of buttered toast. And while they ate and drank a rambling conversation was carried on. But all the time Marjorie Browne sat there talking and smiling pleasantly, another part of her mind was desperately racing for a solution of Mr. Wickes's problem. And suddenly she saw that there was something that mattered more, infinitely more, than pleasing the American Tire Company with copy, that mattered more than either the most absolute efficiency or competence. And that something was a little decent human kindness.

OUT of that tangle in her brain a sudden vision leaped clear—a picture. It steadied her.

"Mrs. Wickes, I have a friend who occasionally gives me theatre tickets," she said. "I was wondering if you and Mr. Wickes and the children could use some tickets for the Hippodrome next Saturday afternoon?"

Mrs. Wickes clasped her hands. "Oh, it would be like tickets to Paradise for the children!" she exclaimed. "But only send us four, Miss Browne. I can't go out for a while—no excitement, says the doctor. There's nothing really the matter with me, but I'd better not go. Elwood can take the children. They'll love it."

Marjorie nodded. Her plan was developing rapidly. "All right. I'll have the tickets for you, Mr. Wickes."

"'Four tickets to Paradise,' Matilda certainly described it!" cried Mr. Wickes. "That'll be splendid, Miss Browne, and I bet I'll enjoy it more than the kids do."

The kids on their part gave no sign of enjoying it at all. They were still engaged in their steady and engrossing study of Miss Browne, and they were not going to be beguiled from that engaging pursuit by the promise of tickets to a place they had never heard of. It was with their disconcerting stare still fixed upon her that Marjorie arose and, together with John Casson, made her farewells.

"What's the idea?" asked John Casson when they were safely out in the street. "Why the tickets for the Hippodrome? Are they just to ease the shock when the big blow falls on Saturday?"

Marjorie showed him a sparkling and triumphant face. "No, I think I've got it! But I'm not going to tell you my plan to save Elwood Wickes until it's proved a success."

"But if it prove a failure?" he asked soberly.

"It can't prove a failure!"

"Well, I'll buy those four tickets to Paradise."

"No, you won't, John. I'm going to buy the most expensive ones I can. Perhaps if I have to go without lunch for the rest of the week on account of them I'll feel a little better about this whole thing."

"It isn't your fault, Marjorie."

"I suppose not. But I agreed with Mr. Fairweather that Elwood Wickes deserved dismissal. The poor man's never really had a chance. How can you expect him to do good work when he had all that responsibility at home to worry him without sufficient salary even to grub along on? I blame myself for condemning him without knowing any of the conditions."

The very next morning Marjorie stopped for tickets at the Hippodrome.

Elwood Wickes jumped up enthusiastically when he saw her enter the office a little later. "It was awfully nice of you to come and see us yesterday afternoon, Miss Browne," he said. "Matilda certainly enjoyed it. I wanted to be sure and tell you, because Matilda herself is a little shy. We're not used to much company. Three kids take an awful lot of time and looking after. And Matilda told me to tell you how much she appreciates it about those tickets, but not to bother if it's too much trouble."

"I have the tickets, Mr. Wickes."

Mr. Wickes's bland blue eyes glistened. "That's great! For my part, no matter what Matilda says, I was afraid you wouldn't get them. I'm glad to take them from you as long as you get them free," he ended with a happy chuckle, fondling the bits of pasteboard which Marjorie handed him.

Marjorie leaned toward him with abrupt intensity. "Look here, Mr. Wickes, this is what I want you to do: Bring the kids down here to the office with you Saturday morning. I'll see that they're kept busy in the girls' rest room so that they won't bother you or the other men. We'll give them pictures to cut out and pencils and pads. Miss McCook, who's in charge of the rest room, loves children, and she used to be in kindergarten work. She'll keep them happy. Then at noon when we close you can take them to one of those dairy lunches before you go to the Hippodrome. That will give your wife a whole day of rest."

He looked at her admiringly. "Say, Miss Browne, if I could only get you to manage my affairs, I wouldn't have to send Matilda away for a rest cure."

Marjorie gave him a curious glance. "So you have to do that too?"

The shadow fell upon his face again. "Well, the doctor said I should do it. You know what doctors are." He ventured an unhappy attempt at jocularity. "Why, they'd be apt to tell me I ought to spend the winter in Florida or something like that."

"But even if you could send Mrs. Wickes away, what would you do with the children?"

"That could be managed. Matilda has a sister who could look after them, but—" That unfinished "but," Marjorie saw, left much unsaid, and she rather admired little Wickes for leaving it unsaid. She saw that, after all, he had a sturdy spirit of his own, and she decided to warn him.

"Has anyone spoken to you about the American Tire Company account?" she asked.

He showed alarm immediately. "No. Why?"

"They weren't altogether satisfied with that last lot of copy you prepared for them."

His distress was so painful that Marjorie rose to new heights of prevarication. "Oh, it



have little Jackie if it hadn't been for that food. I could write eloquently about that. I certainly could!"

Marjorie gave him a searching scrutiny. "I wonder if you could!" she murmured abstractedly.

But low as was her murmur, he caught it. "Wonder if I could! Certainly I could. I'm sure of it! I could do a big job on that copy."

Marjorie's determination was fired by his own. "Well, maybe you'll get a chance to write that copy!" And then, over her shoulder: "Now, don't forget to have the children here early Saturday morning."

Later that day she said to A. Price Fairweather: "Have you decided who is to handle the American Tire account?"

A. Price Fairweather shook his head.

"Why don't you put Mr. Levering on it?"

"He's got more to do than he can handle properly. I spoke to Bates about him. It seems Levering is all tied up with the Morse's Food account."

"I know a man who can handle that."

"Who?"

"Elwood Wickes."

A. Price Fairweather frowned ominously. "Say, what are you trying to put over on me?" he asked at last, and his tone was curt. "It's settled that Wickes is going Saturday."

Marjorie did not argue the point. But she had succeeded in her object. That was to plant the idea that Wickes might be able to handle Morse's Food.

ON Saturday morning, of course, Marjorie herself got down to the office before the usual hour. She was early enough to witness the entrance of Elwood Wickes and his brood. In fact, she was hovering around the door waiting for them, and immediately upon their entrance she took charge of little Matilda and Elwood and the very small Jackie. At first a serious obstacle presented itself. The children showed a determined and thoroughly organized and unanimous reluctance to leave their father. The very small Jackie particularly screwed up his face in a most ominous fashion and opened his mouth wide in a preparatory fashion. The worst of it was that unexpectedly A. Price Fairweather too had arrived early that morning and was seated at present in his mahogany-and-glass office with the door open. But Miss McCook, the girl who had charge of the rest room, was also hovering around waiting for the three little Wickeses, and she arose splendidly to the occasion, at the crucial moment when Jackie opened his mouth wide, by quickly shoving in a large soft lump of molasses candy which, by some fortunate miracle, she had ready in her hand. The very small Jackie was taken by surprise; he was effectively gagged; he was reduced to a state of bulging, round-eyed wonder! And before he could recover he was spirited away to the distant rest room. As for little Matilda and little Elwood, they were so engrossed in what had happened to Jackie, and especially in the molasses-candy part of his adventure, that they followed willingly enough. And once in the rest room it was a simple matter to keep them enthralled with soap bubbles and picture books and exquisite things which you cut out of paper and hung in long strips all over the rest room's walls.

ON Saturdays the office of Fairweather & Linn, Inc., closed at half past twelve. Beginning at twelve, on that particular Saturday morning, things began to happen rapidly.

Immediately after the hour Miss Browne laid a pile of typewritten letters on A. Price Fairweather's desk. "Well?" he asked. (Continued on page 28)

wasn't much of a complaint. Don't let it worry you. I just wanted to put you on your guard."

"I do hope it isn't serious, Miss Browne. It would hit us pretty hard if—oh, well, as you say, I shouldn't worry about it until I know the complete story." He looked at her with the swift caution of one about to make confidences, and then plunged breathlessly: "I don't like the accounts much I've had to write since I've been here. I can't get into the spirit of them. Now, if they'd only give me something like the Morse's Food for Infants account! Why, I know all about that. Matilda brought up all the kids on Morse's Food. I honestly think we wouldn't

Clara Elson Peck

She shoved the entire Wickes coterie helter-skelter within



# "You Will Do Your Work on Water"



"U. S. Marines Rushing the Can" is the title of this picture. The can, however, we hasten to add, contains nothing but water. If the chap on the left doesn't watch out, he's going to walk right off the edge of this page, and then the can won't contain anything

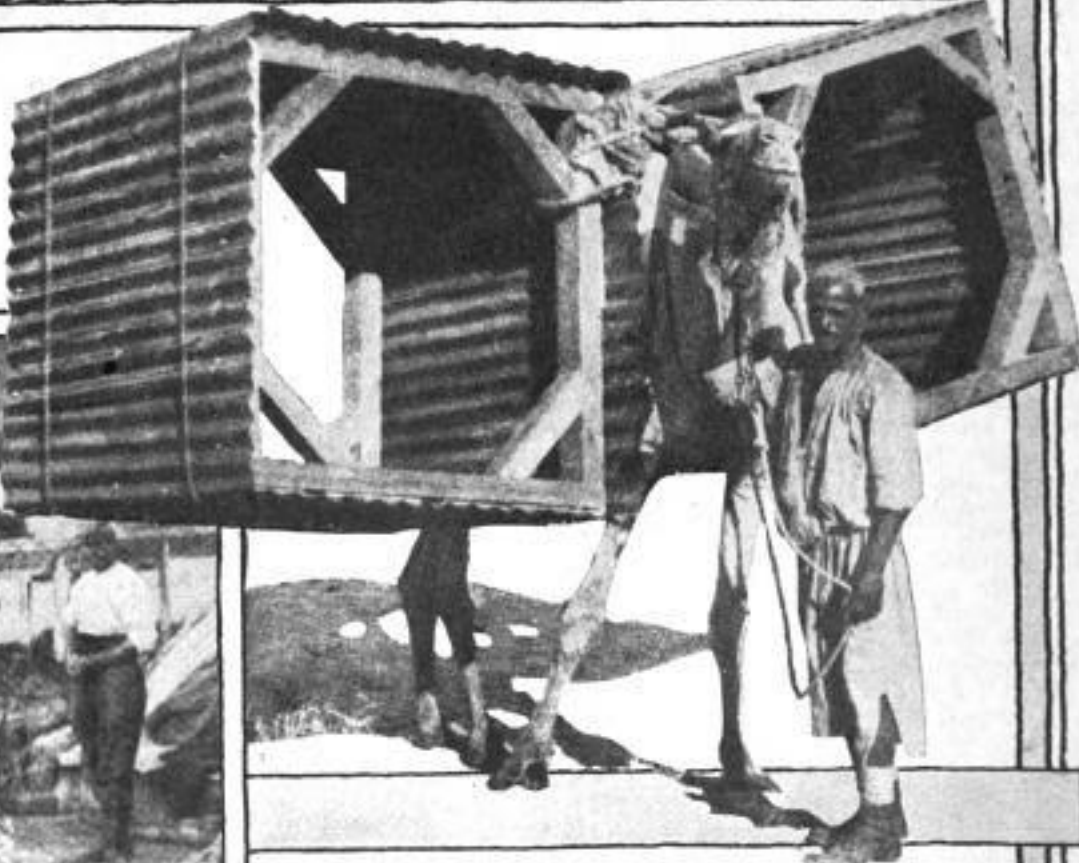
All © International Film Service



This war may be waged on a larger scale than were the little Indian ones celebrated in the "Barrack-Room Ballads," but fundamentally it's the same old war, with the same old hunger and—particularly—thirst that have to be satisfied before men can fight



This used to be a wine barrel before the French mounted it on wheels and called it a water wagon



The Old Oaken Bucket has been drafted and is now at work on the western front

A camel may go thirty days without a drink, but the troops in Mesopotamia can't. So this one is carrying sheet-iron linings for the wells that the hopeful British are going to dig in the desert





# FROM BASEBALL TO BOCHES

BY H. C. WITWER—TENTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I guess by now no doubt you are on your way over to help make the war a success, hey? If you ain't, you should be, because you sure joined the army at a busy time, Joe. You ain't got a idea of what you're missin' by not bein' over here, Joe; it's the greatest show on earth and has been runnin' four years without even missin' a matinée. Also, Joe, as them actor guys says, we're "knockin' 'em dead," hey? I joined the thing as nothin' but one of the chorus, but now they have give me a speakin' part, so you can see they is a great chance of advancement over here. In fact, Joe, you not only get to the top, but over it!

Well, Joe, can you imagine me bein' a officer? This here war has certainly done a lot for me, and I ain't in no hurry to have it called off. I figure if it will only last about four more years I will have been promoted to full charge of the U. S. army, not that Gen. Pershing ain't class or nothin', and I will also have saved up enough dough to retire and never pitch another baseball, except maybe for cigars at Coney Island.

As I rumored in my last letter, I am now nothin' less than a full-fledge A No. 1 second lieutenant, and I got these babies salutin' me over here till a innocent bystander would figure I was King of Peoria or the like. The other officers in our company—or I should say my company now, hey?—is tickled silly because they can meet me on even terms, where before they couldn't get familiar with me on account of me bein' a doughboy and them only bein' lieutenants and the like. We are all little pals together now, Joe, and our captain does nothin' but throw out his chest every time he sees me, because he figures he put me over. You and me knows better than that, though, hey, Joe?

Well, Joe, I certainly feel sorry for them Germans now, because if I could of did what I done to them guys when I was only a doughboy, what d'ye think I'll be able to do as a second lieutenant, hey? But no kiddin', Joe, I got a swell job, and I'm gettin' a great deal more dough. If I told you what my wages was from now on you would only say I was a liar, and then I'd have to knock you cold the minute you landed in France. If I done that, Joe, I understand it would cost me my job, because a officer ain't allowed to wallop a private and vice versa. I must find out the minute I get a chance who I am allowed

to wallop and get away with it, because a man can't never tell when it might come up.

If we should meet up with each other when you get here, Joe, I'm sorry to say that you will have to be very respectable to me and not call me "Bugs" or "Lefty" or "Ed," etc., or nothin' like that. I am your superior, which, of course, ain't nothin' new to you, and I have got to be called "Sir" and "Lieutenant" no matter if we have knowed each other for years. Even if my old man got familiar with me, Joe, I would be forced to throw him in the guardhouse. If you should forget yourself and slap me on the back or the like, well, Joe, they would start in by hangin' you at 5 a. m., because we're loaded to the neck with discipline over here.

I have got a swell uneyform now, made to order by a tailor, with a bar on each shoulder, and I am all sunburned from standin' in the sun, so's the trimmin's will dazzle the eye. I had to buy the whole layout out of my own pocket, Joe, and the suit was only the beginnin'. Joe, a private gets everything free, but I guess they figure a officer is so tickled at gettin' his commission that for about a week he's gonna go around and spend money like water, and why shouldn't the Government cash on it? The captain gimme a list of the equipment I would need, and, Joe, after lookin' it over I figured that the U. S. had signed up for about six more wars after we have won this one and they was gonna keep me on steady to take part in them all. Before I got done shoppin' here and there I have blowed in \$400 American money and me only a second lieutenant. I bet Gen. Pershing must of set himself back about \$4,000,000, hey, Joe?

Instead of a sword, I got a little trick cane which is knowed as a swagger stick, and you couldn't maim a gnat with it. The officers ain't allowed to carry swords no more, because it is hard enough as it is to get the Germans to stand up and fight against us Americans, except when they got ten guys to our one, and if we ever come at them with swords, why they would no doubt run all the way to Berlin, and we aim to carry 'em in on stretchers. But all comical jokes to one side, Joe, I don't see what good this swagger stick is, and if I can't have no sword I would rather carry a bat or somethin', hey, Joe?

Well, Joe, our captain called me to one side the day I got my commission and gimme a long talk on maintainin' discipline and the like. He claims

I have got to forget all about whatever friends I got in the company among the doughboys while on duty and see that I get properly saluted and so forth. Then, Joe, he calls out all of our company which ain't on leave or tryin' out the Red Cross and tells 'em I am now a officer and also how I come to be made one. He winds up by sayin' that any guy which does what I done has got the same chance of risin' from the ranks, and when he got through they was cheers, either for me or the mess call which come at that time.

I am goin' over to the quartermaster's department to grab off some things for my new uneyform when I run into Red McClure, which is a corporal and a auction-pinochle hound and comin' back from leave of absence.

"Hello, Ed!" he sings out. "How are they comin'?" "Ed hell!" I says, standin' very stiff and lookin' stern like nobody but me can. "Come to attention, you big stiff; I am now a second lieutenant!" "Ha, ha!" he says. "So the squareheads has gone and gassed you, hey?"

Joe, I wanted to bounce one off of his chin, but I remembered that there is one pleasure which is denied me since I have become a second lieutenant.

"Come to attention, Red!" I says, holdin' myself in with the greatest of difficulty, "or the result is on your own head!"

"You'll prob'ly get the guardhouse when the captain finds you're takin' dope!" he says, and starts to walk past.

Joe, this guy is a old pal, but I have took a oath to uphold the discipline of the U. S. army, and what can a man do? They is four doughboys passin', and I yelled out to them. Joe, they come arunnin' and gimme a first-class salute, which I give back.

"Take this man's arms," I says, and, Joe, I am as serious as tuberculosis. "Take this man's arms and place him under arrest!"

"Yes, sir!" says the doughboys, all salutin' together like a vaudeville act.

Joe, Red McClure's eyes is poppin' outa his head till you could of hung your hat and coat on either of 'em. The doughboys frisks him of his gun and come to attention again. Joe, they is waitin' for me to give a order what to do with Red, and I am up against it. They is no doubt that he has committed a terrible crime by tryin' to kid a officer, but he is also a old pal and I don't know what to do, on the



level. Well, Joe, I stand there thinkin' and I see them doughboys watchin' me close on account of knowin' it's my first day on the job as second lieutenant, so I got to make up my mind quick. These is war times, Joe, and friendship has got to give way to duty, as the guy says.

"Take this bird out and shoot him at sunrise!" I says. "And may the Lord have mercy on his soul!" Joe, it is a hard thing to do, but discipline has got to be had, hey?

Well, Joe, Red gets as pale as the mornin' milk, and the doughboys give a gasp, but I let forth a terrible frown and they march him off without further ado. I felt pretty bad, Joe, because it is a nasty thing to send a fellow man to his death, especially Red McClure, which, when I come to think of it, owes me thirty-two bucks from a auction game before I become a officer. The more I thought about it the worse I felt, because I could hardly go in to a guy I had ordered killed and ask for that thirty-two. So, Joe, I went up to the captain and asked him if I could see him a minute.

"What now, Harmon?" he says.

"Well, sir," I says, "they was a guy failed to show me proper respect and the like, so I have him hurled into the guardhouse."

"Quite right!" he says. "We'll have him court-martialed and—"

"Thanks!" I says. "But they ain't no need of that, sir—I had him shot!"

"What?" hollers the captain. "You had who shot?"

"I ain't one to tell on nobody," I says, "so if it's all the same to you, sir, I won't mention his name. I think he's been punished enough, hey?"

Joe, the captain gimme a glare, but a grin got the best of him.

"Lieutenant," he says, "tell me all about this."

Well, Joe, I did and before I got through his face is all red and he's havin' trouble with a bad cough. He walks around the tent with his back to me and I asks him if I can't have Red McClure let off easy this time with about six months in the guardhouse and fined a year's pay or the like, provided he ain't already faced a firin' squad. The captain says he thinks Red is still alive all right, because they is quite a lot of red tape to go through with any more before a man can get executed in the U. S. army on account of Gen. Pershing bein' very strict on havin' everything just so. Well, Joe, I felt very glad to hear that, because I would of always had Red on my mind if they had of shot him on my say-so, apart from the thirty-two he owes me. So I asks the captain if I can't have Red let off, because when I come to remember I didn't have any second lieutenant's uneyform on when he failed to salute me, and like as not he thought I was kiddin' about bein' a officer.

The captain says if that's the case I can let Red off with a severe reprimand, whatever that is, and hereafter before sentencin' guys to be shot to consult him about it. Outside of that, he tells me again to maintain the strictest dignity at all times, because a officer must let nobody get familiar with him on account of the effect on the men. You know some of them guys would walk up to Pershing and say: "Hello, Gen!" if Red had got away with it on me.

Well, Joe, I got on my full second lieutenant's uneyform fin'ly and I'll tell the world fair I'm a knockout in it! I start over to the guardhouse and by the time I got there I got cramps in my arm from returnin' salutes to doughboys, which has heard what I done to Red and ain't takin' no chances. Red is all gloomed up and you can hardly blame him when for all he knows he's gonna be led forth and shot. When he sees me in my full uneyform he give a gasp like all hope is gone and I have come again to reek some more vengeance on him. It didn't make him feel no better when the doughboys on guard begins salutin' me right and left and only quit when I told 'em, on account of gettin' kinda sick of it.

Well, Joe, I couldn't help feelin' sorry for him when I thought of how close I come to sendin' him to his grave, let alone losin' that thirty-two bucks, so after I have bawled him out to a fare-you-well and made him salute me a few times I had him turned loose. Joe, he was tickled silly and claims he will never forget me for what I have done. Joe, I don't know whether he meant havin' him thrown in the guardhouse or turnin' him loose; that guy is tricky.

I then go over to see Jeanne, this here million-dollar doll which is likewise my femme, or, as the ignorant would say, wife. Well, Joe, all the way over whenever I meet any of my old pals among the doughboys you ought to of seen them babies look at me in my brand-new second lieutenant's uneyform.

It was comical to see them start to holler somethin' at me and then break off short and come to attention when they seen I was a officer, the while lookin' like Heavens knows what'll happen next. Joe, it is great stuff to have a lot of guys salutin' you day and night and my chest is out from here to Lenox Avenue, and why not?

Well, Jeanne give one look at me and throws herself around my neck.

"Ma chérie!" she gasps. "What have they make of you now?"

"I am nothin' less than a second lieutenant!" I says, "and, Jeanne, you gotta lay off throwin' your arms around me in public, because it's against the dignity of the U. S. army!"

Joe, with that I takes away her arms, when all the time I would of give my left lung to kiss her, but a officer has got to give up them kind of things.

She backs away and looks at me for a minute



"Edouard!" she says. "Is it then that you love not me, Jeanne—no?"

without sayin' a word, Joe, only them maddenin' lips of hers is tremblin' like a rose in a slight breeze and her face gets as white as my collar ought to be accordin' to regulations.

"Edouard!" she says. "Is it then that you love not me, Jeanne—no?"

"Well, I wouldn't go that far with it," I says, flickin' off a speck of dust from my sleeve. "It's a case of I love my wife, but, oh you commission! The minute we get in the house I'll kiss you till you yell for mercy, but in the public eye I gotta be careful, otherwise the privates would run wild. I come near havin' a guy shot just now for not salutin' me and—"

"You would have me, Jeanne, shot?" she says, her eyes openin' till each one was the prettiest saucer I ever seen in my life, or you either.

"Let us hope it won't come to that," I says, very stern, "but—"

"Mon Dieu!" she says, and with that she made a funny little noise in her throat and began to weep.

Joe, as I have no doubt told you before, Jeanne looks better than \$500 a week would look to a chorus man, and when she smiles she'd make Rockefeller forget about the oil business. When she weeps—oh, boy! Say! This dame would make the Kaiser get that trick whisker shaved off, provided she asked for it!

Well, I am only human, Joe, even if a second lieutenant and I lasted about two seconds, new time. I throwed my arms around her right out loud in public, and, speakin' about whether I loved her or not—well, we got that all fixed up anyways!

I hope they was no officer higher than me, if that's possible, which seen me and will maybe report me to Gen. Pershing, but if such is the case, Joe, I can't help it. I was married a long time before I was a second lieutenant and, discipline or no discipline, a guy can't change his habits overnight, as the Eskimo says in Hades.

Well, so long for the time bein', Joe. I have got to go out now and give some orders right and left so's the doughboys won't forget I'm a sure enough officer. Kindly excuse the blot on the bottom of this letter, which was caused by Jeanne leanin' over and kissin' me while I'm writin'. Joe, she is so proud of me right now, with my new commission and the like, that she wouldn't trade me for peace!

Yours truly,

Second Lieutenant EDWARD HARMON, A. E. F.  
(Meanin': "Ain't Ed Fine?")

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I have just got a letter from you, and, judgin' by the date, you must of gave it to a rheumatic snail to bring over. If it takes as long for my letters to reach you as it did yours to get here, you ought to get this one about the time Billy Sunday opens up a gin mill on Broadway. The army mail service will never get pinched for speedin', Joe, but they's no use kickin'; I guess them birds has their hands full. Anyways, that's the only thing about the U. S. army which is slow; hey, Joe?

I was glad to see you had put some news in your last letter instead of fillin' it up with a lotta stuff about what time you got to go to bed and get up, etc., at the trainin' camp. I have went through all that myself, and that information is about as interestin' to me as the price of tomato sundaes in Shanghai. But, Joe, anything that's takin' place in New York, South Bend, or Jackson, Miss., is hot stuff to us over here. We don't care if it's the account of a false-alarm fire or whether Broadway is still lookin' like a steal from No Man's Land, on account of them not bein' able to decide whether to run trains or six-day races in the new subway. As long as it's news from the *Etats Unis* we eat it up!

We hear that everybody from the age of reason up to 100 and over has either got to get in the army or grab off a job in a shipyard or the like. Well, Joe, that's fine, but I must say I'm sorry it's gonna ruin the noble game of baseball. I admit them big huskies ain't got no right to cavort around on a lot for money, while we guys is over here tryin' to shut out the Kaiser, but at the same time, baseball is a good thing over there right now because it helps take people's minds off of the war and prevents 'em from bein' all gloomed up. Some of them big stiffes they got playin' there now is so rotten that I'll betcha the fans can't think of the war or nothin' else while watchin' 'em. But, Joe, I hope they get all them slackers and the like whose motto is "See America First!" and won't come over and

give us a hand. They oughta ship over a couple loads of them I. W. W.'s, and, believe me, them babies would work and we'd make 'em like it! We got a lot of I. W. W.'s over here as it is, only in this here case, Joe, them letters stands for "I Want Wilhelm!" We'll get the big hick too!

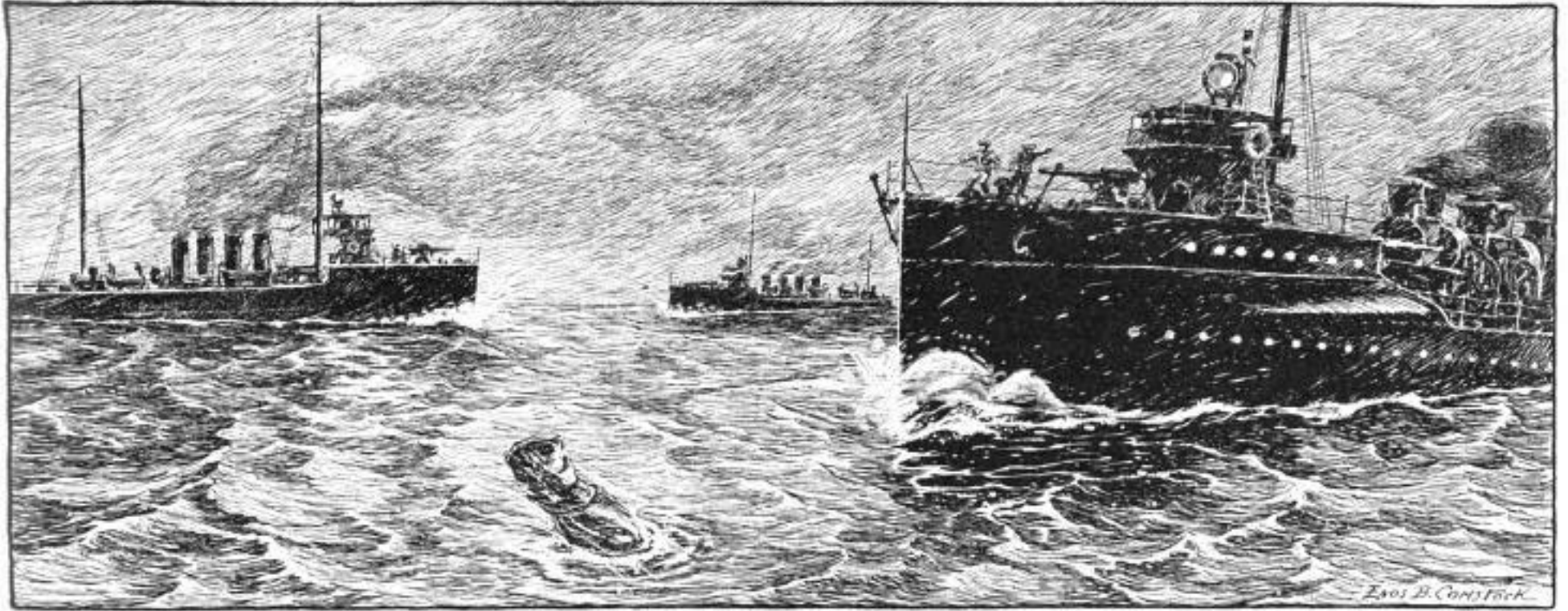
Well, the kiddin' is all over for the day now, Joe, and I'll tell you a couple of things which happened since I last wrote. I have had a fair to middlin' excitin' time, though without gettin' wounded no more or any further promotions, neither of which is my fault.

They is another second lieutenant and me is sent into Paris again on somethin' special, which they ain't no use in my writin' here on account of the censors all fieldin' .1000. Nothin' gets past them babies, Joe! Well, this other guy has got U. S. R. on his collar, which means "Uncle Sam's Right" or somethin'. He claims he got his commission in Plattsburg, N. Y., and I says I didn't know we was also at war with New York State, which never done nothin' outside of goin' Democrat. Then he says they's a officers' trainin' camp there and he was one of the first to graduate. But outside of that, Joe, he's the same as me, only not as good-lookin'. You know, Joe, I have got to be such a handsome dog since I come over here and got wed, etc., that even the French colonel which pinned the war cross on me couldn't resist kissin' me; on the level!

Well, this guy asks me if I got my commission at West Point, and I says no, on the West Front and I never been up the Hudson farther than 135th Street and then I was in a taxi. Joe, he looks me over carefully, and after that he pays me a great deal of respect, because, Joe, I am a old warrior now and he was just ripe from this Plattsburg place, if they is any such burg.

They was a war's correspondent lurkin' around the camp at that time, Joe, (Continued on page 25)





# THE LAST CRUISE OF THE U-77

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY  
COLLIER'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT

MUCH has been written of U-boat life in this war, but most of it has been written from the outside: this is from the inside—the cold professional record of one week of dodging death.

This log is rendered as found, except that names of men and numbers of U-boats are changed; also the language, when too cryptic or technical, is turned into easier English.

When these U-boats return from sea they enter Zeebrugge and on through the canal to Bruges, where they lie in a calm, safe basin—safe from all but airplanes—until it is time to go to sea again. Our log keeper tells of the taking aboard of stores and a cargo of mines at Bruges, of their passing back through the canal to a mooring at Zeebrugge. Then he goes on:

## Diving and Dodging

MAY 28.—At ten minutes before midnight I was called to go on watch. At 2 a. m., as per orders, I had the captain called. At 3 a. m. we found the gap in the barrage and passed out to sea. At 3.55—five minutes before my watch was up—I saw three large English destroyers, the nearest one not more than 600 meters away. The sea was smooth. Only that the moon was setting behind a cloud, they would surely have seen our periscope. I decided to risk staying up. To break out of water inshore when not compelled to is an unnecessary risk.

MAY 29.—Slept until within five minutes of my morning watch. I always sleep much during my first twenty-four hours at sea. Too much excitement, too much entertaining. I was about to relieve my alternate at the periscope when he energetically gave the order to put her under. We dived quickly and, under full power of storage batteries, ran her on a changed course. My alternate, as he moved toward his bunk, explained that he had seen two buzzards (seaplanes) not more than 700 meters above him. Before he had finished telling of it we felt the explosions of four bombs—two and two they came—but not dangerously near.

I ran her for an hour and a half under her batteries before I thought it prudent to come to the surface. We were not allowed to stay up long. Two more buzzards—doubtless the same two—were hovering not too far above. I lost no time in shifting course after we were well under. We waited for the depth bombs. They came—one, two, three, four—two of them too near for us to enjoy. It was an hour and a half before I felt like coming up again. When we did emerge I noted with a pleasant feeling that the sea was clear. Also the air. Within an hour, however, we had to dive in another hurry. I had gone off watch and so did not see what it was, but later, when I inquired, was told it was another buzzard. After lunch I put in a good sleep and so missed seeing the *U-81* when she passed with Captain Müller hailing us. Later we passed the *U-91*.

MAY 30.—I tried to sleep during the 12 to 4 a. m. watch, but did not make out very well. We were off Havre laying mines when we thought for a time we were caught in a net. During my watch, 4 to 8

a. m., we steered for Caln Roads to lay more mines, but ran ashore on the way. Our oil engines got us off, luckily enough, with only two small fishing vessels to take advantage of our trouble. They made off inshore, where we knew they would be sure to report us, so we gave up the idea of going ahead with any mine laying there.

After breakfast we sighted a convoy. It was at such a distance that we felt safe from their lookouts. We dived for attack. Twenty minutes later we got in a torpedo on the leading ship of the convoy, a 5,000-ton ship, but destroyers and patrol came rushing down from the north. We submerged and went off. Soon after coming on for the afternoon watch I sighted four destroyers. I dived without wasting time, and at once began to steer erratic courses. We felt one explosion. They must have dropped more than one, but one was all we knew anything about. Half an hour later we came up. It was a clear, sunny afternoon, altogether most pleasant, until four English destroyers of the K class appeared to starboard. We submerged. We stayed under forty minutes and then proceeded under half speed to dump a few more mines off Cherbourg.

MAY 31.—During the midwatch (12 to 4 a. m.) we laid six mines off Cherbourg, where it is to be hoped they will be of use. From 4 to 8 a. m. I slept. While I slept we dived once to escape a destroyer (large English). Four patrol boats were also sighted, but my alternate evaded them without having to dive. My watch was quiet and pleasant, though somewhat wet. It is always pleasant to put in a full daylight watch without having to dive.

The afternoon watch was not so quiet. At 1.10 we dived to avoid a destroyer. We stayed under thirty minutes. At 2.20 we had to dive again—

probably the same destroyer hunting us. We steered irregular courses for more than an hour, but heard no explosions. At 5.30 we had to submerge again—two patrol boats this time.

At 8.15 we sighted a convoy and at once dived for action. It was under a bright moon, and Owers Light only a few miles abeam. We got our first steamer quickly, but it was 10.25 before we got our second one. At 11.45, while charging batteries, another steamer hove in sight, but before we could work into position she saw us and ran off.

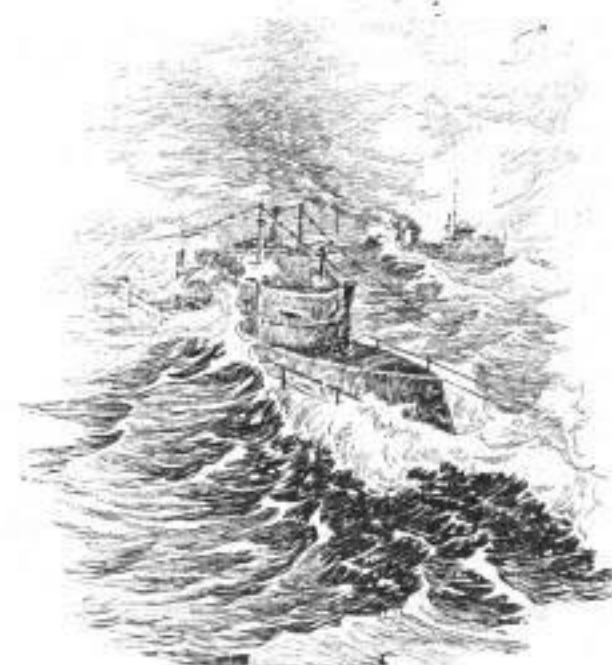
JUNE 1.—The midwatch had been a busy one, so they told me when I came out to take the periscope for my watch. At 12.20 they had to dive to escape a destroyer. Up in half an hour, but diving almost at once to attack two steamers, each escorted by a destroyer. The torpedo was in the tube, but they could not get in a shot. They left them and came to surface. Soon a destroyer was sighted dead ahead, and almost at the same instant two small schooners and a steamer to port. Made ready to attack steamer, but as we did so she saw us and, making Morse signals, hiked off at a speed which was too much for us. All this happened fifteen miles off St. Catherine's, in the bright moonlight. After it was all over—as I came on watch, that is—we turned and headed for Havre, running on the surface with one engine and recharging batteries with the other.

On the run to Havre we had to dive to avoid a destroyer coming up on our starboard bow. At 10 a. m. we dived to three drifters and a destroyer on our port bow. Things were happening too fast for our ease of mind. At 11 a. m. the captain said a little sleep for all hands would do no harm, so down we went. At 40 meters we found bottom, and there we stayed in comfort until supper time.

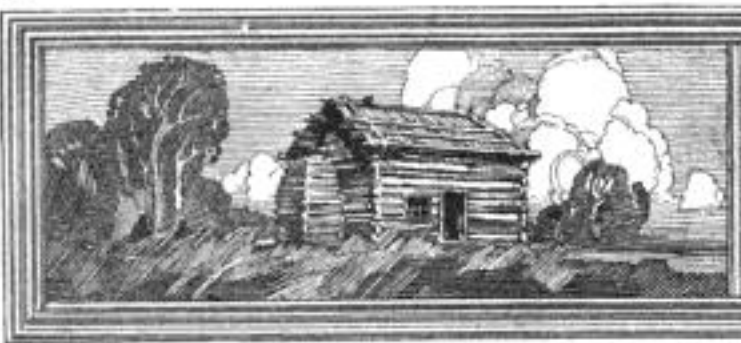
After supper, resuming our course to Havre, we dived to avoid being seen, and of course reported by, a sailing vessel. When next we came up there was a steamer in plain sight. We fired a stern torpedo at her, but did not get her. Thirty minutes later we got a chance at another steamer, but the first officer, who was doing the pointing, reported the torpedo as going wild. The captain did not like that. It might be defective torpedoes—but it might be something else. Another good sleep would do us no harm, he said, so down we dropped, and lay on bottom for six hours.

JUNE 2.—We came to the surface in oily-smooth water, and were about to charge batteries when along came a destroyer. We submerged. When we came up, after three hours, there were five drifters outside of us. Too many for us they were, so we slipped inshore. Then came a French cruiser, evidently with her lookouts on us. We submerged. Two explosions followed, but too quickly for the cruiser to have been there to drop them—probably from some buzzard which we had not noticed. We lay low, and at a depth of 20 meters proceeded under three-quarter speed until we felt we were safe away from there.

We came to the surface and for five minutes saw nothing. Then came a destroyer. We submerged. When we broke water again (Continued on page 29)







# Collier's

## "What We Learn from the American Press"

WHAT follows is translated from the leading French weekly—read in every city of France and the world—"L'Illustration":

To-day, while the soldiers of the A. E. F. are gloriously shedding their blood on our battle fields, no one doubts any longer the reality and efficacy of America's aid. But the strong will to victory which animates our allies, the bending of all their energies toward this one aim, is revealed to us by a reading of the periodical press in the United States.

There, above all, one must seek the manifestations of American opinion: the daily press, with its lavish headlines and sensations, is essentially an organ of news. It is in the multiple magazines, monthly or weekly, of which some, like COLIER'S, print a million copies, which distribute to the American public the basic articles which at once guide and reflect opinion.

It has changed its tone, this press, in the year and more since the United States has been at war. At the outset it was full of enthusiastic demonstrations and wonderful promises thrown off with the smiling cocksureness of resistless force. But time passed, and at every step rose new, unforeseen difficulties. Should the original program be abandoned? No. The American is no man to yield to discouragement. He grits his teeth, tightens his muscles, and comes back to the charge with full consciousness of the task's difficulties. The American press no longer smiles at these difficulties; it realizes them, names them, underlines them, and even exaggerates them to make surer of getting the best of them. It wants the public to know also the measures the Government must take to conquer them. It gave praise unreservedly; now it discusses and weighs. And criticism is good when it is inspired, as is this criticism, by one desire and one only: *to win the war.*

"The fact that the newspapers of this country are no longer shutting their eyes to disagreeable facts is," COLIER'S tells us, "a healthy sign—a fighting sign. When a newspaper takes great pains to find out exactly what is going on behind the scenes and then says what it thinks about the situation in certain language, the public may rest assured that that newspaper is in the war."

Yes, mistakes have been made, the periodical press tells us; there has been too much backing and filling. Certainly the President has everybody's confidence—he can have dictatorial power if he likes. But let him give a care to the men around him! Let him make sure of their efficiency! Let him call to his side able and energetic men. . . . For the time for investigations has passed: it is time for action. The shock of the German offensive has echoed through America like a tremendous alarm bell: *for God's sake, hurry up!*

This comment is worth having, for "L'Illustration," besides being the most charming of pictorial publications, is much alive to what is going on in the world, and when it discusses political affairs is apt to give expression to the keenest political thought in France. Besides, it is far enough away from the American scene to see more clearly than those whose eyesight is disturbed by the dust of the actual contest with official Washington. COLIER'S professes no merit except that it declined to join in the approving chorus of the daily papers during the summer and autumn of 1917 when the genial press agents were putting out "literature" better suited to the prospectus of a circus or moonlight excursion than the entrance of this country into the most terrible war in history. It printed the facts whether they agreed with the advertisements or not.

The year has seen a great change at Washington. It is a matter of little importance what agency brought this about. The professional "booster" is as mute as his professional nature will permit him to be. The serenades have ceased. The brass bands are playing in front of marching troops. The President, in the words of "L'Illustration," has "given a care to the men around him." He is "calling to his side able and energetic men" even if he hasn't turned out all who are weak and listless. The honesty of advisers is no longer questioned, because their advice is founded on experience and expert knowledge. "Naive criticism" is not invited. The tone of Congress is altered. Senators and representatives now discuss war measures, not the principles underlying the war. LA FOLLETTE is silent while the guns speak. GOETHALS, RYAN, SCHWAB, and others who were recently in eclipse or exile are doing the work for which, by training and knowledge, they are equipped. We can hear LLOYD GEORGE without resentment when he says: "Considerable American forces had been expected by spring. As a matter of fact, on March 21 [1918] there was only one American division in the line. There were three or four divisions behind the line which were brought up after the attack." Now there are nearly a million and a half American soldiers in France and Italy, and perhaps 300,000 or 400,000 in the actual fighting or among the reserves in readiness for battle. It is not an "expeditionary force"—we dislike the term—it savors of both weakness and condescension—but an American army, fighting an American war, and well prepared spiritually and materially for its high enterprise.

### As to Reckoning Wages

THESE rates of pay that one sees published in the papers when strikes are being headed off or settled are usually stated as so many cents per hour. You have to figure wages that way when

reckoning the respective costs of various articles made or services rendered. But the worker's interest is in the amount he earns per year, since he and his family have to live through, just as the corporation does. There might be less friction in the relation of employer and employee if this method of figuring pay did not make arithmetic so complicated and so important. Endless questions of detail now arise as to waiting time, hours not used, special hours, etc., etc., and the sea lawyers on both sides are always working up grudges against one another. Can anything better be done under modern conditions? Can workers be employed by the year with annual total earnings guaranteed to each and, possibly, a bonus for better work or a share of the company's prosperity in good times? Would hiring by the year give steadier employment without any danger of serfdom? Can the average workman learn enough book-keeping so as to be able to believe the truth about his employer's financial condition? These are hard questions, but there is no royal road out of industrial unrest, and to treat labor primarily as a factor in cost does not lessen that unrest, and never will.

### Why, Josephus!

SECRETARY DANIELS stood at the end of "No Man's Land," to all appearances bare except for here and there a few clumps of grass or hillocks of clay.—Pittsburgh "Press."

### For Man and Beast

TO get work out of horses one must give them a chance to rest and to keep clean. Farmers have known it for some time, and now the changes of war are spreading the same truth into other fields. The social-betterment experts publish the squalid facts as to living conditions in the slums behind the Chicago stockyards and along the blind back alleys of Chester, Pa.: If men are going to do their best in driving rivets on the Delaware or in putting up beef for our armies, they must have lodgings that would not sicken an animal. Getting the vermin out of the spruce logging camps took the sting from a deal of the I. W. W. agitation in the Pacific Northwest. British seamen face the submarines with even more of their traditional dogged courage because their new standard cargo ships have cabins and bunks for the crew, not crowded up under the bowsprit, but decently spaced in the main hull. "Adequate housing for war workers will cut down by 50 per cent or more the enormous labor turnover experienced at all war plants, with consequent elimination of waste time," writes the Philadelphia correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," reporting on the program of the shipbuilders. When the New York street railways took on women conductors it became necessary to have some sort of places where they could wash and eat lunch without being driven to the corner saloons. Now that attention is forced to these facts, and men in charge turn their minds to them, they are coming to find that plumbing facilities and fit places for eating and for sleeping, and recreational resources, are the bedrock basis of good work. The horrors of war will teach us to cure some of the horrors of peace.

### The Thunderer Mends Manners

ROUND about July 4 the London "Times" printed as part of one day's news the item:

General Booth of the Salvation Army telegraphed on Independence Day to President Wilson as follows:

"Permit me, on behalf of the Salvation Army in the Allied nations, to express our humble gratitude to Almighty God for the exalted friendship to which this day bears witness. Even the catastrophe of the war will prove a benediction if out of it should come a lasting union of the peoples of the English-speaking world, for the peace of nations, the freedom of the oppressed, and the brotherhood of all under the banner of Christ."

One point we note here is the fact that the "Times's" old-time quotation marks round the word general in "General BOOTH" are entirely missing. Is that one effect of the "Times's" Northcliffe ownership—or is it a development of this war somewhat to popularize generalships, or is it, perhaps, that all the world now sets greater store by the Salvation Army: which all the newspaper correspondents in France join in praising for nobility of service?

### A Disentangling Alliance

THE presence of a million and a quarter American soldiers in France leads a Paris correspondent to note that they would make a city population above that of any American city except three. Obviously, too, they are unlike city populations in being all men—



# Editorials



practically all of them able-bodied men. Here is matter to ponder on. Already the Entente looks to Americans in France as the hope of its great cause. Instead of the foreign entanglements GEORGE WASHINGTON feared for America in alliances we are become "other people's disentanglers." As "The New Europe" puts it:

"Lafayette, nous voilà!" said General Pershing to President Poincaré, and coined thereby a fine historical epigram. General Pershing could just as truly have said "Nous voilà!" to us. America is coming to France, but is coming back to England. The United States has learnt that the romance which, ever since its existence, has centered around the struggle for independence is not incompatible with that other romance of common blood and common ideals. . . . The task before us is to work out a League of Nations for the World, and in this task we shall have the precious help and counsel of America.

## Who Did Say It?

NOTE that the learned "New Europe" unhesitatingly attributes the poetic saying "Lafayette, nous voilà!" to the commander in chief of the A. E. F. The British weekly even states that the commander in chief addressed the epigram "to President Poincaré." All early accounts we have seen of the incident agree that the words were spoken at the Picpus Cemetery, in Paris, where a wreath was laid by the Americans on LAFAYETTE'S tomb (July 4, 1917). But some historians—including HEYWOOD BROWN—give the expression to Colonel STANTON of Virginia. Can nobody under the rank of general make a speech worthy of going into the history books?

## On Dressing Up

WHEN KEATS was particularly blue he bathed and put on clean and pleasing garments. R. L. S. lightened his hours by wearing queer hats. LOUIS XVI, last of the Bourbons before the Deluge, realized that History had cast him for too great a rôle; therefore he made up as a watchmaker, while his Austrian Queen dressed herself in milkmaid's costume, and tripped to the little Trianon of Versailles. So did TOLSTOY, weary of What Is Art and of philosophy, garb as peasant, expose feet to the outer air, and make shoes for his surprised (and probably ungrateful!) tenants. Not easily is lost the youngster's love of "dressing up." Not wholly juvenile is the charade, and not for Newport only the amateur theatricals.

Sometimes we incline to think that sages have neglected that Psychology of Clothes which CARLYLE, at least, appreciated, and, in his "Penguin Island," ANATOLE FRANCE. Certainly man insists upon dressing for his part—or for some one else's. And London's "New Statesman" stands authority for the fact that politicians, churchmen, and warriors have given the far from frivolous subject of dress much more attention than they (or, in general, their wives) ever gave to poetry and ethics. In the past there have been more synodal enactments on clerical costume than on any topic else. Even the heroes of 1918 consider dress—taking the theme to heart: "There has been friction in the British Air Service, it is reported, owing to the fact that naval airmen have been forced to wear khaki. According to the newspaper reports, khaki was undermining their esprit de corps."

Let no one smile. He who challenges the elements should have Last Word as to his habiliments. If all the world's a dressing room, who would deny the airman, knightliest of modern soldiers, his privilege of turning tragedy into a costume play?

## A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a Massachusetts boy to his father on the farm)

DEAR FATHER: Where I was stationed before moving to this front, the people were haying. They have fine horses, but queer rigs. All the wagons, even to the two-wheeled dump carts, have brakes and old-style "Deering" mowing machines. They put a strap around the horse's neck and fasten it to the yoke and hitch the inside chain to the opposite whiffletree. If the machine clogs, they never back up; just clean it out, crack the whip, and away the horses go. The French hay rakes are just the opposite of ours. They keep the foot on the lever except when they want to dump the hay. I have ridden on one. It is good to get onto the old job again. The scythes are like our bush scythes. When they haven't a grindstone, they pound out the nicks in the scythe with a hammer and iron and then smooth it up with a bit of rock.

You ought to see the way they drive pigs. They use dogs to help. And when a shepherd takes his sheep out to pasture he goes along the street and blows a horn and every one turns out their pigs and sheep. The shepherd has a long-lash whip and drives them like cows. It takes a Frenchman to crack a whip.

There's a wheelwright whom I watched working when I hadn't anything else to do. He liked to have us around because we helped him and that saved him money. I saw him put a rim on a wheel. He got the lumber and sawed it out by hand on a band saw worked by two handles. He was two days and a half at it and certainly did a swell job. He got forty francs (nearly \$8.00). We boys helped do his haying.

People live in groups of stone houses and drive out to their farms to work. Each village has a church with a tall spire; approaching a village you always see the spire first. The people all wear hobnailed shoes to work and everybody works.

Lots of love to all,

JOHN.



## One Sort of Vacation

IN a Philadelphia newspaper that excellent talker, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, prints an essay on conversation, and calls it "What Men Live By." It is pleasantly done, and during the hot season it is as ice clinking in a tall tumbler to read of the best week in the Quaker philosopher's gay life—

in which we did nothing but talk. We spent it with a delightful gentleman who has a little bungalow on the shore of a lake in Pike County. He had a great many books and cigars, both of which are conversational stimulants. We used to lie out on the edge of the lake, in our oldest trousers, and talk. We built up a complete philosophy of indolence and good will, according to Food and Sleep and Swimming their proper share of homage. We rose at ten in the morning and began talking; we talked all day and until three o'clock at night. Then we went to bed and regained strength and combativeness for the coming day. Never was a week better spent. We committed no crimes, planned no secret treaties, devised no annexations or indemnities. We envied no one. We examined the entire world and found it worth while.

Now, this is not a safe program for all ages, at all times—so long as Provost Marshal CROWDER is in the ring. But (in the right company) such a vacation would wonderfully refresh us, and would stimulate too.

## Talk and Be Glad!

IT was a sad thing for the world, writes our Philadelphia essayist, when it grew so busy that men had no time to talk. For war talk is not talk: it is, in general, argument, and argument is as far below conversation as steam trawling is beneath fly casting. But though it is of a truth sad that the world has lost talk, the fine art (if indeed it has lost it), it does not follow that good talk really makes a happy home. "From every manor, house, and cabin," writes JOHN BUTLER YEATS of his native land, "ascends the incense of pleasant talk; it is that in which we most excel. With us all journeys end in talkers' meeting; 'we are the greatest talkers since the Greeks.'" Yet Ireland has not been the happiest of lands—although Mr.

YEATS says "we even like our enemies," on the ancient principle that it's better to be quarrelsome than to be lonesome.

## Talk—and Silence

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S notion is that:

Very often conversations are better among three than between two, for the reason that then one of the trio is always, unconsciously, acting as umpire, interposing fair play, recalling wandering wits to the nub of the argument, seeing that the aggressiveness of one does no foul to the reticence of another. Talk in twos may, alas! fall into speaker and listener; talk in threes rarely does so.

And "there is only one rule for being a good talker: learn how to listen." Good talk is so rare that the good talker is likely to degenerate into a paid or unpaid monologist; but monologue is not good talk. There cannot be good talk without responses nor yet without brief intervals: interludes that correspond with the time it takes to clear away dishes between courses, and lay a fresh cover, and bring on nuts and raisins, or the incensial coffeepot. The silent places, the spacing and sympathy of them, are the setting for the jewel of talk. He knows conversation at its deepest and best who understands JAMES JOYCE when he writes: "Stephen paused, and, though his companion did not speak, felt that his words had called up around them a thought-enchanted silence."





# THE FLYING FISH

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: PRISON STRIPES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"NOW, don't be excited, please," begged Morley. "The police haven't questioned you?"

"But no, monsieur."

"Well, just because you happen to think of something that might interest them is no reason why you should be jailed because you come here first. Take it easy. And don't break into French. Now, then, from the beginning, please."

"I have told you, monsieur. Monsieur Endicott is breakfasting—alone. A lady enters. Mees Kildare, niece of Monsieur McCord. She advances to Monsieur Endicott."

"Moi, I do not think they are acquaint'. But Monsieur Endicott arises; they speak; they breakfast together. Then enters the uncle—of a harshness, his face, monsieur. He does not like to find his niece with the young gentleman. She make them acquaint'."

"Monsieur McCord is seated. A page calls the name of Monsieur Endicott. He pretend not to hear. Then he arise and leave the room. He stop and speak with me."

"My name, Raoul," he say, 'is Arnold Hoban. You do not understand? That is not necessary. My name is Hoban.'"

"Yes. Go on," urged Morley.

Already the mystery began to clarify itself. The girl was friendly to Endicott. And her uncle—

Abruptly, bidding the man wait, Morley went to the art department of the "Planet." There he procured the photograph that he had purchased that day from the Art Photo Company.

Breen, according to Mrs. Garley, had a rich friend at a private hotel. The clerk at the Birmingham had denied knowing the original of the photograph, but Raoul had linked the girl with Endicott, had linked her with an elderly man. He showed the picture to the head waiter.

"Monsieur McCord," averred Raoul. "Of a certainty. Much older he is now, but—it is Monsieur McCord."

"Why didn't the clerk recognize him?" demanded the reporter.

"I come to that, monsieur," said Raoul. "At the moment I think it is an affair of gallantry; that the uncle objec' to the attention of Monsieur Endicott. Though why anyone should not like his niece to be won by one who has risked his life for la belle France—" Raoul shrugged his shoulders. It was incomprehensible.

"And you don't think, now, that it was such an affair?" queried Morley.

Again Raoul shrugged.

"I do not think about it at all, monsieur. But, at the time, it looked like that. But now—with murder—I do not think about it. It is not understandable."

Morley smiled wryly. For Raoul had said something.

"Well, after he spoke to you? What then?"

"He left the dining room, monsieur. I notice him at the desk in the office. I am curious, monsieur, naturally. I go to the desk after Monsieur Endicott has left, and—well, I notice that he has 'checked out,' and that Monsieur Arnold Hoban has registered. I inquire of the clerk, and he tells me that attending to one's own affairs is profitable. And so I dismiss the matter from my mind."

"There was a special dinner at the hotel last night, monsieur. Supper, I should say. It began after the theatre and ended not until dawn. So that I was at my home, sleeping until late this afternoon, and do not read the papers. It is not until I reach the hotel that I am told of the death of the so gallant Monsieur Endicott, and while I am being told of it you arrive and question the clerk. I have seen you at the hotel, monsieur, and know who you are. It occurs to me that, as the police have not visited me, I have the right to go to a newspaper—I come to yours, monsieur."

"Quite right. Always do that little thing," grinned Morley. "Go to the police afterward. And this picture—it is the girl's uncle, you're certain?"

"Positively," declared Raoul.

Morley drummed on his knee with his slim fingers.

"I think that I'll go uptown with you, Raoul," he announced.

THE night clerk at the Birmingham turned the least bit pale when Morley quietly asked for a private interview. However, he invited the newspaper man into the inner office and closed the door.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Shielding murderers is a pretty serious offense," said the reporter. "You'd better come through—clean. Now"—and he lifted a forefinger—"don't try to bluff me. Not, at any rate, until you see how much I know. For instance, the day clerk denies knowing this man. Do you?"

He produced the photograph of the man in prison stripes. The clerk wet his lips.

"On the level, Mr. Morley, we didn't have any idea that we'd get in bad. Mr. Endicott was a good patron of this hotel, been here years ago, and stands so well. It was a little thing to do, but when we read of his murder— Well, the day clerk and myself, we didn't want to lose our jobs, and—the management might have objected to what we did."

"Just tell me what you did," advised Morley.

He listened carefully to the tale of the registering of the nonexistent Mr. Hoban.

"And now what had I better do?" asked the frightened clerk.

"Why, you'd better telephone the police," advised Morley. "They can't do anything to you. But if you don't tell them now, it might be serious."

Then he left to begin again his delayed story for the morning paper.

IT was a mighty good rule to play exactly on the level, he mused, on his way downtown. Not that there had been anything particularly wrong—certainly nothing immoral—in the clerks' accepting money from Endicott for altering the register, but it was something of which the management would not have approved, to which the management would seriously have objected. And by doing it the clerks had laid themselves open to an unpleasant hour with the police.

But he had more important things to worry over than the riggings—for withholding information for a brief while—that the police would give the two clerks. It was too bad that Flynn would have to know all that Morley knew, but, after all, what he had learned had been through no superior acumen of his own.

The "Planet" was a newspaper; newspapers paid for the news. Therefore the photographer, Mrs. Garley, and Raoul had put information in the way of Morley that accident might have caused them to put in the way of any other newspaper man.

It was up to Morley to be grateful for his luck, and to try to add brains to luck.

"Something new?" the night editor asked him when he reached the office. "Hanly left word that you had started your story, but I don't see any signs of copy."

"New lead," answered Morley briefly. He looked at the clock, then started once again to work. But it was not work at his typewriter. First there were other things to do. One was to send a telegram to Gallipolis, Ohio. The clerk had shown him the register, and Leila Kildare was registered as being from that town. The other was to search the "morgue" for some information concerning Curzon McCord, the uncle of Leila Kildare.

But there was no clipping envelope under the name Curzon McCord.

Morley sat down at his desk. He reviewed the tangle from the beginning, reconstructing it as well as he could.

Farley Endicott, noted amateur sportsman, wealthy, returns from France, where he had been wounded while flying. He goes to the country, supposedly to recuperate from his wounds. Returning, he—according to servants at his club, later verified by the register of the Birmingham—goes to a hotel, while his apartment is being put in order.

Yesterday morning, at breakfast, Endicott is accosted by a girl, one Leila Kildare. The Kildare girl, according to her description, is the girl who called on Breen, took him away—to Endicott's apartment, doubtless—and who later telephoned the police, advising them to go to that apartment.

Apparently Endicott does not know the girl. The entrance of her uncle interrupts a tête-à-tête. Leaving the girl, Endicott bribes the head waiter, stating that his name is Hoban. He then bribes the clerks of the hotel to falsify the register so that it will seem that Endicott has left the hotel, and that one Arnold Hoban is stopping there.

Samuel Breen, an ex-convict, has copies made of an old picture. That picture is the photograph of Curzon McCord, uncle of the girl who accosted Endicott. Breen's only reason for having the copies made must have been the reason of blackmail.

Endicott disappears from the hotel. McCord leaves the hotel too, and his baggage is merely taken to the railroad station, according to the clerk. The girl leaves the hotel. Later, she calls upon Breen—

But this was running around in circles. Morley's brow creased. Before he got this far, let him settle matters that occurred previously.

For instance: What was the cause of Endicott's action in attempting to hide his identity? Had Endicott been other than what he was, a solution would have been simple. The girl had mistaken him for another man, and, that he might continue a chance acquaintance, Endicott had professed to be the man she took him for—Arnold Hoban. If the response to Morley's wire to Gallipolis stated that a person named Arnold Hoban really lived there, Morley would be reluctantly compelled to admit this possible solution. But he refused to admit it now. Endicott simply wasn't the sort to permit a girl to make a



mistake. If she had thought him another man, he would have enlightened her at once. Endicott was a gentleman.

Then why the Arnold Hoban business? Morley's brow grew more wrinkled. The girl, according to Raoul, and to the night clerk, had been a sort of secretary to McCord, her uncle. McCord was an ex-convict, a dangerous man, as several murders had proved—that is, if McCord were responsible for the murders. But Breen had been slain, and Breen had evidently threatened McCord, so it was fair, for the moment, to assume that McCord was responsible for the killings.

Suppose that the girl, acting as her uncle's secretary, knew the sort of man that he was, and had appealed to Endicott? That sounded reasonable. Endicott was a chivalrous sort of chap, just the one to aid a girl. It fitted in with what followed too. Grant that this was so: grant that the girl had appealed to Endicott, what followed became understandable.

Endicott would naturally have pretended to be an old friend of the girl. To avoid suspicion, he would pretend to have come from the same town as the girl. He would register as from that town. Then the girl would have looked up the man who sent the photograph to her uncle.

But why wouldn't Endicott have done that? Why would he leave this business to the girl? But that question couldn't be answered now. He must go ahead with his reasoning without trying to understand.

The girl, then, had taken, or sent, Breen to Endicott's apartment. Breen was McCord's enemy; at any rate, his blackmailer. That the girl had lured Breen to Endicott's place to be murdered was a hypothesis that entered Morley's mind to be instantly rejected. Endicott wasn't that sort. He would aid in no evil.

Endicott, then, was helping the girl. But, in some way, her uncle had found it out. The man who had traced Breen to his address after the ex-convict had departed with the girl might be an emissary of McCord. Certainly either the girl or the man had come from McCord. It would be unreasonable to suppose anything else.

And then—the killings! McCord was the one to fear Breen; ergo, Breen was the one to fear McCord. Or, putting it differently, because McCord was in danger of some sort of exposure, the man who held the threat over him feared his vengeance.

THE girl did not wish McCord to know Endicott for who he was. That was quite patently the reason for Endicott's assumption of the name of Arnold Hoban. But when McCord learned that the girl had taken Breen to Endicott's apartment the game was up. McCord had sent his men to the apartment.

This was all very well, but he was forgetting something. He was forgetting that the girl had telephoned the police and told them practically nothing. Why had she withheld the reasons behind these killings?

And then it came to Morley. Endicott had not been killed. But a man dressed in his clothing had been found dead. Why? Because Endicott had wished to blind the police, to pretend, a murderer, that he was himself dead?

Morley shook his head. If Endicott could possibly be a murderer, this theory might do. But, having met Endicott, Morley would not credit such a theory. The men who killed Breen had held Endicott prisoner!

That explained the girl's failure to give the police more information. She had hoped that the murderers would be caught red-handed, but if they were not, she did not want them to know that she had informed on them. At least she did not want the police to know too much, lest Endicott be jeopardized.

Morley might be a thousand miles out of the way, but he was willing to bank on it that he was guessing close to the mark. The false Endicott in Greenwich—that body had been placed there, with Endicott's pocketbook in the clothing, to deceive the police, to make them refrain from search for Endicott.

But Endicott himself—mentally Morley cleared him from complicity. He was a victim. And he was the victim of—whom? If the reporter should show this picture to Flynn, he would lose a good story;

but without knowledge of who the photographed ex-convict was, his good story lacked point. Flynn would give it to the other newspaper men, but—Flynn ought to have it, after all.

AND as he reached this point in his reasonings the telephone on his desk rang. It was Flynn.

"Just a word, Morley. The coon servant is conscious. You can see him. But he don't know much. I'll give it to you now if you want."

"Go ahead," grunted Morley.

"Girl named Miss Kildare sent Breen to the apartment. Before this Mr. Samuel Whitney had been there. Endicott had been captured by a guy named McCord. Fabian tried to trace McCord's trunks. Failed. Came back. Taking care of Breen when bell rang. Men came in and knocked him out and killed Breen. Doesn't know any more than that. Ain't safe to question him further. He's kinda low still. On the level, what do you make of it? Sounds like a pipe dream. I've had men up at the Birmingham, and a couple of clerks from there been to see me. You saw them first, though. What do you make of it? Endicott, a guy like that, horn-ing into the affair, changing his name? Tell me, Morley."

Flynn's voice was pleading. If Morley was puzzled, the lieutenant of detectives was mystified. He had not put things together as Morley had done.

"May I go over your Rogues' Gallery, lieutenant?" asked the reporter. "After that I may be able to tell you."

"Nothing doing. I know. That photograph of the convict. The Art Photo people didn't tell me they'd sold a copy to you. I might have known it, though. I've been over the gallery. No one like it there. Old-time stuff. Another State, I think. But you know who he is—he's the uncle of the girl Endicott was talking to—the same girl that phoned here last night. Morley, what do you make of it?"

"You don't know who McCord is? On the level?"



Morley read the most important message since the declaration of war

"On the level. And, without sending that picture all over the country, I don't see a chance—"

"How about Hallowe'en John?" asked Morley.

"Where does he come in?"

"He told me Breen's address."

"Oh-ho. So that's how you beat us up there. I hand it to you, Morley. You're some guy! Hal-

lowe'en John gave you that? Do you think he knows this McCord?"

"I don't know, but he was a bit too innocent—and scared."

"Give me two minutes with him," said Flynn grimly.

"And I'm in on it," announced Morley.

"Fair enough," said Flynn. And his voice did not sound grudging.

For Flynn was up against it; his chief had talked with him again this evening, and it had been a sorely perturbed lieutenant that had left the commissioner's office.

Jealous though Flynn might be of Morley, this was a time when he had to put jealousy from him. Unless he wished to lose his berth as head of the Detective Bureau, he must solve the Endicott mystery, and this he realized would take more brains than he possessed.

It was a humble man that left Headquarters to meet Morley at the saloon of Hallowe'en John.

### Chapter XVIII: Suppressed News

IT was a story! Confronted by the lieutenant, threatened with all sorts of exposure—exposure that would have meant his death at the hands of the denizens of the underworld whom he had betrayed to the police—Hallowe'en John had admitted that he knew the identity of the original of the photograph of the ex-convict.

"For, John," said Lieutenant Flynn, "I know you. I know you never lent a dollar in your life without you had good security. If Breen told you anything, he told you everything. You've admitted that he said he had a scheme. Now, he may not have told you who was goin' to be the victim of his scheme, but I don't believe you. Now, John, a man pays sooner or later for bein' a liar. You're a liar. You may be tellin' the truth now. But if you are, I'm sorry for you. For I'm goin' to tip off the right people that you're a stool pigeon, and Gawd help you, John. What's this guy's moniker?"

He touched the photograph. And Hallowe'en John weakened.

"Harmon Rayde, lootnant. But for God's sake don't gimme away. He's killed Breen, and—"

For the third time Morley sat him down before his typewriter. It was almost eleven o'clock, and he had less than an hour and a half in which to catch the presses for the first edition.

But it was a story! Harmon Rayde—the great, almost mythical, international crook and spy—was the murderer of the Endicott mystery. Leila Kildare—the mysterious girl in the story—too! Just the thing to give it the necessary sex fillip. Too bad, though, that her name must come out, that a decent girl must be subjected to notoriety. For a telegram from Gallipolis described her as one beyond reproach. Still, she figured in the mystery, and whether it was her fault or not, a newspaper man can't be sentimental. Besides, publication of the story might induce her, were she still free to do so, to tell the whole truth, to come forward and denounce the man who had employed her as his secretary.

It was a corking story, Morley told himself for the twentieth time. And he was writing it well too. If only he could descry some reason for McCord's—or Harmon Rayde's—employing the girl in the first place! The Gallipolis telegram said that Curzon McCord had posed as an old friend of the orphan Kildare girl. He loved her! That was it. For why should a crook want an honest girl as his secretary? Loved her!

Well, and his face dropped a bit, he must leave this deduction out of his yarn, but it would do; it would do. And the other papers would have so very little on it. He was swinging into his introduction, writing against time, when his desk telephone jangled.

Impatiently he answered it.

"Hello, hello!"

"Mr. Rodney Morley?"

"Yes. Who's this, please?"

"Robert Colroy talking."

"Yes." Morley knew the name, recognized the voice now.

"You knew, of course, Mr. Morley, that I'd withdrawn from private business."

"Certainly."

(Continued on page 24)



# BUSINESS IN WAR TIME

*A page edited by the Business Department  
of Collier's, The National Weekly*

## Are You in Favor of the N.T.M.?

**T**HE question of a National Trade-Mark has been so much discussed in business papers of late that now it is familiarly known by its initials—the N. T. M.

At present there is a bill before Congress "to authorize the adoption, registration and protection of a national trade-mark to distinguish merchandise manufactured or produced in the United States of America and used in commerce with foreign nations."

It will be remembered by faithful readers of Collier's that four years ago we started a vigorous campaign to remove the prejudice against goods made in America and show the folly of the snobbish preference for certain products simply because they bore a foreign name or label.

At that time, with President Wilson advising us to observe strict neutrality, there were very few who dreamed that we would ever be at actual war with Germany. Yet Collier's first page in its "Made in America" campaign, published on October 3d, 1914, contains words which now seem prophetic:

"Those of us who have been buying all we could abroad will have to get things here or go without. The war enables us to raise many of our purchases to the dignity of a patriotic act, and at the same time to serve our interest better.

"This war is going to furnish a liberal education to Americans in the superiority of their own products.

"When the American public realizes the true situation it will respond wholeheartedly. Manufacturers of woolens, silks, cottons, glassware, cutlery, dyes, toys, hats, perfumes, toilet goods and other things we have persistently imported will for the first time have a

market that approaches its full possibilities."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in response to the Collier campaign that, some time in the winter of 1914, the Detroit Chamber of Commerce originated a plan for distinguishing "Made in U. S. A." products by a uniform trade-mark. And this live organization also offered a prize of \$500 for the best design for such a trade-mark.

Now, four years later, the campaign has at last borne fruit and there is an actual bill advocating the use of a national trade-mark now awaiting the decision of Congress.

\* \* \* \* \*

The proposal to use a National Trade-Mark, however, has not met with unqualified approval. Certain leading manufacturers, owners of their own trade-marks which through heavy advertising and high standards of merchandise have become favorably known and popular in foreign markets, feel that it would be unjust to them to allow any manufacturer of any grade of merchandise to compete with them under the general National Trade-Mark of "Made in U. S. A." "What is the use of all our years of effort in establishing ourselves in these foreign markets," they ask, "if anyone else can come along and compete with us on equal grounds because he is licensed to use the same general trade-mark?"

The Department of Commerce answers this objection in a special bulletin. The manufacturer who has already established his trade-mark abroad will get the National Trade-Mark as additional protection. This will mean a great deal after the war. For Germany will be desperate for business—and, in the past, Germany has not hesitated

to imitate and burglarize private American brands and trade-marks. But it is hoped that the National Trade-Mark will be protected in some way so that this cannot be done.

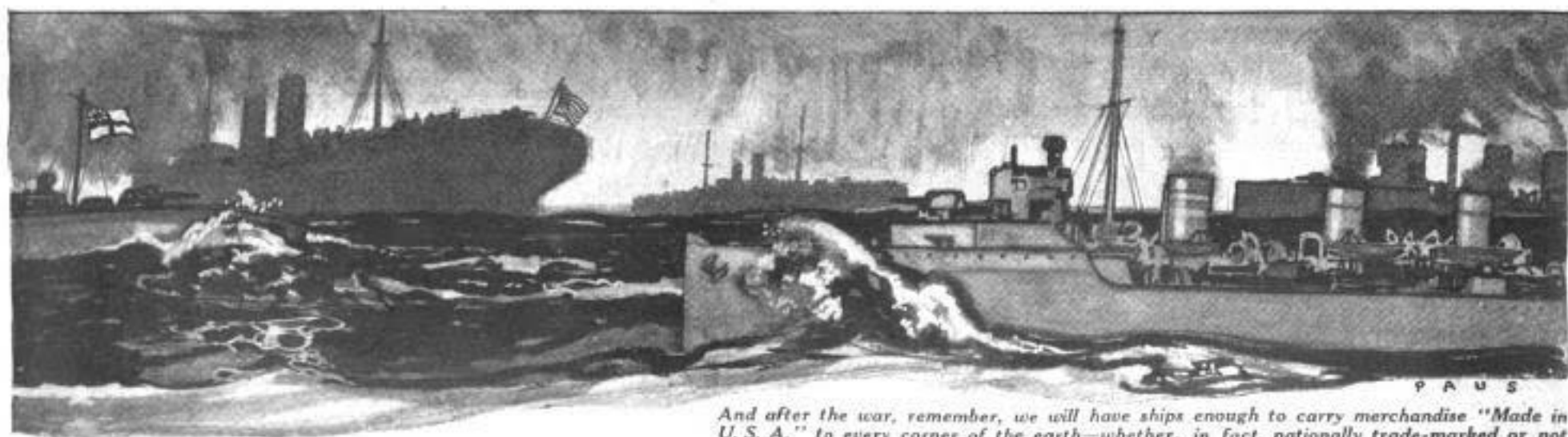
In addition to this, the Department of Commerce goes on to say, that only those manufacturers whose merchandise deserves the National Trade-Mark will be licensed to use it. It will be a mark of honor, of superior goods, and recognizable as such.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are of course many points to be settled before the National Trade-Mark is decided upon. The manufacturers who through initiative and the merit of their products have already established themselves in foreign markets deserve some measure of protection. At the same time, there are national trade advantages in a National Trade-Mark.

Perhaps the French way, as a writer in "Printers' Ink" says, would be the best way for us to adopt. The French National Trade-Mark is to be under the control of a committee of manufacturers instead of the Government. Only those manufacturers whose products pass a severe quality test will be permitted to use the trade-mark and then not only the National Trade-Mark but also the names of all manufacturers entitled to use it will be widely advertised in foreign markets.

But out of the cloud of discussion which at present obscures the subject of a "Made in U. S. A." trade-mark one fact stands clear: The war has acted as a forcing plant in getting Americans to recognize the merit of goods made in their own country and in broadening tremendously the after-the-war markets for American goods in foreign countries.



And after the war, remember, we will have ships enough to carry merchandise "Made in U. S. A." to every corner of the earth—whether, in fact, nationally trade-marked or not



# THE BIRD OF SERBIA

Continued from page 7

to be philosophical: 'Well, when a little female looks as angelic as my Mara, naturally we expect her to think like an angel too.'

"At this Mara's anger departed as quickly as it had come. 'There!' she exclaimed, flinging her arms about his neck and kissing him upon both cheeks. 'there spoke my own dear Gavril! Poor Gavril! What have I been saying? You know I love the Serbs no less than you do! You do know it, don't you? Well, then, say so!'

"'God forbid that I should believe otherwise!' answered Gavril, kissing her in return.

"As I left them I thought to myself that with Mara's temperament, to say nothing of the 'hundreds of children' she promised him, Gavril's married life would not prove monotonous, whatever else it might be. When, in the course of the subsequent fall and winter, I saw them again, they seemed as happy as a pair of wild birds.

"Arriving at the little hotel in the early part of June, 1914, I found them all full of plans for a great fête to be celebrated on Vidov-dan—Kosovo Day—June 28. This day might be called the Serbian Fourth of July, but it partakes also of the character of our Memorial Day, for it is the anniversary of that tragic event in Serbian history, the Battle of Kosovo, in which the Turks defeated the Serbs in 1389, leaving the entire Serbian nobility dead upon the field. That is one reason why Serbia has no nobles to-day. 'Kosovo' means 'the field of the black bird,' the *kos* being a black songbird. But this was to be no ordinary celebration of the holiday, for in the Balkan War of the two preceding years Serbia had consummated her independence and humbled the Turks, and a part of the Serbian racial dream was thereby realized. Mara, Gavril, and their parents united in urging me to return for the festival, and before departing I agreed to do so.

"TRUE to my word, I arrived several days ahead of time. Gavril had not returned from the academy when I reached the hotel, but Michael and Stana gave me a warm welcome and produced the costumes they were intending to wear, and I remember that Stana said I ought to have a costume too—that even though I had not been so fortunate as to be born a Serb, they proposed to adopt me.

"'But you should see Mara's costume!' she exclaimed, when I admired hers. 'It is a true Serbian dress, very old, which came to her from her great-grandmother. Such beautiful embroidery you never saw.'

"That made a good excuse for me to go and see Mara, whom I found sewing in the little garden behind the house. The costume, which she showed me, was indeed beautiful, and I admired it in terms which were, I hope, sufficiently extravagant to please even a girl as exacting as she.

"While talking with her I observed a bird cage hanging on a hook by the window and, never having noticed it before, asked if she had a new bird.

"In reply she merely nodded, without looking up from her work.

"I strolled over and looked at the bird.

"'Why,' I said, 'this bird appears to be a *kos*, Maro.' Probably there was a note of surprise in my voice, for the *kos* is like our starling and is not supposed to live in captivity.

"Her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at me. 'My relative who is employed in the railway caught this bird a few days since, placed it in a cage, and presented it to me. And if he is a handsome young fellow, am I to be censured for that? I am not his mother nor yet his father. I did not make him handsome! And even so, what is a little bird, to make words and black looks over?'

"'You mean that Gavril is annoyed?'

"'Since this bird came,' she returned, 'I have heard of nothing else. He begs me to let it go. He insists that it will die. He says the man who gave it me is cruel and that I am cruel too.'

"'Then why not release it?' I suggested. 'It is dying in the cage, Maro.'

"'Let it die, then!' she cried, and burst into a flood of tears.

"'Now, Maro,' I urged when the paroxysm had abated, 'what is all this about?'

"'Well,' she gulped, wiping her eyes, 'a girl must have a little character, must she not? She must make up her own mind occasionally about some little thing! Is not that true? Is the man she loves to tell her when to draw in her breath and when to let it go again? Is he to tell her when to wink her eyes? Is she to cease to think and do only as he thinks?'

Here came this—with the I desired it not. vrillo, black a storm out of ordering me to I wished to do but as my caught it and I felt I should him. Besides,

and knows a great deal, being in the Government railroads. And what did he say? 'Maro,' he said, 'you do as you wish. If you wish to be a little fool, humor this boy. He is spoiled. He has everything as he desires it. They say you are to marry him. Very well. But if you think always with his mind, and hold no ideas of your own, I tell you you will make a wife no better than one of those stupid Turkish women.' . . . That is why I determined to retain the bird. There is a *kos* in every second tree. Well, then, is it not better that this one die than that my soul shall wither? Why should I be called Mara if I shall no longer be a separate being, but only Gavril in another body?'

"As she finished, we heard Gavril calling her name from the street, and a moment later he came in through the garden gate.

"I saw at once that he was agitated.

"'So you have come!' he cried, seizing my hands. 'But, alas, my friend, it is in vain! You have heard the evil tidings?'

"'You mean about—?' I had almost said 'about the bird,' but fortunately he interrupted, exclaiming:

"'Yes, about the festival.'

"'What tidings?' demanded Mara.

"Gavril threw his arms above his head in a gesture of helpless fury.

"'Those proclate *shvabe*!' he burst out. 'They issued an edict only an hour ago, forbidding entirely our festival of Vidov-dan!'

"'No!' cried Mara, dismayed, half rising from her seat.

"'Yes. There shall be no celebration—not for the Serbs. Nothing! Attempts to commemorate the anniversary will result in arrest. It is announced that in place of our festival there will upon that day be extensive maneuvers of the Austrian army and that Grand Headquarters will be here in our city. We are given to understand that the Archduke himself will come and hold the review. Could anything be devised more to insult us upon our national holiday? Oh, of what vile tricks are not these accursed *shvabe* capable?'

"'I am surprised,' I said, 'that the Archduke would be party to a thing of this kind, for it is

young man miserable bird. Then came Gavril and angry like the mountains, let the bird go. as Gavril said, relative had given it to me first speak to he is older

understood that he is pro-Serb. Certainly his wife is a Slav.'

"'The more shame to her, then, for marrying him,' said Gavril, with a shrug. 'He is the spawn of an autocrat who is in turn the spawn of generations of autocrats. Scratch them and they are all the same. They play the game of empire—the dirty game of holding together, against their will, the people of seven races in Austria-Hungary; grinding them down, humiliating them, keeping them afraid. No man, no group of men, should have such power! It is medieval, grotesque, wicked!'

"'More than that,' put in Mara, 'it is unwise. They take a poor way to gain favor with us Serbs. For my part, I do not think it safe for the Archduke to come here.'

"'And there, my *mila*,' he declared, with a shrewd, sinister smile, 'your judgment is perhaps better than even you yourself suppose. I hope he will know enough to stay away. Otherwise he may indeed become indisposed after his arrival.'

"'What do you mean, Gavril?' I asked.

"'That the air of this place is not good for Austrian royalties just now,' he said. 'It is Serbian air. There are the germs of freedom in it, and such germs are more dangerous to autocrats than those of *kuga*—cholera.'

"'Be frank,' I urged. 'Do you mean that the Archduke's life is threatened?'

"'It is known,' he replied, 'that the governor has received warning letters. The Archduke is advised not to appear here on our holiday. One understands, moreover, that the Austrian secret police concur in this advice. Which shows that the filthy beasts are not so stupid as they might be.'

"'Assure me, Gavril,' Mara broke in, 'that your *comitajia* has nought to do with this threat!'

"'Long ago,' he answered, 'I promised you that while you love me I will not actively participate in anything violent. You may be sure, Maro, *mila*, that I shall keep my word.'

"'You keep your word always,' she replied, 'but these threats disturb me and I gain comfort from your reassurances.'

"GAVRIL walked slowly over and looked into the bird cage.

"'You are certain, then, that you do requite my affection?' he asked her over his shoulder.

"'You are well aware,' she said, 'that I worship you.'

"'Would that I were as well aware of it,' he returned, 'as that I am nothing to be worshiped.' Then after a pause he added: 'If you do love me, why not release this poor bird? See how wretchedly it huddles. Its eyes are becoming dull. It will surely die. How can we Serbs talk of freedom for ourselves, yet hold this wild creature prisoner? And of all birds, a *kos*—the bird of Kosovo! Permit me to open the door of the cage, Maro. Let us celebrate the Serbian holiday by liberating the poor *kos*. *Shvabe* cannot prevent that, with all their edicts.'

"Mara looked black.

"'The holiday is not yet here!' said she.

"'When the day comes,' he answered, 'the *kos* will be dead.'

"'I wish it were already dead!' she exclaimed petulantly. 'I wish I had never seen the accursed thing. It has brought me only sorrow.'

"'Then,' I interjected, 'why not let it fly away?'

"'I have told you both,' she answered angrily. 'This means more to me than the life or death of a bird. It is a symbol. I have the feeling that if it were to fly away all my will power would fly with it.'

"'And to me also,' returned the boy solemnly, 'this means more than the life or death of a bird. And likewise to me the *kos* is a symbol. It should be so to every Serb. Think of Kosovo! This is a bird linked with our racial aspirations. If we free this one, we may, perhaps, ourselves deserve freedom. Otherwise, what do we deserve? Do we merit more than we ourselves give?'

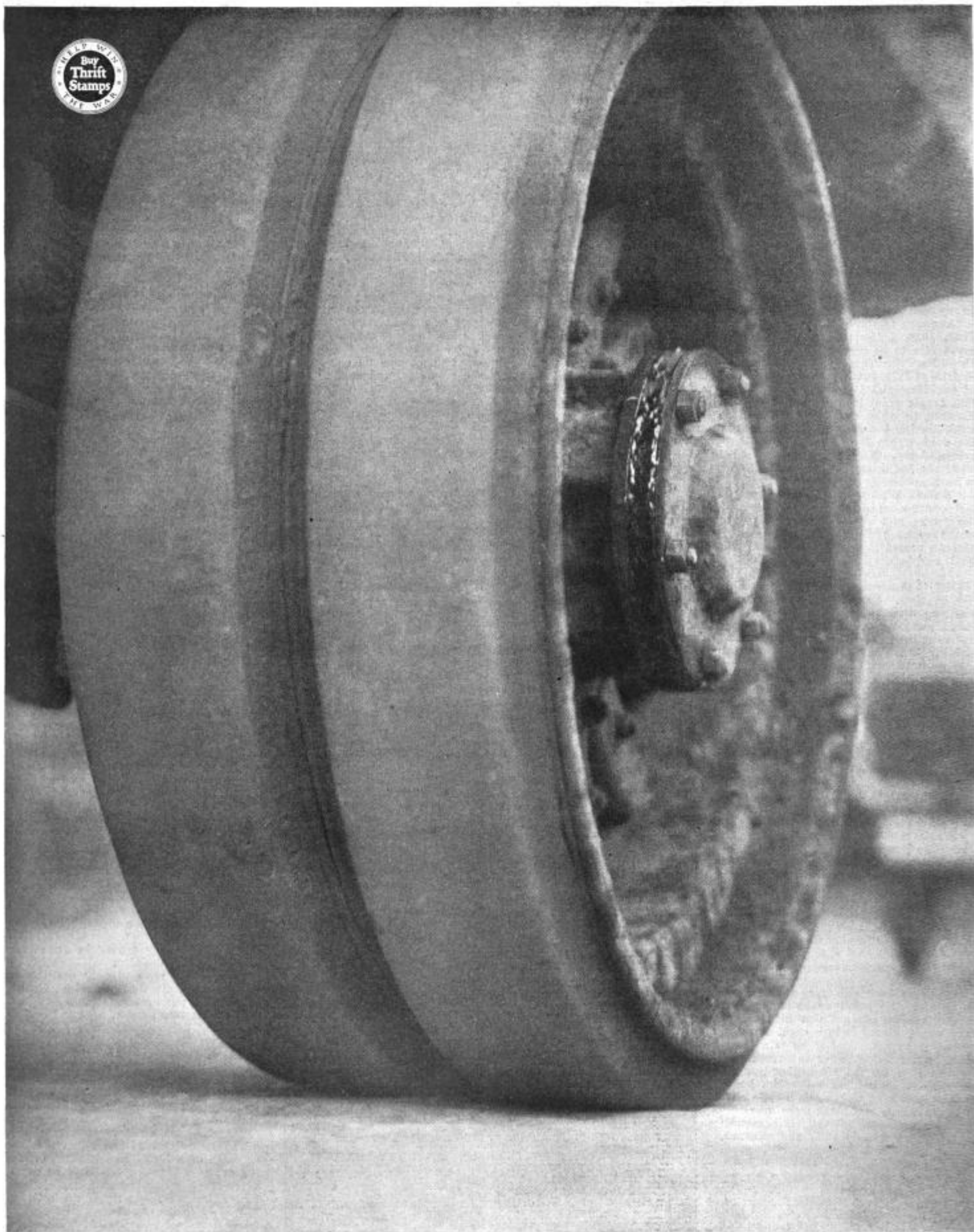
"Having witnessed Mara's agitation when she first told me of their differences over the bird, I would now have stopped Gavril could I have signaled him, but he was engaged in putting some green leaves through the door of the cage. As he finished speaking, Mara rose, dropped her sewing upon the ground, and bursting into tears ran into the house.

"'Maro, *mila*!' Gavril cried, attempt-



He brushed back the soft plumage of its breast





Actual photograph of dual 36x6 Goodyear S-V tire equipment in use on truck unit of the Andrews Carriage Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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# **SOLID TIRES**



ing to catch her; but the door slammed in his face.

"He was white as he turned to me. 'Tell me,' he cried in a tone childlike and baffled, 'can anyone understand the ways of woman? . . . I believe,' he said reflectively, 'that if one could but understand Mara, one could understand all the riddles of the ages.'

"I left Gavrilko in the garden. At dinner that night he was not with us. I did not see him again until next evening, when I came upon him whispering with three young men upon the stairs. As I passed them they became silent, nor did I like the nervous smile with which Gavrilko greeted me. On the day following I saw him go into a *kafana* with the same youths. I think he also saw me, and from the haste with which he moved into the little café I gathered the impression that he was avoiding me.

"On the day before the maneuvers I cornered him after luncheon. Clearly he was keyed to a highly nervous tension.

"'Gavrilko,' I said, 'do not tell me anything you do not wish to. I have no desire to pry into your affairs. But I beg you to remember Mara and your promise to her, and not to become entangled in any rash escapade.'

"For a moment he stood looking at me without answering. It was as though he was carefully formulating a reply. Then he said:

"'I have remembered. I have positively refused to participate in certain matters in which I have been pressed to become active. At this moment that is all that I am enabled to say.'

"'It is all I desire to know,' I said. 'Tell me, what of Mara?'

"'All is well between us,' he returned, 'so long as one mentions not the bird.'

"LATER I found them together in the garden. Mara was, as usual, sewing. While I sat and talked with her, Gavrilko started picking fresh leaves to put into the bird cage. Mara, who had been telling me how, upon the morrow, the Serbs were to leave their shutters closed all day, so that they should not see the Austrians, ceased to speak as Gavrilko began gathering the leaves, and watched him narrowly for a moment.

"'Gavrilko,' she said, 'please put no more leaves into the cage.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because it is not well for him. He has been pecking at the leaves and I think they poison him.'

"'No,' said Gavrilko.

"'Yes,' she insisted. 'He appears miserable to-day.'

"'But naturally!' returned the youth. 'That is not new. He is dying. See how he is huddled with closed eyes in the corner of the cage.' As he spoke he plucked another leaf.

"Mara's expression became ominous.

"'If he should die,' she said in a quavering voice, 'it will be because of the leaves which you have given him!'

"'Impossible,' Gavrilko replied. 'Does not a bird live among the leaves?'

"'I tell you,' she exclaimed, 'I have asked the old bird man about it. He says some leaves are good and some are not. He is coming this evening to see the *kos* and give it medicine in its water.'

"I was relieved when Gavrilko pressed the point no farther, but dropped the fresh leaves on the ground. Feeling that a situation had been narrowly averted, I thought best to leave them together.

"That evening, as I was walking toward the hotel from the square at the center of the town, I saw him coming out of the *kafana* with several of the youths I had come to recognize as his friends. He joined me and we walked along together. At Mara's garden gate he halted, saying: 'Let us enter and see the poor bird.'

"'No, Gavrilko,' I said warningly. 'It is not the bird we go to see, but Mara.'

"'So be it,' he replied. 'Let us then visit Mara.'

"Mara was not in the garden. Gavrilko called her name. She answered from the house, and a moment later came out to meet us.

"As she emerged I saw her glance at the bird cage. Then she gave a startled cry.

"'Look!' she wailed. 'The *kos* is dead!'

"It was true; there lay the bird upon its back among the dry leaves at the bottom of the cage.

"For a time we stood in silence, regarding it through the bars. I knew that Gavrilko and Mara were filled with emotion, and for my own part I was surprised to discover how much the death of the bird seemed to mean to me. When, a day or two before, they had spoken of symbolism in connection with the *kos*, I knew what they meant, but did not feel it; yet now I felt it strongly, as though I myself were a

Serb, with a Serb's vision and superstition. It was not a dead bird that I saw, but a climax in a parable—a story of scriptural flavor, fraught with uncanny meaning.

"Gavrilko was the first to speak.

"'Poor *kos*,' he said in a low, tragic tone. 'It is free at last. It was written that it should not be captive when to-morrow dawns.'

"'What do you mean?' demanded Mara.

"'I told you it was destined to die unless you let it go,' he answered gently.

"'And as I would not let it go,' she retorted, 'you

Gavrilko lies. Gavrilko killed the *kos*. He is a murderer. I hate him!'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'You give me the truth at last!'

"'Yes, the truth!'

"'So much the better that I know in time!' cried Gavrilko, and without another word he ran frantically from the garden.

"As for Mara, she seemed almost on the brink of madness. I do not know how long I remained there trying to reason with her, calm her, make her see the folly and danger of what she had done. By the time her passion had abated the late June twilight had settled over the town. Presently I heard the garden gate open, and a moment later a venerable Serb appeared.

"'Wait!' Mara said to me. 'Now you shall learn that I was right!'

"Then, to the old man, she said: 'You are too late to cure my bird, but you are not too late to tell me from what cause came its death. Look at this leaf that was placed in its cage. Is not that the henbane?'

"The old man took the leaf, inspected it, and shook his head.

"'No,' said he. 'Let me see the bird.'

"'It lies there in the cage.'

"He opened the cage door and, reaching in, removed the little body.

"'Ah,' he said, 'a *kos*. Do you not know, my child, that birds of this species cannot long survive captivity?'

"Mara hung her head.

"'I have heard it said,' she answered in a low voice.

"'To imprison wild birds is cruel,' remarked the old bird man. 'These birds, in particular, are the Serbs of the air. They are descended from birds that saw the field of Kossovo. They desire only to be free.' Then, as Mara did not reply, he said: 'Bring a light.'

"She went into the house and emerged with a lamp, placing it upon a table near the door. The old bird man sat down beside the table and, holding the bird near the light, brushed back the soft plumage of its breast, much in the manner of peasant mothers whom one sees, occasionally, searching with unpleasant suggestiveness in their children's hair.

"'Look,' he said, 'the bird would have died of these, even had it survived captivity. It is covered with animalcules. In a cage it could not rid itself of them as nature enables free creatures to do.'

"LOOKING at the bird's breast, Mara and I could see the deadly vermin.

"'Give me a spade,' said the old man. 'I will inter the bird here in the garden.'

"Mara indicated a spade leaning against the wall. Then, turning with beseeching eyes to me, she seized both my hands, and said in a low, intense voice:

"'Go, I pray you, and find Gavrilko! Tell him that I implore his forgiveness. Say that I love him better than all the world and ask only that he come to me at once.'

"I went directly to the hotel and to Gavrilko's room. He was not there. No one about the place had seen him. I then went to the *kafana* which I knew he patronized, but the proprietor declared that he knew nothing of his whereabouts. Through the remainder of the evening I diligently searched the town, going to the houses of all his friends, but nowhere could I find a trace of him. Obligated at last to acknowledge myself defeated, I returned to the hotel. Several times during the night I arose and stole to his room, but daylight came without his putting in an appearance. Early in the morning I went again to the *kafana*, but though I learned there that the Archduke had arrived the

night before with his wife and his suite, and was housed at the governor's palace, I got no word of the missing boy. Wherefore, after breakfast, it became my unpleasant duty to go to Mara, inform her of my failure, and comfort her as best I might.

"She looked ill and terrified. I wished that she would weep.

"Thinking perhaps to find him in the central square of the town before the Archduke, the governor, and the other officials set out for the review, I was moving in that direction when there came to my ears the dull sound of an explosion. Continuing on my way, I encountered as I rounded the next corner a scattering crowd of men, women, and children, running toward me, in the street.

"I asked two or three of them what had happened, but they ran on without reply. Presently, among them, I saw one of the youths with whom I had several times seen Gavrilko, and him I seized by the coat, demanding information.

"'Let me go!' he cried. (Continued on page 28)



## CAGES

(To B. Iden Payne)

By MARION PATTON WALDRON

He wandered free in the forest  
And heard the thrushes sing,  
And saw the tanager dartle,  
Shaking his golden wing,  
And furry ones, panting and curious-eyed,  
And every wilding thing.  
He walked with joy in the forest  
Till he came to a break in the trees,  
A huddled house and two caged swallows  
Sick to fly forth at their ease,  
And he cried: "I would have no cages—  
Cages are not for these."

Where men have found shelter in cities  
He wandered free and wide,  
Now with the guests at the revel,  
Now with the beggars outside—  
All of them moving with fetterless tread;  
"Beautiful people!" he cried  
Till he came to a place of granite  
Where creatures shut in a pen  
Beat their souls out against the bars;  
Broken, he stared, and then  
Thundered: "Away with cages!  
Cages are not for men!"



desired that it should die, in accordance with your prophecy! Yes, that is it! You made it die! You placed the leaves of henbane in its cage and killed it!"

"'You are excited, Maro,' he returned. 'You must know that I desired the poor bird to live. Let us dig a little grave here in the garden and bury it, and cease to speak of it until we are calmer. We are overwrought—both of us—because of the bitterness of to-morrow. Where is the spade?'

"'Do not touch the *kos*!' she commanded. 'It shall not be buried yet.'

"'Why not?' I interposed. 'It will be better for us all.'

"'The old bird man comes this evening,' Mara flung back. 'He will look at the bird and know that Gavrilko has poisoned it with henbane.'

"'But, Maro,' I returned, 'Gavrilko has said that he did not. You know that he is truthful.'

"'His words mean nothing!' she cried. 'Am I not a Serb? Do I not read the meanings in events?'





## Grandfather's Clock

That is what generation after generation named this beautiful time-piece, this beloved heirloom, this love-wrought furniture held as a priceless family relic for over two hundred years. Its worth beyond money. Its associations the very life of the immortal dead who created its beauty and service for us to treasure and to keep.

Have you a Grandfather's Clock? What is there more lovely as a work of art, or more useful as a gift to enshrine the family pride, to be a perpetual memorial of home and name for your children and their children's children?

Waltham has kept alive upon this continent the enduring, simple beauty of these Old World and Colonial masterpieces.

A Waltham Grandfather's Clock is made with the same care, given the same distinction as a work of art, enshrines the same grace of architecture, and is even a more perfect clock, in accuracy and workmanship,

than these glorious old examples which illustrate our page.

It is because the Waltham horological standards are so high, so inventively creative, so embracing of all that is best in clock and watch making in the past and in the present that the fame of Waltham Clocks and Watches has gone to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Your dealer can tell you about the Waltham Grandfather's Clock. From him you can purchase it or a Waltham Watch that will give you that distinction in beauty and accuracy of time-keeping associated with the name of Waltham all over the world.

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



## THE FLYING FISH

Continued from page 17

"You did not know that I had joined the Government's Secret Service staff?"

Morley was impatient. "Why, no, Mr. Colroy. Looking for a little publicity?"

"Hardly. You're writing a story about some recent activities of Harmon Rayde. I've just left Lieutenant Flynn. He told me."

"Well?" Morley's voice was combative.

"Close up your typewriter, Mr. Morley, please. You're drafted."

"What do you mean?" demanded the reporter.

"That no newspaper must print a line letting Rayde know that the police are after him for anything. Put your managing editor on the wire, Mr. Morley, and I'll convince him that it's all right."

"Convince him that it's all right to suppress the biggest beat in years? Begin by convincing me, Mr. Colroy," cried Morley.

"I will. I said that you were drafted. Flynn has told me about you, Mr. Morley. And I know your work too. The Government needs you."

"Get down to cases," cried the exasperated, almost weeping, Morley. For a beat is the newspaper man's pet pride, and to have one taken from him is hurt beyond words.

"Burchard Penlow's place was raided to-night," said Colroy. "The plans of an invention that will win the war for America and her allies were stolen, and the model machine wrecked. Penlow was shot, and so was the inventor, Wrightson. The attackers escaped. That's a story, isn't it, Mr. Morley, much bigger than the Endicott mystery, yet you won't print it. It would not do to print such a story."

"Certainly not. It would encourage the enemy. But what has that to do with the Endicott mystery?"

"Who would know of the invention, of the demonstration to-night? What spy would be most likely—"

"Rayde!" breathed the reporter.

"Exactly. Mr. Morley, I was telephoned from Penlow's place shortly before nine. At nine-thirty I examined the ground. Munoz, Wrightson's first assistant, was missing. Also Wrightson had by then discovered that the only copy of the plans extant was missing. You see what that means. Wrightson thought that he had copies in his wallet, but they were fakes. Munoz disappears—with the plans."

"And you're—er—drafting me to help find him?"

"Not that. We've found Munoz—dead."

"Where?"

"In the Greenwich mortuary. Wrightson, frantic though he was, maintained his belief in Munoz's innocence until he examined his plans. That was ten minutes after I'd arrived there. I immediately telephoned Lieutenant Flynn, giving him a description of Munoz. Flynn said it tallied with the description of the man supposed to be Farley Endicott, now lying in the Greenwich mortuary. I sent one of Wrightson's men over there by machine. He telephoned that it was the body of Munoz."

"I telephoned Flynn again, and he gave me the developments of the Endicott mystery. He told me of what you had discovered, and Flynn is preparing a story which will be given to all the papers. The editors will be asked, on patriotic grounds, to print it. It will state that the police are convinced that the Endicott murders were committed by a band of lower-class criminals, burglars. No hint of the activities of Harmon Rayde will appear. . . ."

"And so, Mr. Morley, will you come over to Headquarters now? We need your brain with us."

Morley hung up the receiver. He walked over to his night editor.

Begley, the night editor, was old in the newspaper game. But once in his life had anyone seen him the

least bit perturbed, and that was on the occasion when the news of the sinking of the *Titanic* began sifting over the wires. Even the outbreak of the Great War had left him cool, his mind alert to news values. But to-night, as Morley approached him, Begley was plainly disturbed. He was bending over some sort of document, and he started as Morley's footsteps sounded close to him. His hands went protectively over the paper on the desk.

"Love letter, boss?" asked Morley.

He raised his eyebrows as Begley the stoic, Begley the imperturbable, actually colored. At any other time Morley would have had some fun with his chief, but to-night was an extraordinary occasion. Briefly he repeated his conversation with Colroy.

Begley heard him through. His lips tightened. He wet them with his tongue.

"Morley," he said, "you've done



"I inquire of the clerk, and he tells me that attending to one's own affairs is profitable"

a lot of good work for the paper. I don't mind telling you that the 'Planet' has usually owed you a lot more than your salary at the end of each week.

"But you haven't worked for the salary, have you? There's been behind your work the willingness to—oh, damn it, Morley, I can't stop over, and I won't. But Colroy wants you for Government work, eh? To find Harmon Rayde. Well, Morley, if you ever used the brain God gave you, use it now. Read this!"

HE drew his hands away from the paper which they had been shielding. Morley read. It was an ordinary typewritten letter, scarcely half a page long, but what it said made it the most important message since the President's declaration of war.

It was addressed to the managing editor of the "Planet," and said:

*The "Planet," with the other papers of New York and the country, is hereby notified that Harmon Rayde has announced a state of war between himself and the Government of the United States. Aware that the United States Government will not make public this state of war, Harmon Rayde informs the "Planet" that he expects the newspapers to give the matter publicity.*

That was all. Arrogant, grandiose though the note was, there was behind it a note of sinister

threat, of deadly purpose, that made it doubly menacing.

"Morley," said Begley, "this came by special delivery an hour ago. The managing editor isn't down to-night, so I got it. And it's—it's got me, Morley."

"It seems to have got you before you knew what I had to tell; what Colroy just told me."

Begley nodded.

"Harmon Rayde," he said, "has been a sort of myth. But a few of us—The owner of the 'Planet' was minister to the Argentine seven years ago. He's told me, more than once, that the most dangerous man on earth, barring the Kaiser, is Rayde. The boss knew of certain things that were pulled off in South America that would make juicy reading, but were better suppressed. It makes me—Morley, should I print this?"

The reporter stared at the night editor aghast. "Print it? In God's name, why?"

"The 'Planet' establishment represents four million dollars," said Begley succinctly.

"But this invention that Colroy mentions—Rayde has only the plans. He can't begin attacking the country to-night, Begley. You're nervous, old man."

"He managed to invade Penlow's place, didn't he? And he's pulled one or two other mysterious tricks, hasn't he? What's to prevent him, even without the new invention, destroying this building?"

"Bosh!" ejaculated Morley. "Besides, if Colroy wants secrecy—"

Begley shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I'm an old woman, Morley. I—I'm scared. War—even the kind the Germans make, bombing defenseless cities and that sort of thing—a man can stand that. But the stab in the dark, the bomb in the cellar—that's the sort of thing Rayde hints at, and—"

"And that's just the sort of thing we have to fight, Begley," said Morley. "That's part of the German way of making war. We sacrifice lives to hold them back, to defeat them. Property should be sacrificed as willingly. If the 'Planet' belonged to you, would you be afraid?"

Begley shook his head.

Morley smiled. "Well, I hardly think that a man like our owner, who has shown his patriotism a score of times, would feel differently, Begley. Of course you won't print it!"

"Of course not," said Begley. He reached for a piece of paper and began writing on it. "My resignation," he said.

Morley stared. "What do you mean?"

"Why," snapped Begley, "when the owner of the paper telephones in that he understands we have a communication from Harmon Rayde, lets me read it to him, and then orders me to print it—"

"So that's it," said Morley. "I don't believe it."

"Meaning—"

"Not you, but—it couldn't have been the boss."

"I know his voice."

"Ring him up," counseled Morley.

But the servant who answered the telephone stated that the owner of the "Planet" was in bed, that he had been in bed since shortly after dinner, and that he had not talked over the telephone with anyone since he came home at five in the afternoon.

"Rayde!" said Morley.

Begley heaved a sigh of relief. "It didn't seem reasonable, but—the boss's voice—" He shrugged his shoulders. "All advertising," he chuckled, "must be arranged for at the business office. Run along, Morley, and good luck to you."

Morley ran along. But as he did so he wondered. There was no denying the brains of Harmon Rayde. Superhumanly cunning, but insane. Only an insane man would issue such a proclamation, would want it printed. But a little cold chill ran down his spine. Insanity renders a person none the less dangerous, and if Rayde had the place to build the machine whose plans he had stolen to-night—

(To be continued next week)



## From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 12

and the captain asked us to take him in to Paris with us so's he could get a eyeful of inside stuff to write for the censor to throw away, so we brung this guy along as a mascot. A war's correspondent, Joe, is a seagoin' reporter which is sent over by a U. S. newspaper to pester the officers, take a chance on his life without gettin' no credit for it and telegraph back the box scores of all the battles. Joe, if they ain't no battles they telegraph back the result anyways, so's to play it safe. Most of the good ones comes right down into the dugouts with us and works just as hard as a soldier, only instead of havin' a gun they got a typewriter.

Well, this bird which come along with us wasn't a bad guy at all, Joe, and he ure was on the job. He asked us all kinds of questions and we give him all kinds of answers, but if he knowed we was kiddin' him he took it good-natured. He claimed he was gonna send his paper a picture of me and a article on what I ave did and they would print it, not hat I care anything about publicity or he like. Joe, his paper is called the Associated Press, and when it comes ut with my picture I wish you would et about a hundred copies of it and end one or two each to a list of people will put at the bottom of this letter. Not that it's anything to me, Joe, but his guy has been a regular feller and I hink it's no more than right for me to elp him sell his paper. Joe, you better et two hundred copies, because I have ust thought of some more guys I want o have see that picture and I hope they pell my name right.

WELL, goin' in on the train, Joe, we start to ride this war's correspondent, but he give back as good as he got. He wanted some inside dope for his paper, so I told him that only the week before e had captured the Crown Prince bare-anded and he was now actin' as a waiter for Gen. Pershing. I asked him o swear he wouldn't say where he eard this, because they was savin' it or a surprise and I would no doubt get urnt at the stake if it come out that give it away. Joe, he looks at me for minute and then he puts away his otebook and leans over. He whispers ut we couldn't of captured the Crown rince, because just before he left New ork the Crown Prince was caught idin' in the subway at Times Square ad they had him on exhibition in Cen-al Park where anybody that bought a iberly Bond was allowed to throw cus-ard pies at him. Joe, no doubt this ay was kiddin', but let me know if ey's any truth in that, will you?

We fin'ly got into Paris, and after tendin' to our business the war's correspondent immediately wants to ag us to a joint called the Ambassa-or's Theatre, where they are puttin' a American show. Well, Joe, I says ey is no use of us goin', because they n't none of us ambassadors and we're l liable to get throwed out. Besides, seen these so-called American shows

Paris before and they are the same the American bars, bein' as much e the United States as Iceland is e Hades. Them guys argued me into ough, and we is ushered into the ree worst seats in the house in back a pole where we couldn't of seen thin' if we had a X-ray in each eye. e whole thing turns out to be in rench and I ain't got no idea of what em actors is ravin' about. I don't ink I had nothin' on them, Joe, be- use they carried on like they didn't ow nothin' about it either. The ar's correspondent hisses in my ear at he's satisfied the show is rotten id let's beat it, but this trained officer om Plattsburg claims he knows rench like Ty Cobb knows baseball id he'll tell us all about it.

Well, Joe, it didn't improve none ith him tellin' it, and that ain't no ! It was all about spies and bullets id killin' Germans and *Vive la France*, id like. We had just come from that id this here shop talk was gettin' on y nerves. I wanted some relaxation id started to go out when the Platts-urg guy, which acted like he was a pper for the show or somethin', says wait for the next act, because they as three guys gonna get killed in it. says I'll stick if one of them guys is e bird that wrote the show, and the ar's correspondent lets out a idiotic e-haw right at a sad part. Well, Joe, s was treated to a lot of hisses and gly looks and with that we beat it.

When we get outside, Joe, the Platts-

burg guy says they is a ball game due to be played outside of Paris between teams from the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross and maybe we can get to see that. "That's if you care anything about the game of baseball," he says to me. Joe, can you imagine this bird askin' me if I care anything about baseball, when I was the biggest thing in it for years?

The war's correspondent gets a bad case of the hystericals. "Ha, ha," he says. "Why, this is Ed Harmon, the—"

"What was your college?" says the guy from Plattsburg.

"I went through a lot of 'em," I says. "The Athletics, Yanks, Detroit, St. Looney, Wash—"

"By Jove!" he butts in, "I do remember you now. You used to pitch for the Philadelphia Americans, didn't you?"

Well, Joe, naturally I begin to swell up. Away over here in France they have heard of me pitchin' for the Athletics, even if I only lasted three weeks with them tramps. "Yeh," I says. "Did you ever see me work?"

"Only once," he says. "It was against New York and the score was tied in the ninth inning with two out when you came to bat."

"Yes!" I says, stickin' out my chest and motionin' the war's correspondent to move in close so's he won't miss hearin' what a knockout I was.

"Well," says the Plattsburg guy, "you came up and fanned with the bases full and I've never forgotten the way the crowd roasted you!"

Joe, I thought this war's correspondent would die from laughter, and I got so sore I would of bust 'em both in the nose if it wasn't against the rules of the U. S. army!

"You never in your life seen me fan with no bases full!" I hollers. "And you couldn't of seen me fan when the Athletics had the bases full."

"And why couldn't I?" he says. "Because," I yells, "in all the time I was with 'em, the Athletics never filled no bases nowhere!"

Well, Joe, that shut him up.

We got a taxi and was drove out in state to where the ball game was carded to take place. Well, Joe, it was some ball park and the guy that laid out the diamond must of bet somebody that a game of ball would never be played on it. If he did, he wins easy. The grass was so high in the outfield that it looked like they was only six men to a side, because you couldn't see no out-fielders once they got in position. Anything hit past third base was good for at least a home run and, for all the guy they had as umpire knowed, more.

The game had been allowed to go as far as the eighth innin' when we arrived on the scene and the score was 18 to 15 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. The Red Cross pitcher wasn't so terrible at that. He had a speed ball and a ugly drop, but the support he got wouldn't of kept a movie queen in lip rouge for a week. The guy that was doin' the hurlin' for the Y. M. C. A. must of come originally from Borneo, because he was the wildest thing I ever seen outside of a zoo. He walked every other guy that faced him and beaned the ones in between. They was only one ball player on the two teams and that was the guy that arranged the game. He played out in the box office.

Me and the Plattsburg guy and the war's correspondent got mixin' around with the Red Cross bunch and it ain't long before it's public property who I am. The Red Cross manager asks me if I would pitch the last innin' for them, includin' comin' to bat, because the winner of the game gets the majority of the receipts and they want to make a showin'. If they can prove they's enough interest in baseball over there to get money for bandages and the like, they'll be allowed to play some more games. Well, I says I'm willin' if the Y. M. C. A. will stand for it, and such proved to be the case. I took off my coat and got into a sweater, Joe, to strike a blow for the Red Cross.

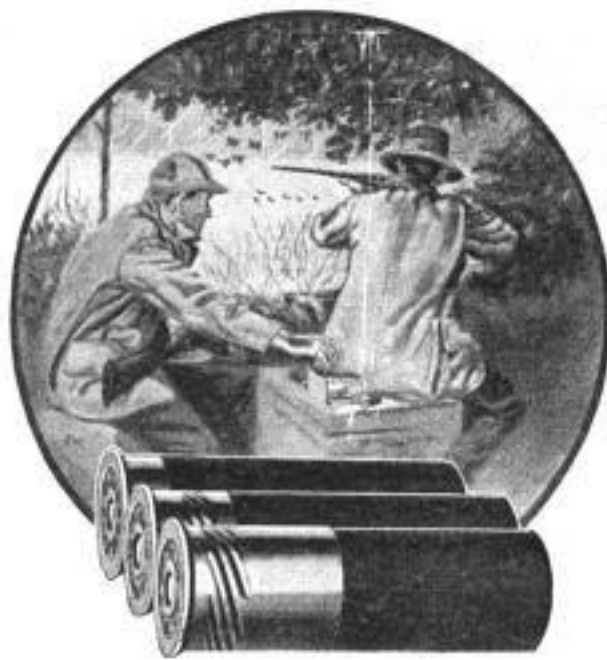
WELL, Joe, the first Y. M. C. A. guy that faced me fanned the breeze on two outshoots and somebody must of slipped a horseshoe and a coupla four-leaf clovers in his pocket, because he hit the third ball right on the seam. The pill sailed away up in the air right over third base and would of been a easy out even if a one-armed blind man had been under it and if this infelder would of stood still it would of dropped right in his pocket. But, Joe, this bird is thinkin' what a tough war this is or



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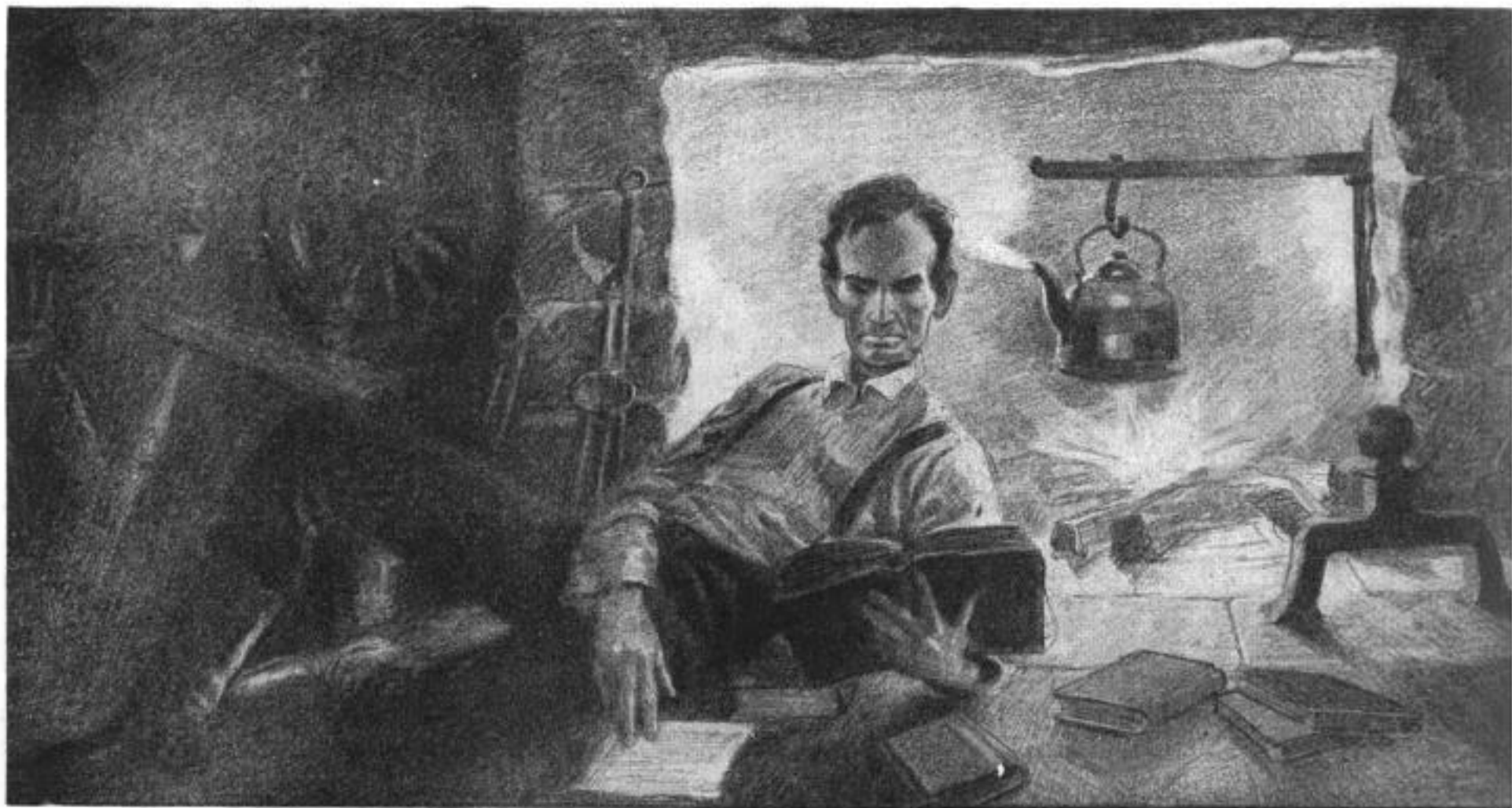
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some-thing and the ball hit the ground in back of him. By the time he has got it where we can play with it again the runner is on second, grinnin' at me like a wolf. I fanned the next two on six pitched balls, Joe, and left this laughin' hyena flat on the bag.

WELL, Joe, then we come to bat, and the Plattsburg guy says that it's funny, but the only two times he's seen me play ball I was a loser. You know what this did to my goat, Joe, so I says I'll bet him twenty bucks even that we win it. As the Y. M. C. A. had a three-run lead on us and only half an innin' to go, this looked fairly safe to him and he takes me up. Well, Joe, I am the fourth guy in the battin' order and I run over and tell the first three guys up to make the Y. M. C. A. pitcher either walk or bean them, but get on a base somehow even if they have to steal first and then I'll come up and win the thing. I told 'em not to try and hit nothin', because this pitcher was as wild as the Kaiser and would walk 'em all.

Well, Joe, every one of them boneheads tried to murder the pill and one of 'em even swung twice at wild pitches. They didn't let nothin' go by, but the Y. M. C. A. pitcher was through for the day and they all get on base. The first guy singled, the next one walked, and the third beat out a bunt. Well, there's the bags as full as Sing Sing and none out. I come up to the plate whistlin' gayly and we only need three runs to tie and four to win. As I'm walkin' up, the Red Cross captain tells me not to hit the pill too hard and try and keep it in the infield. I figured he was kiddin' me and naturally it got me sore, so I picked out the first one over and gave it everything I got. Oh, boy!!! Joe, that pill shot on a line right out into center field and went to sleep somewhere in that tall grass.

Well, they all start yellin' and I flashed around the bags in back of them other three guys like I was goin' for a doctor. Joe, we get four runs and win pulled up, when the umpire runs over to the plate and begins wavin' us back to the bases. "Foul ball!" he bellers.

Oh, boy!!! "What d'ye mean foul?" I hollers. "That was the cleanest hit you ever seen on a ball field! Why—"

"No arguments!" he says. "I'm un-

pire here. The rules says that any ball hit into that tall grass in the outfield counts as a foul and—"

Joe, the other three guys wags their heads and starts back to the bases.

"That's right!" says the captain of our team. "We only got one baseball, and they're hard to get over here. So we made up a rule when we started in that any ball hit into the tall grass was a foul, to keep the players from losing the ball with long hits. I told you to keep it in the infield!"

"You told me to keep it in the infield, with three guys on base, hey? Don't you wanna win this game?"

"Well, of course, we'd like to," he says with a pleasant smile. "But we can win or lose a ball game most any time, whereas if we lose the ball, we can't play. Now if you had bunted—"

Joe, just then one of the outfielders comes runnin' in and rushes over to third. These guys that was on the bags has been hangin' around listenin' to the argument and the fielder puts the ball on one of 'em a mile from the bag.

"Out!" hollers the umpire. The third baseman whips the pill over to second and nails the other guy.

"Out!" hollers the umpire. The third guy starts beatin' it for first, but the ball was waitin' for him.

"Out!" hollers the umpire. "Game over. Y. M. C. A. wins. You fellows knew the rules and had no right to be off your bases!" He turns to me. "That makes the three outs," he says.

"Four out!" I snarls, throwin' down the bat.

"How do you make that?" he says. "Them three boneheads and me! I'm out too. I'm out twenty bucks!"

Well, Joe, I paid off the Plattsburg guy, which was delighted, and the war's correspondent claims the thing is rich enough to send to his paper. I think I'm entitled to half what he gets for it, hey, Joe, because I was responsible for the play. On the way back the Red Cross captain says if it hadn't of been for me they would of prob'ly win it! Can you beat that? Yours truly,

Second Lieutenant EDWARD HARMON.

(Joe, in my next I will tell you about a big battle us and them marines was in and which we win on the bit.)

(To be continued)

## H. C. WITWER

FRANK CONDON, the California humorist, says that, on one occasion when he was in New York, the subject of this sketch invited him to take a motor trip to Philadelphia. Condon knew something about Witwer's ways with a motor car, but against his better judgment accepted the invitation, foolishly hoping that Witwer had mended those ways. "It's a new car," said Witwer. "I want to try her out."

They started at dawn. Noon found them already leaving Newark behind; at dusk they had passed New Brunswick. As strange mishap piled on mishap, Condon grew more exasperated, while Witwer's spirits rose. At last, somewhat past midnight, the car gave a final sagging groan and dropped by the wayside, just as a drizzling rain changed to a downpour. "Gee! A great little old trip, isn't it?" laughed the driver, leaping gayly from his seat and crawling underneath to investigate. Condon's reply cannot be written here. Witwer could not understand why Condon's thought had turned to shelter, food, and bed. Abandoning his comparison as a hopeless proposition, Condon tramped through seven miles of mud to Trenton, leaving Witwer tinkering with the car—perfectly happy. The trip was a great success (according to Witwer) and he made a magazine story out of it that bought a new machine.

THAT'S Witwer. He likes trouble. The more trouble he has the more fiction he writes. When he came back from Europe, where we had sent him to gather impressions for "From Baseball to Boches," he entertained us for

hours with the story of his tragically funny adventures. More things happened to him in two months than happen to an ordinary mortal in a lifetime, and most of these adventures have been woven into the letters of Ed Harmon. The mishap with the taxi, for instance, in which the driver, each time he wanted to make a point in his argument about the fare, jumped back in his machine and started the meter going, happened to Witwer and Irving Bacheller, whom Witwer (never having been in Paris before) was showing the sights of the metropolis. The London air raid is another incident in the "Speed King's" European career that happened to Witwer himself. In short, Witwer is Ed Harmon—more or less—and his wife, he is proud to say, is the original of Jeanne.

Witwer began to commit what he calls "assault on white paper with the intent to thrill" in 1915. He got \$5 for his first story. Since then he has written many short stories, three novels, four movies, and says: "I have as many plays in my trunk as any boiler maker in the country." Before he started writing he was successively and unsuccessfully an advance agent, a salesman—movable and stationary—a reporter, an editor, a private secretary, a dispenser of soda and a drug clerk.

Hundreds of letters have come in to us and to the author commenting on "From Baseball to Boches"—so many that Witwer has asked us to thank the correspondents here, because he is absolutely unable to write them all personally as he would like to do.

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## The Bird of Serbia

Continued from page 22

"Some one threw a bomb into the Archduke's carriage! They are arresting everyone. Get away!" And he tugged violently to escape my hold.

"Have you seen Gavrilov?"

"Not to-day."

"Is the Archduke dead?"

"No. He warded off the bomb and it exploded beneath the carriage which followed. For God's sake, release me!"

"I did so, and walked on toward the square. Halfway down the block I met some Austrian police. After questioning me briefly they let me go, whereafter I questioned them. The horses drawing the second carriage had been killed, they said, and some officers of the archducal suite injured. The Archduke, however, insisted upon continuing to the review and would presently pass. They advised me to return to my hotel.

"I had hardly reached my room when I heard a bugle and the clatter of hoofs outside. Going to the window, I saw mounted men of the Royal Austrian Guard advancing around the corner. Behind them, between double rows of cavalry, came several landaus, carrying outriders, and driven by coachmen in white wigs and knee breeches. As the first of these vehicles came nearer, I saw that the occupants of the back seat were Francis Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg.

"The shutters of most of the houses were closed, but in a few windows I saw faces, and there were scattered knots of people on the sidewalks, closely watched by the policemen who rode ahead on horses and bicycles. As the archducal carriage came along, hats were raised, and once or twice I heard faint cheering, which the Archduke and his consort acknowledged, he by touching the visor of his helmet, she by inclining her head.

"As their carriage came below my window and I saw the expression of descending good will frozen on both their faces, and thought of the constant apprehension there must be behind those polite masks, it struck me as amazing that a man and woman could be found, in these times, to play the royal part.

"As I was thinking thus I saw a dark-clad figure dart out suddenly from somewhere on the sidewalk, below, pass swiftly between the horses of the bodyguard, and reach the side of the royal carriage. Some of the guardsmen leaped at once from their horses and there was a dash of policemen toward the man, but before anyone laid hands upon him he raised one arm, as though pointing accusingly at the Archduke and his Countess, and there followed, in swift succession, two sharp reports.

"I saw the royal pair fall forward.

Simultaneously the carriage stopped and was at once surrounded by an agitated group of soldiers, policemen, and servants; while another and more violent group pressed about the individual who had fired the shots, beating him as they swept him away, down the street. Before they had gone a dozen yards, however, a high official, who had jumped out of the second carriage, ran up and directed them to take the man to the sidewalk. This brought the crowd in my direction, and it was only as they turned toward me that I caught a glimpse of the face of their prisoner. As I had dreaded, it was poor Gavrilov."

FOR a moment all of us were too thunderstruck to speak. Somehow the picture he had given us did not seem to be that of an assassin, as one imagines such a man.

"You mean to say," asked the man by the window slowly, "that this very boy you've been telling us about was the one who shot the Archduke?"

"Yes," said the other, "he was Gavrilov Prinz of Sarajevo."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the third. "The boy who brought on the war!"

"As we were saying earlier," returned the one who had told the tale, "historians will doubtless trace the beginnings of the war to Gavrilov's shot. Certainly Austria used the shot as her excuse, alleging that a plot to kill the Archduke had been hatched in Serbia—which was absolutely untrue, for Serbia was afraid of nothing so much as of giving offense to Austria, knowing well that Austria was only seeking a pretext to pounce upon her, precisely as she had earlier pounced on Bosnia and Herzegovina, annexing them."

After a thoughtful pause he added: "Poor Gavrilov! I am glad to know that he is free at last. Like Mara's starling, he was not one to live long in a cage. And it is perhaps because I was so fond of him, and also because Austria's excuse was so transparently despicable, that I shall always go behind the shooting in thinking of the beginning of the war. As I conceive it, it was Mara's anger that released Gavrilov from the promise which, otherwise, would have withheld him. And it was the death of the caged starling that brought on her anger. And it was the animalcule that caused the bird's death."

"That is," put in the man by the window, "you prefer to trace the war down to such a small beginning as the death of that caged bird?"

"Rather," replied the other, "to a still smaller and more repulsive beginning—to the vermin which destroyed the bird. It seems to me I see them always crawling through the explanations, apologies, excuses, war messages, and peace overtures of the Teutonic autocrats."

## Four Tickets to Paradise

Continued from page 9

Her expression showed not the least understanding.

A. Price's eyebrows met in a bushy black tangle. "You haven't forgotten, have you?"

"Forgotten what, sir?"

"I told you to send Elwood Wickes to me at twelve o'clock."

"No, sir, I haven't forgotten."

Marjorie ran to fetch Elwood Wickes. "Mr. Fairweather wants to see you," she said breathlessly.

The little man paled perceptibly. Before he had recovered from his confusion Marjorie grasped his arm firmly. "Now, listen to me," she said earnestly. "You're to take the children in with you. Shove them all in first and follow after. Be sure they get in first. And say to Mr. Fairweather that you understood he wanted to see you, and as the children had just come down—get that!—just come down—that you thought it a good opportunity to show him what a fine family you had. Don't let him talk. Talk yourself! As hard and fast as you can! Tell him you want to handle the Morse's Food account. Tell him why. Tell him as you told me."

Mr. Wickes looked a little sick. Out of the staggering ruin into which he was sinking he tried to pull himself together, tried to speak with a pitiful stab at dignity. "I don't understand—"

"It doesn't matter whether you understand or not!" interrupted Marjorie. "Do exactly as I say. Think of your wife and those three children of yours—and do as I say!"

Marjorie took him by the arm and led him down the long corridor which led to the mahogany-and-glass office. They only stopped long enough at the door of the rest room to gather in the three little Wickeses, from whose countenances and clothes every trace of molasses candy and bananas and cookies had just been meticulously removed.

Through the sedate and astonished office of Fairweather & Linn, Inc., moved that extraordinary procession—Marjorie leading Elwood Wickes, the two of them driving before them somehow, squirming and reluctant, the three Wickes infants.

With the final effort of a will which was tottering Marjorie threw open the door of A. Price Fairweather's office, gave Elwood Wickes a reassuring slap on the back, and whispered: "Go to it!" Then, without announcement of any sort, she shoved the entire Wickes coterie helter-skelter within.

Her own desk was immediately outside that door. Into its chair Marjorie fell and buried her face in her hands.

AN interminable ten minutes passed. At last the door opened, and the Wickeses, young and old, emerged. There was a dazed look on Elwood Wickes's face as he drove his flock before him. Frightened, afraid that her plan had proved a dismal failure, Marjorie was preparing to run after him to question him—if necessary to console him. A peremptory voice halted her: "Miss Browne, step in here, please."

**BASLINE AUTOWLINE**



The ruler of that little kingdom, breathless, disheveled, mottled, pointed an accusing finger at her. "You thrust that orphan asylum on me!" he cried. "Wickes would never have had the courage or the brains to do it all by himself. No, you engineered it. And what do you mean by it?"

Marjorie did not answer him directly. She asked: "Did you dismiss him?"

"Dismiss him!" He gave a gesture of both despair and disgust. "How could I dismiss him with that regiment of brats climbing all over him? Don't you think I have a heart?"

Marjorie gave a sigh of relief. "I think he may make good on something."

"On the Morse's Food account? I suppose you gave him that idea too?"

"No, that was his own. Did he talk about it?"

"Talk about it! I never heard so much talk condensed into ten minutes. No wonder I didn't dismiss him. I didn't have an opportunity to open my mouth. But what I want to know is what you mean by putting something like that over on me? Look here, young lady, you're on delicate ground when you try to run this business for me."

Marjorie wisely decided that it was one of those times when it is better to remain silent. And after regard-

ing her frowningly for a minute or two, A. Price Fairweather shrugged his shoulders, thrust a hand into his trousers pocket, and produced a roll of bills. "Wickes told me among other things how those Hippodrome tickets had been given to you," he said. "Given to you! Poppycock! Well, I might as well pay you for them and make a complete job of my idiocy."

Marjorie held up a detaining hand. "Oh, no, please don't do that. Let that be my share. But tell me what reason you gave for wanting to see Elwood Wickes this morning. You had to give some reason."

A. Price Fairweather, who had given some signs of being restored to good humor, immediately frowned again. He glowered. His fist came down on the desk with a resounding thump. "You're right!" he cried. "I did have to give a reason. I'm a blooming ass. But I had to say something. And what I did say was that his salary was to be raised five dollars a week."

"That'll help," said Marjorie musingly. "What do you mean it will help?" asked A. Price Fairweather.

"Why, I have the most extraordinary and foolish idea," she answered. "I have an idea that Elwood Wickes will make good this time."

## The Last Cruise of the U-77

Continued from page 12

we were eight miles off Barfleur. Between there and Cherbourg I had the periscope and saw several small steamers. I bore down on one, but when I had overhauled her I saw that she was too small, besides being in ballast, and so I let her get away. There was another steamer well worth a torpedo, but I could not overhaul her. No luck all day.

JUNE 3.—At midnight we laid a course to the eastward. The weather was then beginning to make for the worse. At 5.15 a. m. we changed course to avoid a destroyer. At 5.30 we changed course again, to dodge a trawler.

My 4 to 8 a. m. watch was a wet one. The seas broke regularly over the conning tower. When my alternate came off watch at noon he said he was fed up on standing watch and watch in weather like this. It grew too rough for us to do much, even if anything should come our way, so the captain ordered a drop to bottom. At 44 meters we thought we would be comfortable. But not so, at least not on the spot we picked. We rolled so heavily that two hours of it was all we could stand. We moved farther south, and by and by found a quieter rest in 36 meters. We lay there until midnight, which gave us seven good hours' sleep.

JUNE 4.—Came to surface at 12 a. m. Headed for Havre. Weather better. Arrived off Havre at 5 a. m. and cruised off the harbor, avoiding destroyers and trawlers by changing course on the surface. In weather rough as this they have to be almost on top of us to see our periscope. We dived once to get out of the way of a patrol boat which acted as if she might have seen us. There seemed to be nothing moving out of Havre, so after three hours under we broke water and headed for Barfleur.

Bad weather and the endless dodging and diving had made long watches for us lately. My alternate looked at me wearily when he was going off watch to-day. "It is a miserable existence," he said as he turned me over the periscope. I agreed with him, but added that it was our job, and what was there to do but make the best of it? At 2 p. m. we intercepted a wireless from Cherbourg reporting our presence at several places and giving exact position—49° 42' north and 0° 27' west—at 11 a. m. Time for us to have a care.

At 7.45 p. m. we intercepted a wireless which told of the sailing of a convoy. We dived

and stood in to head them off. At 9 p. m. we sighted them where we expected to, but did not bag a thing. Two days now of no luck.

### Six Feet Into the Air!

SO ends the log, but not the story of the U-77. The foregoing facts are attested by high officialdom. What follows has only personal authority. It was told by a man who should know, talking across a table in a London hotel one bright night last fall with searchlights playing on clouds, barrage guns banging over roofs, and German raiders dumping bombs all over the lot.

"Speaking of bombs and raiders" (so he began), "over on the French coast a U-boat had been cruising carelessly. At least thirty big and little ships of war had caught sight of her in a space of three days. They went after her wake."

"Now, while they were after her here is what was happening in the U-boat—all circumstantial evidence, but listen to the dope and see what you think of it. A man died aboard the U-boat. And a dead man in a U-boat! No worse place in the world for a dead man to be lying around. They had to get rid of him. But how to get rid of him without going to the surface, opening up conning tower or after hatch, and maybe get caught at it? Well, there was one way. They shot him out of a torpedo tube. Now, when a torpedo is shot from a tube it travels on and on at a level—for miles sometimes before it comes to the surface. But a dead man won't act that way. He has no gyros or air gadgets inside him to keep him going. When they shot him out of a torpedo tube he went straight out for a little way, and then he began to shoot straight up."

"Our group of destroyers were standing around waiting for a U-boat's periscope to show. It was a bright moonlight night, and the look-outs were not missing a thing. They saw this object shoot six feet into the air."

"Man, in a flash it was general quarters with six destroyers going hooked up to the spot. They found a dead man wrapped in a blanket. The U-boat had never a chance after that. She had to be somewhere about. They shot bombs all over the place. It was in shoal water, and when they thought it was all over they dragged bottom."

"The U-77 was there. Later they raised her. This log, among other things, came out of her."

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class matter. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Copyright, 1918, by P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Volume 61 Number 25  
AUGUST 31, 1918



# MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

ONE MAN WHO DARES TO TELL GERMANY THE TRUTH

BY KARL H. v. WIEGAND

A RATHER small, dark, wiry, nervous-looking man of fifty-six years, with the head and features that instantly mark him as a "thinker"; a deeply serious face of extremely sensitive cut characteristic of the artist and idealist; deep black eyes in which smolder intense fires; a high forehead surmounted by a crown of thick, heavy black hair touched with silver; a gentle, deliberate, reserved manner, with a touch of that dignity and courtesy usually associated with the trained diplomat—that is Maximilian Harden, the irrepressible critic of the Kaiser's Government.

In the many hours that I spent with Maximilian Harden in his modest little cottage during six years' association with him, it always was difficult for me to realize that this little man—as simple, unassuming, and modest as our Colonel House, who formerly was known as "der kleine Harden" (the little Harden)—was the man who dared the might of government in time of war. A private citizen who has never held public office, controlling no press except a small weekly and with no distinct political party behind him to give him power and influence, denounced by the ultrapatriotic elements as a "traitor," Harden has scored and seared his Government for its policies and conduct of the war and defied the Kaiser, the Government, the censors, and public opinion. Harden's arraignment of Germany's conduct of the ruthless submarine war in his famous "If I Were Wilson" article is in the Congressional Record. What other critic in this war has dared use such language in denouncing the acts of his government? Occasionally the iron heel of the military censor descended upon Harden, but the moment it was removed he was up again brandishing his lance more fiercely than ever. Aside from the Kaiser himself and possibly Hindenburg, no man in Germany is as widely known by name in this country as is the German champion of President Wilson; none is as favorably known. Of his personality, however, little is known in America. His stepson, by the way, is interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. (he was in the employ of the Hamburg-American Line).

## Bismarck's "Pupil"

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN comes from a Polish family in Posen. His father's name was Witkowski. He was the proprietor of a large textile mill. Through unfortunate circumstances and reverses he lost practically all his property. Young Witkowski left home at an early age, went on the stage, and took the name Maximilian Harden.

As a young actor Harden played in various towns and cities in Germany and also in Switzerland. In the late eighties he came to Berlin to seek an engagement. There he met Fräulein von Schabelska, a Russian star, at that time the favorite with the theatregoers in the Kaiser's capital. She persuaded him to take up journalism, and induced Paul Lindau, then leading theatrical manager in Berlin and publisher of a weekly magazine, "Die Gegenwart," to put Harden on the staff of that magazine. Soon there appeared a series of reviews, criticisms, and articles in the weekly and other publications of so unusual a style and point of view that they began to attract general attention. They were signed "Apostata."

Harden began his career in Berlin a little more than a year before the youthful Emperor, William II, on March 18, 1890, dropped overboard Germany's greatest pilot of the ship of state, Prince Otto von Bismarck. In the war of words that followed this political sensation, barrels of ink were spilled. Harden threw himself into the inky swirl of the political whirlpool on the side of Bismarck and against the young Kaiser. The "Apostata" champion of Bismarck came to the

attention of the youthful Emperor. It was then that he first felt the thrusts and lunges of Harden's acid-tipped pen lance. "Apostata" also drew the attention of the Iron Chancellor. He read some of the biting articles. He wanted to meet his fierce champion. Harden one day, to his surprise, received an invitation from Bismarck to come to him at Friedrichsruh where he had retired in deepest bitterness against the young Kaiser.

From that day Maximilian Harden's career was made. He became Germany's leading political writer and critic. With his frequent trips to Friedrichsruh, he acquired the reputation of being Bismarck's confidant. This gave his weekly magazine, "Die Zukunft" (The Future), which he founded in 1891, a comparatively large circulation. His political articles, written, it was believed, under the tutelage of Bismarck, were widely sought and read, not only in Germany but in France, England, Russia—in fact all over Europe. Harden remained in the closest touch with Bismarck until the latter's death.

Harden's association with Bismarck let him in on many political and state secrets and gave him a deep insight into the life and personality of many high personages not only in Germany but also in other countries in Europe. The general belief in those years that Bismarck had confided much in his "pupil" made Harden envied, hated, and feared. Dramatic emphasis was soon to be laid upon that belief. Harden began a series of scathing attacks on a clique of perverts around the Kaiser known as the "Round Table." Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, the Kaiser's closest personal friend, a man whose furtive eyes betokened nameless fear, was the head of the clique. Harden's caustic pen burned as he intimated unprintable things close to the throne. Berlin was thunderstruck at the daring of Bismarck's pupil. Finally the young crown prince, as Harden himself told me, carried a copy of "Die Zukunft," containing the scarcely veiled accusations against members of the court and high military officers, to the Kaiser and demanded an investigation or the arrest and imprisonment of Harden. The Kaiser could not believe such infamous charges against men and officers immediately around him. Harden was arrested and placed on trial. He protested that he did not wish to produce the proof because it would disgrace Germany. That was looked upon as a mere subterfuge. Seeing that otherwise he was about to be convicted, Harden offered to produce the evidence substantiating his charges. The Berlin court denied him the right. He was found guilty and sentenced to prison. He appealed. While the appeal was pending two Bavarian newspapers charged that Harden had been bought off with one million marks (\$240,000) not to produce his evidence against the Kaiser's favorites. Harden brought action for libel in Munich against the two Bavarian editors. In their trial the Bavarian court did what the court in Berlin had refused: namely, permitted Harden to introduce his evidence. It was a bombshell. It proved to be the greatest scandal in the history of Germany. I read a part of the testimony. It is unprintable. Harden's evidence forced the hands of the court of justice in Berlin. When confronted with his vice victims, Prince Eulenburg collapsed. The aged princely pervert admitted the truth. He was charged with perjury.

A royal medical commission reported that to place him on trial would insure his death. He retired to Castle Liebenberg, a broken old man. Twice a year a Government medical commission visits Castle Liebenberg to examine Eulenburg. Each time the commission reports that it would cause his death to place him on trial. And so they will continue to report until he dies.

Some high officers went to prison: some disappeared and never were heard of again. Count Kuno von Moltke, relative of the great Moltke himself, personal aid-de-camp to the Kaiser and influential member of the powerful military party, was among those who disappeared from public view. Harden stated to me that neither the Kaiser nor the crown prince was personally involved.

The German St. George had cleared and purified the atmosphere around the Kaiser. Since that day he has been the most feared man in Germany. It is not known what other "dynamite" he has, may have inherited from Bismarck, or added to since. Often it is believed that he is "bluffing," but none have the courage to call him. With Dr. Henninger, chief of the Kaiser's secret political police, and the late Dr. Hamman, chief of the press department in the Foreign Office for many years, Harden shares the reputation of "knowing more" than any other man in Germany. He has a maze of "underground" information connections which often lead into circles little suspected as being in touch with him. He has the reputation of never having violated a confidence or broken a trust reposed in him.

Since the outbreak of the war Harden has kept up his merciless criticism, of which the "If I Were Wilson" is but one example. "By that traitor Harden!" was a familiar selling cry of the news venders in Berlin. About eight issues of "Die Zukunft" have been seized and confiscated. Last summer it was indirectly suppressed for some weeks when he was drafted for "civilian war service" as a means of choking him off without direct suppression. Foreign Secretary Zimmermann hated him. Of him Harden had said to me: "He will make blunders; worse, he will do foolish things." After Kuehlmann succeeded Zimmermann, Harden's friends succeeded in having him released. He resumed publication.

## A "Parliamentary Democrat"

CONTRARY to a very general impression, Harden is not a socialist. In fact, he is an opponent of socialism. He declares that it has too much that is Utopian and impracticable. He stands for "orderly democracy," but is a bitter opponent of "mobocracy," or the rule of demagogues through the mob. His father was a democrat, and his brother refused office in Prussia, being also a democrat. Harden calls himself a "parliamentary democrat." He is not necessarily an antimanagerialist. He is not the leader of a political party; he is the advocate of a cause. That cause is democracy or "constitutional parliamentary government" for Germany, with the Chancellor and Cabinet responsible to the Reichstag and to the people.

Before the war Harden's magazine had a paid circulation of about 25,000. "Die Zukunft" sells for 12 cents, varies in size from twenty-four to forty pages, and, it is estimated, has brought him an income of \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. He writes it practically all himself, for he accepts only occasional contributions. His peculiar style is almost untranslatable literally. It abounds in ornamentation, metaphors, and figures of speech. Since the war he has developed a marvelous circumlocution with which he gets around the censor, but always gets his meaning to his readers. He has a most extensive knowledge of little known historical correspondence and letters. Harden uses no typewriter. His handwriting is the tiniest and finest I ever knew a man to have. It is like etching.

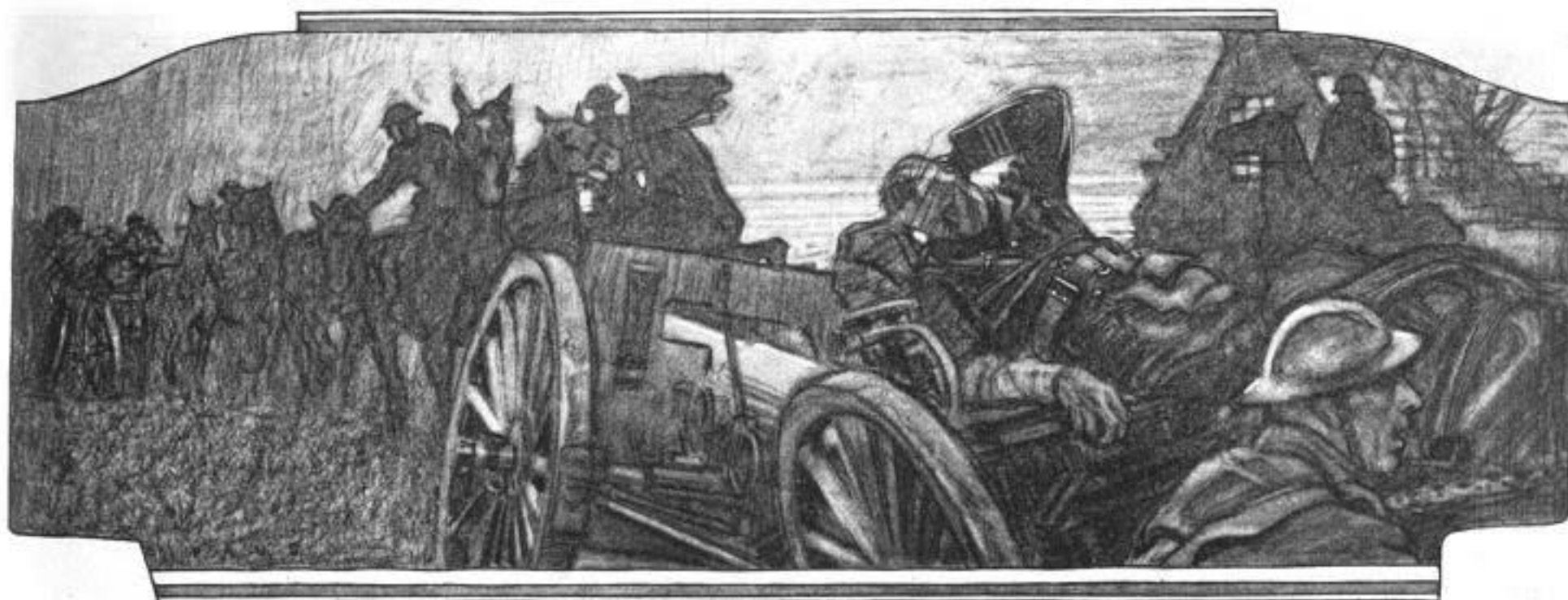
Harden lives in a modest seven-room cottage in the pines of Grünwald (Green Forest), the beautiful villa suburb of Berlin. There is a stream of daily callers. He can be seen only by appointment. His home abounds with paintings and autographed photographs of Bismarck. His health has been poor in the last years; he eats but one meal a day. He rarely accepts social invitations. He refuses to join clubs on the ground that such obligations might hamper his independence.

Frau Harden is one of the most devoted war nurses in Germany. She is one of the head volunteer nurses in the big Virchow Hospital. She gets up every morning at five and returns late at night.

In the political upheaval which is bound to come in Germany when the armies return home, Harden, if alive, is likely to play a great rôle. Of him Colonel E. M. House, the President's adviser, once remarked to me: "I consider Maximilian Harden one of the most potential forces for good in the world to-day and one of the best friends that Germany has."







## The Terrible Year

**T**HIS, according to the German plan, was to be "The Terrible Year." The German High Command realized the necessity of getting a decision before the full American strength could make itself felt, so their strategy was to keep hammering the Allies until they had pounded their way through to Paris or the English Channel, and forced the Allies to accept a German Peace.

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VOL. 61 NUMBER 26

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## Doing the Impossible

BY CHARLES M. SCHWAB

*The story of the work that is building for America the world's greatest merchant fleet*

## Boston Limited

BY JOHN RUSSELL

*A new story in a lighter vein than Mr. Russell's recent contributions to these pages*

*Also in this issue: Arthur Somers Roche, William A. Wolff, Lieut. J. Alexander Bayne, Major Richard C. Cabot, Editorials, etc.*



More Than a Million Every Week



An illustration of a busy industrial scene. In the foreground, a large tire with a deep tread pattern is shown, with several smaller tires stacked behind it. A small sign with the 'US' logo is visible near the tires. In the background, a large ship is docked at a pier, and several workers are visible on the pier and on the ship. A large building with a chimney is also visible. The scene is set in a snowy or icy environment.

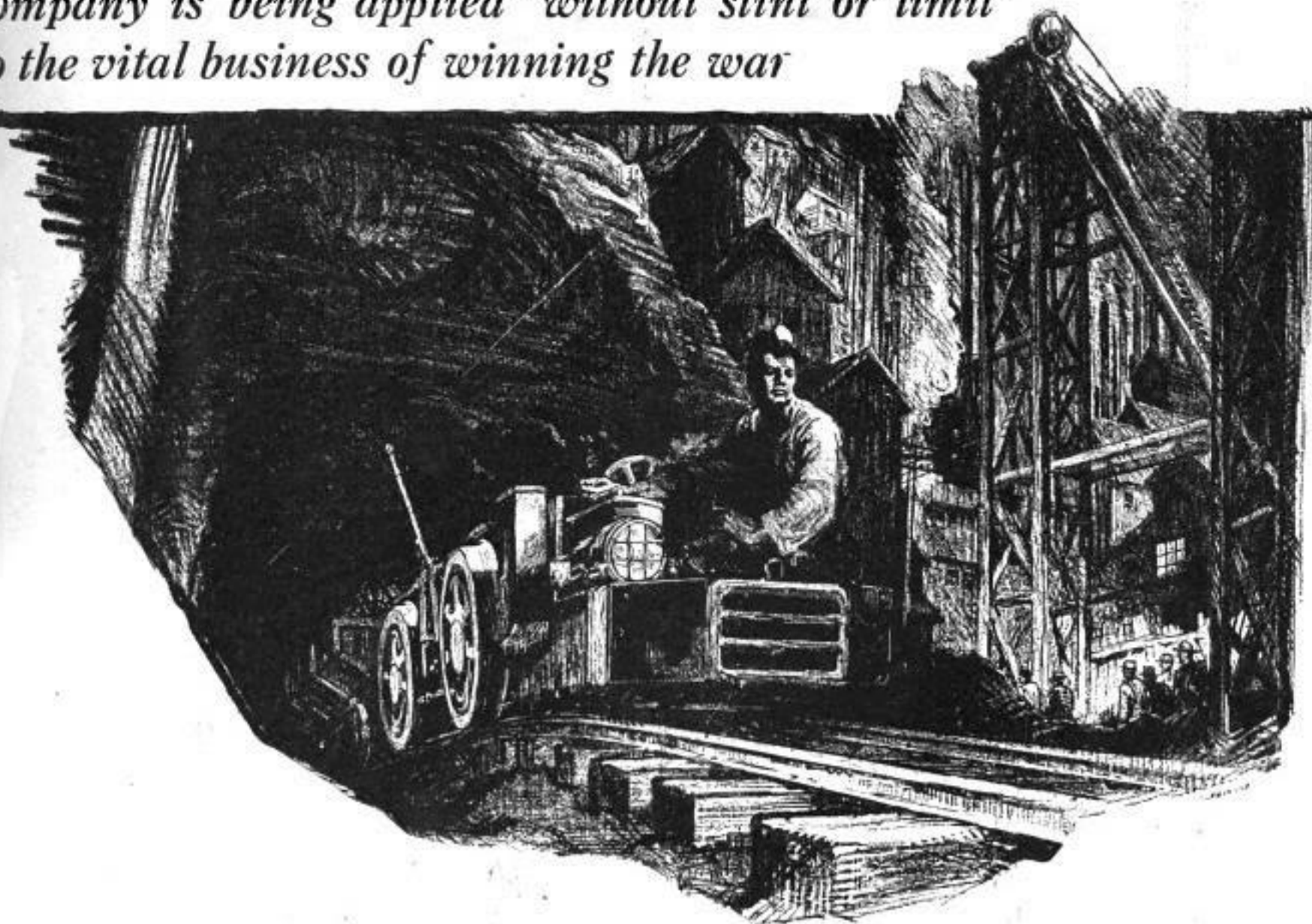
## Good Tires – Safeguards of Commerce

This is a critical period for American industry. Hundreds of important industries have been slowed up by lack of adequate transportation facilities. Virtually all far-sighted business men are adopting motor transportation to relieve the situation. Next to the vehicles themselves as safeguards of commerce, come the tires. For a car's effectiveness is wholly dependent upon the tires upon which it travels. That is why good tires are of such vital importance. United States Tires are good tires. The lasting dependability that made them such favorites in times of peace is bringing them more and more into prominence as a war-time necessity. There is a United States Tire to meet every possible driving condition—light or heavy duty. Five treads for passenger cars and both pneumatic and solid for trucks. The nearest United States Tires Sales and Service Depot will gladly advise you as to the ones you should use.

## United States Tires are Good Tires



*Every electrical engineering and manufacturing facility of this company is being applied "without stint or limit" to the vital business of winning the war*



**"Give us Coal!" And Mule Power gives way to Electric Power**

The arms of victory are forged in the nation's industrial plants. The bridge to France is the line of ships that stretches across the Atlantic. These must have sufficient coal.

Our coal mining industry made a world's record last year, despite many handicaps. In the anthracite mines alone, the labor shortage was 16 per cent., and the Government drafted many of the mules for the army's needs. Yet production increased 14 per cent. over the previous year.

How was it done? By better methods. By electrification. The electric mine locomotive, operated by one man, hauls a half dozen or more cars. Electric hoisting makes deep mining possible. Electrically operated ventilating fans safeguard the health of those toiling beneath ground. Electric coal cutters and drills save time and labor.

The cutting of timber for entrance ways, shoring and pillaring is speeded up by electric power. Additional motor-driven pumps are used to keep new and old workings dry, so that work proceeds without interruption.

Many coal operators looked to the General Electric Company for this assistance. G-E Mining Specialists responded by giving their attention to the problems confronting each mine and the great G-E manufacturing departments did their part by making prompt deliveries.

This year, the demands upon the mines and all industry are greater, and the labor supply scarcer, than ever before. The General Electric Company pledges its entire engineering and manufacturing facilities to every industry and individual manufacturer or operator engaged in essential war work.

Look for this—  
the mark of leadership  
in electrical development  
and manufacture



**GE motors**

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

**GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**





To Reduce to the minimum the time required to load, transport and unload 2,400,000 freight cars on 231,000 miles of track! This is the Big Job of the Railroads in America today.

*"There is now a Fisk Tire  
for every motor vehicle that rolls"*

**M**MOTOR TRUCKS—by promptly delivering to and hauling merchandise from the terminals, have aided materially in keeping freight cars moving.

THEY are time and money savers in connecting highly productive territories with through trunk lines.

THE "TIME OUT" necessary to change tires that will not resist wear, is a loss to the owner and the nation.

DEPENDABLE TRUCK TIRES are insurance against interrupted service.

FISK SOLID TRUCK TIRES are dependable—full of brute strength to meet all requirements. When you need Solid Tires—Buy Fisk.

# FISK SOLID TIRES



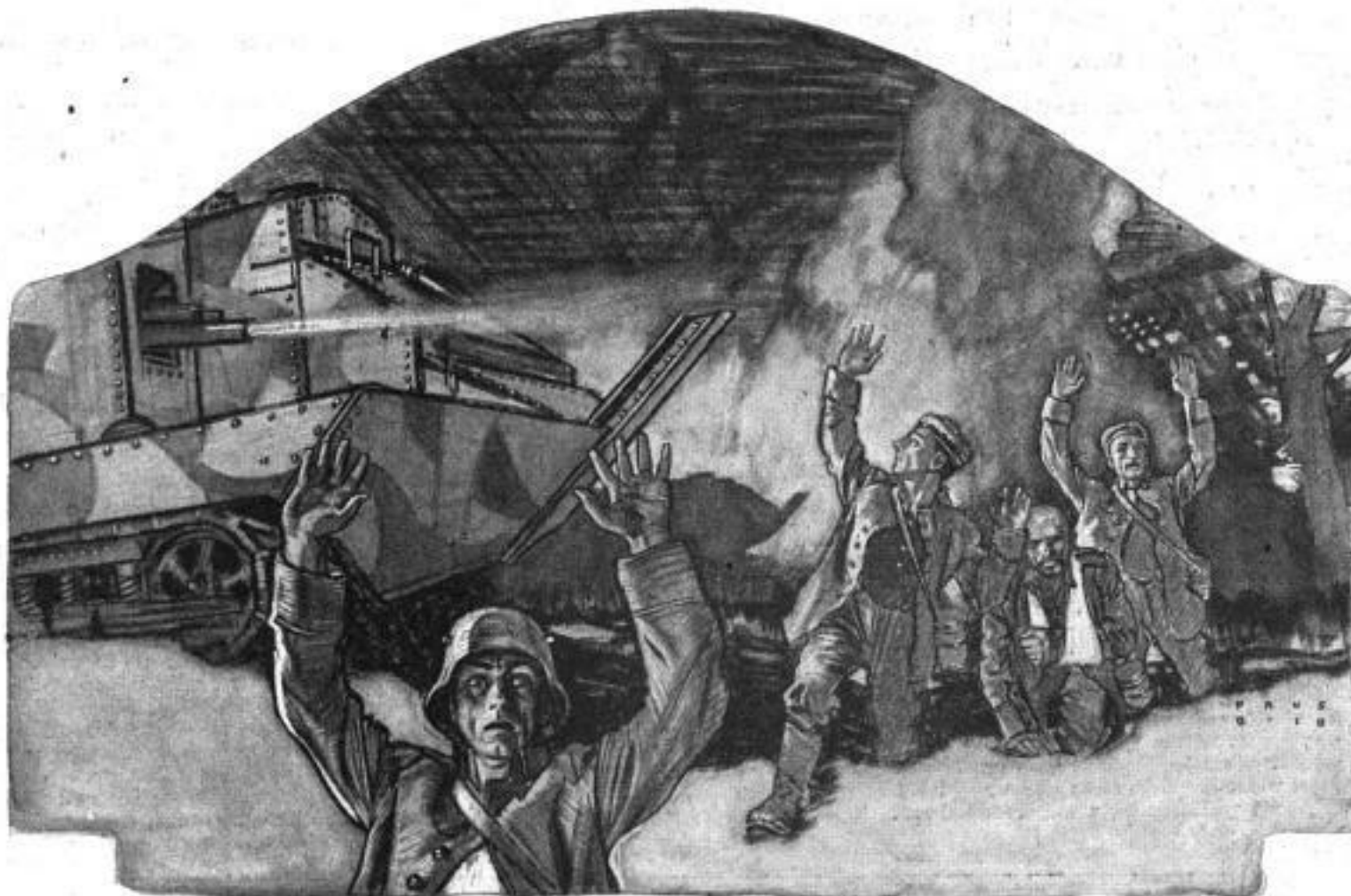
# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1918

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# Our First Victory

## Part II—Over the Top and Beyond

BY JAMES HOPPER  
COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ABOVE the tunnelliike entrance of the post of commandment, the hill rose at first in a steep bank planted with small trees. All night men had slept there, using the trees to hold themselves on the slope, feet sprawled across one trunk, shoulders hooked across another. They had continued to sleep in the morning light and through the artillery fire, faces to the sky, without a stir. I had taken them for runners held there at the call of the officers on the posts of command. But now a voice, which came from the trees a little above them, said: "Come on, boys, it's time." And to that voice, which spoke naturally and did not shout, they shook themselves awake, rose, and like people in a station when the train is announced, began to pick up all sorts of objects which had been lying about them. Some were taking up, one in each hand, as though they were valises, boxes of ammunition; others were raising picks and shovels to their shoulders or cumbersome firearms like ancient tromblons. Some bore tripods, others things that looked like rods, others boards nailed crosswise like improvised candlesticks for Gargantuan tapers—these peaceful porters were machine-gun men! I clawed my way up to them, and said to the nearest: "Where are you going?"

"We are going in," he answered, and without another word, as though they were on their way to dig a ditch, they left the wood and started up the hill.

I followed. It was the same path I had taken twice during the night. We kept close to the wood;

the German shells, which had been churning the empty field since dawn, screeched over our heads. Halfway up I stopped, paralyzed by a great spectacle. The infantry was moving out to the attack, up there, on top of the hill. There was a wood, a little to the left; they were coming out of that in masses. They were above me, silhouetted against the sky, and that made them marvelously tall. I could see them forcing their way through the tender green brush, trampling with high steps, tearing themselves loose with vigorous twisting movements, their rifles held high above their heads as though they were wading a stream with water up to their necks. Here and there a French chasseur in horizon blue stood gesturing, pointing out paths which they spurned in their eagerness. As they advanced, in a course at right angles to mine, they were deploying, stretching out along my line of vision, till finally the company which formed left guide was far, far away at the top of the rise, their bayonets caught by the sun while those nearer stayed black. For a second the long line floated a bit, like a banner when the breeze fails, then abruptly it went very taut and swung forward out of my line of vision.

I found myself alone. The machine-gun men had gone. I began running up the hill as if I had lost my best friend, made the sunken road, ran up that, came out panting upon the head of the plateau, and there it was, all before me—the most beautiful sight

### WHAT JIMMIE HOPPER DID



WITH THE AMERICANS IN PICARDY.—An instance of the boches' anxiety to surrender in the Cantigny battle was furnished when a group of twenty tried to be captured by an unarmed correspondent.

"Jimmie" Hopper, correspondent of COLLIER'S, went over the top with the Americans. As he was entering Cantigny a crowd of Germans rushed at him, begging earnestly to be taken prisoner. Hopper was nonplussed, but called to an officer:

"Come and get 'em."

That was the item you read in your newspaper the day after the battle of Cantigny—this is Hopper's own story of how it happened.—THE EDITOR.



ever mine and ever to be mine. The infantry had stepped over the trenches. The men in the trenches had leaped out after them. The machine-gun men had taken their place behind them. Together with the French flame throwers and the twelve tanks, the three waves were going down the field behind the rolling barrage.

I ran to the first trench and threw myself upon the parapet, saying to myself: "I'll watch from here," then ran to the second trench and threw myself upon the parapet, and said: "I'll watch from here," then ran to a big shell hole and threw myself down and said: "I'll watch from here," then got up immediately and said: "To h— with watching; I'm going along!" and ran after the whole mass like a small dog after its master.

I wish I could give with words even one-millionth of the splendor of the spectacle. From where I followed, a little behind, the three waves looked one—a thick mass of men stretching all the way across the plateau, the beautiful plateau, a great open regular rectangle, sloping very gently before us, inviting our charge, a clean and virgin No Man's Land untainted yet of the terrible stench of mortal man, carpeted with flowers, with grass, with wheat, with red poppies, yellow buttercups, and purple thistles—the ideal battle field of an ideal battle. Across it the horizontal column of men was sweeping smoothly, at a walk, keeping a general alignment without stiffness—an alignment within which subsidiary whirls of intelligent maneuverings constantly eddied. For a few minutes, as I followed close, that mass held its human quality to me; sounds, rapid calls, shot back out of it, as the men encouraged each other. "Come on, there!" "Oh, you Yank!" "Step high, Irish!" "Come on, fellow!"—short cries with the same urgent yet coaxing inflection I had heard these boys use toward the dice in a crap game. Then, as I dropped farther behind to get a wider sweep of the scene, it lost a little of its homely realness and sprang suddenly to heroic proportions. Again devoutly I pray for power to give the slightest hint of the extraordinary splendor of it all. First there was the barrage, a rolling wall ahead, reaching from earth to sky; a wall of heavy smoke within which, continuously, burst new geysers of smoke, black or gray or sulphurous yellow, and which the risen sun shot here and there with flamboyant opalescences; a wall ever terribly alive and writhing with cracklings and thunders, as if at the top of the sky a god greater than ever any other god had been pouring out of his lap a cataract of great mountains. Behind it, in its great resonant shadow, moving forward as it moved, came the assaulting mass of our men. They went forward smoothly, not very fast, a host reaching from side to side of the plain, slowing up a little, speeding up a little to keep their line—and oh, so straight of spine, so erect—they looked eight feet tall! A strange light, a filtering of distorted sun rays through the barrage, struck their bayonets. But beside the riflemen there were many that carried machine guns, tripods, shovels, crowbars, rods; and these implements—some of humility and of peace, in the singular light, borne upon the shoulders of these men who, as they left me farther behind, took on more and more an aspect of gigantic unreality—became maces, lances, catapults, and flaming swords. The tanks, distributed evenly among them, charged in a straight rhinoceros line; then, now and then, went waddling off to one side or the other, ridiculously fast, to some strong nest of boche resistance. They flattened these out, really, I suppose, by means of machine-gun fire and seventy-fives, but in a manner which appeared

like the simple act of rolling over them with all the weight of their low-hung and armored bellies—upon which they ran back, swaying to their places and their rigid forward charging.

### "It's Our Battle"

I CAME along behind, all alone, that part of the battle field all mine, my tongue hanging out with admiration. A vestige of my old idea of an observation post still lingered in some recess of my brain, and every once in a while I threw myself down and said: "Now, I'll watch the thing from here," and saying: "Now, I'll watch the thing from here," was up again and on the run. For a time I'd let the assaulting waves get away, so that I could have a sweeping look at the whole, at others I ran up again to obtain some detail—or I ran out toward the left wing, or toward the right wing—but seldom did I ever push to their completion any of these starts; a new impulse would take me, I was running from scenic bauble to scenic bauble like a child. Beneath this puerility of my reflexes, though, a sovereign exaltation dwelled—a piercing, reeling joy such as I had never felt, such as I never shall feel, something a million times more powerful than anything I have ever felt or ever shall feel. An extraordinary lightness was in my feet and in my heart.

I had regained absolutely, for one thing, that certitude of invulnerability which is youth. I had been losing it in the last past years. I had regained it to the point of madness—no shell, no boche bullet could ever touch me. But, besides, as I went down that battle field, in the shadow of that stupendous spectacle, all the large and profound emotions given to man were humming within me in vibrant organ tones while light currents of childish and crazy gaiety eddied above. For instance, I was calling to myself constantly (it may have been aloud): "You skunk," I'd call to myself (I don't know why I chose that word: I very seldom use it, either toward others or myself)—"you skunk," I'd cry, "here you are, right in the middle of battle, here you are! It's the biggest war in history, it's a battle in the biggest war in history, it's our battle, our first battle—and you're in it, right in the center of it, right, right, right in the center of it, you little skunk! Do you hear? Right in the very midst of it, skunk!" Then

tall beneath the crushing splendor of the barrage. I'd feel my heart swell and swell and swell and almost burst.

The barrage for a while had hidden Cantigny. Now it rolled over and past it. It was as if the small lower right-hand corner of the terrible writhing and crackling curtain which reached from earth to sky had been lifted, revealing abruptly the village.

There it stood, minute as the marginal picture in a big etching, the village I had seen at dawn so quiet among the trees. The trees now were leafless and black, dead as if they had been dead a hundred years; they smoked and one was aflame. Behind them the village, under the long torture of the bombardment, had corroded and shrunk and flattened. It had flattened; it had lost all depth and perspective; it was exactly like stage scenery, a cardboard representation of some great catastrophe—the burning of Rome or the last days of Pompeii. It glowed at once and was black; it writhed a bit, yet was dead; smoke rose from it, and the ribs of a skeleton of a roof, the only high thing that remained of it, pulsed alternately red and black as the smoke eddied funereally. The right extremity of our lines entered these ruins and disappeared within them, but the greater width swept on and by, to the left. I saw these go suddenly to the ground like wheat cut at the base; the three waves were now distinct to the eye. They rose with a bound, ran forward, then went down again; they were nearing their objectives. I could see some men digging. A French tank sidled up to the village, and began belching at it out of its flanks. And then—

### Galloping Gnomes

I HAD forgotten all about the enemy. Thought of the enemy, of anything human over there, had vanished entirely in the magnificence, in the vast opulence of the spectacle. But now, as the tank belched, out of the corner of the village, the village which seemed so small in the shadow of the sky-reaching barrage, little bits of dwarfs scurried out upon the plain. They wore little round caps, their clothes were all wrinkled, their trousers the shape of spiral bed springs, and they ran in a queer, fantastic way, one leg doing more work than the other, like children playing the galloping horse. Out of the ruins they came, out on the plain, galloping,

galloping, like gnomes. Their hands were up in the air, and continually, as their hands dropped, either with fatigue or because they forgot, they threw them up again, high as they could, in sudden jerks; and as they ran and jerked their hands up, they turned their heads to one side and the other in search, in desperate search, of some one to go to. The main body of our men had swept on to the left of Cantigny; at that particular moment I was the only figure before Cantigny. The searching eyes of the little dwarfs lit on me—and suddenly they were all loping wildly toward me. I stood there, my hands in my pockets, laughing, and laughing—they were so funny, so incredibly funny. Then, with a start, the sense of reality returned. By Jove, these were not dwarfs, they were men. They were not men, but Germans, German soldiers surrendering, crazy, mad, eager to surrender. I had heard stories of such; I had seen pictures of such—but no, never story or

picture as really ridiculous as this one. They were moved by such a desperate yearning to surrender, they were so desperately insistent upon surrender, they reveled so extremely in the abjectness of surrender. I kept on laughing like a fool; I didn't move, I could do nothing but laugh. Some of our boys, from over the left, having seen, came running up; they



It was with flame that the Frenchman was cleaning out the cellar

suddenly, seeing again before me the thick mass of our boys, of our sacrificial youth, going ahead so calmly, with little steps, so careful of their alignment, so careful of remembering what they had been told, so careful of doing it right, and yet nonchalant with that supple contempt of death which is theirs; looking at them going along so straight, so



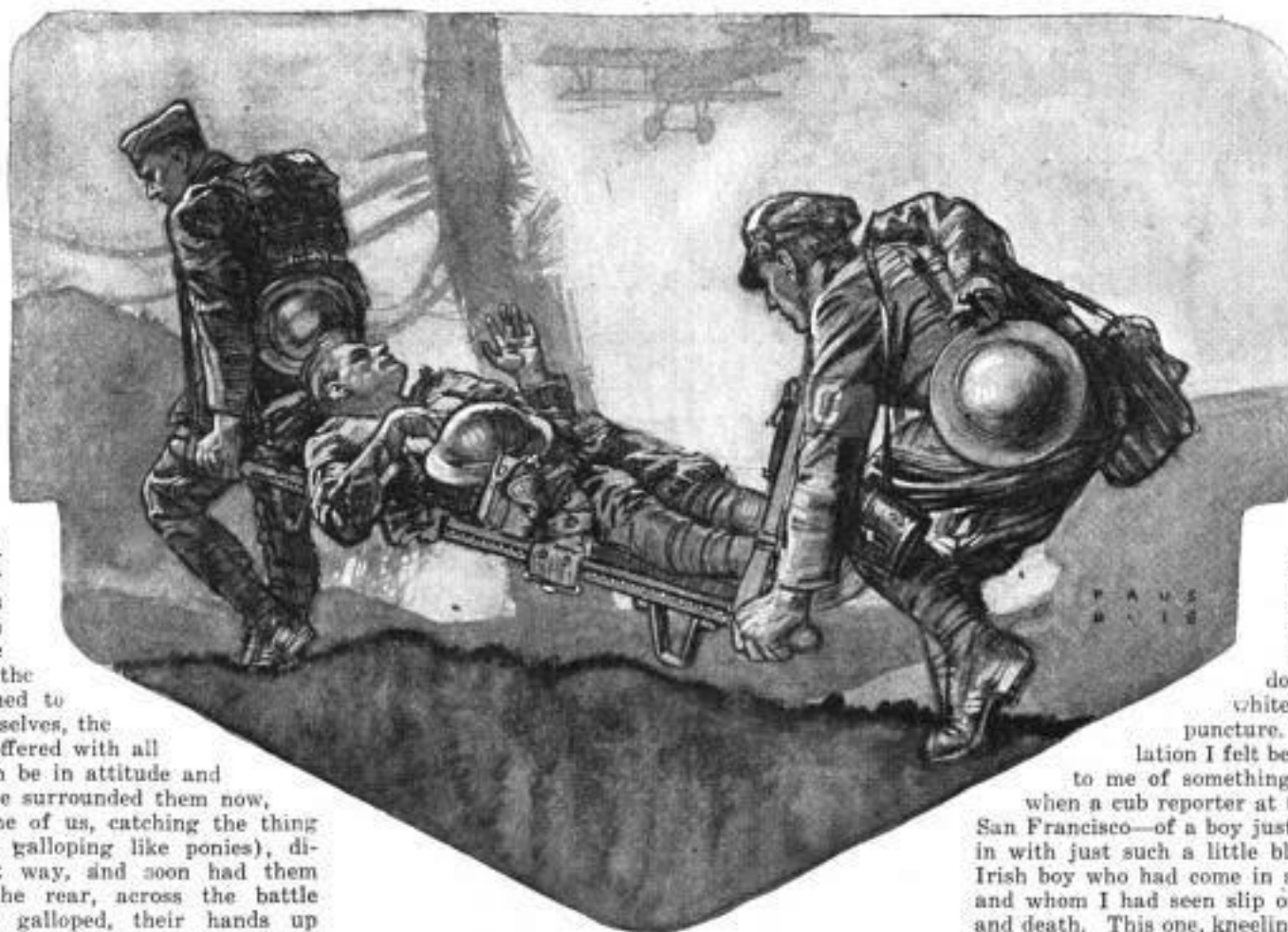
were laughing too. An officer came running. Laughing, he raised his automatic and peppered the ground in front of the cavalcade. He must have been a Westerner, judging from the careless precision of his performance, or at least a diligent reader of Bret Harte and Alfred Henry Lewis; his bullets zipped the grass, and the poor boche gamboles became infected with springhalt: some danced like bears, others ran as if on red-hot iron, and their heads pivoted madly as their eyes lit first on one of us, then on the other, searching for the one most kindly inclined to accept the gift of themselves, the utter gift which they offered with all the eloquence there can be in attitude and contortion of body. We surrounded them now, rounded them up (some of us, catching the thing from them, were also galloping like ponies), diverted them the right way, and soon had them all running toward the rear, across the battle field. And still they galloped, their hands up high, and still their eyes turned fearfully now to one of us, now to the other, as we ran after them, in a whirl of childish joy—and oh, they were so rapidly becoming odious, with their dirty little round caps, their dirty, wrinkled uniforms, their unclean servility. I saw the doughboy to my right stop laughing suddenly, then the one next to him, and then saw both leave the mad procession deliberately and start running back toward something cleaner, toward the battle line. And I also stopped, all the fun gone. A new idea had entered my head. I would go into Cantigny. I had been to the edge of it; now I would go into it.

#### At the Bottom of the Crater

I APPROACHED the town once more. Then a new spectacle delayed me, nailing me where I was. The barrage had reached its limit and was no longer rolling on; its great curtain was stationary. Of the mass of men I had followed nothing showed; those to the right were within the town, those to the left had swept on, had reached their objectives, and, lying down or dug in, were no longer visible. The battle field seemed empty, except for one French tank which, her flank against the village, was firing into it. Now, as I walked toward that tank, a German shell hit her square—at least, so it seemed from where I was—square in the flank, a direct hit. I saw the two French chasseurs who had followed behind as agents of liaison streak for a shell hole behind—with perfect judgment, for the second shell struck just where they had been—then everything was still. The two chasseurs had vanished, and the tank was motionless and silent; I could imagine the scene within: the confined hell, the smoke, the churn of machinery and human flesh. A long moment passed. A third shell missed, aimed too high; a fourth, too far to the right, then there were no more shells.

I watched anxiously. I could see the two chasseurs raising themselves the slightest bit over the lip of their shell crater, also to peer. A long moment passed; I thought: "That tank is dead!" Suddenly there was a slight creak, a stir; this was followed by a sputtering. Something clanged, and the tank started to move. Immediately almost she was off at a speed altogether ludicrous for one so fat. She ran along the edge of the village, turned the corner with a flip of her tailless rump—and with another flip, altogether ribald, plunged into the village by a side street, on her way to where there was much good work awaiting and where cannon would not see her.

I went on toward Cantigny, again laughing, a huge delight in my heart (albeit a tenderness: I could have kissed that fat old tank). "This is the morning of the thousand delights," I thought, going through the grass, happy as happy could be, "and in another minute I'll be in Cantigny." Already I



The wounded boy raised one hand weakly, like a child waving good-by

could see into its ruined main street. There was a group of our boys standing there, about a French soldier who held a hose end down into a cellar entrance. The group was very quiet and attentive; you would have sworn they were firemen—not firemen in the action of a big fire, but firemen when the fire is mastered, quietly drenching the hot ruins. Only I knew from the tank the Frenchman carried on his back that he was not using water. It was with flame that he was cleaning out the cellar. One hundred steps more would have brought me inside of Cantigny. But I was doomed never to enter Cantigny; just then I went into a shell hole.

The reasons that made me drop into the shell hole were, I think, two. For one, there was in the crater a wounded boy, a boy shot through the shoulder, together with three hospital-corps men who were starting to dress him, and I went in with some vague idea of offering help. But also something was after me by that time. I had not noticed it at first: that is, when finally I became aware of it, it was with the knowledge that it had been going on for quite a while. Little "zips" were passing by me; small, short whispers, hardly attaining the volume of sound, and gone almost before they were heard—discreet, quick little zips like the lightest of pencil strokes—zip, zip, zip, and zip. Now and then, though just as brief, one reached a higher volume of sound, something like a short cat meow, but more resonant. Pee-a-oo-ow!—thus—a spiteful cry. Some sharpshooter was after me, some ambushed boche who didn't approve of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. That is really why I dropped into the shell hole, I think—not so very much to help the three hospital-corps men.

They were just cutting off the sleeve and shoulder of the wounded boy's blouse when I lit by them. I went right to the bottom of the crater: it was cozy and restful down there. The whole battle field, the great delirious scene, had vanished for me in an instant; there remained of the world only this small bowl in which I lay. I watched the hospital-corps men working above me. Their heads and busts were above the level of the plain; they did not seem to mind at all the little zip, zip, zips which were still going by—perhaps it was not a sniper, but simply some of the machine-gun fire, passing impartially, with no personal preference. They were cutting with scissors; they gave a little pull, and the sleeve came off, clear to the neck, baring a muscular shoulder. It was very white, and the hole in it was bright crimson red. "A Blighty," I thought. "A tough one, but still a Blighty," and from below raised the boy while they passed the bandage around his waist. Then another boy came walking toward

us. He stood on the lip of the crater, and said, in a voice that was just a bit weak but which tried to remain natural as though it were asking for a cigarette: "Will you boys dress my wound?"

The others were still busy, but I said: "Where is your wound?" He went to his knees, on the edge of the shell hole, and raised his belt a little, and then his blouse. Underneath was a dressing, a pathetic first-aid dressing, set hurriedly and askew. He moved that aside, and right in the middle of the abdomen, depressed in the white skin, I saw a little blue puncture. I can't tell what a desolation I felt before this. A vision came to me of something I had seen years ago,

when a cub reporter at the receiving hospital in San Francisco—of a boy just like him who had come in with just such a little blue hole, a curly-headed Irish boy who had come in still glowing and strong and whom I had seen slip off swiftly into suffering and death. This one, kneeling before me, was sandy-haired and freckled; even now one could see he had been impertinent and joyous. He got up, took three steps, and lay down. Then he stretched his arms above his head, assuming the posture of one resting after hard work—he had no idea, no idea at all of what really had happened to him. The hospital-corps men went to him to dress the wound, but I whispered: "Don't waste any time doing that. The only chance is to get him back quick," and they, seeing the nature of the wound, nodded their heads. Then we looked at each other. We were four, with two wounded men and one stretcher. There was nothing else to do. I said: "I'll help carry him; two of you can help the other." One rose with me; together we got the stretcher, laid it by the wounded boy, and placed him on it. We slipped the straps over our necks, took hold of the handles, rose, and were off across the battle field, the hospital-corps man ahead and I behind.

#### Medals—in Heaven

I WANT to say now that if going to Cantigny will remain always in my mind as the most happy delirium of my life, going back from Cantigny will always remain deeply corroded in my memory as—the opposite. I will also say that, if medals are given in heaven, those given stretcher bearers must be wondrously big (they seldom, seldom get any on earth). I speak from knowledge gained in doing once what each of them will do twenty or thirty times in a battle, and a few hundred times a year.

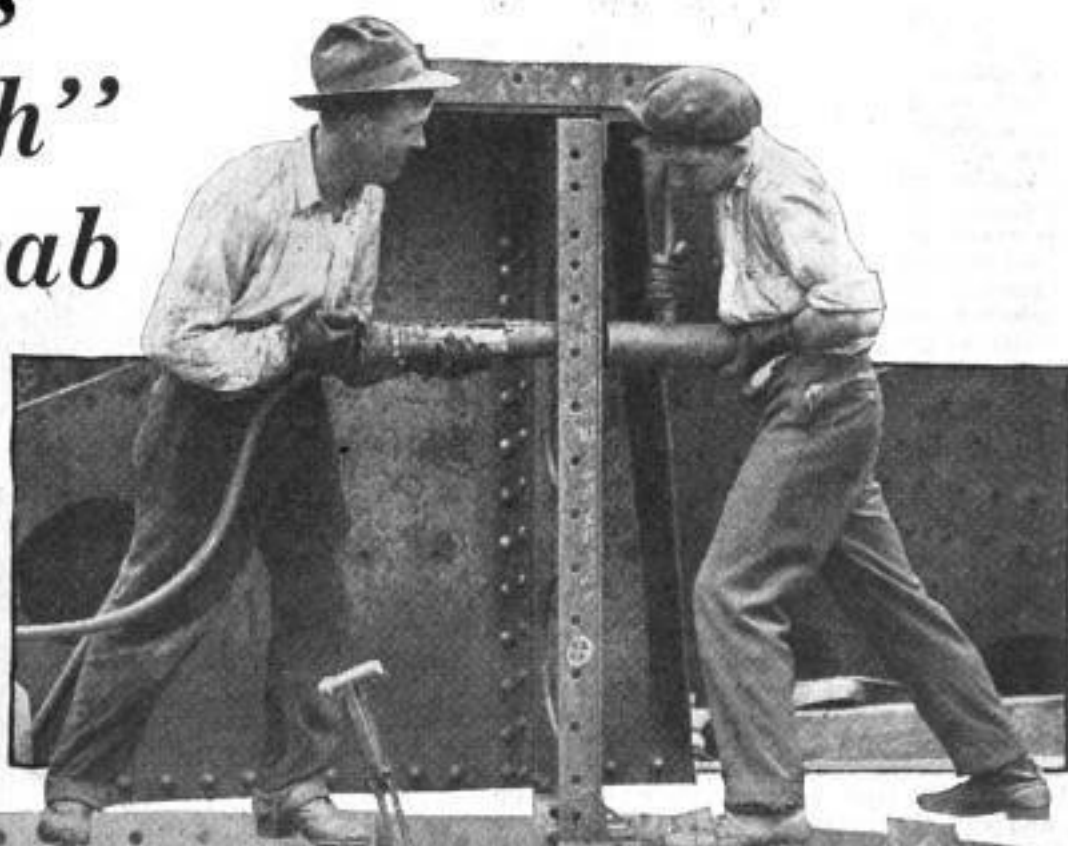
What amuses me now is the innocence with which I entered the experience. I picked up that stretcher so vigorously, I started out so blithely! But I had not gone far before an awful premonition came to me. I slowed my steps, I relaxed all my muscles. I began working with all possible economy of effort. No good—this was beyond any possible economy of effort; my premonition swiftly became a dazzling and hideous reality. I had never imagined that carrying a man could be so hard, that a man could be so heavy; it was something—incredible. And I had never imagined I could ever have fallen so badly out of condition (I had, in fact, flattered myself I was in very fair condition; not wonderful, but still, as good, let us say, as when eighteen and playing football). This was not only incredible; it was deeply humiliating. Besides my humiliation, I carried a steel helmet, a gas respirator, a trench overcoat, field glasses, and a musette as full of useless trinkets as the pockets of a small boy.

The sun, which had risen above the barrage smoke, beat down on us hard, and under our feet were plowed fields, sudden shell holes, and high grass in which the telephone wires, run quickly behind the attack, lurked like traps. Add to this, if you wish, the fact that the sniper who had been after me was now after us—zip, zip, zip. (Continued on page 34)



# "It Is the Ship Workers Who Are Putting This Thing Through" Says Mr. Schwab

American riveters have raised the record for a day's riveting from four hundred rivets to more than four thousand. In the picture on the right you see the boss riveter at work with his pneumatic hammer while his helper "backs up" the rivet on the other side of the plate. The work has to be done in all sorts of cramped positions, as you can see from the center picture, which shows a riveting crew at work inside a horizontal bulkhead



All © Paul Thompson

At first glance this lower left-hand picture looks like a scene from "Macbeth," but it's only a crew of masked workers doing electric welding



Throwing red-hot rivets must be a lot more fun than catching 'em



# Doing the Impossible

BY CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Mr. Schwab is a man who worked up from \$4 a week to \$1,000,000 a year. He was for a long time the chief executive of one of the world's largest businesses—a job almost as big as the one he now fills as Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. But everybody knows what Mr. Schwab has done. Few know what manner of man he is. Mr. Schwab just talks in this article. Anybody who hears Mr. Schwab talk will feel that he is not only a man who gets things done, but also a kindly, unaffected, appreciative person.—THE EDITOR.



No wonder the workmen in the shipyards call Mr. Schwab "Charlie"

single month of July we launched more ships than we had ever previously launched in twelve months.

	Deadweight Tons Launched	Deadweight Tons Delivered
January . . . . .	112,500	91,441
February . . . . .	171,850	124,650
March . . . . .	258,916	162,200
April . . . . .	225,230	162,805
May . . . . .	365,255	259,041
June . . . . .	233,550	274,385
July . . . . .	635,011	226,605
Total . . . . .	2,002,312	1,301,127

This increase of capacity has been achieved in less than sixteen months.

In the yards now producing ships we have a capacity of between three and four million tons annu-

ally. In the great fabricating yards—Hog Island, the Submarine Boat Company's plant at Newark Bay, the Bristol plant, and the Federal plant—we shall have a capacity of another three or four million tons annually. It is only a matter of weeks before the United States will have a total capacity of seven million tons a year.

A year ago we were not a shipbuilding nation. To-day we are the greatest shipbuilding nation.

How did we do it? It was men that did it, American men, men who cared. If you want names, it was men like Edward N. Hurley and Charles Piez. It was men like Dave Rodgers of Seattle, Joe Tynan of San Francisco, Baisley of Detroit, Neeland of Camden. These men are among the greatest shipbuilders in the world; they have broken world's records in shipbuilding and then broken their own records. Think of completing, ready to sail, a 5,000-ton ship like the *Tuckahoe* in thirty-seven days! Think what it means! Think of building a 12,000-ton ship like the *Invincible* in twenty-four days! Think of building a 3,500-ton ship like the *Crawl Keys* in fourteen days!

As trades go nowadays the trade of driving rivets is an old one. Men with pneumatic riveting hammers have been pinning steel plates together for a generation. A riveter who could average more than sixty rivets an hour was a first-rate riveter. To-day we have riveters who can drive more than 400 rivets an hour. The record for riveting is being broken so often that it takes a set of statisticians to keep track of it. The whole industry is shot through with the spirit of enthusiasm, of competition. These men are out to do what men have never done before. At the same time they are not cutting each other under. They are cooperating. Every man has enough energy left over to cheer for the other fellow.

I tell you it brings tears to my eyes when these fellows call me "Charlie." They are the kind of men you want to hear calling you by your first name.

## Respect This Service Pin

WHEN this job is done—this tremendous job of building ships and more ships—the public must see that the reward goes where it belongs. It isn't the heads of departments, the big officials, the executives that have done this thing. It is ship workers who are putting this thing through. It is men with strong right arms—men in overalls—who have made this thing possible. I regret to say that I sometimes discover a feeling that some of these young fellows in the shipyards are considered a species of slacker, men who are trying to avoid giving themselves to the war.

I tell you the man who is doing his level best for Uncle Sam in this great crisis of the world's history is doing his full duty by his country. He is serving just as truly, just as actively, just as patriotically as the soldiers in the trenches and the sailors on the high seas. His work makes it possible for others to serve on the firing line.

Where would we be without the shipyard workers? Where would we be if the shipyard workers were not working at a pace that shipyard workers have never known before?

I want the shipyard workers to hold their heads high. We don't give the shipyard man a uniform. But we are going to give each man who has been on the job for four months without intermission a service pin. He will get an extra bar for every two months of additional service. The shipyard worker should be as proud to wear this badge as the soldier who displays his service badge. He should have the firm feeling that he has done as much for his country. Without him we should have been lost. With him we are—but I leave you to make the prophecy.

WE Americans are just beginning to learn what we can do when we put our minds to it and our hearts in it. We have actually been too humble. We are like an adolescent boy—who has yet really to stretch his muscles and discover how strong he is.

I doubt if anybody in the wide world knew that we could do what we have done. I have had a certain familiarity with large-scale industrial enterprise in America. But certainly I didn't realize how much we had in us. The industrial feat of the United States in shipbuilding seems to me one of the greatest industrial feats of all time. I may say this because I have only recently joined the shipbuilding workers and I could claim no credit for what it has already done if I would.

Think how desperate the situation was when the Emergency Fleet Corporation was formed a little more than a year ago. The submarine was sinking ships faster than the world was building them. Every month saw a decrease in the number of bottoms afloat. While the supply was growing less, the demand was growing larger. The world supply was already short. Where were the ships to come from that would ship our army to France, and the mountains of munitions that it would need there?

Germany confidently believed that this was the end. The submarine was slowly and inevitably cutting down the capacity of our bridge across the Atlantic. There could be but one end to such a process. Lack of ships would eventually give victory to Germany.

We were not a shipbuilding nation. We were apparently building all we could—private enterprise had seen to that. How were we going to build any more? How were we going to double and redouble our building?

You can't "start right in" building ships—as our ancestors started right in building houses out of the logs at hand. To build ships you have to have, first of all, places to build them; you have to have berths or ways.

When we declared war we had less than forty steel shipyards! Less than forty organizations prepared to turn out steel ships! Less than forty companies equipped with ways! And you can build only one ship at one time on one ways. It takes many months to build a ship—at least that was true before we entered the war. It takes a year or so to build a ways—or it did before the war. So to build one ways and one ship would take the better part of two years.

When you have ways you have to have materials—a steady stream of materials if you are to build fast, without unconscionable delays. When you have ways and materials you have to have an organization—a group of executives who understand the job and shipbuilders who can carry it out. We might easily have spent three or four years in building ways, in arranging for material, in collecting organizations, in training new workers. Meanwhile the submarine would have been going right on.

We had to do the impossible. We had to double and redouble our capacity, not in three years but in one year. And the whole story is: we did the impossible. We have now not forty organizations building ships but one hundred and seventy-two organizations. Some of these new organizations have a larger capacity than any shipbuilding organization the world has ever known before. Think of Hog Island with fifty ways!

Think of our former capacity. It was a good year when the United States built 500,000 tons of ships. Then look, in the next column, at the rising figures for 1918—the launchings and ships actually delivered for use month by month.

Our capacity has risen to the point where in the



# Boston Limited

BY JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOUNG

HE lay where he had landed and awaited the worst, resignedly. He was quite sure that he was dead. He expected some one to come along and tell him so presently and advise him to move on—some kind of a cop with a pitchfork instead of a club. When you have just been plunged off a brake beam into a train smash you are likely to develop little illusions like this. Moreover, there was evident in his vicinity a certain fiery glow and heat which tended to confirm the notion. Undoubtedly he was dead. Also, one of his legs was slowly scorching.

After a time the scorching grew painful, and he wriggled. We are not informed that we shall be forbidden to wriggle in the place to which Boston Blackie assigned himself. But Boston felt rather resentful at being shoved so near the furnace immediately on arrival. They ought to give a guy a chance to get acclimated.

He sat up. There was a smoldering patch on the leg of his trousers. He beat at it and burned his hands. A cloud of flame burst about him. In wholly mortal terror then he scrambled away, got to his feet, ran, cracked his shins, and slid on his face in a heap of cinders.

Probably the cinders helped as much as anything to restore him to a mundane sense of things. Boston Blackie had an expert acquaintance with cinders. He could perhaps have navigated by means of cinders as certain pilots are said to thread a blind channel by the taste of sand under their keels. Boston detected an unmistakable flavor of anthracite, with a dash of Worcester County mud. He felt greatly relieved.

"Then," he remarked aloud, "if I'm here, I ain't there—yet!"

A curious delicacy restrained him from more exact particularity until he had made sure of his bearings. Empty rattlers lay piled along the ditch in a jackstraw jumble, heaped with the extravagant ingenuity of a stage effect. Most of the passenger coaches of the limited, that had plowed into an open switch still held their track, one car huddled behind the other like a string of cattle jammed up at a gate. What was left of the mail car burned merrily, after the nature of mail cars, which are built and provided for that purpose. Dull red fires glowed along the edge of the mass like miniature suns prolonging the gray dusk.

Boston recognized these objects and began to test himself all over with probing fingers. It was only a wreck. After the question of life comes the consideration of limb. He had heard of persons who had lost various essential parts of themselves in wrecks and who never even guessed the fact until long afterward. Now wouldn't it be just his rotten luck—?

But somehow luck seemed to have made an error in this case. Boston Blackie had had frequent cause to rail at Fortune during the numerous vicissitudes of his career. He could not complain of her now. He had been riding under that mail car. He had shot through the very vortex of destruction. And as far as he could discover he had come out of it without so much as a scratch. Not a scratch!

Luck? He began to think so.

There is a strange clogging of time in catastrophes. Hours might have passed since the crash. In fact, it was something like five minutes after the collision at Wulliver Junction that a conductor in a torn coat came stumbling by and stopped to stare down at Boston Blackie.

"Much hurt?" he asked.

"I'm done," said Boston, with prompt cunning.

"You're lucky," said the conductor, and went stumbling on blindly beside the track.

Boston watched the tragic figure out of sight and rolled over to hands and knees. Cries and running feet persisted down the line, but for the moment he was alone and unsuspect. He began to trundle himself along, spying here and there like a wolf in a thicket. And suddenly he made a find of the sort he more or less counted on.

Beside the track lay a large-bodied man in a pose of limp abandon, arms outflung and face to the sky. Boston remarked that face, with its big chin and



"Still here?" he yelped. "By God-frey, you've got blamed little time!"

shoe-brush mustache because he watched it anxiously for any quiver of life. But the victim showed no sign. Boston crept on again until he could stretch out one hand and take hold between finger and thumb of the right lapel of the victim's coat. Very delicately he turned it back. And there he paused.

NOW, Mr. Boston Blackie belonged to a class technically denominated the Potential Criminal by gentlemen who eat three meals a day and write little books and sociological dope sheets. In other words, he had never dwelt at public expense in anything more pretentious than a town lockup. (Once he nearly attained a county jail, but the judge detected the social climber and headed him off.) Crime is the most caste-bound of professions, and the most highly specialized. There were levels of lawlessness to which Boston had never even aspired. He knew all there is valuable to know about the following: Chicken coops, clotheslines, refrigerators (on the back porch), gas pipes and gas meters (in empty houses). And drunks! He had robbed them all with equal skill and satisfaction. On the other hand, he had never robbed banks, babies, women, insurance companies, or—dead men! No question of morality is involved in this fact; merely natural limitation, which goes back of any morality and is much harder to break.

Boston squatted on his heels and considered. The victim was clad in a solid blue suiting, prosperous, with something of official neatness. There should be good pickings about such a corpse. And so easy! Right under his hand lay perhaps as much as ten dollars. Maybe fifty. The victim would have no further use for the same himself. Nobody would ever know if Boston should borrow it. And, yes, by cripes, there was a wallet in the inner pocket! He felt the outline quite plainly through the cloth. Then why hesitate?

Simply because—as the sociological gentlemen might or might not say—among the infinite poten-

tialities in the soul of Boston Blackie was lacking the one which would allow him to frisk a stiff. He reached down into his own obscure recesses—a figure somehow suggestive of a rag bag—and sought the potential he needed. And it was not there. He could not do the thing. He couldn't.

With a comment between a snarl and a whimper he dropped the lapel and trundled on farther. Almost immediately he had his reward. He made another find: the article, he perceived, over which he had rapped his shins in his recent flight—a shiny, tan-leather suit case, bulging at the sides and quite hefty.

Luck! Nearly he felt persuaded that he was, that he had been and was going to be, pretty blamed lucky after all. For here, you see, were no limitations. A suit case was fair prize, well within his compass. A suit case is made available to the potentially criminal at owner's risk. And while a suit case may not perhaps contain as much portable and negotiable wealth as a wallet in a dead man's pocket—why, then again it may. It may.

The Wulliver wreck occurred just at the last siding, wholly beyond sight of the little huddle of houses that marks the junction. This is a dairying section, where the line runs through miles of rough pasture land still partly wooded and tilled only in rare patches. After the first fence Boston encountered no obstacles to a straightaway course across country. His rush carried him to the trees and, looking back, he could distinguish nothing but the long dim mound of broken cars where fires brightened against the falling night. It followed that he himself had not been followed and that he was safe, with his trove.

He proceeded now with rather remarkable method. Another marauder might have ransacked that suit case on the spot. But Boston had his own pride in conducting such affairs, his syntax for loot. He went on until he had crossed a wide rise among the pines and had dipped into a little sandy hollow that offered privacy. There he delayed further while he collected twigs and built up a discreet blaze against the seasonable chill. And finally he charged a pipe and took care to have it drawing well. These preliminaries are to be noted. They serve somewhat to illumine the subsequent adventures of Mr. Boston Blackie.

All in good order and quite composed to meet the result, he sat himself down at last with the suit case between his knees and drew a pleasurable breath. No man ever quite outgrows the zest of childish games: even such as this Potential Criminal, who was about to indulge himself with a small surprise package. He lingered over the brass hasps and let his imagination savor the ultimate moment of delay.

There might be anything in that suit case. It might be full of picture films, Bologna sausage, fancy vests, pawn tickets, or cigars. It might contain garden seed, folding bathtubs, lingerie, literature, or a file of the Congressional Record. Literally, anything! Though when all was said, he would have been quite satisfied with an outfit of warm clothes and some loose silver in the change pocket. He really counted on that much as he lifted the lid.

Few persons, the philosophers remind us, ever realize one cent on a dollar's worth of dreams. Castles in Spain usually turn out to be shanties in Hoboken or cells in Sing Sing. No warning is more familiar. Consider, then, the notable case of Boston Blackie, to whom was yielded an actual return of something like a hundred thousand per cent on his best expectation. Luck? A man is lucky who finds a nickel!

THE suit case was full of money. Not stage money. Not bonds, nor drafts, nor securities. Not paper of the Siamese Royal Bank. Not counterfeit—this is a different kind of a story. Not even those theoretical big bills with monstrously duplicated ciphers impossible to believe. Real, ordinary, palpable, dirty, greasy, manhandled money—so commonplace that almost everybody sees some of it at least once every week, though seldom very much in any one. Just stacks and gobs of money!



Mr. Boston Blackie stared and stared and stared some more. His first emotion was a great fright; his first impulse was to rise and shoot away through space like a rocket with a frantic yell. He saved himself by letting the lid fall to close out that terrific vision. Thereafter he sat perfectly still for a long time.

He noticed that his pipe was out. The mechanical operation of refilling and relighting it put the current of his being in motion again. He eyed the suit case warily. With deliberate effort he broke himself free of a cramp, poked up the fire and got to his feet; played at incredulity and tried to whistle; played at indifference and peered furtively into the shadows outside his little hollow; then walked around the suit case, still eying it. Then turned his back on it and crept away to a fringe of bushes toward the railroad. Spinning suddenly, he charged across the sand like a warrior at a trench, flung himself at the lid, and wrenched it back once more. "Oh, Gawd!" he breathed.

The money was still apparent, still present in gross and in detail—taped up in tight bundles according to value, green and yellow after its kind—prideful \$20's and luxurious \$10's, splendid \$5's, jovial \$2's: down to a friendly Michigan roll of \$1's that would have choked a circus elephant. He took it all to his bosom. He plunged both arms in it as if to bathe himself, as if by some obscure electrolysis he might take on a golden plating from the mere contact with so much wealth.

Presently, however, the reality sobered him. Presently, with a white face and shaking fingers, he began to count.

"Is it all there?"

Boston's lids popped up and his jaw dropped down as stiffly as the mechanism of a china mandarin. For the rest he remained petrified in an attitude highly absurd and helpless, sprawled forward on the sand with the firelight flooding him beyond any concealment and hedged round by piles and piles of currency like a babe surprised at the building blocks. From just across his hollow appeared a young man in short, belted overcoat and plaid cap—an excessively tailored young man who might have stepped from a billboard masterpiece of the season's fashions and who met Boston's stricken gaze and nodded, unsmiling.

"Do you make it right?"

Now obviously there are ways and ways of chal-

lenging the illegal possessor of a fortune. Even in the appalling moment, even then when his dratted luck had apparently turned on him and caught him flat-footed, Mr. Boston Blackie fathomed all kinds of subtle oddities. The young man himself was a very young man with square, pink features and an air of concentrated sophistication. He seemed in no wise troubled at sight of Boston Blackie and the strewn treasure: one would have said nothing on earth could trouble him so long as he retained that manner, which was pictorial as the flare of his collar.

But he fitted no type known to Boston or appropriate to the business at hand: neither detective nor envious outlaw nor outraged citizen. Moreover, he had chosen a most peculiar and suggestive form of address.

"Which wrist shall I fasten the cuffs on first?" or "How many years do you expect to get for this?" or "What bank did you cashier from?"—any of these caustic queries would have suited the situation quite simply and directly. But "Is it all there?" left a lot of slack. "Do you make it right?" opened up mysterious vistas, implied a certain complicity: in a word—meaning anything or nothing—offered a break to spar for wind. And Boston, with desperate instinct, took the cue.

"Yes," he quavered; even achieved something like a grin. "Oh, yes—it's right enough. In fact—quite correct." But the stranger's next casual phrase knocked him cold again.

"Ninety-two thousand?"

Boston could only gasp, for ninety-two thousand was the exact sum he had just estimated!

"Not that I blame you for making sure," continued this amazing young man, abstractedly.

"No," said Boston. "Oh, no-o-o."

"Because you'd naturally get the hide skinned off you to make up any shortage."

"Oh, naturally—naturally," said Boston.

"But you'd get skinned anyway if I told on you for stopping to light this fire."

"Would I, though?"

"Why, it might have been spotted by anybody, you idiot!" explained the stranger from his condescension.

"So it might," agreed Boston.

"Besides, you've kept us all waiting."

"Oh, I have!"

"And his Nobs is in an awful stew. Awful. I've

been back twice to report because you didn't show up. Never mind. Only you'd better get a hop on you now."

To Boston, schooled by the imperious tyranny of events, came no thought of resistance. This talk of "us" and "his Nobs" and shadowy portents that seemed to dominate the mystery from offstage was paralyzing. In his bewilderment he discovered only one blind motive: the will to hang on to that suit case and to keep on hanging on to it to the last permitted moment.

Obediently he began to get a hop by stuffing the money back where it belonged: a king's salary to every fistful.

"Watch out for that barb wire!" warned his guide.

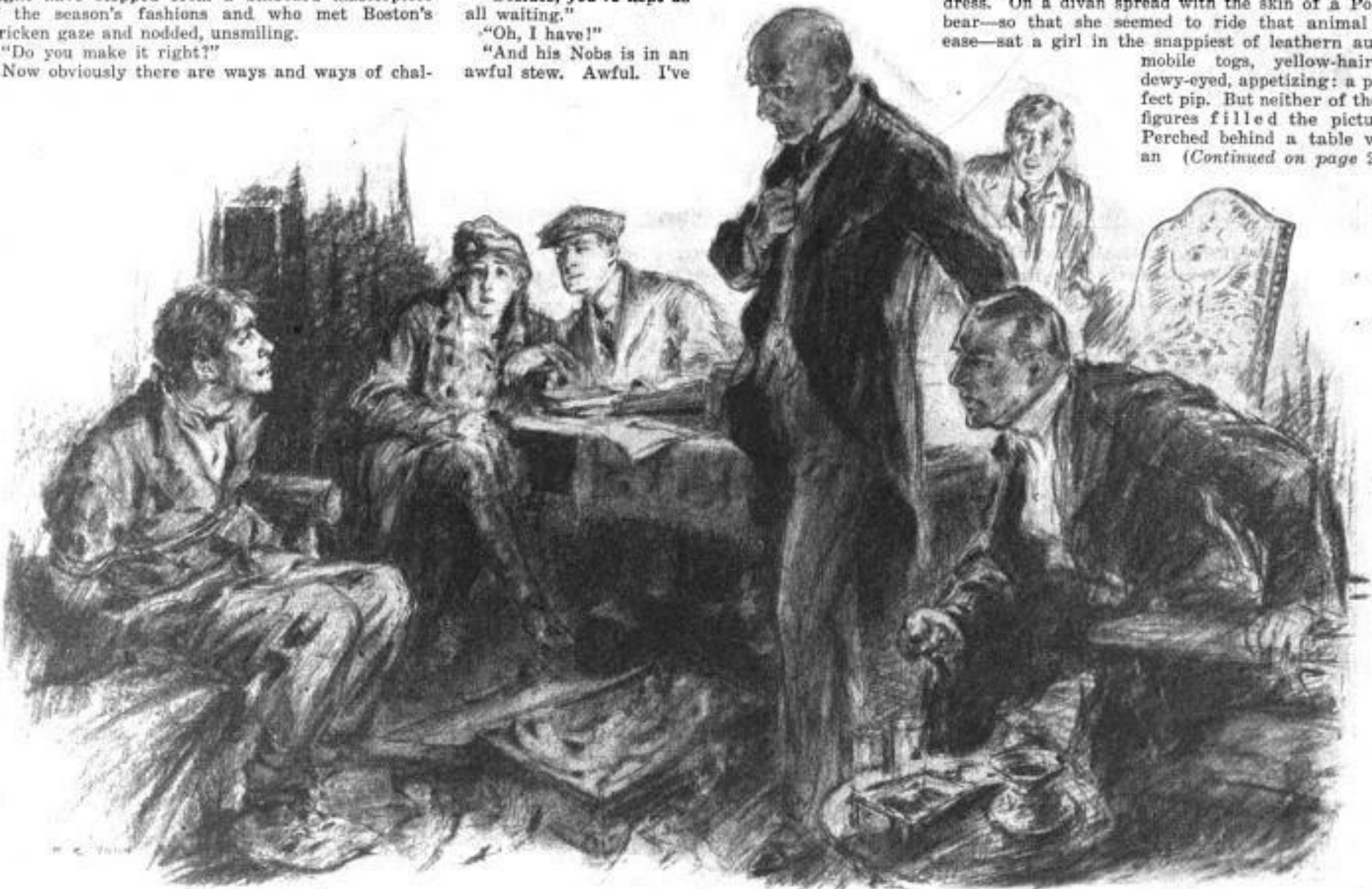
They had been climbing through the dark of an upland pine grove for some minutes. In a clearing at the top of the rise, dim against the evening sky, bulked a house. Boston was well aware that rustic homesteads of logs and field stone are never constructed by the simple countryman, who prefers his Renaissance villa. He needed no one to tell him that the pile they approached was the rude summer camp of a millionaire, with twenty-two bedrooms, and a cold-storage plant in the cellar. It seemed deserted enough now. Doors and windows had been boarded up: the wind piped thin in its chimneys. But when they turned a sudden corner they almost stumbled over a pea-green racing auto with shaded lamps, purring quietly there on the drive.

BOSTON would have hung back. Too late. The able young man merely took his elbow, thrust him up a side porch, whisked him through some invisible sally port and—all with the gesture of conjuring—landed him, confused, breathless, and bedazzled, inside: in the main hall.

"On deck, chief."

Three or four high-powered portable electrics in the shape of hand lanterns were ranged to strike out details of the room with sharp shafts; its polished floor, its rugs of improbable savage beasts, its glaring antlered heads up among the ceiling beams and the group of more curious human faces below.

By the telephone box stood a man fat and silken whose opened overcoat displayed impeccable evening dress. On a divan spread with the skin of a Polar bear—so that she seemed to ride that animal at ease—sat a girl in the snappiest of leathern automobile togs, yellow-haired, dewy-eyed, appetizing: a perfect pip. But neither of these figures filled the picture. Perched behind a table was an (Continued on page 22)



"I know it, mister. We've all got a limit, I guess, and yours is any such rough stuff as you're up against now"



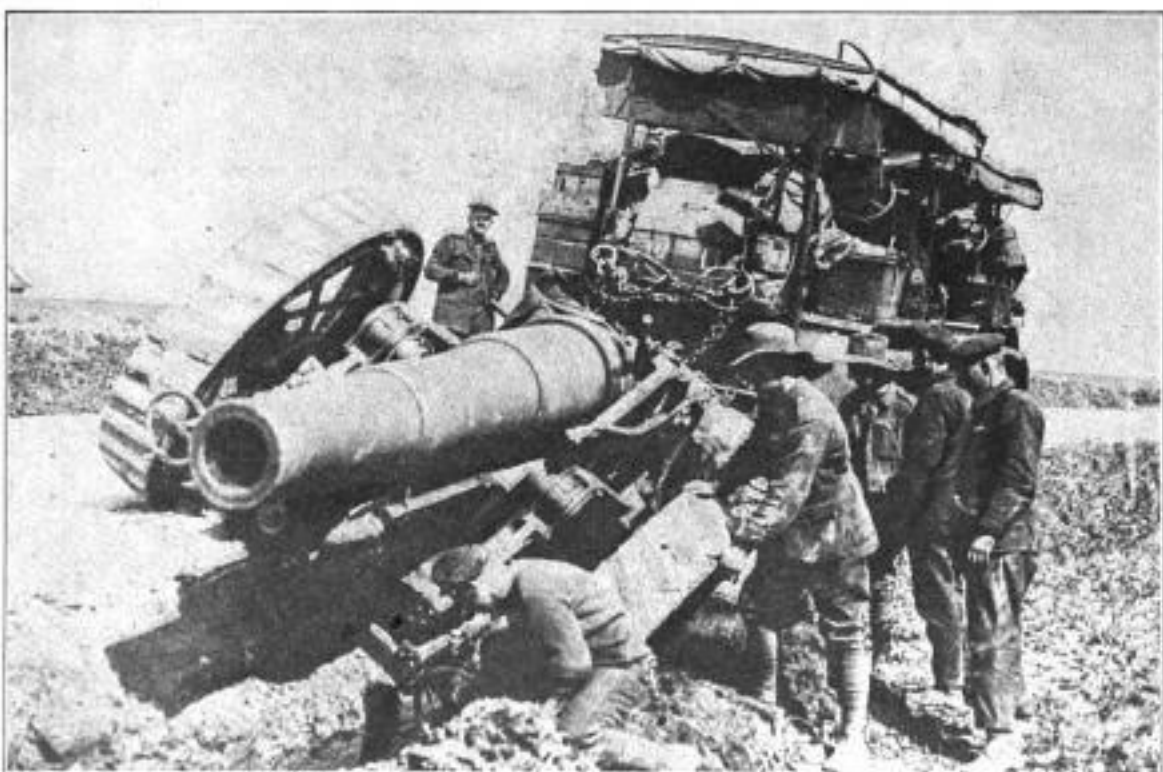
All Underwood &amp; Underwood



Lieutenant J. Alexander Bayne, whose aviation letters from France begin in this issue



Traffic regulations enforced at the front. The control man stops the car to call attention to the warning against raising dust and drawing shell fire



A British "heavy." The type of gun that worked overtime in the recent German offensive in spite of transportation difficulties like this

# Letters from the Air

## No. 1: The Flying School

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

PAU, FRANCE.

DEAR DAD:

ARRIVED here this noon and take the train to school in the morning; our permissions are not up until then. In order to reach here on time, though, we had to leave Paris early, so are spending remainder of our time—and money—here. And it's worth it.

This is a wonderful place and the most beautiful that I have seen in France. The town is old, fourteenth-century architecture mostly, and is perched upon a steep hill. In fact, a good part of the town adjacent to the old castle and cathedral is inclosed on two sides by a high arched stone retaining wall. In places this is broken by stairways and terraced gardens. From the castle grounds one looks across the town to the valley, where the commercial and minor resident houses are. A two-branched river winds through it, stone-walled and bridged in places and with an old canal flowing alongside, all ancient and mossy.

I understand the school here is great—fine from the flying end and also as regards living conditions; food and bed are both good, the boys say. So tomorrow, my birthday, I'll begin looping the loop. From here, after about fifteen days, we go to Plessis-Belleville, right near Paris, and wait there until we receive our machine. Then we fly it to the part of the front to which we are assigned. It will be my last leisure—after that we fight.

Finished my transfer papers while in Paris. I'm to sign my demand for release from the French army to-morrow through the commandant of the school here. Hope they hurry; I want the money—also the commission.

If I am exceptionally good here, I'll be recommended for a single-place machine instead of the two-man plane. In that case one is sent to a special machine-gun school, and it takes about two weeks, or maybe a month, to go through that. Hope to get it. I've broken no planes as yet, nor have I gotten in jail. My notes are all good, and my notes on machine-gun construction are very good. I know all about how the Lewis and Vickers guns are built and how they operate. That may help and will if I can get away with the acrobatics here in good form. We also make trips about the country here and fly in "groups" like a bunch of ducks, going through loops, etc., as the chief pilot directs, for all the world like kids playing "follow the leader." Only it's a bit more of a trick. We also make a real altitude test here—go up over 5,000 meters to see if our hearts, etc., will stand the high altitude and sudden changes caused by a vrille or steep dive of 1,000 meters or so. It's quite a strain if the system isn't just right.

This is a fine hotel; we have a bath and single beds and pay but six francs each, a bit over a dollar; also an elevator that only carries the guest upstairs—he walks down. Elevators are rare here, and those they do have are all like that. They are funny little cages that have no attendants and work automatically; you press a button. The town is so near the Spanish border that the people are mixed. Half speak a language the other half can't understand, Spanish, French, Basque, and a mixture of all three. You choose your language and you take your choice.

Well, the boys are waiting for me and asking me what "her" name is and if I'll send their love as well as my own. The Frenchman is sure I'd never write so much to anyone but the girl and absolutely refused to believe I'm not engaged to at least one.

Don't know how much time I'll have here, but I'll do my best to write you whenever possible. Ought to be a lot happening here to write about, the flying stunts, etc. One pupil killed here this morning, they tell us, but some stick is always getting it—once in a while a good man too. Accidents happen, but rarely with a good pilot.

ALEX.

The second of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.





# Work or Fight

## What the New Draft Must Accomplish

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The number of American men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is 23,498,049. That is the closest available computation of the number registered under the original draft act or subject to the new registration.

Out of this number, just what ones will be selected for the business of fighting, in what order shall they be taken, and how many?

The answer to these questions represents a compromise between the best thing to do and the practicable thing to do. By the best thing to do is meant the thing that the professional military men would like to do, the thing that would put the maximum of physical vitality on the fighting front; by the practicable thing is meant the thing that can be done, having regard for the sentiments of Congress, for the economic life of the country, and for human nature generally.

### Face the Facts

THE best thing to do, from the point of view of fighting the war most vigorously and ending it most quickly, would be to take all the men for the fighting front out of the early ages, say, from eighteen to twenty-six. The military point of view takes account of one thing and one only: that one thing is physical vitality. The professional military man reckons physical vitality as merely one element in war, like powder, cannons, or rifles. He wants the one precisely as he wants the others—the best quality in the greatest quantity. And the place where you get the best quality of physical strength in the greatest quantity is in a young man. Of course the military point of view is the ideal point of view for the business in hand. It is the military man's counsel of perfection. We may not be able to adopt precisely this point of view, but we cannot help recognizing it. If we looked the facts in the face and addressed ourselves directly and exclusively to the business in hand, we would take all our soldiers out of the ages from eighteen to twenty-six. When we do otherwise we are acting upon other considerations—considerations of humanity, sentiment, business, expediency. The question comes squarely up when we attempt to decide whether we shall take a married man of twenty-two or an unmarried man of thirty-six.

There need be no doubt what the military answer

"The country and Congress have realized in a vague way," says Mr. Sullivan, "that ultimately all the man power of the country must be mobilized for war, in the proportion of about one man in the trenches to four men in the factories." Nearly every home in America will be affected in some way by the new draft law. Mr. Sullivan points out some of the considerations which will influence Congress and the Administration.—THE EDITOR.

to that question would be. The military answer takes no account of wives, children, dependents, or other human elements. The military profession is a cold and exact science. Exactness says that the man of twenty-two has the greater strength and endurance; coldness says to admit no other considerations.

But in adopting our selective draft law and putting it into effect, we have admitted the other considerations. It is proper that we should, but it is equally proper we should all know we are doing it, and why. The original form of the law, as it came from the War Department in April a year ago, was based on the military idea. In it the age limits were nineteen and twenty-five. But Congress was shocked at the idea of taking boys under twenty-one. The House at that time changed the ages from twenty-one to forty. The serious reason for this change was a wish to spread the ages out then so as to allow room for generous exemptions to men with dependents, and also to men engaged in farming or other essential occupations. Another reason which actuated the House in raising the limit to forty was a rough sense of justice which made it seem, according to the House point of view, unfair for older men to urge the country into war and then let the boys do the fighting. And there was not lacking a certain amount of malice and indirection on the part of congressmen bitterly opposed to our entrance into the war, or to conscription, or both. Speaker Champ Clark wanted to get all the prowar newspaper men and other agitators into the front trenches.

But aside from politics, there was and is a strong sentiment in Congress against putting men of less than twenty-one actually into the army. When the original draft bill was being considered in the House Committee on Military Affairs, the motion to change the lower limit from nineteen (which the War Depart-

ment wanted) to twenty-one, was carried by a vote of twenty to one in favor of the higher age. That vote was fairly representative of the sentiment in Congress. When, after a year of war, the matter of lowering the age to eighteen came up in the Senate, only nine Senators favored it, while sixty-four voted against it. In the discussion that hung about this issue, many of the opponents of the lower age were vehement. Speaker Champ Clark said: "Why single out boys who are too young to vote for President and representative? They had nothing to do with bringing on the war, and why should they not be of the exempted classes . . . so they may finish their education, thereby fitting themselves for the duties of citizenship?" And Speaker Clark's namesake, Congressman Frank Clark of Florida, was even more emotional. "Some men," he said, "have even stood on this floor advocating the drafting of boys of the age of nineteen and twenty to fight the battles of America, boys who had nothing to do with the declaration of war, who did not bring it about and had no part in it. And yet we will stand here in the Congress of the United States and tear from the families of America young boys to go out and fight the battles of the country. Shame upon a Congress who would do that! It is a disgrace to our American manhood."

### Reason and Sentiment

THIS speech of Congressman Clark is typical of the motives which sway men against taking youths below twenty-one. They are wholly motives of feeling. A congressman who may always be relied upon to go to the bottom of the logic of the matter concerned, and to act upon reason rather than emotion, is Mr. Sherley of Kentucky. He said: "Much has been said about proposing that boys shall do the fighting. . . . If men are to be chosen because of a given age, it is not because you want to make that age bear the burden, but it is because the efficiency of men of that age makes it requisite that they make the first sacrifice."

That is the sound point of view. Having looked upon it, we may decide, for one reason or another, not to act upon it.

It was curious to observe that the senators who favored the lower age were almost wholly men who have themselves been fighting men, either in the



army or in the navy. Senator Weeks, who is a graduate of Annapolis and spent some years in the navy, spoke and voted in favor of the lower age. He made the point that there were five senators in the room when he was speaking, all of whom are veterans of the Civil War, and that their average age when they enlisted was eighteen. Senator Nelson, who is one of the most conspicuous of the old soldiers, was strongly in favor of the lower age. He said that "everybody who has had experience in war knows that a boy from eighteen to twenty-one years of age can render better service, will be a better soldier, and can stand more hardships than one above that age, especially one above the age of thirty." Senator Warren, another old soldier, also took the military point of view. "If we are going to bring this war to a close as fast as we can," he said, "we want the best army we can get; and the best army we can get is an army made up of men starting at eighteen years of age up to thirty-five. . . . Everybody knows that in every army the boys from eighteen up to twenty and twenty-two and twenty-five make the bravest and best soldiers."

But these senators were the exception. The prevailing opinion was overwhelmingly against drafting men below twenty-one. However senators or congressmen might admit that the younger men are the better material for soldiers, they were more strongly influenced by the sentimental consideration. Senator Lodge made the point that to adopt the lower age would empty the colleges, deprive the younger men of an education, and put them under a lifelong handicap. Senator Pomeroy said: "We are not only interested in this war, but we are interested in the things that are going to occur after the war, and we are particularly interested in having these young men given the opportunity to learn their trades and to get their education."

Right there, on the point of giving the youths under twenty-one an education, is where the military point of view and the sentimental point of view, the War Department and Congress, may be expected to come to a compromise. And out of that compromise there is, under the new draft, likely to come a new but related institution, namely, a system of universal military training. (I have used the commonly accepted phrase; the thing that will come, while it will approximate that, may not turn out to be identically the thing that most people mean when they use the phrase.)

Reason, in the shape of military expediency, says: "We want these young men because they make the best soldiers." Sentiment says: "But we are unwilling to deprive them of education and training for trades." Then reason says: "We expect to give them training for a year or so; they will be nineteen, or twenty, or even twenty-one before we actually put them in the trenches." And sentiment replies: "Yes, but you mean military training; we mean training for trades."

#### "Conscription of Labor"

AND out of that, if the war goes on, is pretty sure to come a system which will be either military training as an incident of vocational training, or vocational training as an incident of military training, as you choose to put it. There is throughout the country an earnest body of organized public opinion in favor of universal military training. On several occasions it has been pressed forward in Congress, and on each occasion it has been resisted by the Administration as expressed either through President Wilson or Secretary Baker. But there is good reason for thinking that the Administration has come to a different point of view. Indeed, there has already been set up in the War Department a machinery which looks to taking the new

drafts of men of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, and putting them, not directly in the cantonments, but in the colleges, where they will be given not only the military training which the cantonments would provide, but, in addition, the usual education provided by the colleges. This provision is for the immediate future. In addition to this, it is under-

manhood, as a French philosopher said, is the invention of new names for institutions which have become odious under the old names. "Conscription of labor" is an odious phrase. "Work or fight" is a popular one. But isn't "work or fight" a mere euphemism for "conscription of labor"? In practice they mean about the same. The country and Congress have realized

in a vague way that ultimately all the man power of the country must be mobilized for war, in the proportion of about one man in the trenches to four men in the factories. Seeing this necessity, there have been various proposals to draft everybody and then let the army officials formally assign the less fit to shipbuilding, munition making, and the like. Senator McCumber, Senator Cummins, Senator France, Congressman Ramseyer, and others introduced various bills for registering everybody from as low as sixteen to as high as sixty-two or sixty-five, the fit ones to be sent to the army, the less fit to be sent to the factories. These proposals were seriously debated, and there cannot be any question that ultimately we should have come to that if a less drastic way had not been found. Doubtless General Crowder and his associates realized that such direct and drastic conscription of labor would have been unpopular, for America is not even yet deep enough into the spirit of the war to realize that these things must be; doubtless also General Crowder and his associates didn't care to take on the appalling amount of routine it would have added to their already burdened shoulders. The "work or fight" rule is a satisfactory substitute. That rule merely says to the individual: "You must find an essential industry and get busy in it." That is certainly more practicable, and probably better in every way than to try to say to a specific man: "You, Jones, must go to work in Smith's factory at seven a. m. next Monday morning." To be sure, the "work or fight" rule will operate only up to the age of forty-five; but the end is not yet. Moreover, this rule is supplemented by the Government's very complete control of labor, through the United



Which Tree for War Timber?

stood in Washington that a number of persons who represent the President's ideas are working on a plan for permanent universal training, military and vocational, from the age of eighteen to twenty-five.

So much for the lower ages. As to the upper ages, when the professional soldiers of the War Department framed a bill extending the upper age limit to forty-five, they weren't fooling themselves. They didn't have any idea that men from forty to forty-five would be of much use to them in their ultimate business of meeting German shock troops on the fighting front. Barring the occasional one who has kept himself in exceptional physical condition, men of forty-five have not the snap and resiliency to make acceptable soldiers. The War Department didn't name forty-five for the purpose of any direct effect on the man of that age; they wanted the indirect effect. They didn't want to make him fight; they merely wanted to make him work. They wanted to put him in a position where they could hold the "work or fight" rule over him. They wanted to catch the idlers and those engaged in nonessential industries. They wanted to make them get into industries that would help win the war. They wanted control over all males between eighteen and forty-five, the young and fit ones to go into the trenches, and the older and unfit, or semifit, to go into war industries. That "work or fight" rule of General Crowder's has proved to be very popular—that is, popular among the neighbors of the men caught in it—and extremely effective within the ages where it is already in operation, from twenty-one to thirty-one. It is really an admirable device for mobilizing the man power of the country into essential war industries. There were elements of statesmanship in the conception of it. The chief business of states-

manhood, as a French philosopher said, is the invention of new names for institutions which have become odious under the old names. "Conscription of labor" is an odious phrase. "Work or fight" is a popular one. But isn't "work or fight" a mere euphemism for "conscription of labor"? In practice they mean about the same. The country and Congress have realized in a vague way that ultimately all the man power of the country must be mobilized for war, in the proportion of about one man in the trenches to four men in the factories. Seeing this necessity, there have been various proposals to draft everybody and then let the army officials formally assign the less fit to shipbuilding, munition making, and the like. Senator McCumber, Senator Cummins, Senator France, Congressman Ramseyer, and others introduced various bills for registering everybody from as low as sixteen to as high as sixty-two or sixty-five, the fit ones to be sent to the army, the less fit to be sent to the factories. These proposals were seriously debated, and there cannot be any question that ultimately we should have come to that if a less drastic way had not been found. Doubtless General Crowder and his associates realized that such direct and drastic conscription of labor would have been unpopular, for America is not even yet deep enough into the spirit of the war to realize that these things must be; doubtless also General Crowder and his associates didn't care to take on the appalling amount of routine it would have added to their already burdened shoulders. The "work or fight" rule is a satisfactory substitute. That rule merely says to the individual: "You must find an essential industry and get busy in it." That is certainly more practicable, and probably better in every way than to try to say to a specific man: "You, Jones, must go to work in Smith's factory at seven a. m. next Monday morning." To be sure, the "work or fight" rule will operate only up to the age of forty-five; but the end is not yet. Moreover, this rule is supplemented by the Government's very complete control of labor, through the United States Employment Service. In any event, we may be sure that when the War Department named forty-five, it was merely for the indirect purpose of making the men of the older ages go into essential industries, and not with any optimistic idea of making soldiers of them. To be sure, Congress may, now or hereafter, surround the draft law with such detailed restrictions as will compel General Crowder to take an unmarried man of forty-five before he takes a married man of twenty-two. If this is done, we may see the bachelors of forty-five wearing uniforms in the fifth or sixth million of our soldiers. But let us not fool ourselves; we shall be doing it not because that is the best way to win the war quickly, but because of humanitarian and social considerations which have nothing to do with killing Germans. Of course these older men will all have to register, if the present plans are carried out, and after they are registered some of them will be drafted, and of those that are drafted some may find themselves, in the course of time, in the trenches. But the underlying idea is not to take these older men as soldiers, but merely to get them into essential industries by enforcing the "work or fight" rule against them. As General Crowder expressed it, rather naively: "I think the effect of additional registration will be to recruit industry up to the point where there would be no shortage of industrial man power."

Of course, from thirty-two to forty-five is a wide range, and what may be applicable to forty-five may not be applicable to thirty-two or even thirty-five. We must have more soldiers. We must have them right away. Right now, in this present month of September, we are at the bottom of the bin. We have exhausted what is called Class I, that is, men of twenty-one to thirty-one. (Continued on page 21)



# The Loan of a Lady

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

TO say that Carthew did not notice the young woman who occupied the opposite chair would be misleading. It would be, moreover, an entirely unwarranted reflection upon his good taste, his judgment. She was, emphatically, the sort of young woman one notices. And Carthew, at discreet intervals, had taken note of her, had been taking note of her, indeed, ever since the train had drawn out of Washington. He had hoped that she might want her window opened; had rather feared she might, too. He remembered a time when a young woman, also not without some pretensions to good looks, had wanted a window opened, and he had sprung to serve her, and then hadn't been able to open the window. . . .

In this instance, however, the ventilation, obviously, was satisfactory. And the lady dropped neither handkerchief nor glove; there was about her nothing to indicate that she would welcome the proffer of a magazine or a newspaper. She was absorbed, indeed, in her book; if she, in her turn, had noticed Carthew at all, it was plain that her interest was not overpowering. Something about her shoulder, about the tilt of her head, made that plain to Carthew, to his regret.

But his regret was not so keen as it might have been. He wished he knew this young woman, to be sure; there was something about her pleasantly suggestive of a pretty wit. And he was disposed to talk. But that was all. The books, the magazines, he had with him were failures for his purpose; they bored him. There might be people he knew on the train; there were reasons why he should not seek them out. But he was restless; he wanted to move about.

The young woman moved her hand—her left hand. A diamond flashed upon a significant finger. "Oh, of course!" said Carthew to himself with a certain bitterness, and went off to smoke a cigarette.

HE reflected, morosely, upon the folly and stupidity of the conventions by which the world is bound. Take this girl now. She was engaged. All right. What was that to him? Why should the fact that she had promised to marry some chap, some time, if she didn't change her mind, make her so infernally stiff now? He knew, really, that this was both unfair and unjust. This was not the sort of young woman to want her window opened, whether she was engaged or not. But, then, he had no designs upon her engagement. He had no desire to cut out the other chap. He just wanted to talk to some one—specifically to this engaged young woman—for part of the slow trip between Washington and New York.

"Oh, damn it!" he said to himself, at last, and went forward to the dining car, and stood for an hour in the narrow passage next to the kitchen and a gentleman who hadn't obtained the contract for which he had traveled to Washington and was convinced that the Administration was corrupt and that the war was as good as lost. This person talked at great length to a sympathetic friend. But just before it was Carthew's turn to pass into the car the contract man said something so outrageous that Carthew turned to him

and said, very pleasantly: "That is a lie, and you knew it was a lie when you said it. Please don't repeat it."

The other man gasped, and so did all who heard Carthew, because, of course, that sort of thing is not done; people only think such things; they never say them. The little episode raised Carthew's spirits somewhat; he did better for dinner than he had thought at all probable. And he smiled a smile that was almost paternal when he saw the young woman, alighting, greeted by a first lieutenant of infantry, who kissed her so awkwardly that it was plain that the privilege had not long been his.

"Lucky chap!" Carthew thought, and began to wax sentimental over his own estate. "Good-looking girl, that! Wonder who she is?"

HE wasn't likely to find out. But her looks deserved his tribute. A tallish girl, she had hair distinctly red, cheeks sanely tanned, eyes that, when they chose, could sparkle. Her nose was straight; her mouth a curious thing, designed for smiles and laughter. There was something intriguing about

had happened to present him to this young woman, had he chatted with her at intervals all the way from Washington, he would probably regard with complete equanimity her departure, in company with her first lieutenant, for Jericho and points east thereof! His present not unpleasant state of mind would have been diagnosed easily enough by Mrs. Rousome, his sister.

"He'll sigh like a furnace over an engaged girl!" she had been heard to say angrily. "But he won't let her know it! There might be some hope if he would. Engagements are broken, you know. But he isn't interested unless a girl's reserved. I suppose he'll fall in love with some married woman before he's done!"

She admitted, really, that that was unlikely. But her annoyance was quite genuine. She felt that Carthew's continued and reasonably happy life as a bachelor was in some measure a reflection upon herself. Carthew refused to see this, and continued, more or less by design, to avoid the society of eligible young women without encumbrances.

He didn't expect to remember the young woman of the train when he woke up next morning. But he did; he thought of her, indeed, as he awoke, and found no difficulty at all in reconstructing her image as he lay and stared up at the ceiling of his hotel room. He frowned, sprang up, and took a shower.

"This won't do!" he said as he rubbed himself dry.

For he was still thinking about her, still regretting that things were as they were, and that he was so very unlikely ever to see her again. That was just before eight o'clock. And he saw the young woman, as a matter of fact, just before half past two that afternoon; saw her, and recognized her at once, although she had changed her attire from head to foot since the night before—a fact which he resented, illogically. He recognized her and her first lieutenant—oh, yes, he was with her!—and he stopped, and stared, and he was sure that the young woman's eyes flickered as they fell upon him.

HE stared no more than a moment. He was favored by chance, for this encounter took place upon the pavement of Fifth Avenue, before the New York Public Library. Beautiful ladies were selling Thrift Stamps and begging shamelessly for the Red Cross, and doing other seemly things, patriotic things, in a manner to justify any young man in stopping, as Carthew had stopped, and in removing his hat, as Carthew had done, and touching his forehead with his handkerchief, as he was doing. Even a newly betrothed first lieutenant of infantry could have had no excuse for resenting Carthew's conduct or his manner or the movements of his eyes.

The truth was that Carthew wanted to think. Rather unusual things—things, indeed, quite extraordinary—had been happening to him, in a manner precipitate and bewildering, since he had sat down at breakfast in his hotel.

He was walking down Fifth Avenue when his encounter with the young woman of the train made him pause—but he was walking, not upon the hot pavement that served the rest of his fellow strollers, but upon mined ground. (Continued on page 24)



"You are probably the one lady in this city who can help me"

this lady; he could not deny it, or the faint regrets with which his envisaging of the diamond upon her finger, the first lieutenant of infantry at her side, were tinged.

And at the same time he knew that if some one





Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SEPTEMBER 7, 1918  
VOLUME 61 NUMBER 26

### Smashing a German Delusion

A WRITER in a famous German newspaper, the "Vossische Zeitung," tries to comfort his readers by saying that this war "for the Fatherland, freedom, honor, and independence" can be won only if dark days strengthen the German determination to hold out—but also expresses some fears of "the fresh Americans with their unbroken nerve." The correspondent of the Berlin socialist newspaper "Vorwärts" reports that even the most "superficially trained" of the American recruits now boast an equipment "excellent throughout"—and that it is the "consensus of opinion" of German troops at the front that "the fighting value of the American soldiers should in no wise be underrated." The German thus confesses the failure of the "Kaiser's Battle." So far it is not in our numbers in the field that we have most assisted—let us be proud of the quality rather than of the numbers of our men. To quote a private letter from a second lieutenant on the firing line: "We all believe the Allies are holding the line awaiting America's storm troops for the final wind-up. It seems to be conceded that the boche can only be whipped by aggressive sweeping drives, and to-day only America is capable of such spirit and power." But in 1792 there was fought at Valmy, within the present war zone, a battle on the date when France first called herself a republic: a battle won by KELLERMANN against the Prussians and Austrians with levies of new troops who "found that they could face cannon balls, pull triggers, and cross bayonets without having been drilled into military machines and without being officered by scions of noble houses." They had the spirit we like to think animates our army to-day, awaking "to the consciousness of their own instinctive soldiership." Compare with these words, spoken many years ago, the words of FOCH: "The new kind of war has begun—the hearts of soldiers have become a new weapon!" GOETHE said of the defeat of his fellow Germans at Valmy that "from this place and day commences a new era in the world's history." That battle made possible the development of democracy in France, and its spread; the new Valmy is another world birthday, for it makes possible the survival and perfection of the democracy for which KELLERMANN fought with his half-trained recruits.

### Soldiers at School

SENATOR REED'S proposal to amend the Man Power (i. e., Draft) Bill, and provide for two years' full schooling for soldiers under twenty-one, is one more sign that even the politicians realize duties and deserts are not wholly independent of one another. The War Department's program has called for the instruction of tens of thousands of soldiers in United States army training detachments before the end of next June; the department counts on graduating 50,000 soldiers monthly from its two months' courses in essential trades. These courses, in subjects of military value, will be given in 110 institutions. Last month about 50,000 men were under instruction for oversea service; nearly 20,000 of them being taught automobile mechanics, 15,000 of them automobile driving, more than 2,000 blacksmithing, 4,500 carpentry, 3,000 electrical trades, and the rest engineering and mechanics, radio operation, cobbling, etc., etc. The war is taking thousands of boys away from school—also, it is schooling thousands.

### Historical Footnote

THE question became sufficiently acute last month to receive the official cognizance of the chief of staff at Washington. "If there is one thing that the American soldier dislikes in France," said General MARCH to the newspaper men, "it is to be called a 'Sammy.' Nobody seems to know just how the term started, but on seeing the strong, virile men from here over there, the British rejected it at once, and they call the American troops 'Yanks.'"

Of course it should have been Yanks from the very beginning. Yanks from South Norwalk, Conn.; Yanks from Birmingham, Ala.;

Yanks from Milwaukee, Wis. "Yanks" has the sound and the fitness of things, and "Sammies" is an incubated monstrosity. But it is precisely at the beginning of our experiences over there that this artificial, lipping cognomen was out of place. After the Ourcq and the Somme it no longer matters. The men who broke the Prussian Guard could very well afford to be called Sammies, or Percys, or Goldielocks, or anything similarly and exquisitely tender in the style of FLORENCE BARCLAY.

### The War and German Trade

THE economic condition of kaiserdom ten years hence is anybody's guess, but, meanwhile, a few facts can profitably be noted. Germany's prewar trade no longer exists. She has lost her best customers—Great Britain, France, and the United States; she has lost also the means of reaching them, for not a German merchant ship is now on the seas, and the French frontier is littered with German dead and closed to the living. The furs of Alaska and Canada no longer go to Leipzig to be manufactured. Australian zinc and other metals are freed absolutely from the control of Hamburg and Frankfurt. Dyes are now made in huge quantities in this country and in Great Britain. Alien enemy property is now being rounded up throughout the entire United States. What German interests have already encountered and now suffer most heavily under is not economic discrimination, but economic destruction and exile. The tremendous commercial apparatus by which the Kaiser's group were conquering the world in time of peace now exists only in shreds and patches in a few of the countries not yet at war. No peace treaty imaginable can put the Teutonic powers under so blasting an economic curse as that now imposed. Will it continue? We do not know, for history shows that, in the long run, men will trade if the prices are right; but we do know who will have the final say. It will not be the politicians or the publicists, but the successful business men of ten and twenty years hence, most of them now enlisted under one or another of our Allied flags.

### Foch

IT is "Marshal FOCH" now. So be it. FOCH has earned that title, even as JOFFRE earned it. And as JOFFRE was the supreme defender, so may FOCH prove master of the decisive blow. In every Allied nation, and, increasingly, in neutral and enemy countries, men are conscious of the power in FOCH, and behind him. Not many weeks ago the German press was conducting a campaign directed against FOCH—a campaign so pervasive and organized that, obviously, it was inspired by the German General Staff itself. General VON ARDENNE published three columns in the Berlin "Tageblatt" headed: "General Foch in the Judgment of His Countrymen and Contemporaries." The Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger" entitled its article on FOCH: "More Blood-Letting." VON ARDENNE went to the length of asserting that "English critics" had dubbed FOCH "the commander without initiative." The reply to such articles was—the larger counteroffensive of August: thus far the greatest Allied victory of the war.

But there is something to be learned even from German press campaigning against the French generalissimo. It is that we must be forewarned against the next German trick, which, very possibly, will be a campaign against FOCH as a waster of American lives. As our troops in France attain larger numbers, and as they reach readiness for the trenches or open battle, we must expect them increasingly to bear the sufferings and losses along a line where France and Britain were bleeding long before the United States knew this war at first hand. German intriguers will seize upon the new phase, and will try to persuade Americans that their sons are being ruthlessly "sacrificed" by FOCH. We shall read of gains made against Germany at a fearsome cost in American casualties, and the marshal of France will be portrayed by our tender enemies as contemptuous of those casualties, since they are not French.

But no such cabal can impose on us, or develop between America



and France jealousy and suspicion. It will be as stupid as the lie of German General VON ARDENNE that "English critics" named FOCH "the commander without initiative"; a lie intended to create friction and jealousy between Britain and France. Words will not win the victory for us—but neither can they be permitted to defer the victory or to make it more difficult. And nothing must tempt us to sacrifice that unity of command which is one of the basal conditions of victory. "Foch is the Grant of the Allied armies!" declares one of our friends. However that may be, he is commander in chief of a united army.

### John Bull's Way

WE Americans take unbounded interest in our air plans and unbounded pride in the deeds of those of our airmen who are already flying in France. Neither our zeal nor our pride can, however, blind us to the achievements of our allies in this element. We know it when D'ANNUNZIO leads an air squadron to Vienna and bombs that capital with pamphlets; we know the prowess of the French airmen; but anonymity veils the British pilots even as a blue mist. It is a policy of this ally to avoid publishing the names of her air champions; thus a London newspaper tells of one airman "who has shot down twenty-five German machines in the course of a single month, bringing his total victories up to seventy-five"—all without naming this ace of aces. Other Britons have over fifty machines to their individual credit—and don't even call themselves "heroes."

### A Literary Note

THE last time KARL ROSNER, the Kaiser's prose laureate, was heard from he was telling in the Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger" how WILHELM "watched the opening of the latest German offensive from a post north-west of Rheims." KARL ran on:

The Emperor listened to the terrible orchestra of our surprise fire attack and looked upon the unparalleled picture of the projectiles raging toward the enemy positions.

The Emperor, who desired to participate in the battle from its very beginning amid his fighting troops, went during the night of July 14 to the region of the impending battle and spent the night in an advanced observation post.

A few minutes after our attack, which burst forth at 4.50 o'clock, he had in his hands the first reports of good progress. Until nightfall, denying himself a minute's rest, he stayed with the troops and remained on the battle field, facing the contested ground, all day—a day which brought new and fine successes on the Marne and southwest of Rheims.

We have had samples enough of the Karl-Wilhelm-Victory Style. What is wanted now is an account by KARL ROSNER, in his habitually restrained style, of how the Kaiser acts during avowed defeat. Does he, like BONAPARTE at Moscow, issue a bulletin saying "The Emperor's health was never better"? Does he play pinochle with his sons somewhere in the rear, or does he pick Black-eyed Susans and weep at the thought of heavy German casualties, as when he mourned over the "fate" of poor, proud, willful France—exploited by JOHN BULL and now by UNCLE SAM?

### Most Alarming

AT the risk of starting international complications, we feel it our duty to announce that a man with an unmistakably German-sounding name (to wit, E. SCHNEIDER) is not only now intrusted with duties of vital importance to the Allied cause, but is being even further honored abroad. Our jazz patriots will be horrified to learn that this EUGENE SCHNEIDER runs the great French gun factories at Le Creusot and is also president of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain. What does this mean? Well, among other things, it means that a man's name is not the whole story. Gossips ought to sit up and notice the case of E. SCHNEIDER.

### Our Metropolis

ON December 30, 1917, the official temperature recorded by the New York Weather Bureau was 13 degrees below zero, while on August 7, 1918, it was 102 above—a variation in eight months of 115 degrees. Duluth may have a colder climate than that, Brownsville may have a hotter, and Los Angeles an even one; but its sons will back New York to produce more assorted varieties of climate in a given period than any other city in the world.

### Not Propaganda

SOMETIMES we wonder if perhaps it wouldn't be a safe rule to read new books only several years after they come out. Possibly this idea is one more sign of middle age. We applied it, anyway, to MAX BEERBOHM's burlesque romance of Oxford: "Zuleika Dobson." It is seven years since "Zuleika" appeared. It serves no purpose except to lash a few absurdities, and have fun in and out of school. We love the page where, when the Duke of Dorset asks the girl some question about the love thoughts of the Greek pastoral poets and the Elizabethan sonneteers, she replies that she has never read them: "You will think me lamentably crude: my experience of life has been drawn from life itself." "You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind legs," runs another passage; "but by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men"—a generalization worthy of GUSTAVE LE BON. We like the passage where, in mockery, the author compares the moon to "a gardenia in the night's button-hole"—and then protests against himself, and asks: "Why should a writer never be able to mention the moon without likening her to something else?" It is a sage remark on MAX's part (or did MICHELET really say it first?) that "it is easier for a woman to change her opinion of a man than for him to change his opinion of himself."

### Who'll Censure the Censor?

THE censor's job may not be so wearisome, physically, as the infantryman's in the trenches, nor has it so high a mortality rate as the machine gunner's, but even cen-

sors grow tired. Our censor in Paris, or perhaps the French one, cut out a place name (three out of four times, that is) in the following item clipped from the "New York Herald" (Paris edition):

POOR GET 8,000fr.

FROM ADMIRAL WILSON

Sunday.—Admiral Wilson of the American fleet has sent the mayor of a sum of 8,000fr. for the poor of the town. This is the second gift made by Admiral Wilson to Brest charities.—*Petit Parisien*.

Of course, part of the point here is that everyone at all interested has known for many months that the American naval officer is not an unfamiliar sight to Brest! But the most amusing example we've seen of the censor letting it slip by in one line but ruthlessly cutting it out of the other occurred in the periodical "L'Automobile aux Armées," where an article from "Motor Age" was reproduced in the English and, in a parallel column, in French translation:

LES ETATS-UNIS ONT AVIA-  
TEURS DISPONIBLES

U. S. HAS 80,000 AVIATORS  
AVAILABLE

WASHINGTON, 2 février.—avia-  
teurs entraînés ou presque entraînés  
sont disponibles à présent pour la  
flotte aérienne américaine.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Eighty thou-  
sand aviators, trained and nearly  
trained, are available now for the  
American aviation fleet.

"And so," comments a Paris newspaper ("L'Œuvre"), "only French readers won't know the numbers of available American aviators—that is, unless French readers know the mathematical value of the figure 8 followed by four zeros. . . ."

September 7, 1918





# The Flying Fish

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

## Chapter Nineteen: Wrightson Talks

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WRIGHTSON twisted uneasily in his bed. His wound was not dangerous, hardly serious, but it was extremely painful, and, in addition, the man was suffering mental agony.

"It isn't, Mr. Morley," he said, "a personal matter at all. I wanted to do my bit. I'm not physically able to fight, and—to be unable to fight and yet help my country—it isn't the sort of thing a man can talk about."

"Buck up, Wrightson," advised the newspaper man. "It isn't as bad as all that, you know. The machine can be rebuilt."

"After months," groaned Wrightson. "I was so careful—too careful! For I kept only one copy of the plans, and those always on my person. Had I had others, in some vault— But, you see, I must do my calculating all over again. And one can't carry intricate formulae in one's head. If Munoz—"

"Tell me about him," said Morley.

"Almost a foster brother," answered the inventor. "He was a year or so older than myself. Went to school with me until it came time to go to college. Then he rebelled at school. My father had taken a fancy to him, and I had always been fond of him. He had no parents, was starving on the beach in the Azores when father picked him up on one of his voyages. A bright chap, and we wanted to do well by him. But there was no use in forcing an education upon him that he didn't want."

"He shipped as coal passer on a tramp. We lived in Maine, on the shore of Penobscot Bay, and the sea, of course, was in his blood from his island birth. He was gone five years. Then, one day, about a year ago, he turned up at home. Father was dead, and I was 'baching it' down at Seaport."

"I had a little money; very little—enough to support me and enable me to buy supplies for the various minor inventions on which I worked. I really had not enough to support Munoz, but to my surprise he seemed to have developed in the years he had been away into a different man from the harum-scarum youth I had known and loved. To my sur-

prise, instead of being extravagant (in boyhood when he earned a dollar he squandered it ten minutes after receiving it), he seemed to have been saving during the years he had been away. He decided, hardly consulting me in the matter at all—despite his physical and mental agony, the inventor smiled faintly—"to settle down with me and be my assistant. To my great surprise, he had managed to apply himself considerably in the five years that had passed. He had an extensive knowledge of mechanics. I could hardly have asked for a more ideal assistant. He demanded no salary, it being understood that, if any of the things on which I worked were successful, I would pay him then."

"Had he become a chief engineer?" asked Morley, more for the sake of filling in a pause while the wounded man writhed in his bed than for the information he hoped to gain.

"That's the surprising thing about it. He lacked book knowledge. He was a practical man, knew machinery, but knew little of the theories of mechanics. That was why, knowing that he held no engineer's certificate, I wondered at his savings. His wages could not have been very great."

"How much were his savings?" asked Morley.

"That I never knew definitely. But once, when some dividends due me were delayed, he advanced me fifteen hundred dollars."

Morley smiled. "To have saved that much in five years—"

"But he had much more than that. I know, because when I demurred at taking all his savings, he laughed at me, and said that there was lots more behind the fifteen hundred."

"And you never thought anything of that? Didn't think it odd?"

Wrightson colored. "I—I've been a dreamer, Mr. Morley. Unpractical. I should have known, of course, that Munoz's wealth was unreasonable, but I've been always thinking invention, invention, and—it's clear enough now what I should have done. But it's too late. He's dead, and the plans—"

"Wait a bit," advised Morley. "You mustn't get excited now, Mr. Wrightson. We may get those plans back. When do you think Munoz took them?"

"We may be doing him an injustice," said Wrightson. "But"—and he shook his head—"no one else could possibly. I had them day before yesterday. I know that because Munoz came to my room while I was putting them away in my breast pocket. I was transferring them from one suit to another. I left the room for a few minutes to shave. When I came back Munoz was still there. I trusted him. Why, he was almost my brother; he had loaned me money."

"Easy," said Morley gently. "Don't think about Munoz as some one you knew. Just think of him as a person. Your plans might have been stolen then?"

"Only then," declared Wrightson. "I remember patting the pocket in which they were. They were there. At least," he said bitterly, "the substituted plans were there. But there was no suspicion in my mind; I never examined them again. But the coat containing them had been in the room with Munoz."

"They weren't the substitute papers, you're certain?"

"I'd been going over them. They were the real ones."

"And since then?"

"I slept that night in a room by myself. The wallet containing the plans was under my pillow. No one could have picked my pocket the next day and substituted false papers. Munoz took them, Mr. Morley."

Morley nodded. "His absence? Did that surprise you?"

Wrightson looked sheepish. "Mr. Morley, on the eve of a great event a man thinks only of himself. My moment of success was at hand. I'm naturally extremely nervous, and I like to be alone a great deal. Munoz had asked permission to go into town to fill a prescription. I gave him permission. Then I dismissed him from my thoughts. I was tremen-



dously excited that night and the next day. There was no reason for Munoz to see me, no reason for me to see him. I did not examine the *Flying Fish* all that day. I knew that it was all right, and I wanted to compose my mind. It meant more than triumph, Mr. Morley. It meant triumph for my country, and—"

"That will come, Mr. Wrightson," Morley assured him. "You mustn't worry. You must get well, start in again. Tell me, can you recall anything else that Munoz did that was suspicious—that might seem suspicious, now, in the light of what has happened? Any friends of his that you know of?"

Wrightson slowly shook his head. "When I came to New York to meet Mr. Penlow I took Munoz along. The day that Mr. Penlow agreed to finance me, I told Munoz. Two days later he disappeared for forty-eight hours, and when I questioned him he said that he'd been visiting some old friends. I was not his keeper. There was nothing in that to arouse suspicion. I thought that he had been on a bit of a tear perhaps, but that didn't prevent him from being my good friend and faithful assistant. I asked him no questions. I never met his friends, never met anyone who knew him save those people at Seaport who had known him during boyhood."

The inventor leaned back on his pillows. "I'm afraid I've been an ass, Mr. Morley, but I can't help it now."

"Just a bit more," said Morley. "The substituted plans: have you examined them?"

Wrightson nodded. "That's another surprise. I thought at first that, although they were not the plans drafted by me, they were exact copies. At a glance that seemed to be the fact. But an examination proved otherwise. The copies were meant to deceive me, and unimportant details were copied exactly. Except for the attack, I might not have examined them for weeks. Now, Munoz had not enough scientific knowledge to have varied the plans so cleverly that nothing short of a careful study of them would have shown me that they were false. Another thing, my handwriting was imitated so exactly. Munoz could hardly have been a forger too."

"But some one else could have been," suggested Morley.

"But not of my workmen. I know their limitations too well."

"Couldn't Munoz have sent the plans to be copied?"

"He'd hardly have dared risk my examining them. If he'd done that, he'd have done it a little at a time."

"Well, why not?" asked Morley. "Why couldn't he steal a page at a time? Day before yesterday was not the only time he had access to them, was it?"

"I suppose there have been a dozen occasions—more—when he's been alone with them," admitted Wrightson.

"And he could have taken a page, had it copied exactly, also had it copied with variations, and yesterday, when the time was ripe, substitute for the whole mass the bunch of near copies. That's what he did," announced Morley.

Wrightson smiled wanly. "Except for one thing, your reasoning is correct, and that is this: Not one person, not even Munoz, not even myself, has left this estate since work began, until day before yesterday when, work completed, I let Munoz go to town. Further, Mr. Morley, not one of the workmen, Munoz included, had sent or received a bit of mail that hasn't been carefully scrutinized. They've been under strictest guard. How could Munoz have sent out the stolen sheets?"

MORLEY smiled this time, but wryly. "That's for me to find out, Mr. Wrightson. But that's the way it happened, I'm sure. They got the plans little by little. They bribed or threatened Munoz into committing treachery. When the machine was ready for demonstration, and you were without plans—then they struck. They destroyed it. And, Mr. Wrightson, you didn't have time to attack the invaders, did you? And yet you were singled out and shot. You and Penlow—the brains and the money. So that you couldn't build another. Well, you will build another. And in the meantime"—he rose and smiled at the wounded man—"you leave the matter to us, and get well and to work."

He left the room, the room at the end of

a wing of the great mansion. He stood a moment in the corridor outside, staring at lawns that sloped away to woods, and beyond the woods at the rolling Westchester hills. He turned away, but as he did so his eye fell upon one of the great barns that housed the blooded Penlow cattle.

Cattle; they meant milk. And beyond were huge hen houses. They meant eggs. And last night he had been closeted with Colroy and Flynn until almost dawn. And they had sweated the clerks of the Birmingham—not that they suspected them, but that their memories might be jogged.

One little thing, that had seemed meaningless, now became important. They had told of McCord's mania for fresh eggs. And the girl, Leila Kildare, had telephoned, after she and her uncle had left, asking what express company had delivered those eggs. Flynn had promised to look into that angle of the affair. Meaningless as it had seemed at the time, nevertheless Colroy and Flynn and Morley had realized that the most inane "leads" sometimes furnished the most important results.

But to Morley, now, as he looked at the Penlow farm buildings, the matter of the eggs took on tremendous meaning. If— But he would dispense with ifs until he talked with Flynn.

IT was an excited lieutenant of police with whom he talked. For Flynn's men had already been to the express office and learned that McCord's eggs had come from the Penlow farm.

"On-the-level stuff too," asserted Flynn. "I know Penlow ain't been sellin' anythin', but—those eggs came from there."

It was one hour later that Morley left the Penlow estate, after visiting the wounded multimillionaire and assuring him that every effort was being made to trace the marauders of last night. And he had come into information that seemed the more important because it was so tantalizing. For an employee of the Penlow farm, confronted by an agent of the express company, had admitted that Munoz had bribed him to express packages to New York. And those packages had ostensibly contained eggs from the Penlow farm, and they had been addressed to Curzon McCord at the Hotel Birmingham!

It was clear now how Munoz had managed to send bits of the plans. Those packages—perhaps one of the eggs in the packages—had contained the bits of paper so vital to America. But this

much remained unsolved: if Munoz was an ally of Harmon Rayde, why had he been killed? That, however, was but another link in a seemingly endless chain of entanglement. It was not a time in which to ask why. Reasons did not matter; results were what counted. Munoz was dead. He no longer counted. That untold millions of other dead might not litter the battle fields of the world was Morley's hope now. To realize that hope, he must find Harmon Rayde.

## Chapter XX: On an Island

"LEILA, leave us," commanded Curzon McCord. Endicott's muscles stiffened, but the girl threw him a cautioning glance. He relaxed. After all, there was nothing that he could do. The house swarmed with McCord's henchmen; Endicott was unarmed; McCord carried a revolver. Not that Endicott feared either the revolver or the henchmen, but, alive, there was always the possibility that he could aid Leila. Dead, there was the certainty that Leila had not a soul on earth to protect her from McCord. Except Sam Whitney, of course, but if Endicott were slain Whitney's death would follow as a matter of course. So Endicott believed, at any rate.

He watched the girl's graceful form as she left the room. She was a trump! Most women, reared as she had been, would be hysterical. That is—he corrected himself—women would have been expected to be hysterical a few years ago. But times had changed. Not their advance in political power, not their education, but the war had changed them. The war, with its demands upon them, had made a different breed of women, had brought out in them the capacities that a modern civilization had permitted to lie dormant.

But the war had done many things; it had brought out in mankind an evil that had lain dormant. Whole nations had become infected with the poison of power, had struck in the night at unsuspecting friends.

He could feel impersonally toward McCord now, though he knew him to be not only a murderer, but a man who planned the destruction of his country. For McCord symbolized an attitude of mind, the attitude of the will-to-power. Endicott could almost feel a pity for the nations and individuals who had caught the infection. (Continued on page 35)



"Leila, leave us," commanded Curzon McCord. Endicott's muscles stiffened



# Business in War Time

## No. 10: Getting Into Step with Your Uncle

ON May 28 the Americans went over the top at Cantigny to achieve their first victory of the war.

And with the coming of that electric news to us on this side of the water, a new spirit awoke in us. We felt—perhaps some of us for the first time—that we were actually in the war—knee-deep, waist-deep, irrevocably in, irrevocably committed to victory for American ideals of fair play and freedom of life, no matter what the penalty or the sacrifice.

At that news, the epicure who petulantly and with distaste broke the gray war bread at the restaurant table ceased grumbling, was a little ashamed of his grumbling; at that news, the young lady who had fretted because her ice-cream soda was not as sweet as it used to be, smiled with chagrin at her own impatience—and, at that news, the business man who had chafed and protested under the restriction that the War Industries Board placed upon his trade, threw back his shoulders, looked the world square in the eye, and decided to get into step with Uncle Sam.

But as we look back upon the stormy business year that has just passed we see that the business man who chafed and protested was the exception and not the rule.

Nearly all businesses, big and little, were ready enough to get into step. At first there was a little awkwardness, a little stumbling, because it was not always clear just how and why one had to get into step. But that period has passed.

And from the very beginning not only did most businesses fall into line but they met the situation—they rose superior to the obstacles—they not only met Government requirements but they met them and readjusted their business to them so that they could sail along on a more prosperous course than ever.

Take as an illustration the paint and varnish industry. Particularly in relation to the automobile industry. Automobile production was curtailed and some of these paint and varnish manufacturers found one of their most profitable markets shrinking—that of supplying paint and varnish for auto-



mobile bodies. Furthermore, even second-hand painting—the painting of the used car—showed a falling off because of the shortage of men to do the painting.

In this emergency, what did the paint and varnish manufacturers do? Chafe and grumble and protest? Not a bit of it!

Here is an account of what one of them did. He started an advertising campaign to get owners of automobiles to do their own painting. And at the masthead of this campaign he flew the

slogan: "Your car needs paint, but the Government needs the painter."

Of course, the painting was not as good as the professional painter could do it. There was no attempt to suggest it. As the advertising manager of the concern told us, "It was just like brushing up a suit of clothes instead of buying a new suit." The whole idea, as the slogan tells you, was to get the car owner to do his own painting, thus releasing the professional painter for Government service.

This campaign was a splendid success. Owners of some one hundred thousand cars were persuaded to repaint their own cars. Thus the paint manufacturer created, through his own initiative and ingenuity, a legitimate, war-time market for his product and, in doing so, induced car owners to use their own spare time for repainting their cars instead of calling upon the labor of professional painters. Two-and-a-half million hours of productive time were thus saved.

And the way this representative paint manufacturer got into step with Uncle Sam's requirements is typical of the way the industry as a whole got into step.

The Government has every desire to encourage business. But we all of us have one supreme business just now: the winning of the war. That business has certain

requirements which must have primary consideration. But after they are met, the Government wants you to carry on your own business, wants you to prosper, wants you to devote the very last iota of your energy to going ahead under full steam. Call upon your courage! Muster up your ingenuity! Despite restrictions, despite handicaps that are necessary, there is a way out for you—just as there was for the paint manufacturers. Make your business fit into the Government requirements—and then push the lever on to high. That's the best way, just now, to get into step with your uncle.



# The National Weekly

## Work or Fight

Continued from page 14

who are without dependents and not necessary to essential industries. Having exhausted that classification, we must answer at once the question of what next? Shall we begin to invade the deferred classes between twenty-one and thirty-one, or shall we begin on the ages above thirty-one? To put it concretely, although roughly: After we have taken all the unmarried men between twenty-one and thirty-one, shall we then begin to take the married men between twenty-one and thirty-one, or shall we take the unmarried over thirty-one? (The words "married" and "unmarried" are here used colloquially, for the sake of simplicity; the selective-draft law takes no account of marriage, merely as marriage. To it a man is married only when his wife is dependent upon him for support, which, of course, covers the bulk of the cases. But the selective-draft law does not contain the word "married." Its somewhat clumsy language is: "Those in a status with respect to persons dependent upon them for support which renders their exclusion or discharge advisable.")

As between a married man between twenty-one and thirty-one, and an unmarried man over thirty-one, there need be little doubt of the answer. However much the military men would rather have the younger men, regardless of their being married; however freely we may admit that the younger men would make the better soldiers, the sentiment of Congress and the country is such that we shall have to leave the married men exempt and begin to take the unmarried men over thirty-one. And while this is still a somewhat distant detail, we shall probably take them by years, first the unmarried men of thirty-two, then those of thirty-three, then those of thirty-four, and so on. Possibly it may be decided to take those from thirty-two to thirty-five in one installment. All this must be for some time a matter of surmise. It will depend partly on the wish of the War Department, partly on public sentiment, partly on the urgency of the need for more men. But it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that the President will call the new draft out by ages. The text of the new draft law, as phrased by the War Department, forecasts this purpose. The new law is almost exactly the same as the old law, except for the change of age limits, and this significant additional phrase:

"The President may draft such persons liable to military service in such sequence of ages . . . as he may determine."

Just how high in the thirties the President would go before turning back to the married men in the twenties cannot be predicted. It will depend chiefly upon events in France and elsewhere, upon the num-

ber of men required. It isn't possible to be definite now. Men over forty or forty-one may rely pretty surely on not being called upon to fight, but they can rely with equal assurance on being compelled to go to work at something which the War Department regards as an essential war industry. Men

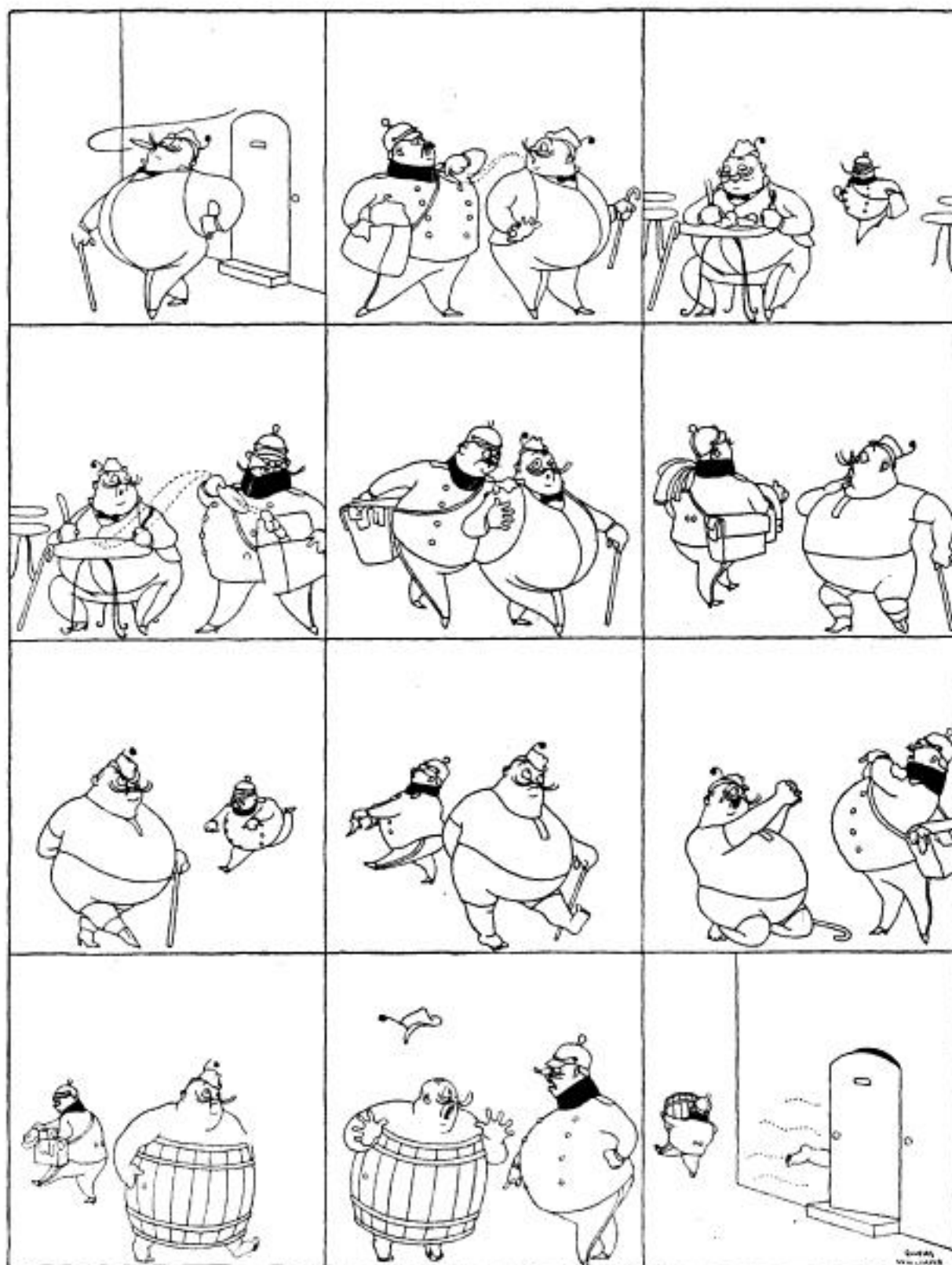
Sentiment in official Washington has crystallized strongly against persons who try to beat the devil around the bush. Certain farseeing and forehanded young men who anticipated the raising of the draft age have been trying to provide themselves with safe berths, trying to find something highly indispensable, but not in close proximity to armed subjects of Wilhelm II.

The general feeling in Washington about these efforts was expressed by Senator Nelson. He said he was beset by men claiming to be anxious to do their bit, but really anxious to avoid the fighting line: "Sometimes I write to some of these men and say to them: 'You can get into the army the way I got in. Go and volunteer as an enlisted man.' And once in a while I tell these men who come begging for a commission that I will recommend them for privates."

These sentiments from Senator Nelson may safely be taken as indicating an attitude which is going to make slacking impossible. The other day Congress called on the Secretary of War for a list of all army officers who "have never had command of troops." Nothing explicit was said as to why the names were wanted, but the implications must have been pretty plain to the persons most concerned. Another resolution of Congress called on Mr. Baker for a list of "all men within the draft ages, enlisted or commissioned and assigned to clerical work." And another group of seventeen resolutions, addressed to Cabinet members and heads of commissions, called for information concerning "men within the draft ages appointed since June 5, 1917, for whom deferred classification has been secured by such boards or commissions."

General Crowder recognizes this sentiment against able-bodied young men remaining in clerical office in Washington. He has a

plan for meeting this situation. Out of the results of the physical examination of drafted men he has compiled a list of what he calls "limited-service men." "These men," he says, "are those whose physical qualifications are not up to the requirements of general military service, but who are qualified for the performance of less arduous duties connected with certain noncombatant work, including military administration. . . . I am assured that plans are well under way which will enable us to furnish men of this class for all limited service in connection with the administration of the Military Establishment, and thus relieve many able-bodied fighting men who are now detached for such service." Of this "limited service" class General Crowder, at the time of writing, has 215,539. As the new drafts are made he will have more. They will be enough to meet the needs for clerical work. Men who can fight must.



EVERYTHING CONFISCATED!  
The joys of a Sunday-afternoon stroll in Berlin

between thirty and thirty-five or thirty-six, who are not in any of the exempted classes, may rely pretty surely on being called upon to fight. It isn't possible to define the exact boundary where, physically, a man ceases to be what the professional soldier regards as an effective fighter. The Swiss "Auszug" includes all men from twenty to thirty-two; the "Landwehr" from thirty-three to forty; the "Landsturm" from forty-one to forty-eight. Where our War Department, or our President, will draw the line is not yet determined. Something may be guessed from the fact that General Crowder in making estimates for Congress of the number of available men in the new registration, has made two estimates, one of men between thirty-two and forty, and another of men between forty and forty-five. Somewhere in the neighborhood of the late thirties, or possibly forty, is a No Man's Land, with indefinite boundaries.



# Boston Limited

Continued from page 11

ugly little chap whom Boston distasted at first sight as you distaste something noxious: fragile and colorless and precise, with no hair at all. He looked like a kind of intellectual loadstool. But he presided. A virtue went out from him—or a lack of it—and when he held up a white finger the others attended as at a ritual.

"Eh? You've got it! And time too—I should say. Here—come along with that." If he was in a stew, it was a chilly one, very dry and biting. He scarcely glanced at the new arrivals. "Look alive, my man! Let's see what you've brought."

POOR Boston stood blinking and hesitant while there descended on him the compulsion that held the whole room. What could he do? Everybody seemed to know all about his wonderful suit case. It was no miracle here. These people assumed all the rights; and they were such fearfully superior people. Their calm way of taking him and his prize for granted had the impact of a steam roller. With a sigh that came from his heart roots he yielded, tabled his treasure, turned back the lid, and once more exposed to common view that incredible and ecstatic spectacle.

Promptly, noiselessly, the others closed up about their chief. The girl produced pad and pencil; the fat man came forward to do the accounting; the young fellow who had guided Boston stood by for orders. All with the click and composure of a well-drilled guard, without the least flurry.

"Ninety-two thousand exactly, sir. Corresponding with Number Seven's latest report."

"This should clear up the Springfield total."

"To a dollar, I should say, sir."

"Number Seven carried the odd sum with him

the day we were raided," contributed the girl from her notes. "He was unable to reach the safe, you remember, sir. But he had receipts by the morning mail in his pocket—three hundred and forty dollars. You afterward allowed him that amount for petty cash and expenses."

"Did he forward a voucher?"

"Yes, sir—he did," said the fat man unctuously. "And we are now enabled to strike a balance to the very minute of your order closing all offices, dated 9.10 a. m., October 29."

"Very well. Richard!"

"Yessir," responded the guide.

"You will take temporary charge of this suit case."

"Right, chief."

"Mr. Hendry, have you raised that telephone connection yet?"

"No, sir," returned the accountant. "There seems to be some trifling delay at central. It's a very small office. I have an idea she may be frying herself an egg, or something."

"An egg, Mr. Hendry?" The chief considered him severely. "An egg! Is this a jest?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Mr. Hendry, deeply shocked. "I merely meant, sir—explaining the delay—that the local central at West Wulliver is also the telegraph operator and a few other things. I found her making tea on the kitchen stove."

"You are sure of your arrangements with this—ah—person?"

"Quite sure, sir. I filed our dispatches two hours ago and paid for them. On receiving word to release, she starts them severally over the Boston wire."

"She might find them strange reading."

"Not she, sir. A very rural young woman, sir. So many words at so much a word is all she knows of the business."

"A judge of character, Mr. Hendry?" inquired the chief with lifted eyebrows. "How will she account for your phone call from this vacant house?"

"Oh, I prepared for that, sir. We were friends of Mr. Jackson Strombol."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir. I told her we expected to drop in here at his lodge—motor-ing by—and look it over a bit."

The chief nodded and leaned back while Mr. Hendry furtively wiped his brow like one who has come through an ordeal.

"Now, Miss Marvel—would you mind checking up those messages again?"

The girl rippled

her pad of notes. "First, sir, you ordered one-word cipher messages to Numbers Ten at York, Eight at Cleveland, and Six, Hartford."

"Cipher—yes," murmured the chief. "The signal of final success, whereupon they decamp and meet me South. All trails are broken by to-morrow, you understand." He waved a white hand. "Proceed."

Chief Inspector, P. O. Department,  
Washington, D. C.:

I take pleasure in informing you that the projected case U. S. vs. Victor Cavorces and Others for violation of the postal laws will give you no further trouble. I have just wound up my affairs by re-suming possession of the moneys seized at my Springfield office during the recent raids. As this was my one oversight and is now corrected, I can gracefully retire. Should you desire a receipt, it will be found, together with a literary exposition of my remarkable methods which may be of interest to the press, at the lodge of my dear friend, Mr. Jackson Strombol, near here.

(Signed) V. C.

"Go on, please."

"The same message is then repeated to the United States district attorney at Boston."

"Yes, yes—and then?"

United States Marshal,  
Boston, Mass.:

This will serve to exonerate your deputy who left Springfield to-day in charge of a certain suit case and who lost the same en route. It is only fair to say that he knew nothing of the substitution and will probably know nothing until your receipt of this. Should you desire the original suit case as a souvenir in re U. S. vs. Victor Cavorces and Others, it will be found at the summer home of my dear friend, Mr. Jackson Strombol, near here.

(Signed) V. C.

The chief's eye glittered in his head like a jewel. "And the last?" he said.

Mr. Jackson Strombol,  
22 Mohasset Place, Boston, Mass.:

I could have warned you it was impossible. As a stool pigeon you were out of your depth. It takes a special type to turn State's evidence successfully, and you are only a dilettante. Meanwhile myself and staff remove to a new scene of labors, and if any arrest is made in U. S. vs. Victor Cavorces and Others it will have to be your own. By completing the Springfield coup to-night I cash all winnings. It may soothe you to know that I was a guest at your charming countryside while engineering this final triumph. Adieu, dear friend. (Signed) V. C.

THERE was a reverential pause when she had finished. The chief placed the tips of his fingers together and smiled around ever so lightly: a down-stage smile. And his people did him homage.

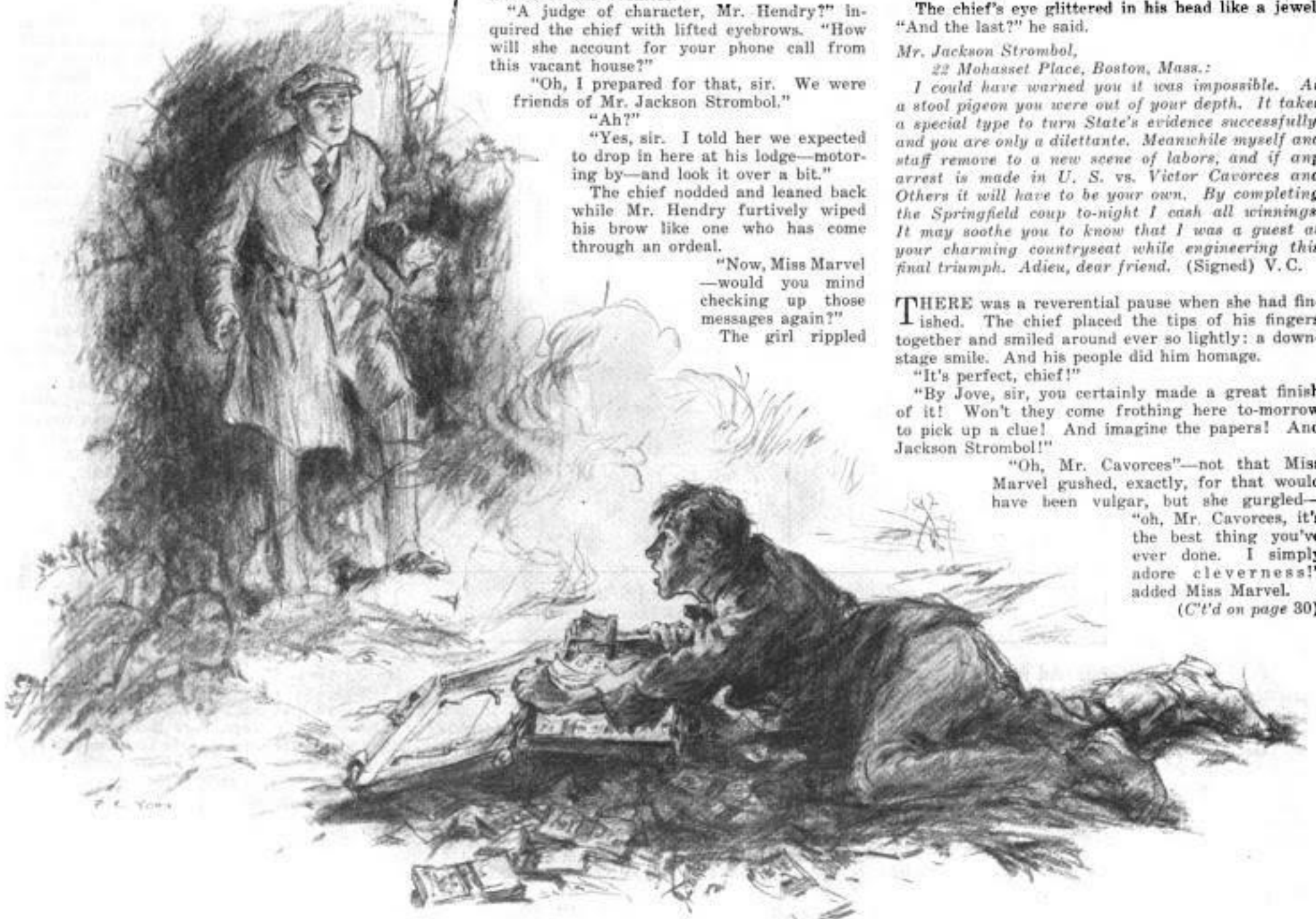
"It's perfect, chief!"

"By Jove, sir, you certainly made a great finish of it! Won't they come frothing here to-morrow to pick up a clue! And imagine the papers! And Jackson Strombol!"

"Oh, Mr. Cavorces"—not that Miss Marvel gushed, exactly, for that would have been vulgar, but she gurgled—

"oh, Mr. Cavorces, it's the best thing you've ever done. I simply adore cleverness!" added Miss Marvel.

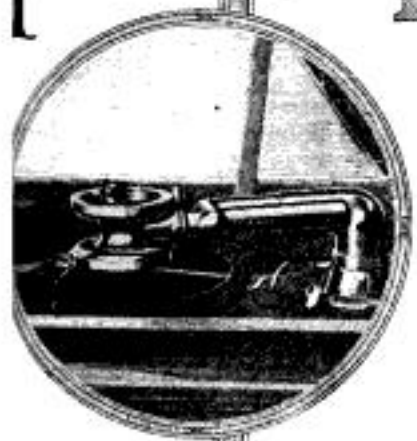
(C'd on page 30)



"Is it all there?" Boston's lid popped up and his jaw dropped down as stiffly as the mechanism of a china mandarin



# Two Great Features of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The  
Ultona—  
unique feature  
The Brunswick  
Method of Repro-  
duction. Now  
you can play all  
makes of records  
at their best.

THE Brunswick Method of Reproduction has opened a new era in phonographic art—bringing inevitable refinements. Heretofore phonographs in themselves were wonderful enough. But now their novelty is past. Music lovers are more critical. Old standards do not satisfy.

Henceforth, we believe, these new ideals must prevail:

First, you want a phonograph which plays *all* records exactly as they are designed to be played.

Records are not yet standard. Different artists sing or play for different concerns. So there is no universal reproducer, no universal needle.

Until The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brought The Ultona, one had to be satisfied with a one-record instrument or else resort to makeshift attachments.

The Ultona makes The Brunswick a universal player—each record is played precisely as the maker specifies. The Ultona presents to each type of record the proper diaphragm and needle.

Yet please understand that The Ultona is not an attachment, but an altogether new and exclusive conception.

At the turn of the wrist it adjusts itself. It is always ready.

You can play one record after another, of different make, without the slightest hesitancy. There is nothing to take on or off.

Second, you want a phonograph like



The **Brunswick**  
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

2

because of its superior tone. The Brunswick attains the utmost in reproduction. It regains all the tones hitherto lost, for it embodies a new amplifier, built entirely of wood.

Metal construction, we ascertained by test, cannot release and expand sound waves with the rare fluency of wood.

So the "throat" and the "mouth" of The new Brunswick are of rare holly wood, moulded to meet acoustic requirements. We use no metal castings here, no tin.

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# The Loan of a Lady

Continued from page 15

Others might be hurrying or making their leisurely way toward shop or office, hotel or palace of the cinema; reluctant feet were bearing him to the most critical adventure of his life, and, he had grave reason to fear, to a failure humiliating, grotesque even.

He looked behind him carelessly; he managed to give a certain jauntiness to the act. What he saw made him scowl ferociously. The merest glance had been enough. The sinister figure of the man who had shadowed him since early morning was still in evidence. The creature wore a derby—in July! Almost in August!

Carthew was in a mood to do desperate things. The young woman of the train and her first lieutenant had paused; some bit of patriotic oratory had interested them. Carthew looked at the young woman morosely. If he could go off somewhere with such a lady, forgetting men in derbies who wore—he was sure of this, without having a scintilla of real evidence—rubber heels as well. . . .

THERE was something uncanny about the way he had encountered this particular red-headed girl. Why should she, of all the young women who had traveled from Washington to New York on the Congressional Limited the day before, have attracted his attention? Why should he meet her thus now? She ought to be somewhere where you went in swimming and played golf and tennis, and did things like that—not in front of the library lions, on a day that bade fair to break the world's record for sticky heat. And then why should he, who never remembered anything about people's faces, have been able to recall every detail of this young woman's appearance—even to the color of her eyes? He didn't know the color even of his own sister's eyes; that was something he never noticed.

He didn't really plan what followed. Even when the young woman and her first lieutenant began to move toward him again, and when he stepped deliberately into their path and took off his hat he was so horrified, in his conscious being, that he only dimly apprehended what it was that he was doing. That was why, perhaps, he was so extremely cool; why he was able to say outrageous things, impossible things, in the manner of one ordering a dinner when one has little appetite.

"I beg your pardon," he said as a beginning. He smiled deprecatingly, almost apologetically, at the young woman, but it was her first lieutenant whom he addressed. "I am about to make a most unusual request—to ask the greatest of favors."

THE soldier stiffened. The young woman looked interested.

"I am, in a sense, a stranger in a strange land," Carthew went on to say. "It appears—and it is not unnatural—that not a soul of my acquaintance is in town. And so I am obliged, I am constrained, to appeal to a stranger for a loan—"

The lieutenant frowned. The young woman looked puzzled.

"To be plain"—Carthew ignored the emotions of his hearers—"it is the loan of the lady in your company that I need, sir! Her appearance—"

The lieutenant's comments were inarticulate, but

they were not at all obscure. He took the young woman's arm.

"Man's drunk!"

His remarks were beginning to take form.

"Please, Ted." That was the young woman. She looked at Carthew. Her eyes were flickering again. Her expression was one of the liveliest interest. "I should like to hear the explanation of this—rather unusual—request."

CARTHEW bowed to her. "You confirm the judgment I had already reached," he said to her, "that you are probably the one lady in this city who can help me. Your appearance—as I was about to say—

and intentional discourtesy, to talk to me, as man to man. The lady expresses a desire for further enlightenment. It behooves you, as well as me, to gratify that desire."

The young woman laughed. She laughed as if she could do nothing else. The lieutenant looked somewhat dazed. A hansom was passing slowly. Carthew held up his hand and stopped it. He turned to the young woman.

"I have never outgrown an early fondness for the hansom," he said. "May I suggest that no vehicle offers a better opportunity for private talk?"

The young woman hesitated. Her eyes flickered from soldier to civilian. The corners of her mouth twitched; dimples appeared above them. She bowed suddenly, and with a mocking grace, to Carthew.

"I think you may have the loan you ask," she said. "The terms we will discuss—" She let her eyes rest on the hansom for a moment. "Ted"—she stilled his sudden clamor—"don't be absurd! You have to report in half an hour, at any rate. Dinner's at seven."

CARTHEW bowed to a still bewildered first lieutenant of infantry. Rather gracefully he handed the young woman into the cab.

"If we drove through the park for a little while?" he suggested. She smiled in assent. "Through the park," he said, looking up to the red face of the cabman, framed in the door in the roof.

He found himself suddenly bereft of words. You might suppose that, having accomplished so much, having, by sheer, shameless effrontery, achieved the utterly impossible, he would have been beyond, far beyond, embarrassment. It was not so.

"We were to talk, you know, Mr. Carthew," the young woman suggested.

That brought him to life.

"We were to discuss the terms of this loan—"

"I never told you my name!" he said, amazed and shocked. "It's not Carthew, anyway—not to-day. I'm registered at the Santa Clara as"—he glanced at a notebook—"as Thomas Chandler!" He ended triumphantly: "Same initials—but—how do you know my name?"

She smiled. "I'm going to be rather cruel, I'm afraid,

Mr. Carthew," she said. "I'm going to shatter your idea that you are having a marvelous adventure of some sort. I'm Barbara Thorne, and I know your sister very well indeed. Otherwise—"

She didn't really shrug her shoulders. The gesture was far too subtle for the term. For a moment Carthew's spirits were dashed; then, perversely, they rose.

After all, so far as the element of adventure, of outrageous conduct, was concerned, he hadn't known she was Barbara Thorne and his sister's friend, had he? He made rather a point of not knowing his sister's friends, if he could honorably avoid them. They were so infernally eligible, as a rule. Of course this girl who sat, lips parted, eyes flickering, laughter trembling just behind both lips and eyes. . . .

But, then, she was engaged. He had to be honest and admit that a part of his delight in being where he was came from his memory of Lieutenant Ted, U. S. A., and the amazed indignation that had been manifest in that gallant soldier's countenance.



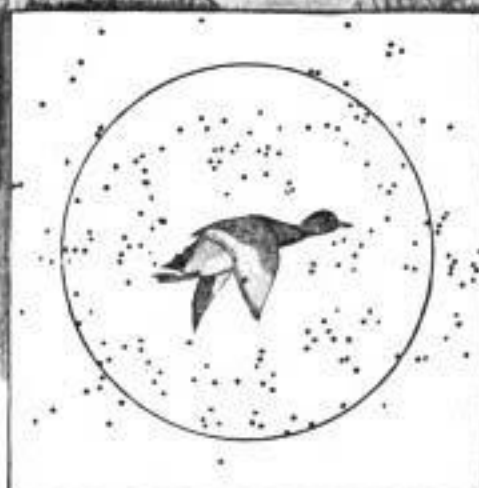
He looked around, and tried to raise his head, and didn't, because it hurt too much

coincides with a description given by me of a wholly imaginary young woman. My appearance, in company with a lady answering that description, would deceive certain persons—would tend to fill them with a certain credulity now wholly absent in their dealings with me. More, I am sorry to say, I cannot tell you—"

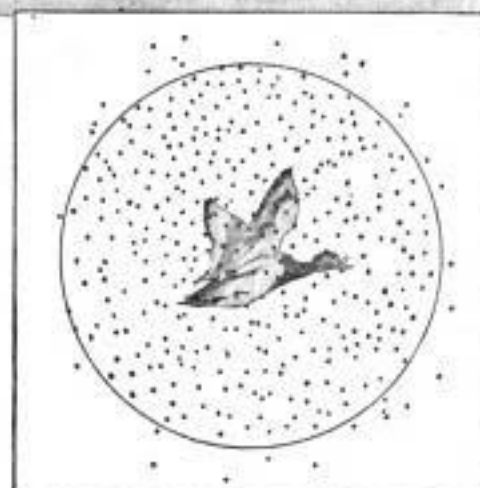
Had he heeded the attempts of the first lieutenant of infantry to interrupt him, Carthew would never have got so far. Now, however, these became so insistent that he was forced to notice them. He noticed also a certain quality about the tapping of the lady's heel upon the pavement. It lent him courage—if he needed it!

"Sir," he said, "may I ask you to permit me to speak without interruption? I sought to consider the proprieties, to conduct a somewhat delicate negotiation with a regard for the conventions. Seeing, in you, this lady's natural protector, I addressed my request for the temporary loan of her person to you. You chose to bluster, to accuse me of drunkenness, to refuse, with what I cannot but regard as marked





A patchy pattern often means a miss, many times a cripple, and sometimes badly mutilated game



The hard-hitting Winchester pattern is evenly distributed. No game gets through, and no game is mutilated

# Is your game getting away because of faulty pattern?

IF there's one thing that spoils a day's hunting, it is a gun that shoots a patchy pattern.

Patchy patterns lead to the mutilating of one bird, and the missing or crippling of the next, at a like distance. Many a hunter "cusses his luck", when he ought to be getting better acquainted with his fowling piece and ammunition.

## Why uniform pattern is essential

Hunters concede that at least *three shots* are necessary to a *kill*. When three pellets land in the body of a bird, the chances are that one of them will reach a vital spot. Less than this number may mean a *cripple*, no matter what the size of the shot or its velocity.

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Shooting its own ammunition the Winchester Model 12 delivers an even, hard-hitting shot pattern at the range for which its muzzle is con-

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The Winchester Model is a light, superbly-balanced shotgun, of graceful design. Pointing it is as easy as pointing your arm. It is simple and sure in operation, and it works smoothly in whatever position it is held.

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## An axiom of gun making

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun depend primarily upon the barrel. To them the quality of the barrel measures the quality of the gun. With Winchester, the barrel *is* the gun. For years this has been an axiom of gun building in the Winchester shops. Through the most unremitting attention to boring, finishing and testing, Winchester has developed a single standard of barrel quality which prevails in the highest and lowest priced Winchester models.

## How the barrel is bored

The barrel of the Winchester Model 12 is bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern it is meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until its pattern proves up to the Winchester standard, no gun can leave the factory. The nickel steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever.

The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

## What means

Look for this mark on the barrel of a Winchester gun. It means that the gun has been subjected to the *Winchester Definitive Proof* test. It stamps the gun with Winchester's guarantee of quality, which has 50 years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

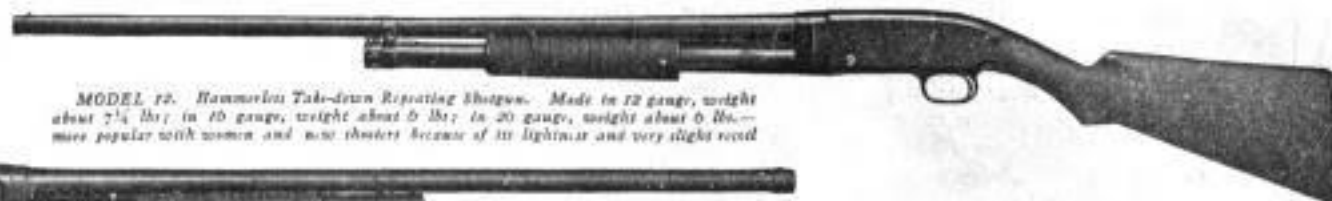
Every gun that bears the name Winchester, and that is marked with the *Definitive Proof* stamp, has been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy. It has also been fired with excess loads as a test of strength. At every stage of Winchester manufacture, machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. *Every Winchester gun is perfected by the test and adjustment process.*

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MODEL 12. Hammerless Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7 1/4 lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 6 lbs.; in 20 gauge, weight about 5 lbs.—most popular with women and now chosen because of its lightness and very slight recoil



MODEL 97. Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7 1/4 lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7 1/4 lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer

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His "Oh, I see!" was flat enough to satisfy the lady, to release the waiting peal of laughter. She couldn't follow the mental processes that immediately tempered his momentary disappointment.

"Exactly, Mr. Carthew!" she said. "Intriguing as the prospect might be, I couldn't let a total stranger borrow me! Now—could I?"

"Certainly not!" he told her. "But, please—won't you forget, just for this afternoon, that my name is Carthew! And call me—er—Tom?"

"But why?"

"Tommy would be all right," he conceded, "if you prefer it. You see, you're engaged to me—"

"Oh!"

"That's just the point, you see! It's what I was trying to explain when that—when I was interrupted. I told some men I had come over to New York to meet my fiancée. They didn't altogether believe me. You see, they thought I was Thornton Carthew—which I was. And it was ever so important for them to believe I was Thomas Chandler. And they asked me a lot of questions about you—I mean about my fiancée. And I didn't have any fiancée, and they stumped me frightfully when they asked me to describe her. So I—well, I described you!"

"But—but why—why me, Mr. Carthew? Why a girl you didn't know?"

"Well, one reason was that you were the only girl. I couldn't remember the color of the eyes of a single other girl I knew—had ever seen. And I did remember yours! I remembered lots of things about you—from yesterday, on the train."

"Oh! You came over on the Congressional yesterday?"

He looked reproachful and faintly dubious, and her eyes flickered once more. "I woke up thinking about you this morning!" he said, determined, suddenly, to plunge, even though he went far beyond his depth. "I'm the limit, as a rule, about remembering how people look. But it was different about you. And so—well, you'll be helping me tremendously if you'll play up. Take my arm once in a while, and call me Tom, and look at me soulfully, you know—and—oh, act with me the way you do with—er—Ted—"

"Ted!" she said. "Oh—well—" She grew severe all at once. "You know, of course, how absolutely absurd and inexcusable and outrageous your conduct is?"

He nodded dismally. "And you haven't the least suspicion that it is also most diverting—and calculated to make any girl all fluttery and excited and simply unable to do a thing but see it through?"

HE nodded again, and then shook his head violently, and then grinned rather shamefacedly.

"It really is important," he pleaded. "You see, there's a taxicab following us this minute. It wouldn't be going so slowly unless it were. And the man inside is a detective, and he's tried to arrest me once to-day already for being Thornton Carthew, and you're my one chance to stay out of jail until I've done what I came over for."

"All right, my dear!" she said. She sat back in the cab and laughed at his amazement. "You've got to practice too! And now—you have your loan. And I'll play that we're engaged. But we were to discuss terms. When am I to be returned to my rightful owner?"

"Well," he said, "we ought to be seen together quite a lot. Tea, of course. And then dinner, later, and a roof show, and supper somewhere. A chap wouldn't do any less than that the first day he saw his fiancée after a long separation, do you think?"

"But—Ted?" she said. "After all, you know! He didn't play up awfully well, and it was stupid of him to think you had been drinking, but—after all—"

"I wouldn't mind his being along for dinner," Carthew said with a fine generosity. "Do you think you could make him feel more tolerant? But you mustn't tell him anything—anything I've told you, or that you suspect—"

"Such as that all this has something to do with your not being in uniform?"

Her eyes were alight with mischief as she said that. She was rewarded by his start.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "Please—Miss Thorne—"

"Barbara—at least!" she corrected. "Ted calls me Babs."

"And I'm supposed to be in the Intelligence Department!" he said bitterly. "Shows what there is in a name! Me—and intelligence—in the same breath!"

"It's tremendously mysterious, of course," she said. "And I'm sure it really is important. I wasn't at first, but I am now. Till midnight then! I suppose—she grew pensive—"I suppose you will tell me what it's all about—some day?"

"To-morrow, I hope!" he said. "Or even to-night. But now—I think by the time he drove us to Claremont it would be time for tea, wouldn't it?"

She thought so.

"When one is engaged to a girl—and riding with her in a hansom, in the park—one ought to hold her hand, oughtn't one?" he suggested a little later. "Just to lend verisimilitude—?"

"But there are so many things one ought to do that one doesn't!" she said with a sigh. "So one more—"

"I thought that was important," he said rather sulkily.

TEA was pleasant. It was cool at Claremont; a faint breeze came to them from the river. For a man without any practice in being engaged Carthew got along extremely well. He threw himself into the playing of his part with an enthusiasm both pleasant to behold and inspiring. The gentleman with the derby—which he had surrendered with marked reluctance to a determined boy—and the rubber heels must have been edified. But he was like a fish out of water. It was apparent that the place oppressed him. And he looked unhappy when the waiter presented him with the reckoning for the beverage he had consumed. He had the appearance of a gentleman somewhat in doubt as to whether his expense account would be accepted without challenge.

"My stout friend annoys me," said Carthew suddenly. "I have an idea. If you will excuse me while I telephone—"

"Don't be long, dear," she said, raising her voice just enough. "I hate to be left alone."

He grinned and, emboldened, touched her shoulder as he passed her. You can do many things when you don't have to face flickering eyes.

He wasn't long, and he came back smiling and very well pleased indeed.

"Now," he said, "if he noticed the carriages outside, and fired his taxi—"

A little later they departed—still in their hansom. But their shadow did indeed, as Carthew had hoped he might, follow, this time in an open carriage, horse-drawn, and cheaper than even the cheapest taxi. He followed, however, for a certain distance only. At a corner Carthew bade his driver stop, pushed up, through the trapdoor, a bank note, and leaped out.

"Come, darling!" he cried. "Here is the car!"

A car was waiting, indeed. Its chauffeur touched his cap. The door of the tonneau sprang open. Carthew almost lifted the lady in, and they were off. And in an ancient hack their baffled pursuer danced upon his rubber heels.

"We'll just have time, won't we?" said Carthew, flushed with pleasure. "You'll want to change, dear? And I'll come back for you after I've been to the hotel, and we'll go out for dinner, and I'll have tickets for that roof, and—"

She glanced back at the diminishing figure of the gentleman with the rubber heels.

"But now that you're rid of him, you won't need me—"

"Oh, he's only one! And I'm going back to the hotel. He's just juggling enough to go straight there. I only wanted to annoy him. Need you! My dear, I need you more every minute! Algernon will be angry with me after that, you know!"

"Very well," she sighed. "But it's going to be awfully hard to explain things to Ted—poor dear! And, after all, he has some rights."





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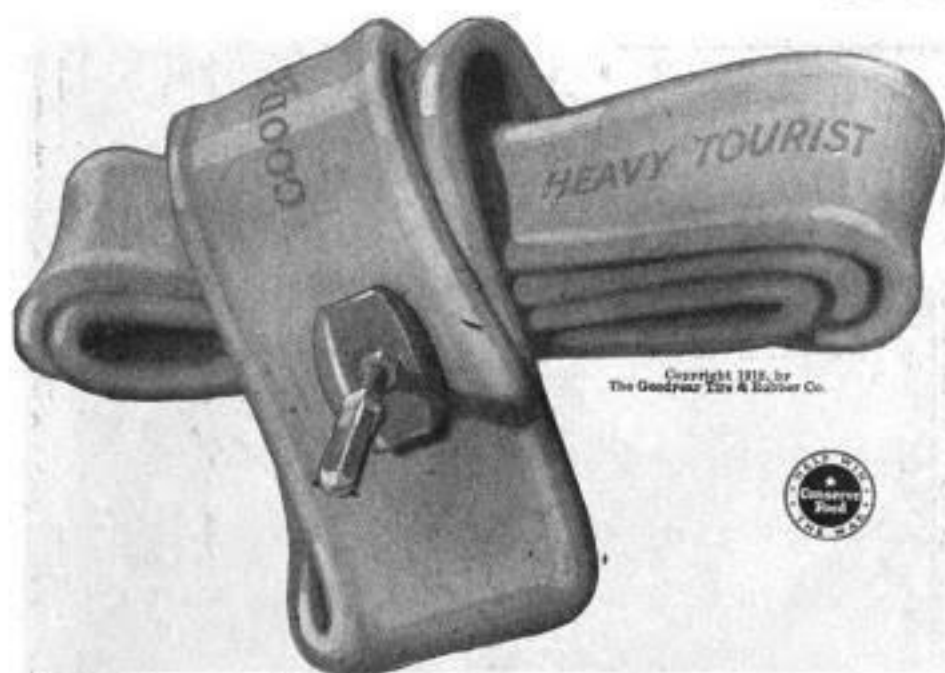
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"Then I'll wager it's a Kremenz!"

"Well, I don't know, but I'm curious enough to find out."

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"I know it," said Carthew morosely. "You needn't rub it in, darling!"

"You've no idea how fond I am of Ted!" she said.

He made menacing noises in his throat. And just then the chauffeur turned around inquiringly.

"Where to, sir?" he asked. "They didn't tell me at the garage—just told me to hurry to meet you."

Carthew realized, in a sudden panic, that he didn't know where his fiancée lived! And he felt that even the chauffeur—even if he was a chauffeur, and not a Secret Service man—would feel that one of the things one knew about one's fiancée was where she lived. Barbara saved him.

"I'm staying with Aunt Cora this time, you know, dear," she said. "At the Ellingham. She's waiting for Jim to sail."

"The Ellingham first," said Carthew. And he did squeeze her hand gratefully, and she let him do it. After all. . .

SO he drove her to the Ellingham, the staidest, most respectable of New York hotels, and was rather glad, not to put too fine a point upon it, that Ted wasn't waiting around the entrance. He was beginning to think that if he had been in Ted's shoes he would have behaved very differently. He had serious doubts about this chap Ted; whether he was worthy of Barbara, and all that sort of thing—very serious doubts indeed. . .

They persisted while he bathed and changed into evening things. This girl, Barbara Thorne—he didn't see why the deuce his sister couldn't have trotted her out, instead of some of the girls who had led him to eschew the society of all of his sister's girl friends, on general principles. It was all very well for Anne to say that he wouldn't take any interest in a girl unless she was engaged. Hadn't he been interested enough in this girl, before he ever saw this infernal Ted, to remember the color of her eyes? What more could you want? Her engagement hadn't affected his interest or sharpened his memory.

And this Ted. A bad-tempered, hot-headed chap—anyone could see that. He'd probably beat her, and there'd be one of those beastly divorce scandals. Not that he objected to divorce, of course; good thing, at times; only cure. But he believed in prevention rather than cure. Now, if she broke her engagement, didn't marry the fellow at all. . .

"Oh, the devil!" he said, and went downstairs. He meant to walk the few blocks down to the Ellingham. But in the lobby the person with the derby and the rubber heels was waiting for him.

"That was a fine trick you played on me!" he said plaintively.

"Oh, good Lord!" said Carthew. And he had no need to feign annoyance. "Are you still bleating around me? What's in your silly head now?"

"It's mighty queer, that's all I gotta say," said the man. "You ain't in uniform, and you ain't got a mustache. Except for that, you're a ringer for Captain Carthew. And if you're him, you ain't got no license not to be in uniform, and you're either doing it so's you can get a drink or you're a deserter and there's a reward in it for me, either way."

"Look here, my man, you're getting tiresome!" said Carthew. "My name is Thomas Chandler, and I was turned down for the army because I've got flat feet, and the examining board didn't like the color of my necktie. I'm in New York to see my fiancée, and if you make me late for dinner with her you'll be one of the sorriest men in New York. I told you and your little friend all this this morning."

"Well, it's mighty funny—you look like Captain Carthew to me."

A sort of wall pursued Carthew as he hurried through the door. But he reached the Ellingham alone, and only had to wait twenty minutes. And the vision of his temporary fiancée, dressed for a summer evening, was worth the wait. She was a lovely creature, he decided—even lovelier than he had believed her. And Ted, the soulless, spineless maverick, wasn't even around the

hotel! Off sulking somewhere, probably. Which was no reason why he, Carthew, shouldn't have a good time!

THE dinner was really good; Carthew, at least, thought the show at the roof was bully. But as he never looked at anything that was done on the stage, and listened only to what Barbara said to him, his judgment should not be taken at face value. People looked at them oddly sometimes. "I say!" He was rather appalled suddenly. "Of course no one's in town, but I suppose there are people who know about you and Ted, and might think I was—sort of—well—superfluous?"

She smiled inscrutably. "Oh, well!" she said. Her shoulders did move faintly. "They say—let them say!" she quoted—in part.

They went on somewhere for a dance; it had grown a little cooler.

"I knew you would dance just like that!" he said. "You—you're the most nearly perfect thing I've ever seen—"

She stirred in his arms. Her eyes mocked him.

"No one could hear that!" she said. "And remember—your loan is called at midnight!"

"Oh, I remember," he said with half a groan.

"I'm tired of all this," he said ten minutes later, abruptly. "I think—I think I'd better pay my loan now. Do you mind if I take you home?"

"It will be midnight soon," she said. "No—I'm ready to go home! But—why—?"

"I don't know," he said. "All this—I don't know—something's gone wrong with me, I think. It was good fun until just now—and now it isn't."

He broke out suddenly: "You—do you know what a wonder you are? Do you think I don't know there isn't another girl who'd have taken me up and played up to me the way you've done? You won't be sorry, I think, when I can tell you what it's all about. But to take the jump blindfold, the way you did—"

"Oh, who wouldn't have done it!" she said. "I knew all about you—I took no risk! Plenty of girls—"

"Nonsense—my dear!" he said.

And at the way he said those two words she caught her breath, and the color came into her cheeks suddenly.

"I do think we'd better go," she said.

They were very silent, both of them, in the cab that bore them to the Ellingham. There he dismissed the cab.

"I'm walking back," he explained to her, and glanced at his watch. Five minutes remained before midnight. He went inside with her. Ted sat there and glared at him. An hour ago, confronted so, he would have had words to say to Ted. Now he lacked spirit. He paused. The girl turned toward him, held out her hand. Ted or no Ted, he bent low and kissed it.

"Good night!" he said. "And good-by, I suppose—God love you. I have more to thank you for than you'll ever know!"

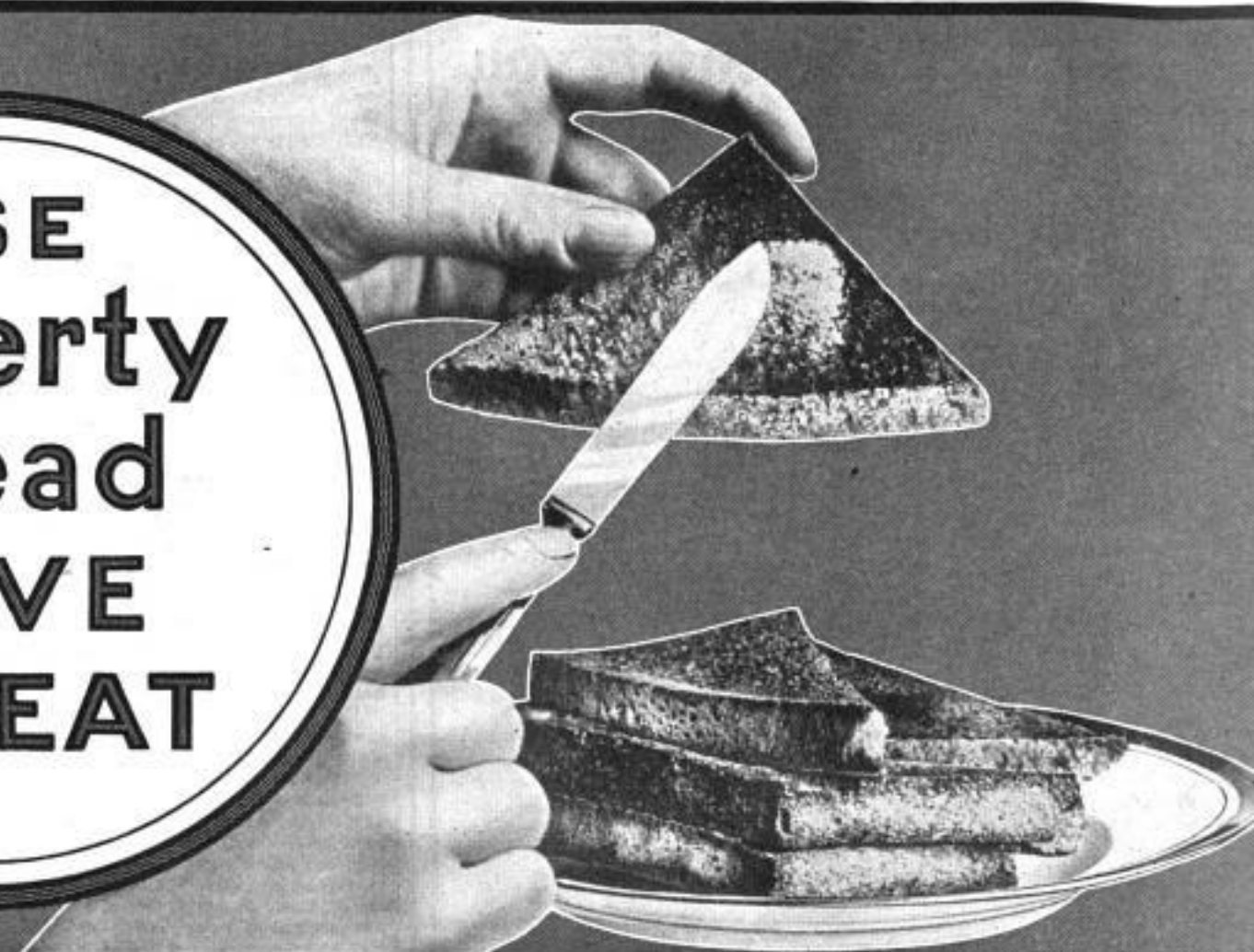
HE went out very quickly, never waiting for an answer. But he did not go far. He had not reached the corner of Fifth Avenue when a man stopped him. "Could you tell me the time, my friend?"

The man's appearance belied the ancient trick. But his voice—his accent—sent the blood pounding through Carthew's veins, quickened his pulse. That unmistakable thickening of consonants—the t that was at the end of the word friend and had no business to be there! But it was only for a moment that Carthew could think about that. Then something descended upon his head, and he went down like a pole-axed steer, to lie, in a crumpled heap, upon the sidewalk.

He didn't know—he couldn't know, of course—what happened next. The next thing that he did know was that some one was putting a cold, wet cloth about his head. He looked around, and tried to raise his head, and didn't, because it hurt too much. But he could use his eyes. He recognized, vaguely, the lobby of the Ellingham. And then he saw Barbara Thorne bending over



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him. He made another effort to lift his head, and this time succeeded.

"Here are your papers, captain!" That was Ted—his manner greatly changed.

"I took charge of them for you when they brought the damned spy in!" Still Ted! "You see, a chap in a flivver saw them drop you and chased them. Darned good work, I call it! Got 'em both—they're waiting for you to make a complaint!"

"Oh—see!" Carthew's delight was tonic. He got up on his feet, moved his head about gingerly. "I'm getting better," he said. "Efficient dears, these Germans! Don't hit a man harder than they need to get his valuable papers—his valuable, ever so secret plans that would be so useful to the Great General Staff! Yes, they would—not!"

He smiled at Ted. "We only needed circumstantial evidence—this is just velvet, catching these two! You see, only one person, besides my chief, knew I was coming over, in citizen's clothes, with these papers, and only the chief and I knew what the papers really were. The ones the other person thought I was carrying—well, if I'd had those, this wouldn't have been such a dime-novel burlesque for our German friends here!"

He grew serious; his eyes came together in a frown. He drew Barbara Thorne and Ted aside.

"It's funny, you know—if I don't talk quite straight it's because I'm still a bit light-headed from the crack they gave me. But it's pretty serious too. You see, this settles things for a man in Washington. He must have told these two about me and the papers he thought I had. The chief was pre-

pared to accept any attempt to rob me as proof enough to justify action, and after this, of course—"

Ted nodded crisply. Barbara's eyes grew wide.

"Well, you can see what a hole I was in when that ass of a detective recognized me?" Carthew went on. "I couldn't tell him the truth, you see—the whole scheme depended upon no one's knowing what I was doing except the chief and this one man we suspected. You can't make charges like that until you're sure of your ground."

HE smiled at Ted. He liked Ted better since he had seen him in action. "Of course that was a wild line of talk I handed you this afternoon," he said. "You must have thought I was the limit! But I couldn't explain—and Miss Thorne did help me to put the detective off the track. I'm a thousand times obliged to you for taking it the way you did, old chap—I don't know your name, by the way—"

"Why, Thorne, of course! Didn't my sister—?"

"Oh, of course—I told you I was still a bit light-headed! I say—would it be too much trouble—a glass of water?"

Barbara spoke hurriedly: "I never said he wasn't my brother—you leaped to conclusions. And you mustn't talk. Blows like that make you have a fever; and the doctor will tell you not to talk when he comes—"

"He hasn't come yet! Time enough when he does. I"—his voice grew stern—"I want to know about that ring!"

She glanced down at the third finger of her left hand.

"It's—my mother's," she said. "Oh, here's the doctor!"

Much he needed a doctor!

Then the great little man rose to his full five feet three in the glare of the electric lights centered on him.

"Yes," he admitted modestly. "I think it's not so bad, myself. Indeed, I believe, I may say—that I regard this as possibly—possibly the crowning moment of my career."

STAMPING feet like a rumble of applause, a hand at the knob; the door crashed open, and before any in the tableau could stir an intruder bolted through among them.

He might once have been chipper and proper enough himself, but just now he came as a rude apparition to that exalted circle; smeared with mud, his clothes in rips and shreds, his face pulped beyond recognition. In one fist he carried a suit case: the exact duplicate—had an observer been capable of noting—of Boston Blackie's late stupendous trove.

"Still here?" he yelled. "By Godfrey—you've got blamed little time!"

In the interests of superiority, Mr. Hendry nobly interposed.

"Who the deuce are you?"

"Me? I'm from Springfield!"

They gasped.

"Seven—!"

"Of course. Came myself—had no messenger I could trust. And didn't I run into a sweet jam, though! There's your dummy!" He dropped his burden with a vehemence that burst the catch and scattered the contents of waste paper. "Chief, your whole scheme's gone bust. I got behind that deputy in the smoker O. K., ready to swap suit cases and drop off when the train slowed at Wulliver, as you said. You said she would slow. And she did. She did! By Godfrey, whoever threw that switch gets a medal from me!"

"Why, I threw it myself," stammered the pictorial Richard. "Just as I was told. It was only a semaphore."

"Was it?" Seven whirled round on him. "Go down to the track and see. D'y'know what? You shot the Boston Limited into a string of empties, and the whole caboodle is in the ditch this minute! Wrecked!"

With the one reeling impulse they turned to their leader.

That remarkable individual had gone, if possible, a whole shade paler. He gazed at the suit case on the floor, at the suit case on the table, and he took his intellectual head in both hands.

"You sent nobody?"

"No, sir."

"No number off your own staff?"

"I'm telling you so," said Seven. "And I'll tell you more, chief," he broke out recklessly. "You want to show quick action for a clean get-away. I don't know quite what happened or what's the damage, but train wrecking isn't much in our line. We're just about all due to land in the electric chair, and that's the fact!"

The chief did not rebuke him, but waved him off and, clinging to the table, took up one of the hand lanterns. He flashed it full on the spectator who had remained there throughout unconsidered and unquestioned—Mr. Boston Blackie.

"Then whose number is this?" he persisted hoarsely.

The discovery had been inevitable, of course, but it was painful all around.

"You never had a number," said Cavovores, from a stricken silence. "You! Who let you in? You don't belong! Why, you're only a common tramp!"

They were regarding Boston as if he had been a specimen under glass, and Boston blinked back at them dumb and resentful. He knew where he ought to stand in such company. He understood now the meaning of that pictured sufficiency, that wise-guy stuff with which they crushed him. These were the elite, the aristocrats, the lofty top-notchers—in the lexicon of the sociologist, the Kid Glove Criminals. Whereas he, you see—he was only a Potential!

"Are you a tramp?" inquired the girl, eying him up and down.

"Yes, lady," said Boston sullenly. "How annoying!" she murmured.

But the chief had a grim addition. "Worse than that; he is also a witness!"

IT was a singular tribunal that sat on the case of Boston Blackie in the summer lodge above Wulliver Junction that November night. On the table where all might see lay Exhibit A: a compact little fortune in eloquent cash. At

## Boston Limited

Continued from page 22





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TIRE SAVERS

one side, the jury; in a high-backed chair, the most high judge. Hendry had been acting as general clerk of the telephone, and every time he cranked without result the faces of the court grew grayer and more strained.

Apparently Central was still frying that egg.

For a time the only sound had been the nervous buzz and click of Hendry's efforts, the doleful whining of the wind outside the shutters, and now and then a far-drawn howl from a locomotive on the tracks below at which everyone winced. Some of the lanterns were running low. Richard had been fidgeting about to try the gas jets. But the gas was as dead as the phone, and they waited in a deepening twilight of suspense.

Meanwhile amid these ominous preparations, bound hand and foot with unnecessary ropes, bundled into a sort of cocoon on a rustic bench whence he kept watch on them all with beady black eyes—the prisoner waited too.

Cavorees himself was the one to begin. "The point is," he said fatefully, at last: "How much does he know?"

The court looked troubled.

"He knows a lot," suggested Hendry. "He knows too much," Richard opined.

"He knows enough to send us all up for life, at the very least," continued Seven.

"He knows everything," said Cavorees. "He's learned who I am, hasn't he? That does us."

And in the premises it did, and they were quite aware of it. Cavorees? Everybody had heard of "Six Hundred Per Cent" Cavorees, the swindler whose bogus offices in half a dozen cities had taken such fabulous toll of small investors; for whom the police of a continent were yammering like hounds. In amazement, in wrath, in cynic admiration—one way or another the whole country had followed the exploits of that Dick Turpin of high finance who tricked the sharpest detectives, who slipped as by magic from the very fingers of justice, who made his killing and brought away his spoil and left not a trace behind! Cavorees! The press had been flaring with the name these two weeks. Impossible to believe that even a common vagabond could have missed its significance. In fact, the vagabond attempted no denial.

"You see!" said Cavorees. "And now—what are we going to do with him?"

THE court labored. "Mightn't we intimidate him thoroughly?"

"Show him what he gets if he ever squeals," interpreted Seven, more rudely.

"Or kidnap him far South."

"Or shanghai him aboard a ship somewhere."

"Goodness, there must be some way of dealing with such creatures!" Miss Marvel put in. "He doesn't look clever enough to be really dangerous."

"After all," said Hendry weakly, "he's only an extra hazard, isn't he? I vote we let him go with a warning. We can always say he wrecked the train himself."

But the chief wagged his head at them.

"Are those your best suggestions? What becomes of our future?" His voice trembled.

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"Look at him! A fellow of no caste or standing—who never even raised a check or tapped a wire—without the brains of a pickpocket! But he ruins us. There he is, and we can never be safe from him. Wherever we go, however we cover our trail hereafter, he connects us fatally with our one error. He knows!"

"Then, by Godfrey, what are we going to do?" chattered Seven.

That was the bare bodkin.



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CLIP  
THIS COUPON

"Why don't you ask me, mister?" inquired a new voice, a coarse and tuneless and untutored voice. "Don't I get a vote too?"

The prisoner was addressing the court. Mr. Boston Blackie had been holding a consultation with himself as private counsel this last half hour. Mr. Blackie—a person of some penetration, by his lights—had been observing his judges, one by one: frightened at first, and humble, but afterward puzzled. For he found them sadly changed.

LITTLE superiority about them now, little snap or precision or confidence. The great Cavorces sat biting his knuckles, the image of senile anxiety. Hendry was just a fussy fat man in a limp shirt. His decorative friend Richard would have been worth about ninety-eight as he stood, with the tip of his pictorial nose for a price tag, white and square. Number Seven was all of a sop. Even the girl appeared haggard, faded, a poor model of an adventuress. And as Boston watched them and their proceedings, of a sudden a singular perception flashed to his mind. These people were scared! These lofty crooks, who scorned him and robbed him, so swift and subtle at their special game, had gone nerveless as a bunch of amateurs in the grip of a strange emergency. Why, they were twice as frightened as he was himself! And when he looked at the table and his rightful graft lying there—the monumental suit case he had surrendered so readily—he began to come back.

"I feel sorry for you guys. I certainly do feel sorry. But I got a vote to set you right. Lissen!"

It was their turn to blink at him. "You better go back to taking easy money from suckers," quoth Mr. Blackie softly. "You don't seem to be a hell of a success at this."

The chief rose in an oppressive hush. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Me? I'll tell you. I want my suit case you snaffled away so smooth. That's my price. After which you can all beat it South where the lulu birds are calling."

"Bribe you to keep quiet!"

"Well, you can't do less, can you? I've got the information. Chief, you go sneak where you belong and find a lot of poor folks you can razzle out of their savings and skin the widow and the orphan. That's your style. Take it on the swell financial till your time comes. I won't hurry it. And I won't grudge you your pieces in the paper, either, that you're so proud of. But light out of this, and light out quick. It's no place for Six Hundred Per Cent Cavorces. You've let yourself in for a yeggman's game that you haven't a chance to buck."

"You think so?"

Boston laughed. "I know it, mister. We've all got a limit, I guess, and yours is any such rough stuff as you're up against now. A smart enough outfit in your own line you may be, but you've stepped in over your heads. You ain't there, that's all!"

Cavorces stood frowning. "No?" he said. "No? And what would we be doing if we were? Can you tell us that?"

"Well, I'm only a common tramp myself," said Boston, rolling the phrase. "Only a common tramp. But if I was a train wrecker, why, I'd be a train wrecker, you see. And if I was a yegg, I'd be a yegg. And such being so, if any guy interfered, why, I suppose I'd naturally get rid of that guy and be on my way."

"How?"

"Croak him, of course!"

The chief's face was a twitching mask.

"You think we wouldn't dare?"

"Maybe you would," said Boston, carried away by a flush of conviction and assured triumph. "Only you couldn't. As you told your old pal Strombol—you need a specialist. For one thing, the job's too difficult. And then it's so blamed messy. You're only a la-di-da operator. You couldn't!"

He spoke with bitter humor; but the result was not quite what he expected. "Thanks," said the chief, curtly.

He stepped back; drawn and chalky in the failing lights he began to snap orders about him like cuts with a whip. And like creatures under the whip his people jumped to do his will.

"Hendry! You raise that connection now if it takes all night. Countermand those telegrams. All except the one-word cipher messages. You follow me?"

"Yes, chief."

"Make Central destroy the others. I can't think of the precise lie to tell her, but you can. Understand? No alarm goes out. We forego our publicity. Nobody must even know we've been here."

"Miss Marvel, see that the car is ready and study your map. We leave by the North Road, to avoid being seen again in West Wulliver. And—close the door behind you, please."

He waited until the girl had gone.

"Richard! And you—Seven!"

"Here, sir."

"Gag this man!"

They accomplished it.

"I noticed some kind of shed out back."

"Yessir."

"A caretaker might perhaps visit this house, but he wouldn't bother about a shed."

"No, sir."

"That shed will probably not be inspected again before next summer."

"No, sir."

"Carry this fellow out the rear way, put him in that shed—and leave him there!"

The two retainers breathed hard.

"Leave him there!" repeated Cavorces implacably. He stooped and peered into the eyes of the prisoner, who glared and strained impotently at him from the bench. "Now, I don't find that difficult at all, do you notice? And not a bit messy, either—eh? I must say we're much obliged for the advice!"

WHEN Boston came to himself again from a choking swoon of rage he was lying alone in darkness. He was quite sure that he was done for this time. He need never expect anyone to come to his aid. In a lonely outhouse on a deserted estate he had no chance of being rescued—not while there was enough of him left to make a respectable relic. His wretched luck had served him out at last. Undoubtedly, and once for all, he was dead. Also, the rope was slowly cutting him into cross sections.

But after a while he wriggled. He was still able to wriggle, and there was virtue in it, for his bonds gave a trifle somewhere. He worked one hand under a loop and tested it. The stuff was ordinary line. Just the sort that intelligent chore ladies use to hang the wash on, just the sort he had often encountered in his professional adventures. Quarter-inch line, cotton line, frayed and stretchable and well-rotted line—*clothesline*!

Inside of three minutes he was free.

He stood up and groped about him, stumbling and blundering as he gauged the confines of his prison. There was something about the place that seemed curiously familiar. Perhaps it was a certain stuffiness, a certain drooping memory of whitewash and bone-meal and downy, feathered presences that somehow titillated the sense with promise. He found a tilted ladder in one corner; a box and nets and troughs such as furnish forth a coop—the kind that summering cottages stock up each season, the kind he had so often broken into in the course of his career and might therefore reasonably expect to break out of with the same ease, a backyard coop, a slatted coop—in short, a *chicken coop*.

Once more in the open, the whole wide night invited him. He had only to go large and give thanks for his escape. Desiring vengeance, he had only to drop a line or a whisper to the proper authorities and leave the law to track down a pea-green automobile. But Boston Blackie was no such craven. He remembered the suit case and the emotions it had imparted and the score that remained to settle on his own. And he crept back toward the house.

The automobile was still humming on





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the drive. He caught an instant's silhouette of Miss Marvel, but the rest of the crew were not in sight, and when he entered by the rear door he heard the faithful Hendry at his weary task.

Evidently that fried egg at West Wulliver was still holding up the business of conspiracy. Pausing only long enough to prepare his trusty match-box, Boston Blackie turned off from the kitchen and found his way down the cellar stairs.

He had a very definite notion of what he meant to attempt and how to go about it. But he was hardly prepared for the gratuitous eligibility of his next discovery.

Where the flame of his match twinkled before him there he saw a massive device that barred one whole wing of the cellar. It was built of wood a foot thick, and it had a ponderous door with brass hinges and a huge brass lock. It closed off a vaulted, well-ventilated chamber that could have held a small army in perfect condition.

It had been used for storage. It might again be used for storage. Boston had often had experience with such structures, though none quite so magnificent as this, and the good things they sometimes kept in storage—in a word: a refrigerator.

BOSTON chuckled and passed on. At the end near the furnace he came finally upon the thing he sought—a flat cabinet built against the wall. By the spark of another lucifer he studied long enough to identify the two big iron cylinders it contained. The cylinders were attached to tubes, and the tubes ran up aloft and branched like tentacles. There were turncocks at the top where a couple of staring labels announced Somebody's Deodorized Compressed Unit System. His match went out while he was reaching after those turncocks, but he smiled to himself in the dark. For this was perhaps the most recondite and artistic of Mr. Blackie's personal specialties. Gas pipes and gas meters!

Ten minutes later he stole along the corridor to the main hall and listened. No sound. He tried the latch cautiously. All quiet. A faint scent made his head swim.

Thereupon he threw wide the door, dashed in, closed off the open jets in all directions, and flung wide the windows. Then he turned his kindly attention to the four gentlemen who decorated the room in varying postures of collapse.

It was hard work removing them to the refrigerator. But Boston had had training. Not perhaps in handling the victims of temporary asphyxiation, yet quite frequently in cases of chronic absorption—in vulgar speech: drunks!

Returning from his last laden journey, the odd fancy took him to try the telephone crank himself; and lo, that egg was done to the minute!

"Have you been ringing?" Boston grinned at the eternal nectarine.

"No, angel," he said. "But now—do you remember those telegraph messages that were left with you this evening?"

Central did. "Put them all on the wire, please, except the one-word messages. Get that? Yes. The one-word messages. Kindly file them for reference. They'll be wanted. Instead of them kindly take two others. Yes. Ready? As follows: 'To the Chiefs of Police at Springfield and Boston'—"

WHEN he hung up the receiver, there stood Miss Marvel.

"A detective!" she breathed. "A detective after all! Are they under arrest?"

"Yes, lady," said Boston. "They are under arrest—and to-morrow they'll be arrested."

She gazed at him wide-eyed, dewy-eyed. "And what are you going to do with me?"

Men get these notions: even such as Boston Blackie. In the intoxication of

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(134)





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success, while he was snapping up the suit case on the table, he had a moment's wild, idyllic vision of flying with this fair criminal and a sort of Robin Hood-Maid Marian existence in the uplands of Worcester. But he put it from him.

"There's the car outside. And there's the North Road. Nobody'll stop you, and you can go as far as you like."

"Oh!" she cried, dwelling on him. "How noble of you. And how clever you've been to carry it off all alone this way! I'd love to hear you tell. I just adore cleverness!" said Miss Marvel.

Perhaps it was the fitting climax to Boston's story that having withstood the world and the devil that night he should also withstand the flesh.

"Farewell!" he said, with a generous gesture.

HE stayed in the doorway until the roar of the pea-green automobile had died away northward. Then he sighed once, put out the last lantern, took up his suit case, and headed back toward the railroad again, a strong and silent man, facing a future of high potential.

He had a plan to stow away under one of the relief trains that were now crawling past the scene of the wreck on the opposite track, but it came to nothing; for while he was starting down the embankment in the dark his

foot slipped, he cracked his shin, and slid all the way on his face.

"Hello! What's here?" A big, blue-clad figure held out a gasoline torch. "I thought you said you came through without casualties, Con. How about it?"

The conductor, himself with a bandaged arm, was already kneeling beside the track. "Well, this isn't one," he announced. "He's coming round all right. Only shook a bit."

"Passenger?"

"Tramp, I guess."

Suddenly the big man started and held the torch aside, a movement that revealed his big chin and his big shoe-brush mustache.

"Say, am I seeing straight or ain't I? Will you look at there? What's that thing he's sprawling on? Ain't it my suit case?"

"You ought to know," returned the conductor coolly. "You been making enough holler about it."

"It is! By jing, it is! The right suit case—Government cash and all complete. And him! Well, what do you know about the nerve! Ain't it the limit that a tramp—a common tramp—should try to get away with anything like that! Here, lemme have him!"

But Boston Blackie had scrambled to his feet and fled whimpering to vanish down the line.

It was just his luck!

## Our First Victory

Continued from page 7

pee-a-ow!—and you will have some idea of our discomfort, except that the last did not count at all, for I had not gone two hundred feet before I was devoutly wishing one of those things might zing me right in the head and end the business—or at least permit me to ride in turn.

From the first things had gone a little wrong. My fellow stretcher bearer carried on his back a pack at the lower end of which a helmet was slung. The helmet rubbed against the wounded boy's head; he kept trying to shield himself from it with small, weak movements of his hands; we had to stop to arrange that. Then I found that the sling which goes from one stretcher handle to the other and passes across one's neck was too long; it took none of the weight; all the weight was on my arms and hands. We stopped, and I made a knot in the sling. This, however, made the sling too short, and now my arms bore nothing and the entire weight was across my neck, like a yoke.

Each time we stopped I tried a readjustment, but I never did get it just right, and all of the way I bore my half of the stretcher entirely with my arms or entirely on my neck. The physical hardship was really incredible. It was like playing football when out of condition, only a thousand times worse. I lost one by one all of my prides. The pride of breathing through the nose (the athlete's pride) went first; I opened my mouth wide and let torrents of air rush in. The pride of breathing noiselessly went next; I let my old chest work up and down like bellows; I grunted and sobbed. What saved me was that the other man also tired. He would say: "I guess we'd better stop a minute." And I, holding back my breath so that the words would issue with the proper degree of nonchalance, answered, considering, as though weighing the pros and the cons: "Well, maybe it would be a good idea!" The short rests were heaven, but then we would have to raise the stretcher from the ground, of course, to start anew, and the effort immediately placed us back almost in the same state at which we had been when we stopped.

But still more sharp than the physical misery was the moral torment. Every minute I expected the boy in the stretcher to begin to suffer; I knew what was the matter with him, and he did not. And just when what we felt was the need of bearing him smoothly, when everything in us cried out the desire of bearing him smoothly, we

shook and swung and bumped him. And just when everything in us cried out we should get him back quickly, quickly, quickly, where there might be help, a last chance for him under the surgeon's knife, we had to drop the litter and pick it up again, drop it and pick it up, stop and stop and stop and stop.

Something still more horrid entered in what I felt—a smothered irritation toward him because he weighed so much! In spite of my profound compassion, in spite of all I could do, this peevish irritation kept creeping into what I felt. He was such a fine boy too. In all that long traverse never a whimper, never a frown came from him; never the slightest hint of impatience at our slowness, our stops, our stumblings, my inefficiency. Rather, although he was weakening perceptibly, he made-believe a sort of humorous unconcern.

From the way he shifted his position often, I could tell he was suffering, but each time he shifted he did it as though he were doing it luxuriously. Once, during a stop, he said: "Well, I got a boche before they got me." I asked him if he had seen the one who shot him. He said yes—"He was hiding in a hole. But my buddy got him. I guess twelve of us got him all together!" A little later a French airplane, in passing, dipped low above us. I was too busy keeping my hands closed about the stretcher handles to look up, but I could feel the great shadow go by and hear the roar of the engine; and the wounded boy raised one hand weakly—he, the poor stricken foot soldier, to the glorious flying birdman—like a child waving good-by.

### "To the Right"

TWO infantrymen came out of the woods ahead to the edge of the plateau, threw themselves down like football players after a fumbled ball, unslung their rifles, and examined the plain carefully. Seeing us, they signaled us to get down—I suppose out of the line of the bullets which, either trying for us or coming by chance, still whispered incessantly about. But we couldn't get down; we were by that time immensely stubborn at our job; I don't think we would have gotten down for 210's. We did oblique a little to the left, and this brought us into a field of wheat which had grown since the invasion. The wheat was waist-high; beneath the ground was of clods; and hidden telephone wires caught at our feet—it was the most villainous going. Besides, we

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could see ahead what seemed a barrage; shells dropping in a curtain; explosions and great geysers of earth and smoke which seemed to be between us and our objective. And still besides—it is singular how comedy will pursue one in the most serious places—my faithful brother brancardier and I became involved in a dispute as to the direction we should take. There were two woods before us; he said the one to the left and I said the one to the right. As he was ahead, he had a certain advantage over me; but being behind, I could nullify this advantage by acting like a rudder. We zigzagged thus for a while. I was almost certain that it was the wood to the right—but, of course, this was a case for being more than almost certain. At length I took the risk. "We're going to take the one to the right," I said with authority, and as I was the only one of the two who wore a Sam Browne belt, he agreed. We went on, toward the wood to the right, and my heart was in my mouth for fear of being mistaken. We came to a trench. A panic seized hold of me at the idea of crossing that trench. I felt sure I should drop the stretcher if I tried it. I cried quits. We laid the stretcher down, and I asked, as though it were a question of passing Niagara: "How are we going to cross that trench?" "Walk across it," he answered tranquilly. He was a big, sturdy, calm boy, with big wrists—how I did envy those wrists! We picked the stretcher up again, he stepped over the trench, and then I stepped over it—it was no trick at all. Everything was beginning to come out right now. It seemed to me I recognized the trench. It was the trench I had seen at dawn, full of men. In a minute we came to another trench—the one where the machine-gun men had been. And then came the sunken way—blessed sunken way! I knew where we were now. And the boche barrage which had looked as though it were between us and where we were going proved to be in fact beyond; it wasn't really a barrage, but only a field being shelled—the same poor, innocent, empty meadow which the boche already had been shelling for two hours when I started, and which, with persistence and thoroughness, he was still shell-

ing as I returned. We swung to the left before coming to it, and skirted the wood, going down the hill. We passed the big shell holes which had so frightened me when I came upon them in the moonlight—I had had some education since then! We came to the edge of the wood and to the steep bank, with the valley before us. I let the stretcher down to the ground: I knew very well I could never carry it down that bank: I would let it fall.

### "Rest Up a Bit"

HAPPILY, after a moment, some infantrymen came along the draw. We called them up to us; they came, hesitating at first, then cheerfully; working all together, we slipped the wounded boy down without a jar. We were now close to the P. C.'s. I ran into mine and started to divest myself of all unnecessary equipment. The colonel and young Lieutenant C. were there. They must have thought me mad, for I was forgetting that I had slipped away without telling them anything, that I had been gone for two hours; still saying nothing as to where I had been, here I was (probably very red of face and disheveled), slinging off my things silently, in an immense hurry. "Come in, stay a while, rest up a bit," they were shouting, while I, without answering, threw off, for them to catch, my musette, my gas mask, my field glasses, my overcoat, my Sam Browne belt. Instinctively they'd catch each object as it came, saying the while "come in" and "stay a while" and "rest up a bit"—but I didn't stay a while nor rest up a bit. I had developed a tremendous sense of responsibility by that time. The first-aid station was still a kilometer away; I ran out again to the wounded boy.

And then I found I had lost my job. Three big huskies were now carrying the stretcher. I trotted along for a while, attempting or pretending to help. But a fourth big husky, taking hold of the fourth handle, robbed me of the last vestige of make-believe. I suppose they all knew what I was by this time—just a poor, useless newspaper man. I dropped behind, then I waved good-by, then I turned and went back to the P. C.

(To be continued)

## The Flying Fish

Continued from page 19

He felt toward McCord as his country felt toward the government with which it was at war: the same cold purposefulness that one feels toward a rattlesnake. McCord were better dead, but one could almost pity the fatuity of the man—or nation—that pitted itself, no matter how proudly conscious of power, against eternal right.

"YOU have read the newspapers that I gave you, Mr. Endicott?" asked McCord.

"My obituaries are quite satisfactory," said Endicott. "I wonder, though, that you did not have Whitney included among your list of casualties. It doesn't seem playing quite fair with him. He is entitled to as much space as I am."

McCord threw out his hands impatiently. "There is a time for levity, Mr. Endicott. There is also a time for seriousness."

"That's odd," smiled Endicott. "I can hardly imagine you having any moments of levity at all, Mr. McCord."

"I relax, though," said the old man. "I have my moments. I have my moments when the softer, pleasanter things appeal to me. I had one now."

"Yes?" questioned Endicott. "As I looked upon Leila," said McCord. He stared at the younger man. The color that rose in Endicott's cheek seemed to satisfy him. He nodded thoughtfully.

"Leila," he said, "fills my life, Mr. Endicott—rather, fills one side of my life, the inner side. The outer is devoted to matters of whose great magnitude you are beginning to have an inkling."

"More than an inkling, Mr. McCord—or, should I say, Mr. Harmon Rayde?"

"It is my real name. I prefer it," said the old man.

"Though it is a name that reeks with infamy?"

McCord laughed. "You are amusing, my dear Endicott. You are not of the times. Infamy is for failures. For successes, even partial successes—one hardly considers Napoleon infamous. At least the world, en masse, has no such conception of him. And yet he failed in the end. But had he succeeded, his would have been the brightest name in history. And so, judging what I do by petty standards and with small minds—But your standards are not petty and your mind is not small. Your friend, Mr. Whitney, a charming young man, I have no doubt—But had he not been your friend, had I not felt that my treatment of him would affect your attitude toward me, Mr. Whitney's death might have been reported in the papers at length, and not prematurely, Mr. Endicott."

"Go on," said Endicott as the old man paused. "You are not trying to convince me of your utter lack of humanity, are you?"

"Let us be frank, Mr. Endicott," replied McCord. "Whitney—that sort of speech would sound natural, coming from him. He is, after all, a boy. But you—you are a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world."

"Who owes allegiance to the United States, and has fought for France," Endicott said gently.

"Of course. Youth craves action. But action means experience, and, in some cases, experience brings wisdom. You are convinced of the utter futility of opposing me, are you not?"

"What is futility?" asked Endicott.

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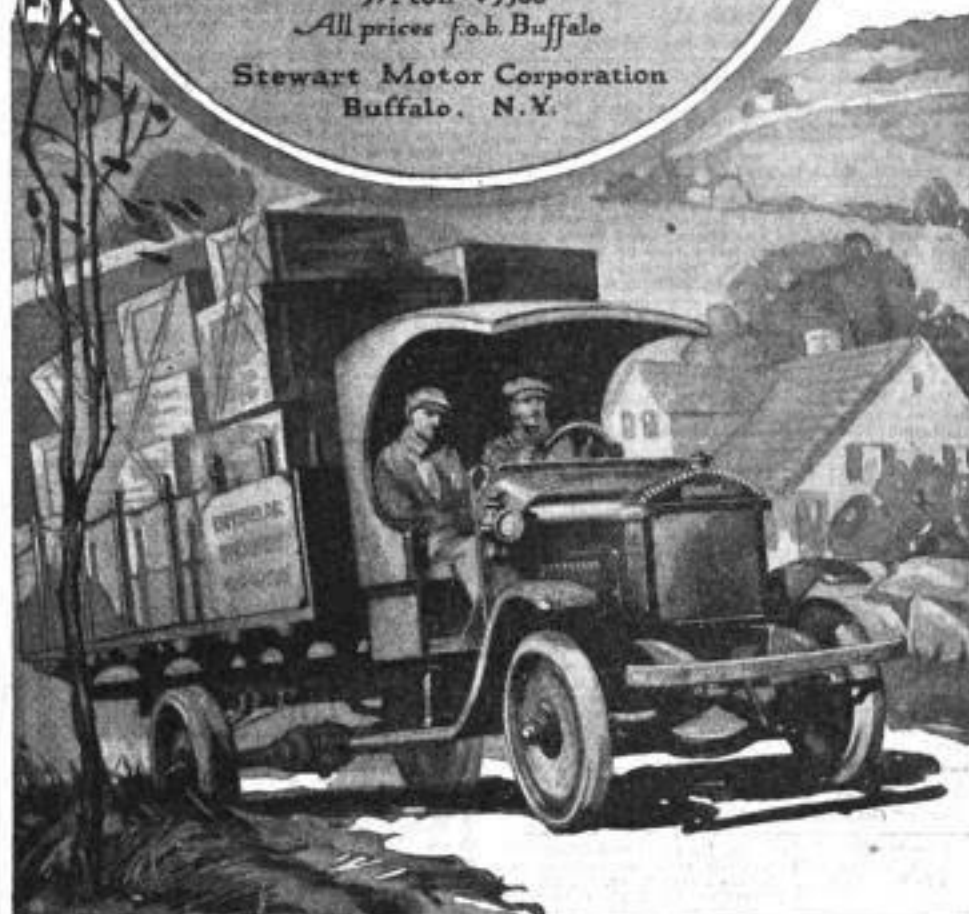
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"In this case," said McCord softly, "futility is death."

"I have heard the word before," said Endicott. "It is a word of which you are fond, Mr.—er—Rayde."

"And a condition which I do not shrink from inflicting, as you know, Mr. Endicott. But let us not fence. You know my power?"

"One hardly considers a criminal powerful," smiled Endicott. "He is dangerous, perhaps, but not powerful—a policeman frightens him."

"And if I could convince you that a thousand policemen, that a hundred thousand soldiers, that the combined armies and fleets of Europe have no terrors for me—what then, Mr. Endicott?"

"Why, then," said Endicott, "I should consider you not insane, Mr. Rayde, but feeble-minded."

"Honesty and fearlessness—one grants much to the possessor of those qualities, Mr. Endicott," said the old man. There was, Endicott reluctantly admitted, an element of bigness about McCord—or Rayde—for he waved aside Endicott's estimate of him. Or perhaps it was the colossal vanity of the man that disdained contemptuous criticism.

"You have those qualities," went on Rayde. "Those alone would not make you valuable to me—and I let no sentiment guide me, Mr. Endicott. But you have education and brains. There are few enough of your sort, and fewer still to be obtained for my service. The cattle who serve me—hope of reward or fear of punishment: those are their guiding stars. But with you it would be different. There would be the glory of achievement."

HE sat down; the dressing gown that was habitual with him now was drawn tightly about him. His sunken eyes burned with the fervor of the zealot.

"Men fight for countries, for ideals. Those men, my dear young Endicott, are fools. The wise man, the sane man, fights for himself. We are here, in this world. We say that God created us, but what proof have we of God? What does He say to us, show us, to convince us that we are answerable to anyone, or anything, save that which is more powerful than ourselves? If the God that most men believe in rules this world, why does He allow the guilty to go unpunished, the innocent to suffer?"

"There is such a thing as a hereafter," Endicott said mildly.

"And strong men concern themselves with this world only, leaving hereafter for the weak of intellect and of heart," scoffed Rayde. "Listen: power is the end-all and be-all of life. With power one may defy everything except the grave, and the grave holds terrors only for the coward."

"To have power! To rule! To intrench oneself so strongly that the petty people of this world, with their puny hatreds, cannot overturn one—that is my ambition, an ambition to be realized, an ambition whose fruits I offer to you. For you, my dear young Endicott, are the one man I would have chosen as my ally, as my right hand."

"Funny, how likings grow upon one," said Endicott.

"Don't jest. It doesn't become the man you are, Endicott. Further, do not imagine that liking has anything to do with my offer to you. You are strong; you are courageous; you have brains. I need you."

"And the terms?" queried Endicott. "Suppose you hear my plans first. A man wearing your clothing was found dead, Endicott."

"So the papers you gave me have told me. Who was he?"

"His name was Munoz. A steamer carried arms to revolutionists in Mexico five years ago. Munoz was a fireman on that boat. He sought adventure. He landed with the munitions. I met him. The arms were for me. I found him bright, intelligent. I used him then and on other occasions. Some months ago I saw him in New York. I knew that he was to be trusted; certainly as long as he was well paid. I summoned him to me. He told me of a young inventor to whom he was foster brother. He told me of an invention.

That invention you will see in action soon, my dear young Endicott. I gave Munoz money. He procured the plans of the invention for me, and then—Munoz asked too much. And Munoz uttered threats. He was killed, and killed at a time when you had disappeared from the sight of your friends. An accident was contrived; your clothes were taken from you and placed on the body of Munoz, who was about your size. And, as the body was mutilated, unfortunately, no one suspected save Leila, and she—I discounted her suspicions, captured her. And now we come to her, my dear young Endicott."

Endicott stiffened. He waited.

"In New York we had a conversation, as you will remember, my dear young friend," went on Rayde. "It had to do with Leila, as you also will recall. I told you that she was mine. She is mine! This is an island. There is no communication with the mainland save by my boats. And they are guarded. So I have placed few restrictions on your liberty here. It was unfortunate that you were recalcitrant—that it was necessary, on the journey down here, for me to pretend that you and Mr. Whitney were invalids, so to guard and confine you that an otherwise pleasant journey must have been rendered irksome. But here—it has been different."

Endicott bowed.

"As regards Leila," Rayde resumed, "my attitude has been one of—patience. What I have to offer her is too great for any woman to refuse. She will come to me. But youth is ever foolish. You endeavored to aid her. She regards you with gratitude. Also, because she fears for your safety, there is pity in her regard for you, and pity is akin to love, as the poet has truly said."

"Now, then, my dear young Endicott, I have let you see Leila, let you be alone with her, because a woman craves that which is denied her. Men also. But what is not denied sometimes becomes less desirable. I do not wish Leila to come to me merely because of the greatness of the place that will be hers, or because of admiration for the man who offers her that place. I want her love. She is a sensible girl. There has been not much of love-making between you two. What little there has been can be forgotten. Endicott, she is not for you. You are not for her. Your word of honor will suffice me. As for her, no one will take from me that which is mine, and she belongs to me."

HE paused. If there were only himself to consider, Endicott would have risked the revolver in the old man's pocket. But there was Leila. To leave her at the mercy of the men on this island! He held back his anger.

"You spoke of a great place; you offered me some position. What does it all mean?"

Rayde walked to the window. "I spoke of an invention. Little by little I got the plans. They were sent down here. I have owned this island for some time. There is an abandoned copper mine here. The natives on the mainland think that I have reopened the shaft. What I have been doing is—build from those plans. I have the only set of those plans in the world. The inventor is dead, shot by my men. His one model was wrecked. Mr. Endicott, I like being dramatic, but—will you come to this window?"

Surprised, expectant, yet not knowing why, Endicott walked to the window. He stared out upon a narrow cove, flanked on either side by rocky promontories. Above the rippling surface of the cove a flying machine hovered. It was different in shape from any that he had ever seen. It resembled a fish. And it hovered!

That, he thought, was the most important thing about it. It stood, almost stationary, in midair. And then, as he looked, its nose slanted downward. It dived; it reached the water; without a pause, like some great flying fish, it disappeared beneath the surface.

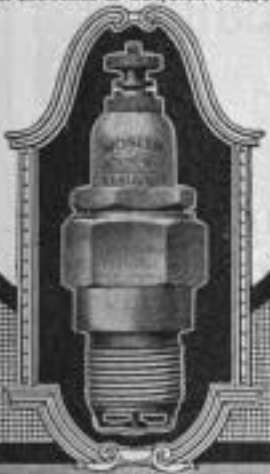
Though he had never dreamed of such an invention, though it almost seemed that his eyes deceived him, he knew, at once, that no accident had



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occurred, that the great airship had not fallen, but had deliberately dived. He strained his eyes until, glistening in the sun, the water streaming from its sides, it emerged, floated, rose in the air, and disappeared over one of the headlands. He turned to the exultant Rayde. The old man shook with excitement.

"Another day or so," cried Rayde, "and it will be equipped with torpedoes! What submarine, what battleship, what fleet of all the navies of the world, can withstand me, Endicott?"

He seized the young man by the arm; he shook him with a strength unbelievable in one apparently so frail.

"You think me mad now, Endicott? You believe that Germany is my ally? To one government of Mexico she offered two lost provinces, but to me, to Harmon Rayde, Endicott, she offers—bah! Germany offers? I take. Because it is to my convenience to make terms with her, I make those terms.

But it is not Germany that makes Harmon Rayde; it is Harmon Rayde that makes Germany.

"Endicott, do you believe me, and, believing, do you lay aside the foolish scruples born of an outdated patriotism? Do you join the strong or do you die with the weak?"

"I'm not an absolute jackass, Mr. Rayde," said Endicott. "I'm with you."

"And Leila?"

Endicott shrugged his shoulders. "A woman," he smiled, "is, after all, a woman. She is lovely, charming, but—" He shrugged again.

The old man eyed him; his features twisted into a smile. He reached forward his right hand to grasp that of Endicott. His revolver was in his right-hand pocket. Endicott stifled Rayde's cry with one hand. With the other he possessed himself of the revolver.

(To be continued next week)

## France Invents—America Organizes

BY MAJOR RICHARD C. CABOT

THE French invent things and then lose interest in or forget them. Some of these new ideas (I will mention three in a moment) the Americans pick up, work out, and put into execution for the good of the world. Germans have also taken neglected French ideas and made much of them. But Germans are not eager to give France credit for these discoveries, still less to give back to France the benefits of German efficiency.

So the Americans, who are also efficient—in spots—are now trying to show France that she may as well appreciate her own great discoverers by putting their ideas into effect. Americans are now hoping to transplant into France some neglected French seeds nourished in American soil into full-grown plants.

Although I have been in France less than a year, I have come across three cases where Americans are helping to aid France by giving her back some of her own ideas in a more finished form.

FIRST—France invented the dispensary follow-up work in tuberculosis. It was Pasteur's pupil Calmette who first began, at Lille, to demonstrate how dispensaries, scattered wherever tuber-

veys of our great cities we could not get along at all to-day without tests for mental capacity and the degree of mental development.

In France, so far as I have seen, Binet's ideas have been neglected; no practical good has been developed out of them, and I have heard him spoken of chiefly with amusement. Yet in the campaign for the health and welfare of French children now being carried on in various parts of France by the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross, the need for mental examination of possibly defective children is sure to receive attention from Dr. W. P. Lucas, head of the Children's Bureau. For the mind as well as the body of the child whom he takes care of has always been one of Dr. Lucas's keen interests.

THIRD—It was in France, at the Pasteur Institute, that the prophylactic treatment of venereal disease was first suggested by the researches of Metchnikov. America has taken up these ideas, and in her army and navy has proved that venereal disease can be abolished by the prompt and thorough application of prophylactic methods.

Some units of the American army now in France have thus been kept absolutely free from venereal disease. In all units these diseases can be largely, if not entirely, eliminated whenever Metchnikov's rules are rigidly enforced. France made no attempt to utilize this great discovery, despite the fact that it was worked out at the Pasteur Institute and by an adopted son of France. What we have proved efficient they declared

absurd or impossible. But since the French physicians have seen what our army has already accomplished for its men by the use of this French discovery, they are beginning to be interested in it, and before long I believe will adopt it, as they have finally adopted typhoid prophylaxis after losing 12,000 men in 1915 through neglect of it.

Here, then, are three examples of how France and America, brought in contact by the war, have begun already to benefit each other. French inventiveness and American organizing ability have already made a strong combination during the few months that the people of the two countries have begun to know each other and to find each other under the stimulus of a great common cause. Each gives; each takes. Each is beginning to realize the other's strong qualities. Liking and respect are growing, and with our army here in time to do its full part, the two countries are being cemented by the bonds of mutual service.

### In Next Week's Issue

#### BOOTH TARKINGTON

"The Three Zoological Wishes" is the fourth story in the new series, in which Florence Atwater discovers a strange way to help Noble Dill in his courtship of Aunt Julia.

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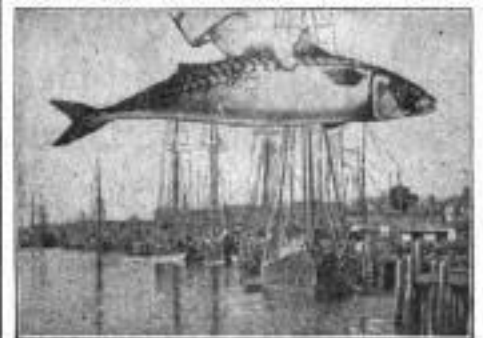
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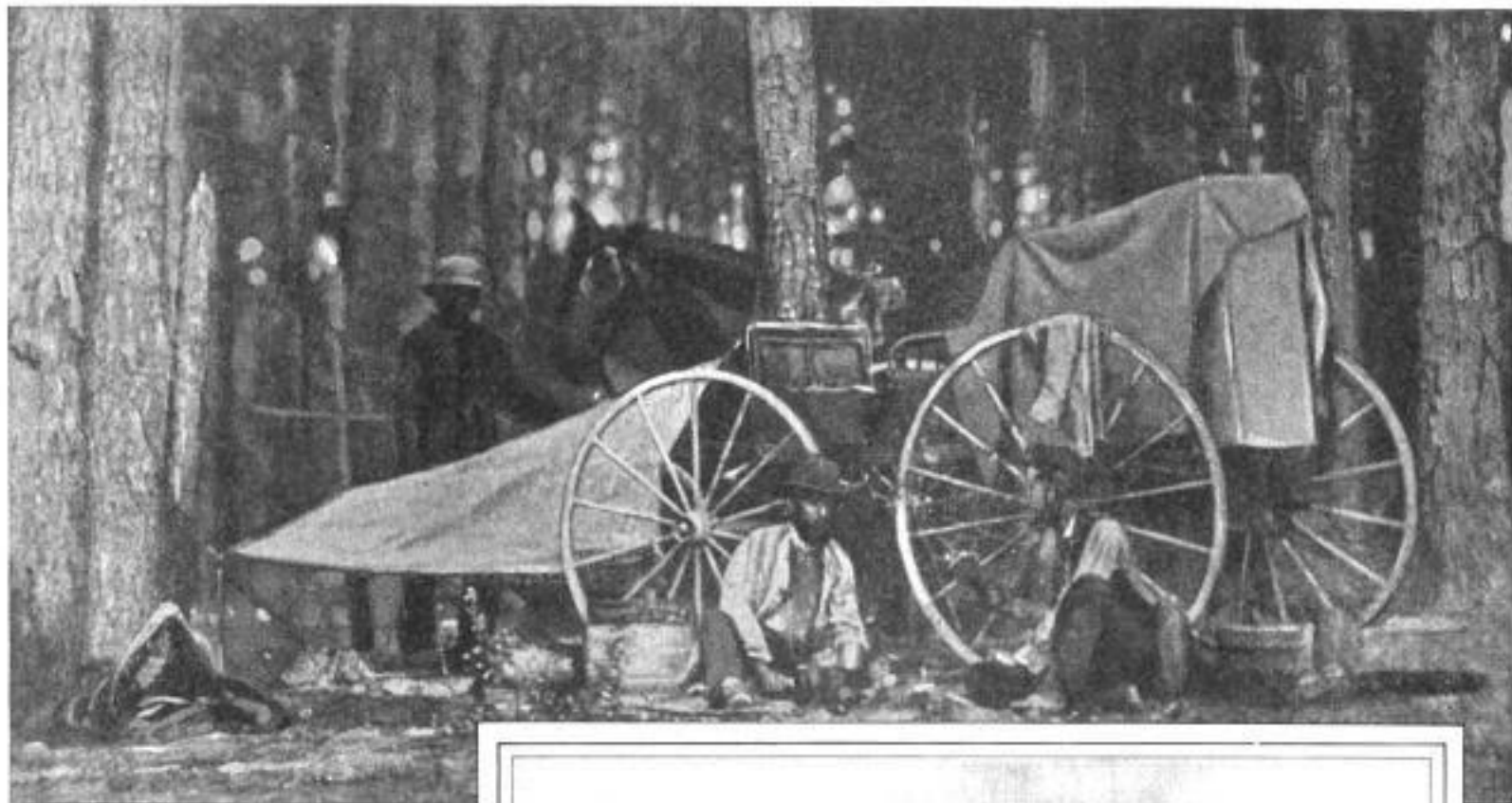
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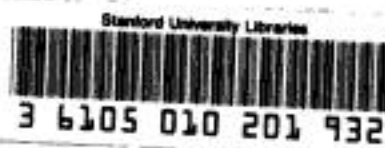
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